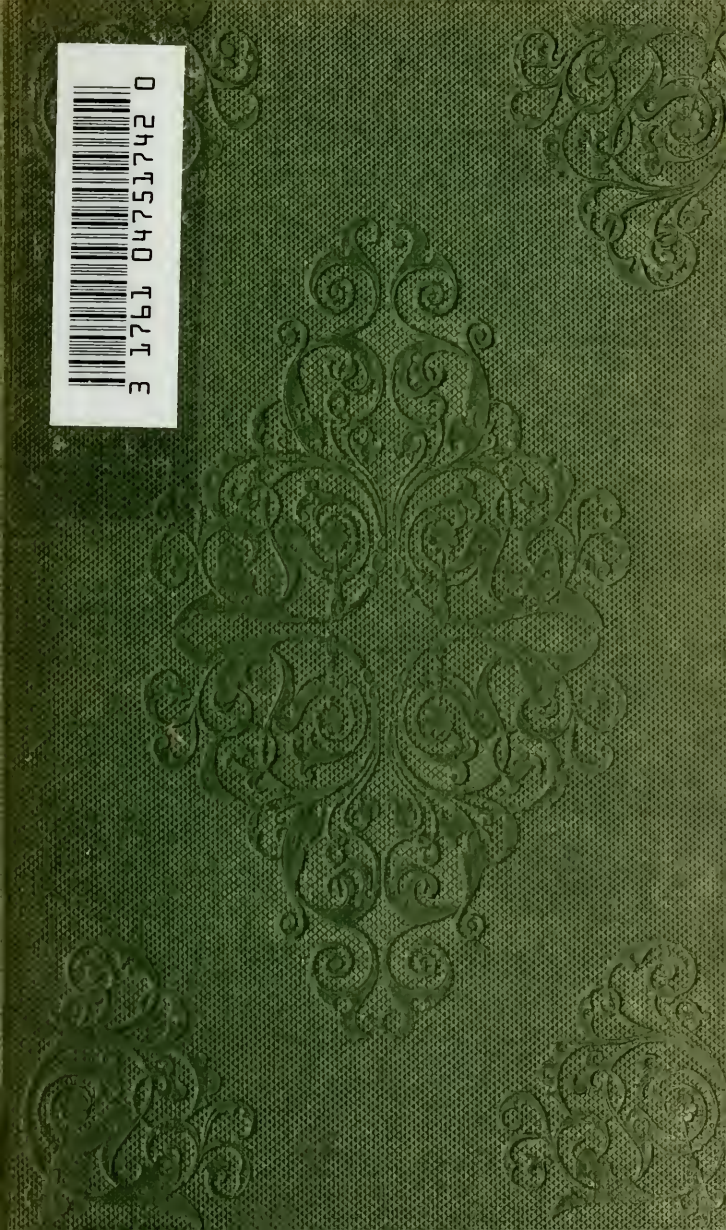
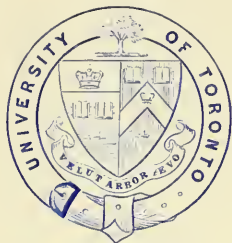




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CRITICISMS ON ART.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WITH

CATALOGUES OF THE PRINCIPAL

PICTURE GALLERIES OF ENGLAND.

*SECOND SERIES.*

Edited by his Son.

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TO HIS GRACE  
THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND,

WHOSE PROUD DISTINCTION IT IS  
TO BE ALIKE ENNOBLED BY THE QUALITIES OF HIS HEART  
AND MIND AND BY HIS HIGH BIRTH,

THIS SECOND VOLUME,  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ART WHICH IN THIS

COUNTRY IS SO DEEPLY  
INDEBTED TO THE FAMILY OF GOWER, IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE SON OF THE AUTHOR.





## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THIS volume would have appeared, as announced, a year ago, had it not been that the sudden and untimely death of Mr Templeman interposed difficulties which his widow has only within the last few weeks been able to obviate; but I trust that the series, the completion of which I have so much at heart, will now proceed at certain and but short intervals. The present volume contains the remainder of such of my Father's writings on Art as were either scattered about in various periodicals, inedited and well nigh unknown, or could, without undue violence, be transferred from the places which they occupied in the old editions of his works to this more convenient and congruous position. Thus the Essays "On Originality and on the Ideal" are taken from the Atlas newspaper;

the " Criticisms upon Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa," and " On Farington's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," from the Edinburgh Review; " English Students at Rome," from the New Monthly Magazine; " On West's Death on the Pale Horse," and " On Williams's Views in Greece," from the Edinburgh Magazine; " On Judging of Pictures," from the Literary Examiner; " On the Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution," from the Round Table, with additions from the Examiner newspaper; and so on.

As to the Catalogues appended to this volume, on the appearance of Mrs Jameson's recent publication,\* I hesitated whether I would print such of them as formed part of that work; although my materials, for the most part, had some time since been prepared; but on reflection I determined to proceed with them, feeling that while I should in no degree interfere with the just reward of her labours, I should be depriving the purchasers of my Father's work of a valuable

\* ' Companion to the most Celebrated Private Galleries of Art in London.' Saunders and Otley. 1844.

supplement to that work ; of an addition, moreover, which, I am sure, he would himself have been pleased to see.

For the materials of these Catalogues I am indebted, in several instances, to the prompt and courteous liberality of the distinguished owners of the Collections enumerated ; Lord Lansdowne most kindly furnishing me with a copy of his own Catalogue, and the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Robert Peel, and other Noblemen and Gentlemen, at once acquiescing in my application to take a list of their Pictures. The works of Dr Waagen, Mr Ottley, and other authorities, have supplied me with much information, and, with reference to Lord F. Egerton's Collection, I am indebted for my knowledge of a few of the more recent acquisitions, to Mrs Jameson.

W. H.



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## ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING.

---

“THERE is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know.” In writing, you have to contend with the world ; in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with Nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look Nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work, to shake the hand, or dim the brow : no irritable humours are set afloat : you have no absurd opinions to combat, no point to strain, no adversary to crush, no fool to annoy—you are actuated by fear or favour to no man. There is “no juggling here,” no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white, or white black : but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—

“study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style.” The mind is calm, and full at the same time. The hand and eye are equally employed. In tracing the commonest object, a plant or the stump of a tree, you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see—find out an error, and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin grey, are seized with avidity as the *spolia opima* or this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin, and without weariness; nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking or in doing any mischief.\*

\* There is a passage in Werter which contains a very pleasing illustration of this doctrine, and is as follows:

“About a league from the town is a place called Walheim. It is very agreeably situated on the side of a hill: from one of the paths which leads out of the village, you have a view of the whole country; and there is a good old woman who sells wine, coffee, and tea there: but



I have not much pleasure in writing these Essays, or in reading them afterwards; though I own I now and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them, I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page or even a sentence beforehand; and

better than all this are two lime trees before the church, which spread their branches over a little green, surrounded by barns and cottages. I have seen few places more retired and peaceful. I send for a chair and table from the old woman's, and there I drink my coffee and read Homer. It was by accident that I discovered this place one fine afternoon: all was perfect stillness; everybody was in the fields, except a little boy about four years old, who was sitting on the ground, and holding between his knees a child of about six months; he pressed it to his bosom with his little arms, which made a sort of great chair for it, and notwithstanding the vivacity which sparkled in his eyes, he sat perfectly still. Quite delighted with the scene, I sat down on a plough opposite, and had great pleasure in drawing this little picture of brotherly tenderness. I added a bit of the hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, without any order, just as they happened to lie; and in about an hour I found I had made a drawing of great expression and very correct design, without having put in anything of my own. This confirmed me in the resolution I had made before, only to copy Nature for the future. Nature is inexhaustible, and alone forms the greatest masters. Say what you will of rules, they alter the true features, and the natural expression."—Page 15.

when I have as by a miracle escaped, I trouble myself little more about them. I sometimes have to write them twice over: then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, sidelong glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish, and become "more tedious than a twice-told tale." For a person to read his own works over with any great delight, he ought first to forget that he ever wrote them. Familiarity naturally breeds contempt. It is, in fact, like poring fondly over a piece of blank paper: from repetition, the words convey no distinct meaning to the mind, are mere idle sounds, except that our vanity claims an interest and property in them. I have more satisfaction in my own thoughts than in dictating them to others: words are necessary to explain the impression of certain things upon me to the reader, but they rather weaken and draw a veil over than strengthen it to myself. However I might say with the poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is," yet I have little ambition "to set a throne or chair of state in the understandings of other men." The ideas we cherish most, exist best in a kind of shadowy abstraction,

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;"

and derive neither force nor interest from being exposed to public view. They are old familiar acquaintance, and any change in them, arising from the adventitious ornaments of style or dress, is little to their advantage. After I have once written on a subject, it goes out of my mind: my feelings about it have been melted down into words, and them I forget. I have, as it were, discharged my memory of its old habitual reckoning, and rubbed out the score of real sentiment. For the future, it exists only for the sake of others. But I cannot say, from my own experience, that the same process takes place in transferring our ideas to canvas; they gain more than they lose in the mechanical transformation. One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case, you translate feelings into words; in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush, a new field of inquiry is laid open; new difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. The test of the senses is severer than that of fancy, and an over-match even for the delusions of our self-love. One part of a picture shames another, and you

determine to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to Nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art: by the aid of the pencil we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight. The air-drawn visions that hover on the verge of existence have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and the glory of the universe is made "palpable to feeling as to sight."—And see! a rainbow starts from the canvas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The "fleecy fools" show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? Who would think this miracle of Rubens' pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like? See how the rich fallows, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt's landscapes! How often have I looked at them and Nature, and tried to do the same, till the very "light thickened," and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and

Nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon till the eye dazzles and the imagination is lost, in hopes to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon canvas. Wilson said, he used to try to paint the effect of the motes dancing in the setting sun. At another time, a friend coming into his painting-room when he was sitting on the ground in a melancholy posture, observed that his picture looked like a landscape after a shower: he started up with the greatest delight, and said, "That is the effect I intended to produce, but thought I had failed." Wilson was neglected; and, by degrees, neglected his art to apply himself to brandy. His hand became unsteady, so that it was only by repeated attempts that he could reach the place, or produce the effect he aimed at; and when he had done a little to a picture, he would say to any acquaintance who chanced to drop in, "I have painted enough for one day; come, let us go somewhere." It was not so Claude left his pictures, or his studies on the banks of the Tiber, to go in search of other enjoyments, or ceased to gaze upon the glittering sunny vales and distant hills: and while his eye drank in the clear sparkling hues and lovely forms of Nature, his hand stamped them on the lucid canvas to last there for ever! One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I

used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject.

The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet, and I certainly laboured it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose—yet not altogether in vain if it taught me to see good in everything, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in Nature seen with the eye of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere: it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object. Be this as it may, I spared no pains to do my best. If art was long, I thought that life was so too at that moment. I got in the general effect the first day: and pleased and surprised enough I was at my success. The rest was a work of time—of weeks and months (if need were) of patient toil and careful finishing. I had seen an old head by Rembrandt at Burleigh House, and if I could produce a head at all like

Rembrandt in a year, in my life-time, it would be glory and felicity, and wealth and fame enough for me! The head I had seen at Burleigh was an exact and wonderful fac-simile of Nature, and I resolved to make mine (as nearly as I could) an exact fac-simile of Nature. I did not then, nor do I now believe, with Sir Joshua, that the perfection of art consists in giving general appearances without individual details, but in giving general appearances with individual details. Otherwise, I had done my work the first day. But I saw something more in Nature than general effect, and I thought it worth my while to give it in the picture. There was a gorgeous effect of light and shade: but there was a delicacy as well as depth in the *chiar-oscuro*, which I was bound to follow into all its dim and scarce perceptible variety of tone and shadow. Then I had to make the transition from a strong light to as dark a shade, preserving the masses, but gradually softening off the intermediate parts. It was so in Nature: the difficulty was to make it so in the copy. I tried, and failed again and again; I strove harder, and succeeded as I thought. The wrinkles in Rembrandt were not hard lines; but broken and irregular. I saw the same appearance in Nature, and strained every nerve to give it. If I could hit off this edgy appearance, and insert the reflected light in the furrows of old age in half a morning, I

did not think I had lost a day. Beneath the shrivelled yellow parchment look of the skin, there was here and there a streak of the blood colour tinging the face; this I made a point of conveying, and did not cease to compare what I saw with what I did (with jealous lynx-eyed watchfulness) till I succeeded to the best of my ability and judgment. How many revisions were there! How many attempts to catch an expression which I had seen the day before. How often did we try to get the old position, and wait for the return of the same light? There was a puckering up of the lips, a cautious introversion of the eye under the shadow of the bonnet, indicative of the feebleness and suspicion of old age, which at last we managed, after many trials and some quarrels, to a tolerable nicety. The picture was never finished, and I might have gone on with it to the present hour.\* I used to set it on the ground when my day's work was done, and saw revealed to me with swimming eyes the birth of new hopes, and of a new world of objects. The painter thus learns to look at Nature with different eyes. He before saw her "as in a glass darkly, but now face to face." He understands the texture and

\* It is at present covered with a thick slough of oil and varnish (the perishable vehicle of the English school) like an envelope of gold-beaters' skin, so as to be hardly visible.



meaning of the visible universe, and “ sees into the life of things,” not by the help of mechanical instruments, but of the improved exercise of his faculties, and an intimate sympathy with Nature. The meanest thing is not lost upon him, for he looks at it with an eye to itself, not merely to his own vanity or interest, or the opinion of the world. Even where there is neither beauty nor use—if that ever were—still there is truth, and a sufficient source of gratification in the indulgence of curiosity and activity of mind. The humblest painter is a true scholar; and the best of scholars—the scholar of Nature. For myself, and for the real comfort and satisfaction of the thing, I had rather have been Jan Steen, or Gerard Dow, than the greatest casuist or philologist that ever lived. The painter does not view things in clouds or “ mist, the common gloss of theologians,” but applies the same standard of truth and disinterested spirit of inquiry, that influence his daily practice, to other subjects. He perceives form, he distinguishes character. He reads men and books with an intuitive eye. He is a critic as well as a connoisseur. The conclusions he draws are clear and convincing, because they are taken from the things themselves. He is not a fanatic, a dupe, or a slave: for the habit of seeing for himself also disposes him to judge for himself. The most sensible men I know (taken as a class)

are painters ; that is, they are the most lively observers of what passes in the world about them, and the closest observers of what passes in their own minds. From their profession they in general mix more with the world than authors; and if they have not the same fund of acquired knowledge, are obliged to rely more on individual sagacity. I might mention the names of Opie, Fuseli, Northcote, as persons distinguished for striking description, and acquaintance with the subtle traits of character.\* Painters in ordinary society, or in obscure situations where their value is not known, and they are treated with neglect and indifference, have sometimes a forward self-sufficiency of manner: but this is not so much their fault as that of others. Perhaps their want of regular education may also be in fault in such cases. Richardson, who is very tenacious of the respect in which the profession ought to be held, tells a story of Michael Angelo, that after a quarrel between him and Pope Julius II, “upon account of a slight the

\* Men in business, who are answerable with their fortunes for the consequences of their opinions, and are therefore accustomed to ascertain pretty accurately the grounds on which they act, before they commit themselves on the event, are often men of remarkably quick and sound judgments. Artists in like manner must know tolerably well what they are about, before they can bring the result of their observations to the test of ocular demonstration.

artist conceived the pontiff had put upon him, Michael Angelo was introduced by a bishop, who, thinking to serve the artist by it, made it an argument that the Pope should be reconciled to him, because men of his profession were commonly ignorant, and of no consequence otherwise: his holiness, enraged at the bishop, struck him with his staff, and told him, it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himself would not offend; the prelate was driven out of the chamber, and Michael Angelo had the Pope's benediction, accompanied with presents. This bishop had fallen into the vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly."

Besides the exercise of the mind, painting exercises the body. It is a mechanical as well as a liberal art. To do anything, to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark, to move a shuttle, to work a pattern,—in a word, to attempt to produce any effect, and to succeed, has something in it that gratifies the love of power, and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state: we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame; and painting combines them both incessantly.\* The hand

\* Schiller used to say, that he found the great happiness of life, after all, to consist in the discharge of some mechanical duty.

furnishes a practical test of the correctness of the eye; and the eye thus admonished, imposes fresh tasks of skill and industry upon the hand. Every stroke tells, as the verifying of a new truth; and every new observation, the instant it is made, passes into an act and emanation of the will. Every step is nearer what we wish, and yet there is always more to do. In spite of the facility, the fluttering grace, the evanescent hues, that play round the pencil of Rubens and Vandyke, however I may admire, I do not envy them this power so much as I do the slow, patient, laborious execution of Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto, where every touch appears conscious of its charge, emulous of truth, and where the painful artist has so distinctly wrought,

“That you might almost say his picture thought!”

In the one case, the colours seem breathed on the canvas as by magic, the work and the wonder of a moment: in the other, they seem inlaid in the body of the work, and as if it took the artist years of unremitting labour and of delightful never-ending progress to perfection.\* Who would wish ever to come to the close of such works,—not to dwell on them, to return

\* The rich *impasting* of Titian and Giorgione combines something of the advantages of both these styles, the felicity of the one with the carefulness of the other, and is perhaps to be preferred to either.

to them, to be wedded to them to the last? Rubens, with his florid, rapid style, complained that when he had just learned his art, he should be forced to die. Leonardo, in the slow advances of his, had lived long enough!

Painting is not, like writing, what is properly understood by a sedentary employment. It requires not indeed a strong, but a continued and steady exertion of muscular power. The precision and delicacy of the manual operation makes up for the want of vehemence,—as to balance himself for any time in the same position the rope-dancer must strain every nerve. Painting for a whole morning gives one as excellent an appetite for one's dinner, as old Abraham Tucker acquired for his by riding over Banstead Downs. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "he took no other exercise than what he used in his painting-room,"—the writer means in walking backwards and forwards to look at his picture; but the act of painting itself, of laying on the colours in the proper place, and proper quantity, was a much harder exercise than this alternate receding from and returning to the picture. This last would be rather a relaxation and relief than an effort. It is not to be wondered at, that an artist like Sir Joshua, who delighted so much in the sensual and practical part of his art, should have found himself at a considerable loss when the decay of

his sight precluded him, for the last year or two of his life, from the following up of his profession,—“the source,” according to his own remark, “of thirty years’ uninterrupted enjoyment and prosperity to him.” It is only those who never think at all, or else who have accustomed themselves to brood incessantly on abstract ideas, that never feel *ennui*.

To give one instance more, and then I will have done with this rambling discourse. One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury’s ‘Characteristics,’ in a fine old binding, with Gribelin’s etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was “riches fineless.” The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one’s picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one’s likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter

days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin red-breast in our garden (that "ever in the haunch of winter sings")—as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "I also am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the

same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!

The painter not only takes a delight in nature, he has a new and exquisite source of pleasure opened to him in the study and contemplation of works of art—

“Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with soft'ning hue,  
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.”

He turns aside to view a country-gentleman's seat with eager looks, thinking it may contain some of the rich products of art. There is an air round Lord Radnor's park, for there hang the two Claudes, the Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire—round Wilton house, for there is Vandyke's picture of the Pembroke family—round Blenheim, for there is his picture of the Duke of Buckingham's children, and the most magnificent collection of Rubenses in the



world—at Knowsley, for there is Rembrandt's Hand-writing on the Wall—and at Burleigh, for there are some of Guido's angelic heads. The young artist makes a pilgrimage to each of these places, eyes them wistfully at a distance, "bosomed high in tufted trees," and feels an interest in them of which the owner is scarce conscious: he enters the well-swept walks and echoing arch-ways, passes the threshold, is led through wainscoted-rooms, is shown the furniture, the rich hangings, the tapestry, the massy services of plate—and, at last, is ushered into the room where his treasure is, the idol of his vows—some speaking face or bright landscape! It is stamped on his brain, and lives there thenceforward, a tally for nature, and a test of art. He furnishes out the chambers of the mind from the spoils of time, picks and chooses which shall have the best places—nearest his heart. He goes away richer than he came, richer than the possessor; and thinks that he may one day return, when he perhaps shall have done something like them, or even from failure shall have learned to admire truth and genius more.

My first initiation in the mysteries of the art was at the Orleans Gallery: it was there I formed my taste, such as it is; so that I am irreclaimably of the old school in painting. I was staggered when I saw the works there col-

lected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face—"hands that the rod of empire had swayed" in mighty ages past—"a forked mountain or blue promontory,"

—————"with trees upon 't

That nod unto the world, and mock our eyes with air."

Old Time had unlocked his treasures, and Fame stood portress at the door. We had all heard of the names of Titian, Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, the Caracci—but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell—was almost an effect of necromancy! From that time I lived in a world of pictures. Battles, sieges, speeches in parliament seemed mere idle noise and fury, "signifying nothing," compared with those mighty works and dreaded names that spoke to me in the eternal silence of thought. This was the more remarkable, as it was but a short time before that I was not only totally ignorant of, but insensible to the beauties of art. As an instance, I remember that one afternoon I was reading the 'Provoked Husband' with the highest relish, with a green woody landscape of Ruysdael or Hobbima just

before me, at which I looked off the book now and then, and wondered what there could be in that sort of work to satisfy or delight the mind—at the same time asking myself, as a speculative question, whether I should ever feel an interest in it like what I took in reading Vanbrugh and Cibber?

I had made some progress in painting when I went to the Louvre to study, and I never did anything afterwards. I shall never forget conning over the catalogue which a friend lent me just before I set out. The pictures, the names of the painters, seemed to relish in the mouth. There was one of Titian's 'Mistress at her toilette.' Even the colours with which the painter had adorned her hair were not more golden, more amiable to sight, than those which played round and tantalised my fancy ere I saw the picture. There were two portraits by the same hand—'A young Nobleman with a glove'—another, 'a companion to it'—I read the description over and over with fond expectancy, and filled up the imaginary outline with whatever I could conceive of grace, and dignity, and an antique *gusto*—all but equal to the original. There was the 'Transfiguration' too. With what awe I saw it in my mind's eye, and was overshadowed with the spirit of the artist! Not to have been disappointed with these works afterwards, was the highest compliment I can

pay to their transcendent merits. Indeed, it was from seeing other works of the same great masters that I had formed a vague, but no disparaging idea of these. The first day I got there, I was kept for some time in the French Exhibition room, and thought I should not be able to get a sight of the old masters. I just caught a peep at them through the door (vile hindrance), like looking out of purgatory into paradise—from Poussin's noble mellow-looking landscapes to where Rubens hung out his gaudy banner, and down the glimmering vista to the rich jewels of Titian and the Italian school. At last, by much importunity, I was admitted, and lost not an instant in making use of my new privilege. It was *un beau jour* to me. I marched delighted through a quarter of a mile of the proudest efforts of the mind of man, a whole creation of genius, a universe of art! I ran the gauntlet of all the schools from the bottom to the top; and in the end got admitted into the inner room, where they had been repairing some of their greatest works. Here the 'Transfiguration,' the 'St Peter Martyr,' and the 'St Jerome' of Domenichino stood on the floor, as if they had bent their knees, like camels stooping, to unlade their riches to the spectator. On one side, on an easel, stood 'Hippolito de Medici' (a portrait by Titian) with a boar-spear in his hand, looking through

those he saw, till you turned away from the keen glance: and thrown together in heaps were landscapes of the same hand, green pastoral hills and vales, and shepherds piping to their mild mistresses underneath the flowering shade. Reader, "if thou hast not seen the Louvre, thou art damned!"—for thou hast not seen the choicest remains of the works of art; or thou hast not seen all these together, with their mutually reflected glories. I say nothing of the statues; for I know but little of sculpture, and never liked any till I saw the Elgin marbles. . . . Here, for four months together, I strolled and studied, and daily heard the warning sound—" *Quatres heures passées, il faut fermer, Citoyens*" (ah! why did they ever change their style?) muttered in coarse provincial French; and brought away with me some loose draughts and fragments, which I have been forced to part with, like drops of life-blood, for "hard money." How often, thou tenantless mansion of Godlike magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee.

It has been made a question, whether the artist, or the mere man of taste and natural sensibility, receives most pleasure from the contemplation of works of art? and I think this question might be answered by another as a sort of *experimentum crucis*, namely, whether any one out of that "number numberless" of mere

gentlemen and amateurs, who visited Paris at the period here spoken of, felt as much interest, as much pride or pleasure in this display of the most striking monuments of art as the humblest student would? The first entrance into the Louvre would be only one of the events of his journey, not an event in his life, remembered ever after with thankfulness and regret. He would explore it with the same unmeaning curiosity and idle wonder as he would the Regalia in the Tower, or the Botanic Garden in the Tuileries, but not with the fond enthusiasm of an artist. How should he? His is "casual fruition, joyless, unendeared." But the painter is wedded to his art, the mistress, queen, and idol of his soul. He has embarked his all in it, fame, time, fortune, peace of mind, his hopes in youth, his consolation in age: and shall he not feel a more intense interest in whatever relates to it than the mere indolent trifler? Natural sensibility alone, without the entire application of the mind to that one object, will not enable the possessor to sympathise with all the degrees of beauty and power in the conceptions of a Titian or a Correggio; but it is he only who does this, who follows them into all their force and matchless grace, that does or can feel their full value. Knowledge is pleasure as well as power. No one but the artist who has studied nature and contended with the difficulties of art, can be aware of the beauties,

or intoxicated with a passion for painting. No one who has not devoted his life and soul to the pursuit of art, can feel the same exultation in its brightest ornaments and loftiest triumphs that an artist does. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. It is now seventeen years since I was studying in the Louvre (and I have long since given up all thoughts of the art as a profession), but long after I returned, and even still, I sometimes dream of being there again—of asking for the old pictures—and not finding them, or finding them changed or faded from what they were, I cry myself awake! What gentleman-amateur ever does this at such a distance of time,—that is, ever received pleasure or took interest enough in them to produce so lasting an impression?

But it is said that if a person had the same natural taste, and the same acquired knowledge as an artist, without the petty interests and technical notions, he would derive a purer pleasure from seeing a fine portrait, a fine landscape, and so on. This however is not so much begging the question as asking an impossibility: he cannot have the same insight into the end without having studied the means; nor the same love of art without the same habitual and exclusive attachment to it. Painters are, no doubt, often actuated by jealousy, partiality, and a sordid attention to that only which they

find useful to themselves in painting. Wilkie has been seen poring over the texture of a Dutch cabinet picture, so that he could not see the picture itself. But this is the perversion and pedantry of the profession, not its true or genuine spirit. If Wilkie had never looked at anything but megilps and nandlings, he never would have put the soul of life and manners into his pictures, as he has done. Another objection is, that the instrumental parts of the art, the means, the first rudiments, paints, oils, and brushes, are painful and disgusting; and that the consciousness of the difficulty and anxiety with which perfection has been attained, must take away from the pleasure of the finest performance. This, however, is only an additional proof of the greater pleasure derived by the artist from his profession; for these things, which are said to interfere with and destroy the common interest in works of art, do not disturb him; he never once thinks of them, he is absorbed in the pursuit of a higher object; he is intent, not on the means, but the end; he is taken up, not with the difficulties, but with the triumph over them. As in the case of the anatomist, who overlooks many things in the eagerness of his search after abstract truth; or the alchemist, who, while he is raking into his soot and furnaces, lives in a golden dream; a lesser gives way to a greater object. But it is pre-



tended that the painter may be supposed to submit to the unpleasant part of the process only for the sake of the fame or profit in view. So far is this from being a true state of the case, that I will venture to say, in the instance of a friend of mine who has lately succeeded in an important undertaking in his art, that not all the fame he has acquired, not all the money he has received from thousands of admiring spectators, not all the newspaper puffs,—nor even the praise of the ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’—not all these, put together, ever gave him at any time the same genuine, undoubted satisfaction as any one half-hour employed in the ardent and propitious pursuit of his art—in finishing to his heart’s content a foot, a hand, or even a piece of drapery. What is the state of mind of an artist while he is at work? He is then in the act of realising the highest idea he can form of beauty or grandeur: he conceives, he embodies that which he understands and loves best: that is, he is in full and perfect possession of that which is to him the source of the highest happiness and intellectual excitement he can enjoy.

In short, as a conclusion to this argument, I will mention a circumstance which fell under my knowledge the other day. A friend had bought a print of Titian’s ‘*Mistress*,’ the same to which I have alluded above. He was anxious to show it me on this account. I told him it was a

spirited engraving, but it had not the look of the original. I believed he thought this fastidious, till I offered to show him a rough sketch of it, which I had by me. Having seen this, he said he perceived exactly what I meant, and could not bear to look at the print afterwards. He had good sense enough to see the difference in the individual instance; but a person better acquainted with Titian's manner and with art in general, that is, of a more cultivated and refined taste, would know that it was a bad print, without having any immediate model to compare it with. He would perceive with a glance of the eye, with a sort of instinctive feeling, that it was hard, and without that bland, expansive, and nameless expression which always distinguished Titian's most famous works. Any one who is accustomed to a head in a picture can never reconcile himself to a print from it: but to the ignorant they are both the same. To the vulgar eye there is no difference between a Guido and a daub, between a penny print or the vilest scrawl, and the most finished performance. In other words, all that excellence which lies between these two extremes—all, at least, that marks the excess above mediocrity—all that constitutes true beauty, harmony, refinement, grandeur, is lost upon the common observer. But it is from this point that the delight, the glowing raptures of the true adept commence. An uninformed spec-

tator may like an ordinary drawing better than the ablest connoisseur; but for that very reason he cannot like the highest specimens of art so well. The refinements not only of execution, but of truth and nature, are inaccessible to unpractised eyes. The exquisite gradations in a sky of Claude's are not perceived by such persons, and consequently the harmony cannot be felt. When there is no conscious apprehension there can be no conscious pleasure. Wonder at the first sight of works of art may be the effect of ignorance and novelty; but real admiration and permanent delight in them are the growth of taste and knowledge. "I would not wish to have your eyes," said a good-natured man to a critic, who was finding fault with a picture in which the other saw no blemish. Why so? The idea which prevented him from admiring this inferior production was a higher idea of truth and beauty which was ever present with him, and a continual source of pleasing and lofty contemplations. It may be different in a taste for outward luxuries and the privations of mere sense; but the idea of perfection, which acts as an intellectual foil, is always an addition, a support, and a proud consolation.

Richardson, in his *Essays*, which ought to be better known, has left some striking examples of the felicity and infelicity of artists, both as

it relates to their external fortune, and to the practice of their art. In speaking of the knowledge of hands, he exclaims—"When one is considering a picture or a drawing, one at the same time thinks this was done by him\* who had many extraordinary endowments of body and mind, but was withal very capricious; who was honoured in life and death, expiring in the arms of one of the greatest princes of that age, Francis I, King of France, who loved him as a friend. Another is of him† who lived a long and happy life, beloved of Charles V, Emperor; and many others of the first princes of Europe. When one has another in hand, we think this was done by one ‡ who so excelled in three arts, as that any one of them in that degree had rendered him worthy of immortality; and one moreover that durst contend with his sovereign (one of the haughtiest popes that ever was) upon a slight offered to him, and extricated himself with honour. Another is the work of him§ who, without any one exterior advantage but mere strength of genius, had the most sublime imaginations, and executed them accordingly, yet lived and died obscurely. Another we shall consider as the work of him||

\* Leonardo da Vinci. † Titian. ‡ Michael Angelo.  
§ Correggio. || Annibal Caracci.

who restored painting when it had almost sunk ; of him whom art made honourable, but who, neglecting and despising greatness with a sort of cynical pride, was treated suitably to the figure he gave himself, not his intrinsic worth ; which, not having philosophy enough to bear it, broke his heart. Another is done by one\* who (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and lived in great magnificence, and was much honoured by his own and foreign princes ; who was a courtier, a statesman, and a painter ; and so much all these, that when he acted in either character, that seemed to be his business, and the others his diversion. I say, when one thus reflects, besides the pleasure arising from the beauties and excellences of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking it may suggest to us, an additional pleasure results from the above considerations. But, oh ! the pleasure, when a connoisseur and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say, this is the hand, these are the thoughts of him† who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was ; and beloved and assisted by the greatest wits and the greatest men then in Rome : of him who lived in great fame, honour, and

\* Rubens.

† Raffaele.

magnificence, and died extremely lamented; and missed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon; but was particularly esteemed and favoured by two popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St Peter in his time, and as great men as ever sat there since that apostle, if, at least, he ever did: one, in short, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other whom he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Raffaele."—Page 251.

The same writer speaks feelingly of the change in the style of different artists from their change of fortune, and as the circumstances are little known, I will quote the passage relating to two of them.

“ Guido Reni, from a prince-like affluence of fortune (the just reward of his angelic works), fell to a condition like that of a hired servant to one who supplied him with money for what he did at a fixed rate; and that by his being bewitched with a passion for gaming, whereby he lost vast sums of money; and even what he got in this his state of servitude by day, he commonly lost at night: nor could he ever be cured of this cursed madness. Those of his works, therefore, which he did in this unhappy part of his life, may easily be conceived to be in a dif-

ferent style to what he did before, which in some things, that is, in the airs of his heads (in the gracious kind), had a delicacy in them peculiar to himself, and almost more than human. But I must not multiply instances. Parmegiano is one that alone takes in all the several kinds of variation, and all the degrees of goodness, from the lowest of the indifferent up to the sublime. I can produce evident proofs of this in so easy a gradation, that one cannot deny but that he that did this, might do that, and very probably did so; and thus one may ascend and descend, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, whose foot was upon the earth, but its top reached to heaven.

“And this great man had his unlucky circumstance: he became mad after the philosopher's stone, and did but very little in painting or drawing afterwards. Judge what that was, and whether there was not an alteration of style from what he had done, before this devil possessed him. His creditors endeavoured to exorcise him, and did him some good, for he set himself to work again in his own way: but if a drawing I have of a Lucretia be that he made for his last picture, as it probably is (Vasari says that was the subject of it), it is an evident proof of his decay: it is good indeed, but it wants much of the delicacy which is

commonly seen in his works; and so I always thought before I knew or imagined it to be done in this his ebb of genius."—Page 153.

We have had two artists of our own country, whose fate has been as singular as it was hard. Gandy was a portrait-painter in the beginning of the last century, whose heads were said to have come near to Rembrandt's, and he was the undoubted prototype of Sir Joshua Reynolds's style. Yet his name has scarcely been heard of; and his reputation, like his works, never extended beyond his own county. What did he think of himself and of a fame so bounded! Did he ever dream he was indeed an artist? Or how did this feeling in him differ from the vulgar conceit of the lowest pretender? The best known of his works is a portrait of an alderman of Exeter, in some public building in that city.

Poor Dan. Stringer! Forty years ago he had the finest hand and the clearest eye of any artist of his time, and produced heads and drawings that would not have disgraced a brighter period in the art. But he fell a martyr (like Burns) to the society of country gentlemen, and then of those whom they would consider as more his equals. I saw him many years ago, when he treated the masterly sketches he had by him (one in particular of the group of citizens in



Shakspeare “swallowing the tailor’s news”) as “bastards of his genius, not his children;” and seemed to have given up all thoughts of his art. Whether he is since dead, I cannot say: the world do not so much as know that he ever lived!

ON CERTAIN INCONSISTENCIES  
IN SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S  
DISCOURSES.

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THE two chief points which Sir Joshua aims at in his Discourses are to show that excellence in the fine arts is the result of pains and study, rather than of genius, and that all beauty, grace, and grandeur are to be found, not in actual nature, but in an idea existing in the mind. On both these points he appears to have fallen into considerable inconsistencies, or very great latitude of expression, so as to make it difficult to know what conclusion to draw from his various reasonings. I shall attempt little more in this Essay than to bring together several passages, that from their contradictory import seem to imply some radical defect in Sir Joshua's theory, and a doubt as to the possibility of placing an implicit reliance on his authority.

To begin with the first of these subjects, the question of original genius. In the Second Discourse, On the Method of Study, Sir Joshua observes towards the end :

“There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often : You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them : if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour : nothing is to be obtained without it. Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert, that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers.”—Vol. i, p. 44.

The only tendency of the maxim here laid down seems to be to lure those students on with the hopes of excellence who have no chance of succeeding, and to deter those who have, from relying on the only prop and source of real excellence—the strong bent and impulse of their natural powers. Industry alone can only produce mediocrity ; but mediocrity in art is not worth the trouble of industry. Genius, great natural powers will give industry and ardour in

the pursuit of their proper object, but not if you divert them from that object into the trammels of common-place mechanical labour. By this method you neutralize all distinction of character—make a pedant of the blockhead, and a drudge of the man of genius. What, for instance, would have been the effect of persuading Hogarth or Rembrandt to place no dependence on their own genius, and to apply themselves to the general study of the different branches of the art and of every sort of excellence, with a confidence of success proportioned to their misguided efforts, but to destroy both those great artists? “You take my house when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house!” You undermine the superstructure of art when you strike at its main pillar and support, confidence and faith in nature. We might as well advise a person who had discovered a silver or lead mine on his estate to close it up, or the common farmer to plough up every acre he rents in the hope of discovering hidden treasure, as advise the man of original genius to neglect his particular vein for the study of rules and the imitation of others, or try to persuade the man of no strong natural powers that he can supply their deficiency by laborious application.—Sir Joshua soon after, in the Third Discourse, alluding to the terms, inspiration, genius, *gusto*, applied by critics and orators to painting, proceeds—

“Such is the warmth with which both the Ancients and Moderns speak of this divine principle of the art; but, as I have formerly observed, enthusiastic admiration seldom promotes knowledge. Though a student by such praise may have his attention roused and a desire excited of running in this great career; yet it is possible that what has been said to excite, may only serve to deter him. He examines his own mind, and perceives there nothing of that divine inspiration, with which, he is told, so many others have been favoured. He never travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; and he finds himself possessed of no other qualifications than what mere common observation and a plain understanding can confer. Thus he becomes gloomy amidst the splendour of figurative declamation, and thinks it hopeless to pursue an object which he supposes out of the reach of human industry.”—Vol. i, p. 56.

Yet presently after he adds,

“It is not easy to define in what this great style consists; nor to describe by words the proper means of acquiring it, if the mind of the student should be at all capable of such an acquisition. Could we teach taste or genius by rules, they would be no longer taste and genius.”—*Ibid.* p. 57.

Here then Sir Joshua admits that it is a question whether the student is likely to be at all

capable of such an acquisition as the higher excellences of art, though he had said in the passage just quoted above, that it is within the reach of constant assiduity, and of a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, to effect all that is usually considered as the result of natural powers. Is the theory which our author means to inculcate a mere delusion, a mere arbitrary assumption? At one moment, Sir Joshua attributes the hopelessness of the student to attain perfection to the discouraging influence of certain figurative and overstrained expressions, and in the next doubts his capacity for such an acquisition under any circumstances. Would he have him hope against hope, then? If he "examines his own mind and finds nothing there of that divine inspiration, with which he is told so many others have been favoured," but which he has never felt himself; if "he finds himself possessed of no other qualifications" for the highest efforts of genius and imagination "than what mere common observation and a plain understanding can confer," he may as well desist at once from "ascending the brightest heaven of invention:"—if the very idea of the divinity of art deters instead of animating him, if the enthusiasm with which others speak of it damps the flame in his own breast, he had better not enter into a competition where he wants the first principle of success, the daring to aspire

and the hope to excel. He may be assured he is not the man. Sir Joshua himself was not struck at first by the sight of the masterpieces of the great style of art, and he seems unconsciously to have adopted this theory to show that he might still have succeeded in it but for want of due application. His hypothesis goes to this—to make the common run of his readers fancy they can do all that can be done by genius, and to make the man of genius believe he can only do what is to be done by mechanical rules and systematic industry. This is not a very feasible scheme; nor is Sir Joshua sufficiently clear and explicit in his reasoning in support of it.

In speaking of Carlo Maratti, he confesses the inefficiency of this doctrine in a very remarkable manner:—

“Carlo Maratti succeeded better than those I have first named, and I think owes his superiority to the extension of his views: besides his master Andrea Sacchi, he imitated Raffaele, Guido, and the Caraccis. It is true, there is nothing very captivating in Carlo Maratti; but this proceeded from a want which cannot be completely supplied; that is, want of strength of parts. In this certainly men are not equal; and a man can bring home wares only in proportion to the capital with which he goes to market. Carlo, by diligence, made the most of what he had: but there was undoubtedly a

heaviness about him, which extended itself uniformly to his invention, expression, his drawing, colouring, and the general effect of his pictures. The truth is he never equalled any of his patterns in any one thing, and he added little of his own." —*Ibid.* p. 172.

Here then Reynolds, we see, fairly gives up the argument. Carlo, after all, was a heavy hand; nor could all his diligence and his making the most of what he had, make up for the want of "natural powers." Sir Joshua's good sense pointed out to him the truth in the individual instance, though he might be led astray by a vague general theory. Such, however, is the effect of a false principle that there is an evident bias in the artist's mind to make genius lean upon others for support, instead of trusting to itself, and developing its own incommunicable resources. So in treating in the Twelfth Discourse of the way in which great artists are formed, Sir Joshua reverts very nearly to his first position.

"The daily food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is found in the great works of his predecessors. There is no other way for him to become great himself. *Serpens, nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco.* Raffaello, as appears from what has been said, had carefully studied the works of Masaccio, and indeed there was no other, if we except Michael Angelo (whom he



likewise imitated)\* so worthy of his attention: and though his manner was dry and hard, his compositions formal, and not enough diversified, according to the custom of Painters in that early period, yet his works possess that grandeur and simplicity which accompany, and even sometimes proceed from, regularity and hardness of manner. We must consider the barbarous state of the arts before his time, when skill in drawing was so little understood, that the best of the painters could not even foreshorten the foot, but every figure appeared to stand upon his toes; and what served for drapery had, from the hardness and smallness of the folds, too much the appearance of cords clinging round the body. He first introduced large drapery, flowing in an easy and natural manner: indeed he appears to be the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterwards arrived, and may therefore be justly considered as one of the Great Fathers of Modern Art.

“Though I have been led on to a longer digression respecting this great painter than I intended, yet I cannot avoid mentioning another excellence which he possessed in a very eminent degree; he was as much distinguished among

\* How careful is Sir Joshua, even in a parenthesis, to insinuate the obligations of this great genius to others, as if he would have been nothing without them!

his contemporaries for his diligence and industry, as he was for the natural faculties of his mind. We are told that his whole attention was absorbed in the pursuit of his art, and that he acquired the name of Masaccio from his total disregard to his dress, his person, and all the common concerns of life. He is indeed a signal instance of what well-directed diligence will do in a short time: he lived but twenty-seven years; yet in that short space carried the art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model for his successors. Vasari gives a long catalogue of painters and sculptors who formed their taste and learned their art by studying his works; among those he names Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Pietro Perugino, Raffaele, Bartolomeo, Andrea del Sarto, Il Rosso, and Pierino della Vaga."—Vol. ii, p. 95.

Sir Joshua here again halts between two opinions. He tells us the names of the painters who formed themselves upon Masaccio's style: he does not tell us on whom he formed himself. At one time the natural faculties of his mind were as remarkable as his industry; at another he was only a signal instance of what well-directed diligence will do in a short time. Then again "he appears to have been the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the Art afterwards arrived,"

though he is introduced in an argument to show that "the daily food and nourishment of the mind of the Artist must be found in the works of his predecessors." There is something surely very wavering and unsatisfactory in all this.

Sir Joshua, in another part of his work, endeavours to reconcile and prop up these contradictions by a paradoxical sophism which I think turns upon himself. He says, "I am on the contrary persuaded, that by imitation only [by which he has just explained himself to mean the study of other masters] variety and even originality of invention is produced. I will go further; even genius, at least what is so called, is the child of imitation. But as this appears to be contrary to the general opinion, I must explain my position before I enforce it.

"Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.

"This opinion of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties which stamp the work with the character of genius, supposes that it is something more fixed than in reality it is; and that we always do and ever did agree in opinion, with respect to what should be con-

sidered as the characteristic of genius. But the truth is, that the degree of excellence which proclaims Genius is different in different times and different places; and what shows it to be so is, that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

“When the Arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts. The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts, the name of Genius then shifted its application, and was given only to him who added the peculiar character of the object he represented; to him who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity, in short, those qualities or excellences, the power of producing which could not then be taught by any known and promulgated rules.

“We are very sure that the beauty of form, the expression of the passions, the art of composition, even the power of giving a general air of grandeur to a work, is at present very much under the dominion of rules. These excellences were heretofore considered merely as the effects of genius; and justly, if genius is not

taken for inspiration, but as the effect of close observation and experience."—THE SIXTH DISCOURSE, vol. i, p. 153.

Sir Joshua began with undertaking to show that "genius was the child of the imitation of others; and now it turns out not to be inspiration indeed, but the effect of close observation and experience." The whole drift of this argument appears to be contrary to what the writer intended; for the obvious inference is, that the essence of genius consists entirely, both in kind and degree, in the single circumstance of originality. The very same things are or are not genius, according as they proceed from invention or from mere imitation. In so far as a thing is original, as it has never been done before, it acquires and it deserves the appellation of genius: in so far as it is not original, and is borrowed from others or taught by rule, it is not, neither is it called, genius. This does not make much for the supposition that genius is a traditional and second-hand quality. Because, for example, a man without much genius can copy a picture of Michael Angelo's, does it follow that there was no genius in the original design, or that the inventor and the copyist are equal? If indeed, as Sir Joshua labours to prove, mere imitation of existing models and attention to established rules could produce results exactly similar to those of natural

powers, if the progress of art as a learned profession were a gradual but continual accumulation of individual excellence, instead of being a sudden and almost miraculous start to the highest beauty and grandeur nearly at first, and a regular declension to mediocrity ever after, then indeed the distinction between genius and imitation would be little worth contending for; the causes might be different, the effects would be the same, or rather skill to avail ourselves of external advantages would be of more importance and efficacy than the most powerful internal resources. But as the case stands, all the great works of art have been the offspring of individual genius, either projecting itself before the general advances of society or striking out a separate path for itself; all the rest is but labour in vain. For every purpose of emulation or instruction, we go back to the original inventors, not to those who imitated, and as it is falsely pretended, improved upon their models: or if those who followed have at any time attained as high a rank or surpassed their predecessors, it was not from borrowing their excellences, but by unfolding new and exquisite powers of their own, of which the moving principle lay in the individual mind, and not in the stimulus afforded by previous example and general knowledge. Great faults, it is true, may be avoided, but great excellences

can never be attained in this way. If Sir Joshua's hypothesis of progressive refinement in art was anything more than a verbal fallacy, why does he go back to Michael Angelo as the God of his idolatry? Why does he find fault with Carlo Maratti for being heavy? Or why does he declare as explicitly as truly, that "the judgment, after it has been long passive, by degrees loses its power of becoming active when exertion is necessary?"—Once more, to point out the fluctuation in Sir Joshua's notions on this subject of the advantages of natural genius and artificial study: he says, when recommending the proper objects of ambition to the young artist—

"My advice, in a word, is this: keep your principal attention fixed upon the higher excellences. If you compass them, and compass nothing more, you are still in the first class. We may regret the innumerable beauties which you may want; you may be very imperfect; but still you are an imperfect artist of the highest order."—Vol. i, p. 116.

This is in the Fifth Discourse. In the Seventh our artist seems to waver, and fling a doubt on his former decision, whereby "it loses some colour."

"Indeed perfection in an inferior style may be reasonably preferred to mediocrity in the highest walks of art. A landscape of Claude

Lorraine may\* be preferred to a history by Luca Giordano : but hence appears the necessity of the connoisseur's knowing in what consists the excellency of each class, in order to judge how near it approaches to perfection."—*Ibid*, p. 217.

As he advances, however, he grows bolder, and altogether discards his theory of judging of the artist by the class to which he belongs—"But we have the sanction of all mankind," he says, "in preferring genius in a lower rank of art, to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." This is in speaking of Gainsborough. The whole passage is excellent, and, I should think, conclusive against the general and factitious style of art on which he insists so much at other times :

"On this ground, however unsafe, I will venture to prophesy, that two of the last distinguished Painters of that country, I mean Pompeo Battoni, and Raffaelle Mengs, however great their names may at present sound in our ears,† will very soon fall into the rank of Imperiale, Sebastian Concha, Placido Constanza, Massuccio, and the rest of their immediate predecessors ; whose names, though

\* If Sir Joshua had had an offer to exchange a Luca Giordano in his collection for a Claude Lorraine, he would not have hesitated long about the preference.

† Written in 1788.



equally renowned in their life-time, are now fallen into what is little short of total oblivion. I do not say that those painters were not superior to the artist I allude to,\* and whose loss we lament, in a certain routine of practice, which, to the eyes of common observers, has the air of a learned composition, and bears a sort of superficial resemblance to the manner of the great men who went before them. I know this perfectly well; but I know likewise, that a man looking for real and lasting reputation must unlearn much of the common-place method so observable in the works of the artists whom I have named. For my own part, I confess, I take more interest in and am more captivated with the powerful impression of nature which Gainsborough exhibited in his portraits and in his landscapes, and the interesting simplicity and elegance of his little ordinary beggar-children, than with any of the works of that School since the time of Andrea Sacchi or perhaps we may say, Carlo Maratti; two painters who may truly be said to be *ULTIMI ROMANORUM*.

“I am well aware how much I lay myself open to the censure and ridicule of the Academical professors of other nations, in preferring the humble attempts of Gainsborough to the

\* Gainsborough

works of those regular graduates in the great historical style. But we have the sanction of all mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art to feebleness and insipidity in the highest."—Vol. ii, p. 152.

Yet this excellent artist and critic had said but a few pages before, when working upon his theory—"For this reason I shall beg leave to lay before you a few thoughts on the subject; to throw out some hints that may lead your minds to an opinion (which I take to be the true one) that Painting is not only not to be considered as an imitation operating by deception, but that it is, and ought to be, in many points of view and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature. Perhaps it ought to be as far removed from the vulgar idea of imitation as the refined civilised state in which we live is removed from a gross state of nature; and those who have not cultivated their imaginations, which the majority of mankind certainly have not, may be said, in regard to arts, to continue in this state of nature. Such men will always prefer imitation" (the imitation of nature) "to that excellence which is addressed to another faculty that they do not possess; but these are not the persons to whom a painter is to look, any more than a judge of morals and manners ought to refer controverted points upon those subjects to the opinions of people taken

from the banks of the Ohio, or from New Holland."—Vol. ii, p. 119.

In opposition to the sentiment here expressed, that "Painting is and ought to be, in many points of view and strictly speaking, no imitation at all of external nature," it is emphatically said in another place—"Nature is and must be the fountain which alone is inexhaustible; and from which all excellences must originally flow."—Discourse VI, vol. i, p. 162.

I cannot undertake to reconcile so many contradictions, nor do I think it an easy task for the student to derive any simple or intelligible clue from these conflicting authorities and broken hints in the prosecution of his art. Sir Joshua appears to have imbibed from others (Burke or Johnson) a spurious metaphysical notion that art was to be preferred to nature, and learning to genius, with which his own good sense and practical observation were continually at war, but from which he only emancipates himself for a moment to relapse into the same error again shortly after.\* The conclusion

\* Sir Joshua himself wanted academic skill and patience in the details of his profession. From these defects he seems to have been alternately repelled by each theory and style of art, the simply natural and elaborately scientific, as it came before him; and in his impatience of each, to have been betrayed into a tissue of inconsistencies somewhat difficult to unravel.

of the Twelfth Discourse is, I think, however, a triumphant and unanswerable denunciation of his own favourite paradox on the objects and study of art.

“Those artists,” he says, in a strain of eloquent truth, “who have quitted the service of nature (whose service, when well understood, is perfect freedom), and have put themselves under the direction of I know not what capricious fantastical mistress, who fascinates and overpowers their whole mind, and from whose dominion there are no hopes of their being ever reclaimed (since they appear perfectly satisfied, and not at all conscious of their forlorn situation) like the transformed followers of Comus,

‘ Not once perceive their foul disfigurement ;  
But boast themselves more comely than before.’

“Methinks such men, who have found out so short a path, have no reason to complain of the shortness of life and the extent of art ; since life is so much longer than is wanted for their improvement, or is indeed necessary for the accomplishment of their idea of perfection.\* On the contrary, he who recurs to nature, at every

\* He had been before speaking of Boucher, Director of the French Academy, who told him that “when he was young, studying his art, he found it necessary to use models, but that he had left them off for many years.”

recurrence renews his strength. The rules of art he is never likely to forget: they are few and simple: but Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, beyond the power and retention of memory; it is necessary, therefore, to have continual recourse to her. In this intercourse there is no end of his improvement: the longer he lives the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect idea of Art."—Vol. ii, p. 108.

The first inquiry which runs through Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses is, whether the student ought to look at nature with his own eyes or with the eyes of others; and on the whole, he apparently inclines to the latter. The second question is, what is to be understood by nature; whether it is a general and abstract idea, or an aggregate of particulars; and he strenuously maintains the former of these positions. Yet it is not easy always to determine how far or with what precise limitations he does so.

The first germ of his speculations on this subject is to be found in two papers in the 'Idler.' In the last paragraph of the second of these he says:

"If it has been proved that the Painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty, he must, by regarding minute particularities and accidental discriminations, deviate from the universal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity."—See Works, vol. ii, p. 242.

In answer to this, I would say that deformity is not the being varied in the particulars, in which all things differ (for on this principle all nature, which is made up of individuals, would be a heap of deformity), but in violating general rules, in which they all or almost all agree. Thus there are no two noses in the world exactly alike, or without a great variety of subordinate parts, which may still be handsome, but a face without any nose at all, or a nose (like that of a mask) without any particularity in the details, would be a great deformity in art or nature. Sir Joshua seems to have been led into his notions on this subject either by an ambiguity of terms, or by taking only one view of nature. He supposes grandeur, or the general effect of the whole, to consist in leaving out the particular details, because these details are sometimes found without any grandeur of effect, and he therefore conceives the two things to be irreconcilable and the alternatives of each other. This is very imperfect reasoning. If the mere leaving out the details constituted grandeur, any one could do this: the greatest dauber would at that rate be the greatest artist. A house or sign painter might instantly enter the lists with Michael Angelo, and might look down on the little, dry, hard manner of Raphael. But grandeur depends on a distinct principle of its own, not on a negation of the parts; and as it

does not arise from their omission, so neither is it incompatible with their insertion or the highest finishing. In fact, an artist may give the minute particulars of any object one by one, and with the utmost care, and totally neglect the proportions, arrangement, and general masses, on which the effect of the whole more immediately depends ; or he may give the latter, viz., the proportions and arrangement of the larger parts and the general masses of light and shade, and leave all the minuter parts of which those parts are composed a mere blotch, one general smear, like the first crude and hasty getting in of the groundwork of a picture : he may do either of these, or he may combine both, that is, finish the parts, but put them in their right places, and keep them in due subordination to the general effect and massing of the whole. If the exclusion of the parts were necessary to the grandeur of the whole composition, if the more entire this exclusion, if the more like a *tabula rasa*, a vague, undefined, shadowy and abstracted representation the picture was, the greater the grandeur, there could be no danger of pushing this principle too far, and going the full length of Sir Joshua's theory without any restrictions or mental reservations. But neither of these suppositions is true. The greatest grandeur may co-exist with the most perfect, nay, with a microscopic accuracy of detail, as we see

it does often in nature: the greatest looseness and slovenliness of execution may be displayed without any grandeur at all either in the outline or distribution of the masses of colour. To explain more particularly what I mean. I have seen and copied portraits by Titian, in which the eyebrows were marked with a number of small strokes, like hair lines (indeed, the hairs of which they were composed were in a great measure given)—but did this destroy the grandeur of expression, the truth of outline, arising from the arrangement of these hair lines in a given form? The grandeur, the character, the expression remained, for the general form or arched and expanded outline remained, just as much as if it had been daubed in with a blacking brush: the introduction of the internal parts and texture only added delicacy and truth to the general and striking effect of the whole. Surely a number of small dots or lines may be arranged into the form of a square or a circle indiscriminately; the square or circle, that is, the larger figure, remains the same, whether the line of which it consists is broken or continuous; as we may see in prints where the outlines, features, and masses remain the same in all the varieties of mezzotinto, dotted and line engraving. If Titian, in marking the appearance of the hairs, had deranged the general shape and contour of the eyebrows, he would have destroyed the look



of nature ; but as he did not, but kept both in view, he proportionately improved his copy of it. So in what regards the masses of light and shade, the variety, the delicate transparency and broken transitions of the tints is not inconsistent with the greatest breadth or boldest contrasts. If the light, for instance, is thrown strongly on one side of the face, and the other is cast into deep shade, let the individual and various parts of the surface be finished with the most scrupulous exactness both in the drawing and in the colours: provided nature is not exceeded, this will not nor cannot destroy the force and harmony of the composition. One side of the face will still have that great and leading distinction of being seen in shadow, and the other of being seen in the light, let the subordinate differences be as many and as precise as they will. Suppose a panther is painted in the sun: will it be necessary to leave out the spots to produce breadth and the great style, or will not this be done more effectually by painting the spots of one side of his shaggy coat as they are seen in the light, and those of the other as they really appear in natural shadow? the two masses are thus preserved completely, and no offence is done to truth and nature. Otherwise we resolve the distribution of light and shade into local colouring. The masses, the grandeur exist equally in external nature with the local differ-

ences of different colours. Yet Sir Joshua seems to argue that the grandeur, the effect of the whole object, is confined to the general idea in the mind, and that all the littleness and individuality is in nature. This is an essentially false view of the subject. This grandeur, this general effect, is indeed always combined with the details, or what our theoretical reasoner would designate as littleness in nature: and so it ought to be in art, as far as art can follow nature with prudence and profit. What is the fault of Denner's style? It is, that he does not give this combination of properties: that he gives only one view of nature, that he abstracts the details, the finishing, the curiosities of natural appearances from the general result, truth and character of the whole, and in finishing every part with elaborate care, totally loses sight of the more important and striking appearance of the object as it presents itself to us in nature. He gives every part of a face; but the shape, the expression, the light and shade of the whole, is wrong, and as far as can be from what is natural. He gives an infinite variety of tints, but they are not the tints of the human face, nor are they subjected to any principle of light and shade. He is different from Rembrandt or Titian. The English school, formed on Sir Joshua's theory, give neither the finishing of the parts nor the effect of the whole, but an inexplicable

dumb mass without distinction or meaning. They do not do as Denner did, and think that not to do as he did is to do as Titian and Rembrandt did; I do not know whether they would take it as a compliment to be supposed to imitate nature. Some few artists, it must be said, have of late "reformed this indifferently" among us! Oh! let them "reform it altogether!" I have no doubt they would if they could; but I have some doubts whether they can or not.—Before I proceed to consider the question of beauty and grandeur as it relates to the selection of form, I will quote a few passages from Sir Joshua with reference to what has been said on the imitation of particular objects. In the Third Discourse he observes, "I will now add that nature herself is not to be too closely copied. . . . A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator. The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive: instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination."—Vol. i, p. 53.

From this passage it would surely seem that there was nothing in nature but minute neatness

and superficial effect: nothing great in her style, for an imitator of it can produce nothing great; nothing "to enlarge the conceptions or warm the heart of the spectator."

"What word hath passed thy lips, Adam severe!"

All that is truly grand or excellent is a figment of the imagination, a vapid creation out of nothing, a pure effect of overlooking and scorning the minute neatness of natural objects. This will not do. Again, Sir Joshua lays it down, without any qualification, that

"The whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, peculiarities, and details of every kind."—Page 58.

Yet at p. 82, we find him acknowledging a different opinion:

"I am very ready to allow," he says, in speaking of history painting, "that some circumstances of minuteness and particularity frequently tend to give an air of truth to a piece, and to interest the spectator in an extraordinary manner. Such circumstances, therefore, cannot wholly be rejected: but if there be anything in the art which requires peculiar nicety of discernment, it is the disposition of these minute circumstantial parts; which, according to the judgment employed in the choice, become so useful to truth or so injurious to grandeur."

That is true, but the sweeping clause against "all particularities and details of every kind" is clearly got rid of. The undecided state of Sir Joshua's feelings on this subject of the incompatibility between the whole and the details is strikingly manifested in two short passages which follow each other in the space of two pages. Speaking of some pictures of Paul Veronese and Rubens, as distinguished by the dexterity and the unity of style displayed in them, he adds—

"It is by this and this alone, that the mechanical power is ennobled, and raised much above its natural rank. And it appears to me, that with propriety it acquires this character, as an instance of that superiority with which mind predominates over matter, by contracting into one whole what nature has made multifarious." —Vol. ii, p. 63.

This would imply that the principle of unity and integrity is only in the mind, and that nature is a heap of disjointed, disconnected particulars, a chaos of points and atoms. In the very next page the following sentence occurs—

"As painting is an art, they (the ignorant) think they ought to be pleased in proportion as they see that art ostentatiously displayed; they will from this supposition prefer neatness, high finishing, and gaudy colouring, to the truth, simplicity, and unity of nature."

Before, neatness and high finishing were supposed to belong exclusively to the littleness of Nature, but here truth, simplicity, and unity are her characteristics. Soon after, Sir Joshua says, "I should be sorry if what has been said should be understood to have any tendency to encourage that carelessness which leaves work in an unfinished state. I commend nothing for the want of exactness; I mean to point out that kind of exactness which is the best, and which is alone truly to be so esteemed."—Vol. ii, p. 65. This Sir Joshua has already told us consists in getting above "all particularities and details of every kind." Once more we find it is stated, that

"It is in vain to attend to the variation of tints, if in that attention the general hue of flesh is lost; or to finish ever so minutely the parts, if the masses are not observed, or the whole not well put together."

Nothing can be truer: but why always suppose the two things at variance with each other?

"Titian's manner was then new to the world, but that unshaken truth on which it is founded has fixed it as a model to all succeeding painters; and those who will examine into the artifice will find it to consist in the power of generalising, and in the shortness and simplicity of the means employed."—Page 51.

Titian's real excellence consisted in the power of generalising and of individualising at the same time: if it were merely the former, it would be difficult to account for the error immediately after pointed out by Sir Joshua. He says in the very next paragraph :

“Many artists, as Vasari likewise observes, have ignorantly imagined they are imitating the manner of Titian when they leave their colours rough, and neglect the detail: but not possessing the principles on which he wrought, they have produced what he calls *goffe pitture*, absurd, foolish pictures.”—*Ibid.* p. 54.

Many artists have also imagined they were following the directions of Sir Joshua when they did the same thing, that is, neglected the detail, and produced the same results, vapid generalities, absurd, foolish pictures.

I will only give two short passages more, and have done with this part of the subject. I am anxious to confront Sir Joshua with his own authority.

“The advantage of this method of considering objects (as a whole) is what I wish now more particularly to enforce. At the same time I do not forget that a painter must have the power of contracting as well as dilating his sight; because he that does not at all express particulars, expresses nothing; yet it is certain that a nice discrimination of minute circum-

stances, and a punctilious delineation of them, whatever excellence it may have (and I do not mean to detract from it) never did confer on the artist the character of genius."—Vol. ii, p.44.

At page 53 we find the following words:—

“Whether it is the human figure, and animal, or even inanimate objects, there is nothing, however unpromising in appearance, but may be raised into dignity, convey sentiment, and produce emotion, in the hands of a painter of genius. What was said of Virgil, that he threw even the dung about the ground with an air of dignity, may be applied to Titian; whatever he touched, however naturally mean, and habitually familiar, by a kind of magic he invested with grandeur and importance.”—No, not by magic, but by seeking and finding in individual nature, and combined with details of every kind, that grace and grandeur and unity of effect which Sir Joshua supposes to be a mere creation of the artist’s brain! Titian’s practice was, I conceive, to give general appearances with individual forms and circumstances. Sir Joshua’s theory goes too often, and in its prevailing bias, to separate the two things as inconsistent with each other, and thereby to destroy or bring into question that union or striking effect with accuracy of resemblance, in which the essence of sound art (as far as relates to imitation) consists.



Farther, as Sir Joshua is inclined to merge the details of individual objects in general effect, so he is resolved to reduce all beauty or grandeur in natural objects to a central form or abstract idea of a certain class, so as to exclude all peculiarities or deviations from this ideal standard as unfit subjects for the artist's pencil, and as polluting his canvas with deformity. As the former principle went to destroy all exactness and solidity in particular things, this goes to confound all variety, distinctness, and characteristic force in the broader scale of nature. There is a principle of conformity in nature or of something in common between a number of individuals of the same class, but there is also a principle of contrast, of discrimination and identity, which is equally essential in the system of the universe and in the structure of our ideas both of art and nature. Sir Joshua would hardly neutralise the tints of the rainbow to produce a dingy grey, as a medium or central colour: why then should he neutralise all features, forms, &c., to produce an insipid monotony? He does not indeed consider his theory of beauty as applicable to colour, which he well understood, but insists upon, and literally enforces it as to form and ideal conceptions, of which he knew comparatively little, and where his authority is more questionable. I will not in this place undertake to show that his theory of a middle form (as the standard of taste and

beauty) is not true of the outline of the human face and figure or other organic bodies, though I think that even there it is only one principle or condition of beauty; but I do say that it has little or nothing to do with those other capital parts of painting, colour, character, expression, and grandeur of conception. Sir Joshua himself contends that "beauty in creatures of the same species is the medium or centre of all its various forms;" and he maintains that grandeur is the same abstraction of the species in the individual. Therefore beauty and grandeur must be the same thing, which they are not; so that this definition must be faulty. Grandeur I should suppose to imply something that elevates and expands the mind, which is chiefly power or magnitude. Beauty is that which soothes and melts it, and its source I apprehend is a certain harmony, softness, and gradation of form, within the limits of our customary associations, no doubt, or of what we expect of certain species, but not independent of every other consideration. Our critic himself confesses of Michael Angelo, whom he regards as the pattern of the great and sublime style, that "his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions or their attitudes, or the style or cast of their limbs or features, that reminds us of their belonging to our own species. Raffaello's imagination is not so elevated: his figures are not so much dis-

jointed from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character: they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed or seemed to disdain to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own."—FIFTH DISCOURSE.—How does all this accord with the same writer's favourite theory that all beauty, all grandeur, and all excellence, consist in an approximation to that central form or habitual idea of mediocrity, from which every deviation is so much deformity and littleness? Michael Angelo's figures are raised above our diminutive race of beings, yet they are confessedly the standard of sublimity in what regards the human form. Grandeur then admits of an exaggeration of our habitual impressions; and "the strong, marked, and peculiar character which Michael Angelo has at the same time given to his works," does not take away from it. This is fact against argument. I would take Sir Joshua's word for the goodness of a picture, and for its distinguishing properties, sooner than I would for an abstract metaphysical theory. Our artist also speaks continually of high and low subjects. There can be no distinction of this kind upon

his principle, that the standard of taste is the adhering to the central form of each species, and that every species is in itself equally beautiful. The painter of flowers, of shells, or of anything else, is equally elevated with Raffælle or Michael, if he adheres to the generic or established form of what he paints: the rest, according to this definition, is a matter of indifference. There must, therefore, be something besides the central or customary form to account for the difference of dignity, for the high and low style in nature or in art. Michael Angelo's figures, we are told, are more than ordinarily grand: why, by the same rule, may not Raffælle's be more than ordinarily beautiful, have more than ordinary softness, symmetry, and grace?—Character and expression are still less included in the present theory. All character is a departure from the common-place form; and Sir Joshua makes no scruple to declare that expression destroys beauty. Thus, he says,

“If you mean to preserve the most perfect beauty in its most perfect state, you cannot express the passions, all of which produce distortion and deformity, more or less, in the most beautiful faces.”—Vol. i, p. 118.

He goes on—“Guido, from want of choice in adapting his subject to his ideas and his powers, or from attempting to preserve beauty

where it could not be preserved, has in this respect succeeded very ill. His figures are often engaged in subjects that required great expression; yet his Judith and Holofernes, the daughter of Herodias with the Baptist's head, the Andromeda, and some even of the Mothers of the Innocents, have little more expression than his Venus attired by the Graces."—*Ibid.*

What a censure is this passed upon Guido, and what a condemnation of his own theory, which would reduce and level all that is truly great and praiseworthy in art to this insipid, tasteless standard, by setting aside as illegitimate all that does not come within the middle, central form! Yet Sir Joshua judges of Hogarth as he deviates from this standard, not as he excels in individual character, which he says is only good or tolerable as it partakes of general nature; and he might accuse Michael Angelo and Raffaele, the one for his grandeur of style, the other for his expression; for neither are what he sets up as the acme of perfection.—I will just stop to remark here, that Sir Joshua has committed himself very strangely in speaking of the character and expression to be found in the Greek statues. He says in one place:

“I cannot quit the Apollo without making one observation on the character of this figure. He is supposed to have just discharged his arrow at the Python; and by the head retreat-

ing a little towards the right shoulder, he appears attentive to its effect. What I would remark is the difference of this attention from that of the Discobolus, who is engaged in the same purpose, watching the effect of his Discus. The graceful, negligent, though animated air of the one, and the vulgar eagerness of the other, furnish an instance of the judgment of the ancient sculptors in their nice discrimination of character. They are both equally true to nature, and equally admirable.”—Vol. ii, p. 21.

After a few observations on the limited means of the art of Sculpture, and the inattention of the ancients to almost everything but form, we meet with the following passage :

“Those who think Sculpture can express more than we have allowed, may ask by what means we discover, at the first glance, the character that is represented in a Bust, a Cameo, or Intaglio? I suspect it will be found, on close examination, by him who is resolved not to see more than he really does see, that the figures are distinguished by their insignia more than by any variety of form or beauty. Take from Apollo his Lyre, from Bacchus his Thyrsus and Vine-leaves, and from Meleager the Boar’s Head, and there will remain little or no difference in their characters. In a Juno, Minerva, or Flora, the idea of the artist seems to have gone no further than

representing perfect beauty, and afterwards adding the proper attributes, with a total indifference to which they gave them."

[What then becomes of that "nice discrimination of character" for which our author has just before celebrated them?]

"Thus John de Bologna, after he had finished a group of a young man holding up a young woman in his arms, with an old man at his feet, called his friends together, to tell him what name he should give it, and it was agreed to call it the Rape of the Sabines; and this is the celebrated group which now stands before the old Palace at Florence. The figures have the same general expression which is to be found in most of the antique Sculpture; and yet it would be no wonder if future critics should find out delicacy of expression which was never intended; and go so far as to see, in the old man's countenance, the exact relation which he bore to the woman who appears to be taken from him."—*Ibid.* p. 25.

So it is that Sir Joshua's theory seems to rest on an inclined plane, and is always glad of an excuse to slide, from the severity of truth and nature, into the milder and more equable regions of insipidity and inanity! I am sorry to say so, but so it appears to me.

I confess it strikes me as a self-evident truth, that variety or contrast is as essential a prin-

ciple in art and nature as uniformity, and as necessary to make up the harmony of the universe and the contentment of the mind. Who would destroy the shifting effects of light and shade, the sharp, lively opposition of colours in the same or in different objects, the streaks in a flower, the stains in a piece of marble, to reduce all to the same neutral, dead colouring, the same middle tint? Yet it is on this principle that Sir Joshua would get rid of all variety, character, expression, and picturesque effect in forms, or at least measure the worth or the spuriousness of all these according to their reference to or departure from a given or average standard. Surely nature is more liberal, art is wider than Sir Joshua's theory. Allow (for the sake of argument) that all forms are in themselves indifferent, and that beauty or the sense of pleasure in forms can therefore only arise from customary association, or from that middle impression to which they all tend: yet this cannot by the same rule apply to other things. Suppose there is no capacity in form to affect the mind except from its corresponding to previous expectation, the same thing cannot be said of the idea of power or grandeur. No one can say that the idea of power does not affect the mind with the sense of awe and sublimity. That is, power and weakness, grandeur and littleness, are not indifferent



things, the perfection of which consists in a medium between both. Again, expression is not a thing indifferent in itself, which derives its value or its interest solely from its conformity to a neutral standard. Who would neutralise the expression of pleasure and pain? Or say that the passions of the human mind, pity, love, joy, sorrow, &c., are only interesting to the imagination and worth the attention of the artist, as he can reduce them to an equivocal state which is neither pleasant nor painful, neither one thing nor the other? Or who would stop short of the utmost refinement, precision, and force in the delineation of each? Ideal expression is not neutral expression, but extreme expression. Again, character is a thing of peculiarity, of striking contrast, of distinction, and not of uniformity. It is necessarily opposed to Sir Joshua's exclusive theory, and yet it is surely a curious and interesting field of speculation for the human mind. Lively, spirited discrimination of character is one source of gratification to the lover of nature and art, which it could not be, if all truth and excellence consisted in rejecting individual traits. Ideal character is not common-place, but consistent character marked throughout, which may take place in history or portrait. Historical truth in a picture is the putting the different features of the face or muscles of the body

into consistent action. The picturesque altogether depends on particular points or qualities of an object, projecting as it were beyond the middle line of beauty, and catching the eye of the spectator. It was less, however, my intention to hazard any speculations of my own, than to confirm the common-sense feelings on the subject by Sir Joshua's own admissions in different places. In the Tenth Discourse, speaking of some objections to the Apollo, he has these remarkable words:

“In regard to the last objection (viz. that the lower half of the figure is longer than just proportion allows) it must be remembered that Apollo is here in the exertion of one of his peculiar powers, which is swiftness: he has therefore that proportion which is best adapted to that character. This is no more incorrectness than when there is given to an Hercules an extraordinary swelling and strength of muscles.”—Vol. ii, p. 20.

Strength and activity, then, do not depend on the middle form; and the middle form is to be sacrificed to the representation of these positive qualities. Character is thus allowed not only to be an integrant part of the antique and classical style of art, but even to take precedence of and set aside the abstract idea of beauty. Little more would be required to justify Hogarth in his Gothic resolution, that

if he were to make a figure of Charon, he would give him bandy legs, because watermen are generally bandy-legged. It is very well to talk of the abstract idea of a man or of a god, but if you come to anything like an intelligible proposition, you must either individualise and define, or destroy the very idea you contemplate. Sir Joshua goes into this question at considerable length in the Third Discourse.

“To the principle I have laid down, that the idea of beauty in each species of beings is an invariable one, it may be objected,” he says, “that in every particular species there are various central forms, which are separate and distinct from each other, and yet are undeniably beautiful; that in the human figure, for instance, the beauty of Hercules is one, of the Gladiator another, of the Apollo another, which makes so many different ideas of beauty. It is true, indeed, that these figures are each perfect in their kind, though of different characters and proportions; but still none of them is the representation of an individual, but of a class. And as there is one general form, which, as I have said, belongs to the human kind at large, so in each of these classes there is one common idea which is the abstract of the various individual forms belonging to that class. Thus, though the forms of childhood and age differ exceedingly, there is a common form in child-

hood, and a common form in age, which is the more perfect as it is remote from all peculiarities. But I must add further, that though the most perfect forms of each of the general divisions of the human figure are ideal, and superior to any individual form of that class; yet the highest perfection of the human figure is not to be found in any of them. It is not in the Hercules, nor in the Gladiator, nor in the Apollo; but in that form which is taken from all, and which partakes equally of the activity of the Gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and of the muscular strength of the Hercules. For perfect beauty in any species must combine all the characters which are beautiful in that species. It cannot consist in any one to the exclusion of the rest; no one, therefore, must be predominant, that no one may be deficient.” —Vol. ii, p. 64.

Sir Joshua here supposes the distinctions of classes and character to be necessarily combined with the general leading idea of a middle form. This middle form is not to confound age, sex, circumstance, under one sweeping abstraction; but we must limit the general idea by certain specific differences and characteristic marks, belonging to the several subordinate divisions and ramifications of each class. This is enough to show that there is a principle of individuality as well as of abstrac-

tion inseparable from works of art as well as nature. We are to keep the human form distinct from that of other living beings, that of men from that of women; we are to distinguish between age and infancy, between thoughtfulness and gaiety, between strength and softness. Where is this to stop? But Sir Joshua turns round upon himself in this very passage, and says, "No: we are to unite the strength of the Hercules with the delicacy of the Apollo; for perfect beauty in any species must combine all the characters which are beautiful in that species." Now if these different characters are beautiful in themselves, why not give them for their own sakes and in their most striking appearances, instead of qualifying and softening them down in a neutral form; which must produce a compromise, not a union of different excellences. If all excess of beauty, if all character is deformity, then we must try to lose it as fast as possible in other qualities. But if strength is an excellence, if activity is an excellence, if delicacy is an excellence, then the perfection, *i.e.* the highest degree of each of these qualities, cannot be attained but by remaining satisfied with a less degree of the rest. But let us hear what Sir Joshua himself advances on this subject in another part of the Discourses:

"Some excellences bear to be united, and are improved by union; others are of a dis-

cordant nature: and the attempt to unite them only produces a harsh jarring of incongruent principles. The attempt to unite contrary excellences (of form, for instance\*) in a single figure, can never escape degenerating into the monstrous but by sinking into the insipid; by taking away its marked character, and weakening its expression.

“ Obvious as these remarks appear, there are many writers on our art, who not being of the profession, and consequently not knowing what can or cannot be done, have been very liberal of absurd praises in their description of favourite works. They always find in them what they are resolved to find. They praise excellences that can hardly exist together; and above all things are fond of describing with great exactness the expression of a mixed passion, which more particularly appears to me out of the reach of our art.”†

“ Such are many disquisitions which I have read on some of the cartoons and other pictures of Raffaele, where the critics have described their own imaginations; or indeed where the excellent master himself may have attempted this expression of passions above the powers of

\* These are Sir Joshua's words.

† I do not know that: but I do not think the two passions could be expressed by expressing neither or something between both.

the art; and has, therefore, by an indistinct and imperfect marking, left room for every imagination with equal probability to find a passion of his own. What has been, and what can be done in the art, is sufficiently difficult: we need not be mortified or discouraged at not being able to execute the conceptions of a romantic imagination. Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none. We can easily, like the ancients, suppose a Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate Deities were endowed with separately. Yet when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone. Pliny, therefore, though we are under great obligations to him for the information he has given us in relation to the works of the ancient artists, is very frequently wrong when he speaks of them, which he does very often, in the style of many of our modern connoisseurs. He observes that in a statue of Paris, by Euphranor, you might discover at the same time three different characters; the dignity of a Judge of the Goddesses, the Lover of Helen, and the Conqueror of Achilles. A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance, and stern valour, must surely possess none of these to any eminent degree.

“ From hence it appears, that there is much

difficulty as well as danger in an endeavour to concentrate in a single subject those various powers, which, rising from various points, naturally move in different directions."—Vol. I, p. 120.

What real clue to the art or sound principles of judging the student can derive from these contradictory statements, or in what manner it is possible to reconcile them one with the other, I confess I am at a loss to discover. As it appears to me, all the varieties of nature in the infinite number of its qualities, combinations, characters, expressions, incidents, &c., rise from distinct points or centres, and must move in distinct directions, as the forms of different species are to be referred to a separate standard. It is the object of art to bring them out in all their force, clearness, and precision, and not to blend them into a vague, vapid, nondescript *ideal* conception, which pretends to unite, but in reality destroys. Sir Joshua's theory limits nature and paralyses art. According to him, the middle form or the average of our various impressions is the source from which all beauty, pleasure, interest, imagination springs. I contend, on the contrary, that this very variety is good in itself, nor do I agree with him that the whole of nature as it exists in fact is stark naught, and that there is nothing worthy of the



contemplation of a wise man but that *ideal perfection* which never existed in the world nor even on canvas. There is something fastidious and sickly in Sir Joshua's system. His code of taste consists too much of negations, and not enough of positive, prominent qualities. It accounts for nothing but the beauty of the common Antique, and hardly for that. The merit of Hogarth, I grant, is different from that of the Greek statues; but I deny that Hogarth is to be measured by this standard, or by Sir Joshua's middle forms: he has powers of instruction and amusement that "rising from a different point, naturally move in a different direction," and completely attain their end. It would be just as reasonable to condemn a comedy for not having the pathos of a tragedy or the stateliness of an epic poem. If Sir Joshua Reynolds's theory were true, Dr Johnson's *Irene* would be a better tragedy than any of Shakspeare's.

The reasoning of the Discourses is, I think then, deficient in the following particulars:

1. It seems to imply that general effect in a picture is produced by leaving out the details, whereas the largest masses and the grandest outline are consistent with the utmost delicacy of finishing in the parts.

2. It makes no distinction between beauty and grandeur, but refers both to an *ideal* or

middle form, as the centre of the various forms of the species, and yet inconsistently attributes the grandeur of Michael Angelo's style to the superhuman appearance of his prophets and apostles.

3. It does not at any time make mention of power or magnitude in an object as a distinct source of the sublime (though this is acknowledged unintentionally in the case of Michael Angelo, &c.), nor of softness or symmetry of form as a distinct source of beauty, independently of, though still in connexion with, another source arising from what we are accustomed to expect from each individual species.

4. Sir Joshua's theory does not leave room for character, but rejects it as an anomaly.

5. It does not point out the source of expression, but considers it as hostile to beauty: and yet, lastly, he allows that the middle form, carried to the utmost theoretical extent, neither defined by character, nor impregnated by passion, would produce nothing but vague, insipid, unmeaning generality.

In a word, I cannot think that the theory here laid down is clear and satisfactory, that it is consistent with itself, that it accounts for the various excellences of art from a few simple principles, or that the method which Sir Joshua has pursued in treating the subject is, as he

himself expresses it, "a plain and honest method." It is, I fear, more calculated to baffle and perplex the student in his progress, than to give him clear lights as to the object he should have in view, or to furnish him with strong motives of emulation to attain it.

## ON ORIGINALITY.

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ORIGINALITY IS any conception of things taken immediately from nature, and neither borrowed from, nor common to, others. To deserve this appellation, the copy must be both true and new. But herein lies the difficulty of reconciling a seeming contradiction in the terms of the explanation. For as anything to be natural must be referable to a consistent principle, and as the face of things is open and familiar to all, how can any imitation be new and striking, without being liable to the charge of extravagance, distortion, and singularity? And, on the other hand, if it has no such peculiar and distinguishing characteristic to set it off, it cannot properly rise above the level of the trite and common-place. This objection would indeed hold good, and be unanswerable, if nature were one thing, or if the eye or mind

comprehended the whole of it at a single glance ; in which case, if an object had been once seen and copied in the most curious and mechanical way, there could be no further addition to, or variation from, this idea without obliquity and affectation ; but nature presents an endless variety of aspects of which the mind seldom takes in more than a part or than one view at a time, and it is in seizing on this unexplored variety, in giving some one of these new but easily recognized features, in its characteristic essence, and according to the peculiar bent and force of the artist's genius, that true originality consists. Romney, when he was first introduced into Sir Joshua's gallery, said, "there was something in his portraits which had been never seen in the art before, but which every one must be struck with as true and natural the moment he saw it." This could not happen if the human face did not admit of being contemplated in several points of view, or if the hand were necessarily faithful to the suggestion of sense. Two things serve to perplex this question : first, the construction of language, from which, as one object is represented by one word, we imagine that it is one thing, and that we can no more conceive differently of the same object than we can pronounce the same word in different ways, without being wrong in all but one of them :—Secondly, the very nature of our

individual impressions puts a deception upon us; for as we know no more of any given object than we see, we very pardonably conclude that we see the whole of it, and have exhausted inquiry at the first view, since we can never suspect the existence of that which from our ignorance and incapacity gives us no intimation of itself. Thus, if we are shown an exact likeness of a face, we give the artist credit chiefly for dexterity of hand: we think that any one who has eyes can see a face: that one person sees it just like another, that there can be no mistake about it (as the object and the image are in our notions the same)—and that if there is any departure from our version of it, it must be purely fantastical and arbitrary: *multum abludit imago*. We do not look beyond the surface, or rather we do not see into the surface, which contains a labyrinth of difficulties and distinctions that not all the effects of time, of art, of patience, and study can master or unfold. But let us take this self-evident proposition, the human face, and examine it a little, and we shall soon be convinced what a Proteus, what an inexplicable riddle it is! Ask any one who thinks he has a perfect idea of the face of his friend, what the shape of his nose or any other feature is, and he will presently find his mistake; ask a lover to draw his ‘mistress’s eyebrow,’ it is not merely that his hand will fail

him, but his memory is at fault both for the form and colour: he may indeed dream and tell you with the poet, that

“ Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love ; ”

but if he wishes to embody his favourite conceit, and to convince any one else of all this by proof positive, he must borrow the painter's aid. When a young artist first begins to make a study from a head, it is well known that he has soon done, because after he has got in a certain general outline and rude masses, as the forehead, the nose, the eyes, in a general way, he sees no further, and is obliged to stop; he feels in truth that he has made a very indifferent copy, but is quite at a loss how to supply the defect. After a few months, or a year or two's practice, if he has a real eye for nature, and a turn for the art, he can spend whole days in working up the smallest details, in correcting the preparations, in reflecting the gradations, and does not know when to leave off, till night closes in upon him, and then he sits musing and gazing in the twilight at what remains for his next day's work. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say, that if he were not to finish any one of his pictures till he saw nothing more to be done to it he should never leave off. Titian wrote on his pictures *faciebat*, as much as to say, that he was about them, but that it was an endless task. As the

mind advances in the knowledge of nature, the horizon of art enlarges, and the air refines. Then, in addition to an infinity of details, even in the most common object, there is the variety of form and of colour, of light and shade, of character and expression, of the voluptuous, the thoughtful, the grand, the graceful, the grave, the gay, the *I know not what*: which are all to be found (separate or combined) in nature, and which sufficiently account for the diversity of art, and to detect and carry off the *spolia opima* of which is the highest praise of human skill and genius—

Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,

Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew,

all that we meet with in the master pieces of taste and genius, is to be found in the previous capacity of nature; and man, instead of adding to the store, or *creating* anything, either as to matter or manner, can only draw out a feeble and imperfect transcript, bit by bit, and one appearance after another, according to the peculiar aptitude and affinity that subsists between his mind and some one part. The mind resembles a prism, which collects the various rays of truth, and displays them by different modes and in several parcels. Enough has been said to vindicate both conditions of originality, which distinguish it from irregularity on the one hand, and from vulgarity on the other; and to show



how a thing may at the same time be both true and new. This novel truth is brought out when it meets with a strong congenial mind, that is, with a mind in the highest degree susceptible of a certain class of impressions, or of a certain kind of beauty and power; and this peculiar strength, congeniality, truth of imagination, or command over a certain part of nature, is, in other words, what is meant by genius. This will serve to show why original inventors have in general (and except in what is mechanical) left so little for their followers to improve upon; for as the original invention implies the utmost stretch and felicity of thought, or the greatest strength and sagacity to discover and dig the ore from the mine of truth, so it is hardly to be expected that a greater degree of capacity should ever arise (than the highest)—that a greater master should be afterwards obtained in shaping and fashioning the precious materials than in the first heat and eagerness of discovery; or that, if the capacity were equal, the same scope and opportunity would be left for its exercise in the same field. If the genius were different, it would then seek different objects and a different vent, and open paths to fame and excellence instead of treading in old ones. Hence the well-known observation that in each particular style or class of art, the greatest works of genius are the earliest. Hence often the first

productions of men of genius are their best. What was that something which Romney spoke of in Reynolds's pictures that the world had never seen before, but with which they were enchanted the moment they beheld it, and which both Hoppner and Jackson, with all their merit, have but faintly imitated? It was a reflection of the artist's mind, an emanation from his character transferred to the canvas. It was an ease, an amenity, an indolent but anxious satisfaction, a graceful playfulness, belonging to his disposition, and spreading its charm on all around it, attracting what harmonized with, and softening and moulding what repelled it; avoiding everything hard, stiff, and formal, shrinking from details, reposing on effect, imparting motion to still life, viewing all things in their "gayest happiest attitudes," and infusing his own spirit into nature as the leaven is kneaded into the dough; still, though the original bias existed in himself, and was thence stamped upon his works, yet the character could have neither been formed without the constant recurrence and pursuit of proper nourishment, nor could it have expressed itself without a reference to those objects, books, and attitudes in nature, which soothed and assimilated with it. What made Hogarth original and inimitable, but the wonderful redundance, and, as it were, *supererogation* of his genius, which poured

the oil of humanity into the wounds and bruises of human nature, redeemed while it exposed vice and folly, made deformity pleasing, and turned misfortune into a jest. But could he have done so if there were no wit or enjoyment in a night cellar, or if the cripple could not dance and sing? No, the moral was in nature; but let no one dare to insist upon it after him, in the same language and with the same pretensions! There was Rembrandt; did he invent the extremes of light and shade, or was he only the first that embodied them? He was so only because his eye drank in light and shade more deeply than any one before or since; and therefore the sunshine hung in liquid drops from his pencil, and the dungeon's gloom hovered over his canvas. Who can think of Coreggio without a swimming of the head?—the undulating line, the melting grace, the objects advancing and retiring as in measured dance or solemn harmony. But all this fulness, roundness, and delicacy existed before in nature, and only found a fit sanctuary in his mind. The breadth and masses of Michael Angelo were studies from nature, which he selected and cast in the mould of his own manly and comprehensive genius. The landscapes of Claude are in a fixed repose, as if nothing could be moved from its place without a violence to harmony and just proportions: in those of Rubens everything is fluttering and in motion—

light and indifferent, as the winds blow where they list. All this is characteristic, original, a different mode of nature, which the artist had the happiness to find out and carry to the utmost point of perfection. It has been laid down that no one paints anything but his own character, and almost features, and the workman is always to be traced in the work. Mr Fuseli's figures, if they were like nothing else, were like himself, or resembled the contortions of a dream; Wilkie's have a parochial air; Haydon's are heroical; Sir Thomas's genteel. What Englishman could bear to sit to a French artist? What English artist could hope to succeed in a French coquette? There is not only an individual but a national bias, which is observable in the different schools and productions of art. Mannerism is the bane (though it is the occasional vice) of genius, and is the worst kind of imitation, for it is a man's imitating himself. Many artists go on repeating and caricaturing themselves till they complain that nature puts them out. Gross plagiarism may consist with great originality. Sterne was a notorious plagiarist, but a true genius. His Corporal Trim, his Uncle Toby, and Mr Shandy, are to be found nowhere else. If Raffaele had done nothing but borrow the two figures from Masaccio, it would have been impossible to say a word in his defence: none has a right to steal who is not rich enough to be

robbed by others. So Milton has borrowed more than almost any other writer ; but he has uniformly stamped a character of his own upon it. In what relates to the immediate imitation of nature, people find it difficult to conceive of an opening for originality, inasmuch as they think that they themselves are the whole of nature, and that every other view of it is wrong : in what relates to the productions of imagination or the discoveries of science, as they themselves are totally in the dark, they fancy the whole to be a fabrication, and give the inventor credit for a sort of dealing with the devil, or some preternatural kind of talent. Poets lay a popular and prescriptive claim to inspiration ; the astronomer of old was thought able to conjure with the stars ; and the skilful leech, who performed unexpected cures, was condemned for a sorcerer. This is as great an error the other way. The vulgar think there is nothing in what lies on the surface, though the learned only see beyond it by stripping off encumbrances and coming to another surface beneath the first. The difference between art and science is only the difference between the clothed and naked figure ; but the veil of truth must be drawn aside before we can distinctly see the face. The physician is qualified to prescribe remedies because he is acquainted with the internal structure of the body, and has

studied the symptoms of disorders ; the mathematician arrives at his most surprising conclusions by slow and sure steps, and can add discovery to discovery by the very certainty of the hold he has of all the previous links. There is no witchcraft in either case. The invention of the poet is little more than the fertility of a teeming brain—that is, than the number and quantity of associations present to his mind, and the various shapes in which he can turn them without being distracted, or losing a “semblable coherence” of the parts, as the man of observation and reflection strikes out just and unforeseen remarks by taking off the mask of custom and appearance, or by judging for himself of men and things, without taking it for granted that they are what he has hitherto supposed them, or waiting to be told by others what they are. If there were no foundation for an unusual remark in our own consciousness or experience, it would not strike us as a discovery, it would sound like a *jeu-d’esprit*, a whim, an oddity, or as flat nonsense. The mere mob, “the great vulgar and the small,” are not therefore capable of distinguishing between originality and singularity, for they have no idea beyond the common-place of fashion or custom. Prejudice has no ears, either for or against itself; it is alike averse to objections and proofs, for both equally disturb

its blind, implicit notions of things. Originality is, then, the strong conception of truth and nature that the mind groans withal, and of which it cannot stay to be delivered by authority or example. It is feeling the ground sufficiently firm under one's feet to be able to go alone. Truth is its essence; it is the strongest possible feeling of truth; for it is a secret and instinctive yearning after and approximation towards it, before it is acknowledged by others, and almost before the mind itself knows what it is. Paradox and eccentricity, on the one hand, show a dearth of originality, as bombast and hyperbole show a dearth of imagination; they are the desperate resources of affectation and want of power. Originality is necessary to genius; for when that which, in the first instance, conferred the character, is afterwards done by rule and routine, it ceases to be genius. To conclude: the value of any work of art or science depends chiefly on the quantity of originality contained in it, and which constitutes either the charm of works of fiction, or the improvement to be derived from those of progressive information. But it is not so in matters of opinion, where every individual thinks he can judge for himself, and does not wish to be set right. There is, consequently, nothing that the world like better than originality of invention, and nothing that they hate worse than originality of thought.

Advances in science were formerly regarded with like jealousy, and stigmatized as dangerous by the friends of religion and the state. Galileo was imprisoned in the same city of Florence, where they now preserve his finger pointing to the skies.



## ON THE CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.\*

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WE will lay any odds that this is a fellow “damned in a fair face;” with white eyes and eyebrows; of the colour of a Shrewsbury cake; a smooth tallow-skinned rascal, a white German sausage, a well-fed chitterling, from whose face Madame de —— would have turned away in disgust,—a transcendental stuffed man! We have no patience that the arts should be catechised by a piece of whit-leather, a whey face, who thinks that pictures, like the moon, should be made of green cheese! Shall a roll of double tripe rise up in judgment on grace; shall a piece of dough talk of feeling? ’Tis too much. ’Sdeath, for Rembrandt to be demanded of a cheese-curd, what replication should he make? What might Vandyck answer to a jack-pudding, whose fingers are of a thickness at both ends? What should Rubens say, who

\* From the *Examiner* newspaper, 1816. The passages in the extraordinary lucubration commented on, which more especially gave rise to the present criticism, will be found in the course of the paper.

‘lived in the rainbow, and played i’ th’ plighted clouds,’ to a swaddling cloak, a piece of stockinet, of fleecy hosiery, to a squab man, without a bend in his body? What might Raffaele answer to a joint-stool? or Nicholas Poussin, charged in the presence of his ‘Cephalus and Aurora’ with being a mere pedant, without grace or feeling, to this round-about machine of formal impertinence, this lumbering go-cart of dulness and spite? We could have wished that as the fellow stood before the portrait of Rembrandt, chattering like an ape, making mocks and mows at it, the picture had lifted up its *great grimy fist*, and knocked him down.

The ‘Catalogue Raisonné’ of the British Institution is only worth notice, as it is pretty generally understood to be a declaration of the views of the Royal Academy. It is a very dull, gross, impudent attack by one of its toad-eaters on human genius, on permanent reputation, and on liberal art. What does it say? Why, in so many words, that the knowledge of art in this country is inconsistent with the existence of the Academy, and that their success as a body of men instituted for promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts, requires the destruction or concealment of all works of art of great and acknowledged excellence. In this they may be right; but we did not think they would have come forward to say so themselves; or that they would get a fellow, a low buffoon, a

wretched Merry Andrew, a practical St Giles's joker, a dirty Grub-street critic, to vent his abominations on the *chefs-œd'uvre* produced by the greatest painters that have gone before them, to glare at them with his bleared eyes, to smear the filth and ordure of his tongue upon them, to spit at them, to point at them, to nickname them, to hoot at them, to make mouths at them, to shrug up his shoulders and run away from them, like a blackguard who affects to make a bugbear of every one he meets in the street; to play over again, in the presence of these divine guests, the nauseous tricks of one of Swift's Yahoos. And for what? Avowedly for the purpose of diverting the public mind from the contemplation of all that genius and art can boast in the lapse of ages, and to persuade the world that there is nothing in Art that has been or ever will be produced, worth looking at, but the gilt frames and red curtains at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. We knew before that they had no great genius for the Arts, but we thought they might have some love of them in their hearts. They here avow their rankling jealousy, hatred, and scorn, of all Art, and of all the great names in Art, and as a bold push indeed, require the keeping down of the public taste, as the only means of keeping up the bubble of their reputation. They insist that their only hope of continued encouragement and

support with a discerning public is in hoodwinking that public, in confining their highest notions of Art to their own gross and superficial style of daubing, and in vilifying all works of standard genius. This is right English. The English are a shop-keeping nation, and the Royal Academy are a society of hucksters in the Fine Arts, who are more tenacious of their profits as chapmen and dealers, than of the honour of the Art. The day after the 'Catalogue Raisonné' was published, the Prince Regent, in the name and on the behalf of his father, should have directed it to be burned by the hands of the hangman of their committee, or, upon refusal, have shut up their shop. A society for the encouragement and promotion of Art has no right to exist at all, from the moment that it proposes to exist only in wrong of Art, by the suppression of the knowledge of Art,—in contempt of genius in Art,—in defiance of all manly and liberal sentiment in Art. But this is what the Royal Academy proposes to do in the 'Catalogue Raisonné.'

The Academy, from its commencement and up to the present hour, is in fact a mercantile body, like any other mercantile body, consisting chiefly of manufacturers of portraits, who have got a regular monopoly of this branch of trade, with a certain rank, style, and title of their own that is, with the king's privilege

to be thought Artists and men of genius, and who, with the jealousy natural to such bodies supported by authority from without and by cabal within, think themselves bound to crush all generous views and liberal principles of Art, lest they should interfere with their monopoly and their privilege to be thought Artists and men of genius. The Academy is the royal road to Art. The whole style of English Art, as issuing from this Academy, is founded on a principle of appeal to the personal vanity and ignorance of their sitters, and of accommodation to the lucrative pursuits of the painter, in a sweeping attention to effect in painting, by which means he can cover so many more whole or half-lengths in each season. The artists have not time to finish their pictures, or if they had, the effect would be lost in the superficial glare of that hot room, where nothing but rouged cheeks, naked shoulders, and Ackermann's dresses for May, can catch the eye in the crowd and bustle and rapid succession of meretricious attractions, as they do in another hot room of the same equivocal description. Yet they complain, in one part of the Catalogue, that "they (the Academicians) are forced to come into a hasty competition every year with works that have stood the test of ages." It is for that very reason, among others, that it was proper to exhibit the works

at the British Institution, to show to the public, and by that means to make the Academicians feel, that the securing the applause of posterity and a real rank in the Art, which that alone can give, depended on the number of pictures they finished, and not on the number they began. It is this which excites the apprehensions of the cabal; for if the eye of the public should be once spoiled by the Old Masters, the necessity of doing something like them might considerably baulk the regularity of their returns. Why should they complain of being forced into this premature competition? Who forces them to bring forward so many pictures yearly before they are fit to be seen? Would they have taken more pains, more time to finish them, to work them up to that fastidious standard of perfection on which they have set their minds, if they had not been hurried into this unfair competition with the British Institution, "sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads, unhousesled, unanointed, unanealed?" Would they have done a single stroke more to any one picture, if the Institution had never been opened? No such thing. It is not, then, true that this new and alarming competition prevents them from finishing their works; but it prevents them from imposing them on the public as finished. *Pingo in eternitatem* is

not their motto. There are three things which constitute the art of painting, which make it interesting to the public, which give it permanence and rank among the efforts of human genius. They are, first, gusto, or expression: *i. e.*, the conveying to the eye the impressions of the soul, or the other senses connected with the sense of sight, such as the different passions visible in the countenance, the romantic interest connected with scenes of nature, the character and feelings associated with different objects. In this, the highest and first part of art, the Italian painters, particularly Raffaele, Correggio, &c., excel. The second is the picturesque: that is, the seizing on those objects, or situations and accidents of objects, as light and shade, &c., which make them most striking to the mind as objects of sight only. This is the *forte* of the Flemish and Venetian painters, Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt; and they have carried this part of the Art as high as it can go, some of them with more, some of them with less, of the former excellence. The third is the exact and laborious imitation of natural objects, such as they exist in their component parts, with every variety and nicety of detail, the pencil performing the part of a microscope, and there being no necessity for expression or the picturesque in the object represented, or anything

but truth in the representation. In this least interesting, but still curious and ingenious part of the Art, the Dutch School have been allowed to excel, though with little of the former qualities, which, indeed, are not very much wanted for this purpose. Now in all these three the English School are notoriously deficient, and they are so for these following reasons :

They cannot paint gusto, or high expression, for it is not in the national character. At least, it must be sought in Nature ; but our painters do not go out of their way in search of character and expression — their sitters come to them in crowds ; and they come to them, not to be painted in all the truth of character and expression, but to be flattered out of all meaning, or they would no longer come in crowds. To please generally, the painter must exaggerate what is generally pleasing, obvious to all capacities, and void of offence before God and man ; the showy, the superficial, and the insipid ; that which strikes the greatest number of persons with the least effort of thought : and he must suppress all the rest ; all that might be “ to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness.” The Exhibition is a successful experiment on the ignorance and credulity of the town. They collect “ a quantity of barren spectators ” to judge of art, in their corporate and public capacity, and then each makes the



best market he can of them in his own. A Royal Academician must not "hold the mirror up to nature," but make his canvas "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The "numbers without number" who pay thirty, forty, fifty, or a hundred guineas for their pictures in large, expect their faces to come out of the painter's hands smooth, rosy, round, smiling; just as they expect their hair to come out of the barber's curled and powdered. It would be a breach of contract to proceed in any other way. A fashionable artist and a fashionable hairdresser have the same common principles of theory and practice; the one fits his customers to appear with *eclat* in a ball room, the other in the Great Room of the Royal Academy. A certain dexterity, and a knowledge of the prevailing fashion, are all that is necessary to either. An Exhibition portrait is, therefore, an essence, not of character, but of commonplace. It displays, not high thought and fine feeling, but physical well-being, with an outside label of health, ease, and competence. Yet the Catalogue-writer talks of the dignity of modern portrait! To enter into a general obligation to paint the passions or characters of men, must, where there are none, be difficult to the artist: where they are bad, be disagreeable to his employers. When Sir Thomas Lawrence painted Lord

Castlereagh some time ago, he did not try to exhibit his character, out of complaisance to his Lordship, nor his understanding, out of regard to himself; but he painted him in a fashionable coat, with his hair dressed in the fashion, in a genteel posture like one of his footmen, and with the prim, smirking aspect of a haberdasher. There was nothing of the noble *disinvoltura* of his Lordship's manner, the grand contour of his features, the profundity of design hid under an appearance of indifference, the traces of the Irish patriot or the English statesman. It would have puzzled Lavater or Spurzheim to have discovered there the author of the letter to *Mon Prince*. Tacitus had drawn him before in a different style, and perhaps Sir Thomas despaired of rivalling this great master in his own way. Yet the picture pleased, and Mr Perry, of the *Chronicle*, swore to the likeness, though he had been warned to the contrary. Now, if this picture had erred on the side of the characteristic expression as much as it did on that of mannered insignificance, how it must have shocked all parties in the State! An insipid misrepresentation was safer than a disagreeable reality. In the glosses of modern art, as in the modern refinements of law, it is the truth that makes the libel. Again, the picturesque is necessarily banished from the painting rooms of the Acade-

micians, and from the Great Room of the Academy. People of fashion go to be painted because other people do, and they wish to look like other people. We never remember to have seen a memorable head in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Anything that had the singular or striking in it would look quite monstrous there, and would be stared out of countenance. Anything extraordinary or original in nature is inadmissible in modern art; anything that would strike the eye, or that you would ever think of again, would be a violation of decorum—an infringement of professional etiquette, and would disturb the uniform and well-arranged monotony of the walls of the Exhibition "with most admired disorder." A man of any originality of mind, if he has also the least common sense, soon finds his error, and reforms. At Rome one must do as the people at Rome do. The Academy is not the place for the eccentricities of genius. The persons of rank and opulence, who wish to have their pictures exhibited, do not wish to be exhibited as objects of natural history, as extraordinary phenomena in art or nature, in the moral or intellectual world; and in this they are right. Neither do they wish to volunteer their own persons, which they hold in due reverence, though there is nothing at all in them, as subjects for the painter to exercise his

skill upon, as studies of light and shade, as merely objects of sight, as something curious and worth seeing from the outward accidents of nature. They do not like to share their triumph with nature, to sink their persons in "her glorious light." They owe no allegiance to the elements. They wish to be painted as Mr and Mrs Such-a-one, not as studies of light and shade; they wish to be represented as complete abstractions of persons and property: to have one side of the face seen as much as the other; to have their coat, waistcoat, and breeches, their muslin dresses, silks, sofas, and settees, their dogs and horses, their house furniture, painted; to have themselves and all that belongs to them, and nothing else, painted. The picture is made for them, and not they for the picture. Hence there can be nothing but the vapid, trite, and mechanical, in professional Art. Professional Art is a contradiction in terms. Art is genius, and genius cannot belong to a profession. Our painters' galleries are not studies, but lounging show-rooms. Would a booby with a star wish it to be painted (think you) with a view to its effect in the picture, or would he not have it seen at all events, and as much as possible? The Catalogue-writer wishes the gentlemen-sitters of the Royal Academy to go and look at Rembrandt's portraits, and to ask themselves, their wives, and daughters, whether

they would like to be painted in the same way? No, truly. This, we confess, is hard upon our Artists, to have to look upon splendour, and on obscurity more splendid, which they dare not even attempt to imitate; to see themselves condemned by the refinement of taste and progress of civilization, to smear rouge and white paste on the faces and necks of their portraits for ever; and still "to let I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage." But why then complain of the injury they would sustain by the restoration of Art (if it were possible) into the original wardship of nature and genius, when "service sweats for duty, not for meed." Sir Joshua made a shift to combine some of Rembrandt's art with his portraits, only by getting the start of public affectation, and by having the lead in his profession, so that, like the early painters, he could assert the independence of his own taste and judgment. The modern makers of catalogues would have driven him and his *chiaroscuro* into the shade presently. The critic professes to admire Sir Joshua, though all his excellences are Gothic, palpably borrowed from the Old Masters. But he is wrong or inconsistent in everything.—

3. The imitation of the details of nature is not compatible with the professional avarice of the painter, as the two former essentials of the art are inconsistent with the vanity and ignorance

of his employer. "This, this is the unkindest cut of all." It is that in which the understanding of the multitude is most likely to conspire with the painter's "own gained knowledge" to make him dissatisfied with his disproportioned profits. The Dutch masters are instructive enough in this way, and show the value of detail by showing the value of art where there is nothing else but this. But this is not all. It might be pretended by our wholesale manufacturers of *chefs-d'œuvre* in the Fine Arts, that so much nicety of execution is useless or improper in works of high gusto and grand effect. It happens unfortunately, however, that the works of the greatest gusto and most picturesque effect have this fidelity of imitation often in the highest degree (as in Raffaele, Titian, and Rembrandt), generally in a very high degree (as in Rubens and Paul Veronese), so that the moderns gain nothing by this pretext. This is a serious loss of time or reputation to them. To paint a hand like Vandyck would cost them as much time as a dozen half-lengths, and they could not do it after all. To paint an eye like Titian would cost them their whole year's labour, and they would lose their time and their labour into the bargain. Or to take Claude's landscapes as an example in this respect, as they are in almost all others: if Turner,

whom, with the Catalogue-writer, we allow—most heartily allow—to be the greatest landscape painter of the age, were to finish his trees or his plants in the foreground, or his distances, or his middle distances, or his sky, or his water, or his buildings, or anything in his pictures, in like manner, he could only paint and sell one landscape where he now paints and sells twenty. This would be a clear loss to the artists of pounds, shillings, and pence, and “that’s a feeling disputation.” He would have to put twenty times as much of everything into a picture as he now does, and that is what (if he is like other persons who have got into bad habits) he would be neither able nor willing to do. It was a common cant, a short time ago, to pretend of him as it formerly was of Wilson, that he had other things which Claude had not, and that which Claude had, besides, only impaired the grandeur of his pictures. The public have seen to the contrary. They see the quackery of painting trees blue and yellow, to produce the effect of green at a distance. They see the affectation of despising the mechanism of the Art, and never thinking about anything but the mechanism. They see that it is not true in Art, that a part is greater than the whole, or that the means are destructive of the end. They see that a daub, however masterly, cannot vie with the perfect landscapes

of the all-accomplished Claude. "To some men their graces serve them but as enemies," and it was so till the other day with Claude. If it had been only for opening the eyes of the public on this subject, the Institution would have deserved well of the art and their country.

The Catalogue sets out with the following passages :—

"The first resolution ever framed by the noblemen and gentlemen who met to establish the British Institution consists of the following sentence, viz. :—

" 'The object of the establishment is to facilitate by a public exhibition the sale of the productions of British Artists.'

"Now if the Directors had not felt quite certain as to the result of the present exhibition (of the Flemish School), if they had not perfectly satisfied themselves that, instead of affording any, even the least means of promoting unfair and invidious comparisons, it would produce abundant matter for exultation to the British artist, can we possibly imagine they, the foster parents of British Art, would ever have suffered such a display to have taken place? Certainly not. If they had not foreseen and fully provided against all such injurious results by the deep and masterly manœuvre alluded to in our former remarks, is it conceivable that the Directors would have acted in a way so counter, so diametri-



cally in opposition to this their fundamental and leading principle? No, no! It is a position which all sense of respect for their consistency will not suffer us to admit, which all feelings of respect for their views forbid us to allow.

“Is it at all to be wondered at that, in an exhibition such as this, when nothing but a patriotic desire to uphold the Arts of their country can possibly have place in the mind of the Directors, that we should attribute to them the desire of holding up the Old Masters to derision inasmuch as good policy would allow? Is it to be wondered at that, when the Directors have the three-fold prospect, by so doing, of estranging the silly and ignorant collector from his false and senseless infatuation for the Black Masters, of turning his unjust preference from foreign to British art, and by affording the living painters a just encouragement, teach them to feel that becoming confidence in their powers, which an acknowledgment of their merits entitles them to; is it to be wondered at, we say, that a little duplicity should have been practised upon this occasion, that some of our ill-advised collectors and second-rate picture amateurs should have been singled out as sheep for the sacrifice, and thus ingeniously made to pay unwilling homage to the talents of their countrymen, through that very medium by which they had previously been induced to depreciate them?”

“If in our wish to please the Directors we should without mercy damn all that deserve damning, and effectually hide our admiration for those pieces and passages which are truly entitled to admiration, it must be placed entirely to that patriotic sympathy, which we feel in common with the Directors, of holding up to the public, as the first and great object, THE PATRONAGE OF MODERN ART.”

Once more:—

“Who does not perceive (except those whose eyes are not made for seeing more than they are told by others), that Vandyck’s portraits, by the brilliant colour of the velvet hangings, are made to look as if they had been newly fetched home from the clear-starcher, with a double portion of blue in their ruffs? Who does not see that the angelic females in Rubens’s pictures (particularly in that of the ‘Brazen Serpent’) labour under a fit of the bile, twice as severe as they would do, if they were not suffering on red velvet? Who does not see, from the same cause, that the landscapes of the same Master are converted into brown studies, and that Rembrandt’s ladies and gentlemen of fashion look as if they had been on duty for the whole of last week in the Prince Regent’s new sewer? And who that has any penetration, that has any gratitude, does not see, in seeing all this, the anxious and bene-

volent solicitude of the Directors to keep the Old Masters under ?”

So then the writer would think it a matter of lively gratitude and of exultation in the breasts of living Artists if the Directors, “in their anxious and benevolent desire to keep the Old Masters under,” had contrived to make Vandyck’s pictures look like starch and blue ; if they had converted Rubens’s pictures into brown studies, or a fit of the bile ; or had dragged Rembrandt’s through the Prince Regent’s new sewers. It would have been a great gain, a great triumph to the Academy and to the Art, to have nothing left of all the pleasure or admiration which those painters had hitherto imparted to the world, to find all the excellences which their works had been supposed to possess, and all respect for them in the minds of the public destroyed, and converted into sudden loathing and disgust. This is, according to the Catalogue-writer and his friends, a consummation devoutly to be wished for themselves and for the Art. All that is taken from the Old Masters is so much added to the moderns ; the marring of Art is the making of the Academy. He would have the Directors keep the Old Masters under, by playing off upon them the same tricks of background, situation, &c., which they played off upon one another’s pictures so successfully at the Academy

Great Room.\* This is the kind of patronage and promotion of the Fine Arts on which he insists as necessary to keep up the reputation of living Artists and to ensure the sale of their works. There is nothing, then, in common between the merits of the Old Masters and the doubtful claims of the new; those are not the scale by which we can ascend to the love of these. The excellences of the latter are of their own making and of their

\* The Academicians having out-done nature at home, wait till their pictures are hung up at the Academy to out-do one another. When they know their exact situation in the Great Room, they set to work with double diligence to paint up to their next neighbours, and to keep them under. Sometimes they leave nearly the whole unfinished, that they may have a more *ad libitum* opportunity of annoying their friends, and of shining at their expense. — had placed a landscape, consisting of one enormous sheet of white lead, like the clean white napkin depending from the chin to the knees of the Saturday night's customers in a barber's shop, under a whole-length of a lady by —, in a white chalk dress, which made his Cleopatra look like a dowdy. Our little lively knight of the brush goes me round the room, crying out, "Who has any vermilion, who has any Indian yellow?" and presently returns, and by making his whole-length one red and yellow daub, like the drop-curtain at Covent Garden, makes the poor Academician's landscape look pale as his shirt. Such is the history of modern Art. It is no wonder that "these fellows, who thus o'erdo Termagant," should look with horror at the sobriety of ancient Art. It is no wonder that they carry their contempt, hatred, and jealousy of one another into the Art itself.

own seeing: we must take their own word for them; and not only so, but we must sacrifice all established principles, and all established reputation to their upstart pretensions, because, if the old pictures are not totally worthless, their own can be good for nothing. The only chance, therefore, for the modern, if the Catalogue-writer is to be believed, is to decry all the *chef's-d'œuvre* of the Art, and to hold up all the great names in it to derision. If the public once get to relish the style of the Old Masters, they will no longer tolerate the New. But so long as the Old Masters can be kept under, the coloured caricatures of the moderns, like Mrs Peachum's coloured handkerchiefs, "will be of sure sale at their warehouse at Redriff." The Catalogue-writer thinks it necessary, in order to raise the Art in this country, to depreciate all Art in all other times and countries. He thinks that the way to excite an enthusiastic admiration of genius in the public is by setting the example of a vulgar and malignant hatred of it in himself. He thinks to inspire a lofty spirit of emulation in the rising generation, by shutting his eyes to the excellences of all the finest models, or by pouring out upon them the overflowings of his gall and envy, to disfigure them in the eyes of others, so that they may see nothing in Raffaele, in Titian, in Rubens, in Rembrandt, in Vandyck, in Claude Lorraine, in Leonardo

da Vinci, but the low wit and dirty imagination of a paltry scribbler, and come away from the greatest monuments of human capacity without one feeling of excellence in art, or of beauty and grandeur in nature. Nay, he would persuade us, that this is a great public and private benefit—that there is no such thing as excellence, as genius, as true fame, except what he and his anonymous associates arrogate to themselves with all the profit and credit of this degradation of genius, this ruin of Art, this obloquy and contempt heaped on great and unrivalled reputation. He thinks it a likely mode of producing confidence in the existence and value of Art, to prove that there never was any such thing, till the last annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He would encourage a disinterested love of Art, and a liberal patronage of it in the great and opulent, by showing that the living artists have no regard, but the most sovereign and reckless contempt for it, except as it can be made a temporary stalking-horse to their pride and avarice. The writer may have a patriotic sympathy with the sale of modern works of Art, but we do not see what sympathy there can be between the buyers and sellers of these works, except in the love of the Art itself. When we find that these patriotic persons would destroy the Art itself to promote the sale of their pictures, we know what to say to them. We are

obliged to the zeal of our critic for having set this matter in so clear a light. The public will feel little sympathy with a body of Artists, who disclaim all sympathy with all other Artists. They will doubt their pretensions to genius who have no feeling of respect for it in others; they will consider them as bastards, not children of the Art, who would destroy their parent. The public will hardly consent, when the proposition is put to them in this tangible shape, to give up the cause of liberal Art and of every liberal sentiment connected with it, and enter, with their eyes open, into a pettifogging cabal to keep the Old Masters under, or hold their names up to derision "as good sport," merely to gratify the selfish importunity of a gang of sturdy beggars, who demand public encouragement and support, with a claim of settlement in one hand, and a forged certificate of merit in the other. They can only deserve well of the public by deserving well of the Art. Have we taken these men from the plough, from the counter, from the barber's block, from the shop-board, from the tap-room, and the stable-door, to raise them to fortune, to rank, and distinction in life, for the sake of Art, to give them a chance of doing something in Art like what had been done before them, of promoting and refining the public taste, of setting before them the great models of Art, and by a pure love of truth and beauty,

and by patient and disinterested aspirations after it, of rising to the highest excellence, and of making themselves “ a name great above all names ;” and do they now turn round upon us, and because they have neglected these high objects of their true calling for pitiful cabals and filling their pockets, insist that we shall league with them in crushing the progress of Art, and the respect attached to all its great efforts? There is no other country in the world in which such a piece of impudent quackery could be put forward with impunity, and still less in which it could be put forward in the garb of patriotism. This is the effect of our gross island manners. The Catalogue-writer carries his bear-garden notions of this virtue into the Fine Arts; and would set about destroying Dutch or Italian pictures as he would Dutch shipping or Italian liberty. He goes up to the Rembrandts with the same swaggering Jack-tar airs as he would to a battery of nine-pounders, and snaps his fingers at Raffaele as he would at the French. Yet he talks big about the Elgin Marbles, because Mr Payne Knight has made a slip on that subject; though, to be consistent, he ought to be for pounding them in a mortar, should get his friend the incendiary to set fire to the room building for them at the British Museum, or should get Mr Soane to build it. Patriotism and the Fine Arts have nothing to do with one another



—because patriotism relates to exclusive advantages, and the advantages of the Fine Arts are not exclusive, but communicable. The physical property of one country cannot be shared without loss by another : the physical force of one country may destroy that of another. These, therefore, are objects of national jealousy and fear of encroachment ; for the interests or rights of different countries may be compromised in them. But it is not so in the Fine Arts, which depend upon taste and knowledge. We do not consume the works of Art as articles of food, of clothing, or fuel ; but we brood over their idea, which is accessible to all, and may be multiplied without end, “with riches fineless.” Patriotism is “beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey ; like warlike as the wolf for what it eats :” but Art is ideal, and therefore liberal. The knowledge or perfection of Art in one age or country, is the cause of its existence or perfection in another. Art is the cause of Art in other men. Works of genius done by a Dutchman are the cause of genius in an Englishman—are the cause of taste in an Englishman. The patronage of foreign Art is not to prevent, but to promote Art in England. It does not prevent, but promotes taste in England. Art subsists by communication, not by exclusion. The light of Art, like that of nature, shines on all alike ; and its benefit, like that of the sun, is in being seen and felt. The spirit of

Art is not the spirit of trade: it is not a question between the grower or consumer of some perishable and personal commodity, but it is a question between human genius and human taste, how much the one can produce for the benefit of mankind, and how much the other can enjoy. It is "the link of peaceful commerce 'twixt dividable shores." To take from it this character, is to take from it its best privilege, its humanity. Would any one, except our Catalogue-virtuoso and his like, think of destroying or concealing the monuments of Art in past ages, as inconsistent with the progress of taste and civilization in the present; or find fault with the introduction of the works of Raffaelle into this country, as if their being done by an Italian confined the benefit to a foreign country, when all the benefit, all the great and lasting benefit (except the purchase-money, the lasting burden of the Catalogue, and the great test of the value of Art in the eyes of the Academy), is instantly communicated to all eyes that behold, and all hearts that can feel them?—It is many years ago since we first saw the prints of the Cartoons hung round the parlour of a little inn on the great north road. We were then very young, and had not been initiated into the principles of taste and refinement of the 'Catalogue Raisonné.' We had heard of the fame of the Cartoons, but this was the first time

that we had ever been admitted face to face into the presence of those divine works. "How were we then uplifted!" Prophets and apostles stood before us, and the Saviour of the Christian world, with his attributes of faith and power; miracles were working on the walls; the hand of Raffaele was there, and as his pencil traced the lines, we saw godlike spirits and lofty shapes descend and walk visibly the earth, but as if their thoughts still lifted them above the earth. There was that figure of St Paul, pointing with noble fervour to "temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and that finer one of Christ in the boat, whose whole figure seems sustained by meekness and love, and that of the same Person, surrounded by the disciples, like a flock of sheep listening to the music of some divine shepherd. We knew not how enough to admire them. If from this transport and delight there arose in our breasts a wish, a deep aspiration of mingled hope and fear, to be able one day to do something like them, that hope has long since vanished, but not with it the love of Art, nor delight in works of Art, nor admiration of the genius which produces them, nor respect for fame which rewards and crowns them! Did we suspect that in this feeling of enthusiasm for the works of Raffaele we were deficient in patriotic sympathy, or that, in spreading it as far as we could, we did an

injury to our country or to living Art? The very feeling showed that there was no such distinction in Art, that her benefits were common, that the power of genius, like the spirit of the world, is everywhere alike present. And would the harpies of criticism try to extinguish this common benefit to their country from a pretended exclusive attachment to their countrymen? Would they rob their country of Raffaele to set up the credit of their professional little-goes and E O tables—"cut-purses of the Art, that from the shelf the precious diadem stole, and put it in their pockets?" Tired of exposing such knavery, we walked out the other day, and saw a bright cloud resting on the bosom of the blue expanse, which reminded us of what we had seen in some picture in the Louvre. We were suddenly roused from our reverie, by recollecting that till we had answered this catch-penny publication, we had no right, without being liable to a charge of disaffection to our country, or treachery to the Art, to look at nature, or to think of anything like it in Art, not of British growth and manufacture! To what absurdities may we be reduced by the malice of folly! Our Catalogue-makers, like the puffers of the Gaslight Company, consider it only as a matter of trade, or what they can get by the sale and monopoly of it; they would extinguish all of it that does

not come through the miserable chinks and crannies of their patriotic sympathy, or would confine it in the hard, unfeeling sides of some body corporate, as Ariel was shut up in a cloven pine by the foul witch Sycorax. The cabal of Art in this country would keep it on the other side of the Channel. They would maintain a perpetual quarantine against it as infectious. They would subject it to new custom-house duties. They would create a right of search after all works of genuine Art as contraband. They would establish an Alien office under the Royal Academy, to send all the finest pictures out of the country, to prevent unfair and invidious competition. The genius of modern Art does not bathe in the dews of Castalie, but rises, like the dirty goddess in Gay's 'Trivia,' out of the 'Thames, just opposite Somerset house, and, armed with a Grub-street pen in one hand and a sign-post brush in the other, frightens the Arts from proceeding any further. They would thus effectually suppress the writers of ancient genius, and the progress of modern taste, at one and the same time; and if they did not sell their pictures, would find ease to their tortured minds by not seeing others admired.

The Catalogue-writer nicknames the Flemish painters the "Black Masters." Either this means that the works of Rubens and Vandyck

were originally black pictures, that is, deeply shadowed like those of Rembrandt, which is false, there being no painter who used so little shadow as Vandyck, or so much colour as Rubens; or it must mean that their pictures have turned darker with time, that is, that the art itself is a black art. Is this a triumph for the Academy? Is the defect and decay of Art a subject of exultation to the national genius? Then there is no hope (in this country at least) "that a great man's memory may outlive him half a year!" Do they calculate that the decomposition and gradual disappearance of the standard works of art will quicken the demand, and facilitate the sale of modern pictures? Have they no hope of immortality themselves, that they are glad to see the inevitable dissolution of all that has long flourished in splendour and in honour? They are pleased to find that, at the end of near two hundred years, the pictures of Vandyck and Rubens have suffered half as much from time as those of their late President have done in thirty or forty, or their own in the last ten or twelve years. So that the glory of painting is that it does not last for ever: it is this which puts the ancients and the moderns on a level. They hail with undisguised satisfaction the approaches of the slow, mouldering hand of time in those works which have lasted longest, not anticipating the pre-

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mature fate of their own. Such is their shortsighted ambition. A picture is with them like the frame it is in, as good as new; and the best picture, that which was last painted. They make the weak side of Art the test of its excellence; and though a modern picture of two years' standing is hardly fit to be seen, from the general ignorance of the painter in the mechanical as well as other parts of the Art, yet they are sure at any time to get the start of Rubens or Vandyck, by painting a picture against the day of exhibition. We even question whether they would wish to make their own pictures last if they could, and whether they would not destroy their own works as well as those of others (like chalk figures on the floors), to have new ones bespoke the next day. The Flemish pictures then, except those of Rembrandt, were not originally black; they have not faded in proportion to the length of time they have been painted, and all that comes, then, of the nickname in the Catalogue is, that the pictures of the Old Masters have lasted longer than those of the present Members of the Royal Academy, and that the latter, it is to be presumed, do not wish their works to last so long, lest they should be called the "Black Masters." With respect to Rembrandt, this epithet may be literally true. But, we would ask, whether the style of *chiaroscuro*, in which Rembrandt

painted, is not one fine view of nature and of art? Whether any other painter carried it to the same height of perfection as he did? Whether any other painter ever joined the same depth of shadow with the same clearness? Whether his tones were not as fine as they were true? Whether a more thorough master of his art ever lived? Whether he deserved for this to be nicknamed by the writer of the Catalogue, or to have his works “kept under, or himself held up to derision,” by the Patrons and Directors of the British Institution for the support and encouragement of the Fine Arts?

But we have heard it said by a disciple and commentator on the Catalogue (one would think it was hardly possible to descend lower than the writer himself), that the Directors of the British Institution assume a consequence to themselves, hostile to the pretensions of modern professors, out of the reputation of the Old Masters, whom they affect to look upon with wonder, to worship as something preternatural;—that they consider the bare possession of an old picture as a title to distinction, and the respect paid to Art as the highest pretension of the owner. And is this, then, a subject of complaint with the Academy, that genius is thus thought of, when its claims are once fully established? That those high qualities, which are beyond the estimate of ignorance and selfishness while



living, receive their reward from distant ages? Do they not "feel the future in the instant?" Do they not know, that those qualities which appeal neither to interest nor passion can only find their level with time, and would they annihilate the only pretensions they have? Or have they no conscious affinity with true genius, no claim to the reversion of true fame, no right of succession to this lasting inheritance and final reward of great exertions, which they would therefore destroy, to prevent others from enjoying it? Does all their ambition begin and end in their patriotic sympathy with the sale of modern works of Art, and have they no fellow-feeling with the hopes and final destiny of human genius? What poet ever complained of the respect paid to Homer as derogatory to himself? The envy and opposition to established fame is peculiar to the race of modern Artists; and it is to be hoped it will remain so. It is the fault of their education. It is only by a liberal education that we learn to feel respect for the past, or to take an interest in the future. The knowledge of Artists is too often confined to their art, and their views to their own interest. Even in this they are wrong:—in all respects they are wrong. As a mere matter of trade, the prejudice in favour of old pictures does not prevent but assist the sale of modern works of Art. If there was not a prejudice in favour of old pictures, there could be a pre-

judice in favour of none, and none would be sold. The professors seem to think, that for every old picture not sold, one of their own would be. This is a false calculation. The contrary is true. For every old picture not sold, one of their own (in proportion) would not be sold. The practice of buying pictures is a habit, and it must begin with those pictures which have a character and name, and not with those which have none. "Depend upon it," says Mr Burke in a letter to Barry, "whatever attracts public attention to the Arts, will in the end be for the benefit of the Artists themselves."\* Again, do not the Academicians know, that it is a contradiction in terms, that a man should enjoy the advantages of posthumous fame in his lifetime? Most men cease to be of any consequence at all when they are dead; but it is the privilege of the man of genius to survive himself. But he cannot in the nature of things anticipate this privilege—because in all that appeals to the general intellect of mankind, this appeal is strengthened, as it spreads wider and is acknowledged; because a man cannot unite in himself personally the suffrages of distant ages and nations; because po-

\* Yet Mr Burke knew something of Art and of the world. He thought the Art should be encouraged for the sake of Artists. They think it should be destroyed for their sakes; they would cut it up at once, as the man did the goose with golden eggs.

pularity, a newspaper-puff, cannot have the certainty of lasting fame : because it does not carry the same weight of sympathy with it ; because it cannot have the same interest, the same refinement or grandeur. If Mr West was equal to Raffaele (which he is not), if Mr Lawrence was equal to Vandyck or Titian (which he is not), if Mr Turner was equal to Claude Lorraine (which he is not), if Mr Wilkie was equal to Teniers (which he is not), yet they could not, nor ought they to be thought of in the same manner, because there could not be the same proof of it, nor the same confidence in the opinion of a man and his friends, or of any one generation, as in that of successive generations and the voice of posterity. If it is said that we pass over the faults of the one, and severely scrutinize the excellences of the other, this is also right and necessary, because the one have passed their trial, and the others are upon it. If we forgive or overlook the faults of the ancients, it is because they have dearly earned it at our hands. We ought to have some objects to indulge our enthusiasm upon ; and we ought to indulge it upon the highest, and those that are the surest of deserving it. Would one of our Academicians expect us to look at his new house in one of the new squares with the same veneration as at Michael Angelo's, which he built with his own hands ; or as at Tully's villa, or as at the

tomb of Virgil? We have no doubt they would, but we cannot. Besides, if it were possible to transfer our old prejudices to new candidates, the way to effect this is not by destroying them. If we have no confidence in all that has gone before us, in what has received the sanction of time and the concurring testimony of disinterested judges, are we to believe all of a sudden that excellence has started up in our own times, because it never existed before? are we to take the Artists' own word for their superiority to their predecessors? There is one other plea made by the moderns, "that they must live," and the answer to it is, that they do live. An Academician makes his thousand or thousands a year by portrait-painting, and complains that the encouragement given to foreign Art deprives him of the means of subsistence, and prevents him from indulging his genius in works of high history,—“playing at will his virgin fancies wild.”

As to the comparative merits of the ancients and the moderns, it does not admit of a question. The odds are too much in favour of the former, because it is likely that more good pictures were painted in the last three hundred than in the last thirty years. Now, the old pictures are the best remaining out of all that period, setting aside those of living Artists. If they are bad, the Art itself is good for nothing; for

they are the best that ever were. They are not good, because they are old; but they have become old, because they are good. The question is not between this and any other generation, but between the present and all preceding generations, whom the Catalogue-writer, in his misguided zeal, undertakes to vilify and "to keep under, or hold up to derision." To say that the great names which have come down to us are not worth anything, is to say that the mountain tops which we see in the farthest horizon are not so high as the intervening objects. If there had been any greater painters than Vandyck or Rubens, or Raffaele or Rembrandt, or Nicholas Poussin or Claude Lorraine, we should have heard of them, we should have seen them in the Gallery, and we should have read a patriotic and disinterested account of them in the 'Catalogue Raisonné.' Waving the unfair and invidious comparison between all former excellence and the concentrated essence of it in the present age, let us ask who, in the last generation of painters, was equal to the old masters? Was it Highmore, or Hayman, or Hudson, or Kneller? Who was the English Raffaele, or Rubens, or Vandyck, of that day, to whom the Catalogue-critic would have extended his patriotic sympathy and damning patronage? Kneller, we have been told, was thought superior to

Vandyck by the persons of fashion whom he painted. So St Thomas Apostle seems higher than St Paul's while you are close under it ; but the farther off you go, the higher the mighty dome aspires to the skies. What is to become of all those great men who flourished in our own time—"like flowers in men's caps, dying or ere they sicken"—Hoppner, Opie, Shee, Louthembourg, Rigaud, Romney, Barry, the painters of the Shakspeare Gallery? "Gone to the vault of all the Capulets," and their pictures with them, or before them! Shall we put more faith in their successors? Shall we take the words of their friends for their taste and genius? No, we will stick to what we know will stick to us, the "heir looms" of the Art, the Black Masters. The picture, for instance, of Charles I. on horseback, which our critic criticises with such heavy drollery, with the stupid, knowing air of a horse-jockey or farrier, and in the right slang of the veterinary art, is worth all the pictures that were ever exhibited at the Royal Academy (from the time of Sir Joshua to the present time inclusive) put together. It shows more knowledge and feeling of the Art, more skill and beauty, more sense of what it is in objects that gives pleasure to the eye, with more power to communicate this pleasure to the world. If either this single picture, or all the lumber that has ever appeared at the Academy, were to be de-

stroyed, there could not be a question which, with any Artist, or with any judge or lover of Art. So stands the account between ancient and modern Art! By this we may judge of all the rest. The Catalogue-writer makes some strictures in the second part, on the Waterloo Exhibition, which he does not think what it ought to be. We wonder he had another word to say on modern Art after seeing it. He should instantly have taken the resolution of Iago: "From this time forth I never will speak more."

We have already made some remarks on Claude's landscapes. We shall return to them here, and we would ask those who have seen them at the British Institution: "Is the general effect in his pictures injured by the details? Is the truth inconsistent with the beauty of the imitation? Does the perpetual profusion of objects and scenery, all perfect in themselves, interfere with the simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence of the whole? Does the precision with which a plant is marked in the foreground, take away from the air-drawn distinctions of the blue glimmering horizon? Is there any want of that endless airy space, where the eye wanders at liberty under the open sky, explores distant objects, and returns back as from a delightful journey?" His landscapes have all that is requisite and refined in art and nature. Everything is moulded into grace and harmony;

and at the touch of his pencil, shepherds with their flocks, temples and groves, and winding glades and scattered hamlets, rise up in never-ending succession, under the azure sky and the resplendent sun, while

“ Universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Leads on the eternal spring.”

Michael Angelo has left in one of his sonnets a fine apostrophe to the earliest poet of Italy —

“ Fain would I to be what our Dante was,  
Forego the happiest fortunes of mankind !”

what landscape painter does not feel this of Claude ?

It seems the author of the ‘ Catalogue Raisonné ’ does not, for he thus speaks of him —

“ *David Encamped*,—CLAUDE. (REV. W. H. Carr).—If it were not for the horrible composition of this landscape—the tasteless hole-in-the-wall—the tents, and daddy-long-legs, whom Mr Carr has christened ‘ King David,’ we should be greatly offended by its present obtrusion on the public ; as it is, we are bound to suppose the possessor sees deeper into the millstone than ourselves ; and if it were politic, could thoroughly explain the matter to our satisfaction. Be this as it may, we cannot resist expressing our regret at the absence of Claude Gillée’s MUSES. The public in general merely know by



tradition that this painter was a pastry-cook. Had this delectable composition to which we now allude been brought forward, they would have had the evidence of his practice to confirm it. It is said to represent 'Mount Parnassus;' and no one, who for a moment has seen the picture, can entertain the smallest doubt of its having been taken from one of his own *plateaux*. The figures have all the character and drawing which they might be expected to derive from a species of twelfth-cake casts. The swans are of the truest wax-shapes, while the water bears every mark of being done from something as right earnest as that at Sadlers' Wells, and the Prince's Fête of 1814."

This is the way in which the Catalogue-writer aids and abets the Royal Academy in the promotion and encouragement of the Fine Arts in this country. Now, what if we were to imitate him, and to say of "the ablest landscape painter now living," that \* \* \* \* \* — No, we will not; we have blotted out the passage after we had written it,—because it would be bad wit, bad manners, and bad reasoning. Yet we dare be sworn it is as good wit, as good manners, as good reasoning, as the wittiest, the most gentlemanly, and the most rational passage, in the 'Catalogue Raisonné.' Suppose we were to put forth voluntarily such a criticism on one of Mr Turner's landscapes? What then?

We should do a great injustice to an able and ingenious man, and disgrace ourselves; but we should not hurt a sentiment, we should not mar a principle, we should not invade the sanctuary of Art. Mr Turner's pictures have not, like Claude's, become a sentiment in the heart of Europe; his fame has not been stamped and rendered sacred by the hand of time. Perhaps it never will.\*

We have only another word to add on this very lowest of all subjects. The writer calls in the cant of morality to his aid; he was quite shocked to find himself, in the company of some female relations, *vis-a-vis* with a naked figure of Annibal Caracci's. Yet he thinks the Elgin Marbles likely to raise the morals of the country to a high pitch of refinement. Good. The fellow is a hypocrite too.

The writer of the 'Catalogue Raisonné' has fallen foul of two things which ought to be sacred to Artists and lovers of Art—Genius and Fame. If they are not sacred to them, we do not know to whom they will be sacred. A work such as the present shows that the person who could write it must either have no knowledge or taste for Art, or must be actuated by a feeling of the basest and most unaccountable malignity towards it. It shows that any body of

\* In fact, Mr Turner's landscapes are nothing but stained water-colour drawings, loaded with oil-colour.

men by whom it could be set on foot or encouraged are not an Academy of Art. It shows that a country in which such a publication could make its appearance, is not the country of the Fine Arts. Does the writer think to prove the genius of his countrymen for Art by proclaiming their utter insensibility and flagitious contempt for all beauty and excellence in the Art, except in their own works? No; it is very true that the English are a shop-keeping nation; and the 'Catalogue Raisonné' is the proof of it.

Finally, the works of the moderns are not, like those of the Old Masters, a second nature. O Art, true likeness of nature, "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast," of what would our Catalogue-mongers deprive us in depriving us of thee and of thy glories, of the lasting works of the great Painters, and of their names no less magnificent, grateful to our hearts as the sound of celestial harmony from other spheres, waking around us (whether heard or not) from youth to age, the stay, the guide, and anchor of our purest thoughts; whom, having once seen, we always remember, and who teach us to see all things through them; without whom life would be to begin again, and the earth barren; of Raffaele, who lifted the human form half way to heaven; of Titian, who painted the mind in the face, and

unfolded the soul of things to the eye; of Rubens, around whose pencil gorgeous shapes thronged numberless, startling us by the novel accidents of form and colour, putting the spirit of motion into the universe, and weaving a gay fantastic round and Bacchanalian dance with nature; of thee, too, Rembrandt, who didst redeem one half of nature from obloquy, from the nickname in the Catalogue, "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled," and tinging it with light-like streaks of burnished ore; of these, and more of whom the world is scarce worthy; and what would they give us in return? A Bartlemy Fair Puppet Show, Mrs Salmon's Royal Wax-work, or the Exhibition of the Royal Academy!

## ON A PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISH LADY, BY VANDYCK.

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THE portrait I speak of is in the Louvre, where it is numbered 416, and the only account of it in the Catalogue is 'A Lady and her Daughter.' It is companion to another whole-length by the same artist, No. 417, of 'A Gentleman and a little Girl.' Both are evidently English.

The face of the lady has nothing very remarkable in it, but that it may be said to be the very perfection of the English female face. It is not particularly beautiful, but there is a sweetness in it, and a goodness conjoined, which is inexpressibly delightful. The smooth ivory forehead is a little ruffled, as if some slight cause of uneasiness, like a cloud, had just passed over it. The eyes are raised with a look of timid attention; the mouth is compressed with modest sensibility; the complexion is delicate and clear; and over the whole figure (which is seated) there reigns the utmost propriety and decorum.

The habitual gentleness of the character seems to have been dashed with some anxious thought or momentary disquiet, and, like the shrinking flower, in whose leaves the lucid drop yet trembles, looks out and smiles at the storm that is overblown. A mother's tenderness, a mother's fear, appears to flutter on the surface, on the extreme verge of the expression, and not to have quite subsided into thoughtless indifference or mild composure. There is a reflection of the same expression in the little child at her knee, who turns her head round with a certain appearance of constraint and innocent wonder; and perhaps it is the difficulty of getting her to sit (or to sit still) that has caused the transient contraction of her mother's brow,—that lovely, unstained mirror of pure affection, too fair, too delicate, too soft and feminine for the breath of serious misfortune ever to come near, or not to crush it. It is a face, in short, of the greatest purity and sensibility, sweetness and simplicity, or such as Chancer might have described:

“Where all is conscience and tender heart.”

I have said that it is an English face; and I may add (without being invidious) that it is not a French one. I will not say that they have no face to equal this; of that I am not a judge; but I am sure they have no face equal to this,

in the qualities by which it is distinguished. They may have faces as amiable, but then the possessors of them will be conscious of it. There may be equal elegance, but not the same ease; there may be even greater intelligence, but without the innocence; more vivacity, but then it will run into petulance or coquetry; in short, there may be every other good quality but a total absence of all pretension to or wish to make a display of it, but the same unaffected modesty and simplicity. In French faces (and I have seen some that were charming both for the features and expression) there is a varnish of insincerity, a something theatrical or meretricious; but here, every particle is pure to the "last recesses of the mind." The face (such as it is, and it has a considerable share both of beauty and meaning) is without the smallest alloy of affectation. There is no false glitter in the eyes to make them look brighter; no little wrinkles about the corners of the eye-lids, the effect of self-conceit; no pursing up of the mouth, no significant leer, no primness, no extravagance, no assumed levity or gravity. You have the genuine text of nature without gloss or comment. There is no heightening of conscious charms to produce greater effect, no studying of airs and graces in the glass of vanity. You have not the remotest hint of the milliner, the dancing-master, the

dealer in paints and patches. You have before you a real English lady of the seventeenth century, who looks like one, because she cannot look otherwise; whose expression of sweetness, intelligence, or concern, is just what is natural to her, and what the occasion requires; whose entire demeanour is the emanation of her habitual sentiments and disposition, and who is as free from guile or affectation as the little child by her side. I repeat that this is not the distinguishing character of the French physiognomy, which, at its best, is often spoiled by a consciousness of what it is, and a restless desire to be something more.

Goodness of disposition, with a clear complexion and handsome features, is the chief ingredient in English beauty. There is a great difference in this respect between Vandyck's portraits of women and Titian's, of which we may find examples in the Louvre. The picture, which goes by the name of his 'Mistress,' is one of the most celebrated of the latter. The neck of this picture is like a broad crystal mirror; and the hair which she holds so carelessly in her hand is like meshes of beaten gold. The eyes, which roll in their ample sockets like two shining orbs, and which are turned away from the spectator, only dart their glances the more powerfully into the soul; and the whole picture is a paragon of frank, cordial grace, and trans-



parent brilliancy of colouring. Her tight bodice compresses her full but finely-proportioned waist; while the tucker in part conceals and almost clasps the snowy bosom. But you never think of anything beyond the personal attractions, and a certain sparkling intelligence. She is not marble, but a fine piece of animated clay. There is none of that retired and shrinking character, that modesty of demeanour, that sensitive delicacy, that starts even at the shadow of evil—that are so evidently to be traced in the portrait by Vandyck. Still there is no positive vice, no meanness, no hypocrisy, but an unconstrained, elastic spirit of self-enjoyment, more bent on the end than scrupulous about the means; with firmly-braced nerves, and a tincture of vulgarity. She is not like an English lady, nor like a lady at all; but she is a very fine servant-girl, conscious of her advantages, and willing to make the most of them. In fact, Titian's 'Mistress' answers exactly, I conceive, to the idea conveyed by the English word, sweetheart. The Marchioness of Guasto is a fairer comparison. She is by the supposition a lady, but still an Italian one. There is a honeyed richness about the texture of the skin, and her air is languid from a sense of pleasure. Her dress, though modest, has the marks of studied coquetry about it; it touches the very limits which it dares not pass; and her eyes,

which are bashful and downcast, do not seem to droop under the fear of observation, but to retire from the gaze of kindled admiration,

“ As if they thrill'd  
Frail hearts, yet quenched not !”

One might say, with Othello, of the hand with which she holds the globe that is offered to her acceptance :

“ This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and pray'r,  
Much castigation, exercise devout ;  
For here's a young and melting devil here,  
That commonly rebels.”

The hands of Vandyck's portrait have the purity and coldness of marble. The colour of the face is such as might be breathed upon it by the refreshing breeze ; that of the Marchioness of Guasto's is like the glow it might imbibe from a golden sunset. The expression in the English lady springs from her duties and her affections ; that of the Italian countess inclines more to her ease and pleasures. The Marchioness of Guasto was one of three sisters, to whom, it is said, the inhabitants of Pisa proposed to pay divine honours, in the manner that beauty was worshipped by the fabulous enthusiasts of old. Her husband seems to have participated in the common infatuation, from the fanciful homage that is paid to her in this allegorical composition ; and if she was at all

intoxicated by the incense offered to her vanity, the painter must be allowed to have "qualified" the expression of it "very craftily."

I pass on to another female face and figure, that of the Virgin, in the beautiful picture of the 'Presentation in the Temple,' by Guido. The expression here is ideal, and has a reference to visionary objects and feelings. It is marked by an abstraction from outward impressions, a downcast look, an elevated brow, an absorption of purpose, a stillness and resignation, that become the person and the scene in which she is engaged. The colour is pale or gone; so that purified from every grossness, dead to worldly passions, she almost seems like a statue kneeling. With knees bent, and hands uplifted, her motionless figure appears supported by a soul within, all whose thoughts, from the low ground of humility, tend heavenward. We find none of the triumphant buoyancy of health and spirit as in the Titian's 'Mistress,' nor the luxurious softness of the portrait of the Marchioness of Guasto, nor the flexible, tremulous sensibility, nor the anxious attention to passing circumstances, nor the familiar look of the lady by Vandyck; on the contrary, there is a complete unity and concentration of expression, the whole is wrought up and moulded into one intense feeling, but that feeling fixed on objects remote, refined, and

ethereal as the form of the fair supplicant. A still greater contrast to this internal, or as it were, introverted expression, is to be found in the group of female heads by the same artist, Guido, in his picture of the 'Flight of Paris and Helen.' They are the three last heads on the left-hand side of the picture. They are thrown into every variety of attitude, as if to take the heart by surprise at every avenue. A tender warmth is suffused over their faces; their head-dresses are airy and fanciful, their complexion sparkling and glossy; their features seem to catch pleasure from every surrounding object, and to reflect it back again. Vanity, beauty, gaiety, glance from their conscious looks and wreathed smiles, like the changing colours from the ringdove's neck. To sharpen the effect and point the moral, they are accompanied by a little negro-boy, who holds up the train of elegance, fashion, and voluptuous grace!

Guido was the "genteelest" of painters; he was a poetical Vandyck. The latter could give, with inimitable and perfect skill, the airs and graces of people of fashion under their daily and habitual aspects, or as he might see them in a looking-glass. The former saw them in his "mind's eye," and could transform them into supposed characters and imaginary situations. Still the elements were the same. Vandyck gave them with the mannerism of habit and the

individual details; Guido, as they were rounded into grace and smoothness by the breath of fancy, and borne along by the tide of sentiment. Guido did not want the ideal faculty, though he wanted strength and variety. There is an effeminacy about his pictures, for he gave only the different modifications of beauty. It was the goddess that inspired him, the Siren that seduced him; and whether as saint or sinner, was equally welcome to him. His creations are as frail as they are fair. They all turn on a passion for beauty, and without this support, are nothing. He could paint beauty combined with pleasure, or sweetness, or grief, or devotion; but unless it were the groundwork and the primary condition of his performance, he became insipid, ridiculous, and extravagant. There is one thing to be said in his favour; he knew his own powers or followed his own inclinations; and the delicacy of his tact in general prevented him from attempting subjects uncongenial with it. He "trod the primrose path of dalliance," with equal prudence and modesty. That he is a little monotonous and tame, is all that can be said against him; and he seldom went out of his way to expose his deficiencies in a glaring point of view. He came round to subjects of beauty at last, or gave them that turn. A story is told of his having painted a very lovely head of a girl, and being asked from whom he had taken it, he replied, "From his

old man!" This is not unlikely. He is the only great painter (except Correggio) who appears constantly to have subjected what he saw to an imaginary standard. His Magdalens are more beautiful than sorrowful; in his Madonnas there is more of sweetness and modesty than of elevation. He makes but little difference between his heroes and his heroines; his angels are women, and his women angels! If it be said that he repeated himself too often, and has painted too many Magdalens and Madonnas, I can only say in answer, "Would he had painted twice as many!" If Guido wanted compass and variety in his art, it signifies little, since what he wanted is abundantly supplied by others. He had softness, delicacy, and ideal grace in a supreme degree, and his fame rests on these as the cloud on the rock. It is to the highest point of excellence in any art or department that we look back with gratitude and admiration, as it is the highest mountain-peak that we catch in the distance, and lose sight of only when it turns to air.

I know of no other difference between Raffaele and Guido, than that the one was twice the man the other was. Raffaele was a bolder genius, and invented according to nature: Guido only made draughts after his own disposition and character. There is a common cant of criticism which makes Titian merely a co-

lourist. What he really wanted was invention : he had expression in the highest degree. I declare I have seen heads of his with more meaning in them than any of Raffaelle's. But he fell short of Raffaelle in this, that (except in one or two instances) he could not heighten and adapt the expression that he saw to different and more striking circumstances. He gave more of what he saw than any other painter that ever lived, and in the imitative part of his art had a more universal genius than Raffaelle had in composition and invention. Beyond the actual and habitual look of nature, however, "the demon that he served" deserted him, or became a very tame one. Vandyck gave more of the general air and manners of fashionable life than of individual character ; and the subjects that he treated are neither remarkable for intellect nor passion. They are people of polished manners, and placid constitutions ; and many of the very best of them are "stupidly good." Titian's portraits, on the other hand, frequently present a much more formidable than inviting appearance. You would hardly trust yourself in a room with them. You do not bestow a cold, leisurely approbation on them, but look to see what they may be thinking of you, not without some apprehension for the result. They have not the clear, smooth skins or the even pulse that Vandyck's seem to possess. They are, for the

most part, fierce, wary, voluptuous, subtle, haughty. Raffaele painted Italian faces as well as Titian. But he threw into them a character of intellect rather than of temperament. In Titian the irritability takes the lead, sharpens and gives direction to the understanding. There seems to be a personal controversy between the spectator and the individual whose portrait he contemplates, which shall be master of the other. I may refer to two portraits in the Louvre, the one by Raffaele the other by Titian (Nos. 1,153 and 1,210), in illustration of these remarks. I do not know two finer or more characteristic specimens of these masters, each in its way. The one is of a student dressed in black, absorbed in thought, intent on some problem, with the hands crossed and leaning on a table for support, as it were to give freer scope to the labour of the brain, and though the eyes are directed towards you, it is with evident absence of mind. Not so the other portrait, No. 1,210. All its faculties are collected to see what it can make of you, as if you had intruded upon it with some hostile design, it takes a defensive attitude, and shows as much vigilance as dignity. It draws itself up, as if to say, "Well, what do you think of me?" and exercises a discretionary power over you. It has "an eye to threaten and command," not to be lost in idle thought, or in ruminating over some abstruse, speculative proposition. It is



this intense personal character which, I think, gives the superiority to Titian's portraits over all others, and stamps them with a living and permanent interest. Of other pictures you tire, if you have them constantly before you ; of his, never. For other pictures have either an abstracted look and you dismiss them, when you have made up your mind on the subject as a matter of criticism ; or an heroic look, and you cannot be always straining your enthusiasm ; or an insipid look, and you sicken of it. But whenever you turn to look at Titian's portraits, they appear to be looking at you ; there seems to be some question pending between you, as though an intimate friend or inveterate foe were in the room with you ; they exert a kind of fascinating power ; and there is that exact resemblance of individual nature which is always new and always interesting, because you cannot carry away a mental abstraction of it, and you must recur to the object to revive it in its full force and integrity. I would as soon have Raffaele's or most other pictures hanging up in a collection, that I might pay an occasional visit to them : Titian's are the only ones that I should wish to have hanging in the same room with me for company !

Titian in his portraits appears to have understood the principle of historical design better than anybody. Every part tells, and has a

bearing on the whole. There is no one who has such simplicity and repose — no violence, no affectation, no attempt at forcing an effect : in-somuch that by the uninitiated he is often condemned as unmeaning and insipid. A turn of the eye, a compression of the lip decides the point. He just draws the face out of its most ordinary state, and gives it the direction he would have it take ; but then every part takes the same direction, and the effect of this united impression (which is absolutely momentary and all but habitual) is wonderful. It is that which makes his portraits the most natural and the most striking in the world. It may be compared to the effect of a number of small load-stones, that by acting together lift the greatest weights. Titian seized upon the lines of character in the most original and connected point of view. Thus in his celebrated portrait of Hippolito de Medici, there is a keen, sharpened expression that strikes you, like a blow from the spear that he holds in his hand. The look goes through you ; yet it has no frown, no startling gesticulation, no affected penetration. It is quiet, simple, but it almost withers you. The whole face and each separate feature is cast in the same acute or wedge-like form. The forehead is high and narrow, the eye-brows raised and coming to a point in the middle, the nose straight and peaked, the mouth contracted and

drawn up at the corners, the chin acute, and the two sides of the face slanting to a point. The number of acute angles which the lines of the face form, are, in fact, a net entangling the attention and subduing the will. The effect is felt at once, though it asks time and consideration to understand the cause. It is a face which you would beware of rousing into anger or hostility, as you would beware of setting in motion some complicated and dangerous machinery. The possessor of it, you may be sure, is no trifler. Such, indeed, was the character of the man. This is to paint true portrait and true history. So if our artist painted a mild and thoughtful expression, all the lines of the countenance were softened and relaxed. If the mouth was going to speak, the whole face was going to speak. It was the same in colour. The gradations are infinite, and yet so blended as to be imperceptible. No two tints are the same, though they produce the greatest harmony and simplicity of tone, like flesh itself. "If," said a person, pointing to the shaded side of a portrait of Titian, "you could turn this round to the light, you would find it would be of the same colour as the other side!" In short, there is manifest in his portraits a greater tenaciousness and identity of impression than in those of any other painter. Form, colour, feeling, character, seemed to adhere to his eye and to be-

come part of himself; and his pictures, on this account, "leave stings" in the minds of the spectators! There is, I grant, the same personal appeal, the same point-blank look in some of Raffaele's portraits (see those of a Princess of Arragon and of Count Castiglione, Nos. 1,150 and 1,151) as in Titian: but they want the texture of the skin and the minute individual details to stamp them with the same reality. And again, as to the uniformity of outline in the features, this principle has been acted upon and carried to excess by Kneller and other artists. The eyes, the eye-brows, the nose, the mouth, the chin, are rounded off as if they were turned in a lathe, or as a peruke maker arranges the curls of a wig. In them it is vile and mechanical, without any reference to truth of character or nature; and instead of being pregnant with meaning and originality of expression, produces only insipidity and monotony.

Perhaps what is offered above as a key to the peculiar expression of Titian's heads may also serve to explain the difference between painting or copying a portrait. As the perfection of his faces consists in the entire unity and coincidence of all the parts, so the difficulty of ordinary portrait-painting is to bring them to bear at all, or to piece one feature, or one day's labour, on to another. In copying, this difficulty does not occur at all. The human face is not one thing,

as the vulgar suppose, nor does it remain always the same. It has infinite varieties, which the artist is obliged to notice and to reconcile, or he will make strange work. Not only the light and shade upon it do not continue for two minutes the same: the position of the head constantly varies (or if you are strict with a sitter, he grows sullen and stupid), each feature is in motion every moment, even while the artist is working at it, and in the course of a day the whole expression of the countenance undergoes a change, so that the expression which you gave to the forehead or eyes yesterday is totally incompatible with that which you have to give to the mouth to-day. You can only bring it back again to the same point or give it a consistent construction by an effort of imagination, or a strong feeling of character; and you must connect the features together less by the eye than by the mind. The mere setting down what you see in this medley of successive, teasing, contradictory impressions, would never do; either you must continually efface what you have done the instant before, or if you retain it, you will produce a piece of patchwork, worse than any caricature. There must be a comprehension of the whole, and in truth a moral sense (as well as a literal one) to unravel the confusion, and guide you through the labyrinth of shifting muscles and features. You must feel what this means,

and dive into the hidden soul, in order to know whether that is as it ought to be; for you cannot be sure that it remains as it was. Portrait-painting is, then, painting from recollection and from a conception of character, with the object before us to assist the memory and understanding. In copying, on the contrary, one part does not run away and leave you in the lurch, while you are intent upon another. You have only to attend to what is before you, and finish it carefully a bit at a time, and you are sure that the whole will come right. One might parcel it out into squares, as in engraving, and copy one at a time, without seeing or thinking of the rest. I do not say that a conception of the whole, and a feeling of the art will not abridge the labour of copying, or produce a truer likeness; but it is the changeableness or identity of the object that chiefly constitutes the difficulty or facility of imitating it, and, in the latter case, reduces it nearly to a mechanical operation. It is the same in the imitation of still-life, where real objects have not a principle of motion in them. It is as easy to produce a fac-simile of a table or a chair as to copy a picture, because these things do not stir from their places any more than the features of a portrait stir from theirs. You may therefore bestow any given degree of minute and continued attention on finishing any given part without being afraid that when

finished it will not correspond with the rest. Nay, it requires more talent to copy a fine portrait than to paint an original picture of a table or a chair, for the picture has a soul in it, and the table has not. It has been made an objection (and I think a just one) against the extreme high finishing of the drapery and backgrounds in portraits (to which some schools, particularly the French, are addicted), that it gives an unfinished look to the face, the most important part of the picture. A lady or a gentleman cannot sit quite so long or so still as a lay-figure, and if you finish up each part according to the length of time it will remain in one position, the face will seem to have been painted for the sake of the drapery, not the drapery to set off the face. There is an obvious limit to everything, if we attend to common sense and feeling. If a carpet or a curtain will admit of being finished more than the living face, we finish them less because they excite less interest, and we are less willing to throw away our time and pains upon them. This is the unavoidable result in a natural and well-regulated style of art; but what is to be said of a school where no interest is felt in anything, where nothing is known of any object but that it is there, and where superficial and petty details which the eye can explore, and the hand execute,

with persevering and systematic indifference, constitute the soul of art ?

The expression is the great difficulty in history or portrait-painting, and yet it is the great clue to both. It renders forms doubly impressive from the interest and signification attached to them, and at the same time renders the imitation of them critically nice, by making any departure from the line of truth doubly sensible. Mr Coleridge used to say, that what gave the romantic and mysterious interest to Salvator's landscapes was their containing some implicit analogy to human or other living forms. His rocks had a latent resemblance to the outline of a human face ; his trees had the distorted, jagged shape of a satyr's horns and grotesque features. I do not think this is the case ; but it may serve to supply us with an illustration of the present question. Suppose a given outline to represent a human face, but to be so disguised by circumstances and little interruptions as to be mistaken for a projecting fragment of a rock in a natural scenery. As long as we conceive of this outline merely as a representation of a rock or other inanimate substance, any copy of it, however rude, will seem the same and as good as the original. Now let the disguise be removed and the general resemblance to a human face pointed out, and what before seemed perfect, will be found to be deficient in



the most essential features.' Let it be further understood to be a profile of a particular face that we know, and all likeness will vanish from the want of the individual expression, which can only be given by being felt. That is, the imitation of external and visible form is only correct or nearly perfect, when the information of the eye and the direction of the hand are aided and confirmed by the previous knowledge and actual feeling of character in the object represented. The more there is of character and feeling in any object, and the greater sympathy there is with it in the mind of the artist, the closer will be the affinity between the imitation and the thing imitated; as the more there is of character and expression in the object without a proportionable sympathy with it in the imitator, the more obvious will this defect and the imperfection of the copy become. That is, expression is the great test and measure of a genius for painting, and the fine arts. The mere imitation of *still-life*, however perfect, can never furnish proofs of the highest skill or talent; for there is an inner sense, a deeper intuition into nature that is never unfolded by merely mechanical objects, and which, if it were called out by a new soul being suddenly infused into an inanimate substance, would make the former unconscious representation appear crude

and vapid. The eye is sharpened and the hand made more delicate in its tact,

“ While by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.”

We not only see, but feel expression, by the help of the finest of all our senses, the sense of pleasure and pain. He then is the greatest painter who can put the greatest quantity of expression into his works, for this is the nicest and most subtle object of imitation; it is that in which any defect is soonest visible, which must be able to stand the severest scrutiny, and where the power of avoiding errors, extravagance, or tameness can only be supplied by the fund of moral feeling, the strength or delicacy of the artist's sympathy with the ideal object of his imitation. To see or imitate any given sensible object is one thing, the effect of attention and practice; but to give expression to a face is to collect its meaning from a thousand other sources, is to bring into play the observation and feeling of one's whole life, or an infinity of knowledge bearing upon a single object in different degrees and manners, and implying a loftiness and refinement of character proportioned to the loftiness and refinement of expression delineated. Expression is of all things the least to be mistaken, and the most evanescent in its

manifestations. Pope's lines on the character of women may be addressed to the painter who undertakes to embody it.

“Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare,  
Dip in the rainbow, trick it off in air ;  
Choose a firm cloud, before it falls, and in it  
Catch, ere it change, the Cynthia of the minute.”

It is a maxim among painters that no one can paint more than his own character, or more than he himself understands or can enter into. Nay, even in copying a head, we have some difficulty in making the features unlike our own. A person with a low forehead or a short chin puts a constraint on himself in painting a high forehead or a long chin. So much has sympathy to do with what is supposed to be a mere act of servile imitation! To pursue this argument one step farther. People sometimes wonder what difficulty there can be in painting, and ask what you have to do but to set down what you see? This is true, but the difficulty is to see what is before you. This is at least as difficult as to learn any trade or language. We imagine that we see the whole of nature, because we are aware of no more than we see of it. We also suppose that any given object, a head, a hand, is one thing, because we see it at once, and call it by one name. But how little we see or know, even of the most familiar face, beyond a vague abstraction, will be evident

to every one who tries to recollect distinctly all its component parts, or to draw the most rude outline of it for the first time; or who considers the variety of surface, the numberless lights and shades, the tints of the skin, every particle and pore of which varies, the forms and markings of the features, the combined expression, and all these caught (as far as common use is concerned) by a random glance, and communicated by a passing word. A student, when he first copies a head, soon comes to a stand, or is at a loss to proceed from seeing nothing more in the face than there is in his copy. After a year or two's practice he never knows when to have done, and the longer he has been occupied in copying a face or any particular feature, sees more and more in it that he has left undone and can never hope to do. There have been only four or five painters who could ever produce a copy of the human countenance really fit to be seen; and even of these few none was ever perfect, except in giving some single quality or partial aspect of nature, which happened to fall in with his own particular studies and the bias of his genius, as Raffaello the drawing, Rembrandt the light and shade, Vandyck ease and delicacy of appearance, &c. Titian gave more than any one else, and yet he had his defects. After this, shall we say that any, the commonest and most

uninstructed spectator sees the whole of nature at a single glance, and would be able to stamp a perfect representation of it on the canvas, if he could embody the image in his mind's eye?

I have in this essay mentioned one or two of the portraits in the Louvre that I like best. The two landscapes which I should most covet, are the one with a Rainbow by Rubens, and the 'Adam and Eve in Paradise' by Poussin. In the first, shepherds are reposing with their flocks under the shelter of a breezy grove, the distances are of air, and the whole landscape seems just washed with the shower that has passed off. The 'Adam and Eve' by Poussin is the full growth and luxuriant expansion of the principle of vegetation. It is the first lovely dawn of creation, when nature played her virgin fancies wild; when all was sweetness and freshness, and the heavens dropped fatness. It is the very ideal of landscape-painting, and of the scene it is intended to represent. It throws us back to the first ages of the world, and to the only period of perfect human bliss, which is, however, on the point of being soon disturbed.\* I should be contented

\* I may be allowed to mention here (not for the sake of invidious comparison, but to explain my meaning), Mr Martin's picture of 'Adam and Eve asleep in Paradise.' It has this capital defect, that there is no repose in it. You see two insignificant naked figures, and a

with these four or five pictures—The ‘Lady’ by Vandyck, the ‘Titian,’ the ‘Presentation in the Temple,’ the ‘Rubens,’ and the ‘Poussin,’ or even with faithful copies of them, added to the two which I have of a young Neapolitan Nobleman and of the Hippolito de Medici; and which, when I look at them, recal other times and the feelings with which they were done. It is now twenty years since I made those copies, and I hope to keep them while I live. It seems to me no longer ago than yesterday. Should the next twenty years pass as swiftly, forty years will have glided by me like a dream. By this kind of speculation I

preposterous architectural landscape, like a range of buildings overlooking them. They might as well have been represented on the top of the pinnacle of the Temple, with the world and all the glories thereof spread out before them. They ought to have been painted im-paradised in one another’s arms, shut up in measureless content, with Eden’s choicest bowers closing round them, and Nature stooping to clothe them with vernal flowers. Nothing could be too retired, too voluptuous, too sacred from “day’s garish eye:” on the contrary, you have a gaudy panoramic view, a glittering barren waste, a triple row of clouds, of rocks, and mountains, piled one upon the other, as if the imagination already bent its idle gaze over that wide world which was so soon to be our place of exile, and the aching, restless spirit of the artist was occupied in building a stately prison for our first parents, instead of decking their bridal bed, and wrapping them in a short-lived dream of bliss.

can look down as from a slippery height on the beginning, and the end of life beneath my feet, and the thought makes me dizzy!

My taste in pictures is, I believe, very different from that of rich and princely collectors. I would not give two-pence for the whole Gallery at Fonthill. I should like to have a few pictures hung round the room, that speak to me with well-known looks, that touch some string of memory—not a number of varnished, smooth, glittering gewgaws. The taste of the Great in pictures is singular, but not unaccountable. The King is said to prefer the Dutch to the Italian school of painting; and if you hint your surprise at this, you are looked upon as a very Gothic and *outré* sort of person. You are told, however, by way of consolation, “To be sure, there is Lord Carlisle likes an Italian picture—Mr Holwell Carr likes an Italian picture—the Marquis of Stafford is fond of an Italian picture—Sir George Beaumont likes an Italian picture!” These, notwithstanding, are regarded as quaint and daring exceptions to the established rule; and their preference is a species of *leze majesté* in the Fine Arts, as great an eccentricity and want of fashionable etiquette, as if any gentleman or nobleman still preferred old claret to new, when the King is known to have changed his mind on this subject; or was guilty of the offence of

dipping his fore-finger and thumb in the middle of a snuff-box, instead of gradually approximating the contents to the edge of the box, according to the most approved models. One would imagine that the great and exalted in station would like lofty subjects in works of art, whereas they seem to have an almost exclusive predilection for the mean and mechanical. One would think those whose word was law, would be pleased with the great and striking effects of the pencil;\* on the contrary, they admire nothing but the little and elaborate. They have a fondness for cabinet and furniture pictures, and a proportionable antipathy to works of genius. Even art with them must be servile, to be tolerated. Perhaps the seeming contradiction may be explained thus. Such persons are raised so high above the rest of the species, that the more violent and agitating pursuits of mankind appear to them like the turmoil of ants on a mole-hill. Nothing interests them but their own pride and self-importance. Our passions are

\* The Duke of Wellington, it is said, cannot enter into the merits of Raffaele; but he admires the "spirit and fire" of Tintoret. I do not wonder at this bias. A sentiment probably never dawned upon his Grace's mind; but he may be supposed to relish the dashing execution and hit-or-miss manner of the Venetian artist. Oh, Raffaele! well it is that it was one who did not understand thee, that blundered upon the destruction of humanity!



them an impertinence; an expression of high sentiment they rather shrink from as a ludicrous and upstart assumption of equality. They therefore like what glitters to the eye, what is smooth to the touch; but they shun, by an instinct of sovereign taste, whatever has a soul in it, or implies a reciprocity of feeling. The Gods of the earth can have no interest in anything human; they are cut off from all sympathy with the "bosoms and businesses of men." Instead of requiring to be wound up beyond their habitual feeling of stately dignity, they wish to have the springs of over-strained pretension let down to be relaxed with "trifles light as air," to be amused with the familiar and frivolous, and to have the world appear a scene of still life, except as they disturb it! The little in thought and internal sentiment is a natural relief and set off to the oppressive sense of external magnificence. Hence kings babble and repeat they know not what. A childish dotage often accompanies the consciousness of absolute power. Repose is somewhere necessary, and the soul sleeps while the senses gloat around! Besides, the mechanical and high-finished style of art may be considered as something done to order. It is a task to be executed more or less perfectly, according to the price given, and the industry of the artist. We stand by, as it were, to see the work done, insist upon

a greater degree of neatness and accuracy, and exercise a sort of petty, jealous jurisdiction over each particular. We are judges of the minuteness of the details, and though ever so nicely executed, as they give us no ideas beyond what we had before, we do not feel humbled in the comparison. The artizan scarcely rises into the artist; and the name of genius is degraded rather than exalted in his person. The performance is so far ours that we have paid for it, and the highest price is all that is necessary to produce the highest finishing. But it is not so in works of genius and imagination. Their price is above rubies. The inspiration of the Muse comes not with the *fiat* of a monarch, with the donation of a patron; and, therefore, the Great turn with disgust or effeminate indifference from the mighty masters of the Italian school, because such works baffle and confound their self-love, and make them feel that there is something in the mind of man which they can neither give nor take away.

“ Quam nihil ad tuum, Papiniane, ingenium!”

## THE VATICAN.

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*L.* The Vatican did not quite answer your expectation ?

*H.* To say the truth, it was not such a blow as the Louvre; but then it came after it, and what is more, at the distance of twenty years. To have made the same impression, it should have been twenty times as fine; though that was scarcely possible, since all that there is fine in the Vatican, in Italy, or in the world, was in the Louvre when I first saw it, except the frescoes of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, which could not be transported, without taking the walls of the building across the Alps.

*L.* And what, may I ask (for I am curious to hear), did you think of these same frescoes ?

*H.* Much the same as before I saw them. As far as I could judge, they are very like the prints. I do not think the spectator's, idea of them is enhanced beyond this. The Raffaelles, of which you have a distinct and ad-

mirable view, are somewhat faded—I do not mean in colour, but the outline is injured—and the ‘Sibyls and Prophets’ in the Sistine Chapel are painted on the ceiling at too great a height for the eye to distinguish the faces as accurately as one would wish. The features and expressions of the figures near the bottom of the ‘Last Judgment’ are sufficiently plain, and horrible enough they are.

*L.* What was your opinion of the ‘Last Judgment’ itself?

*H.* It is literally too big to be seen. It is like an immense field of battle, or charnel house, strewed with carcasses and naked bodies: or it is a shambles of Art. You have huge limbs apparently torn from their bodies and stuck against the wall: anatomical dissections, backs and diaphragms, tumbling “with hideous ruin and combustion down,” neither intelligible groups, nor perspective, nor colour; you distinguish the principal figure, that of Christ, only from its standing in the centre of the picture, on a sort of island of earth, separated from the rest of the subject by an inlet of sky. The whole is a scene of enormous, ghastly confusion, in which you can only make out quantity and number, and vast, uncouth masses of bones and muscles. It has the incoherence and distortion of a troubled dream, without the shadowiness;

everything is here corporeal and of solid dimensions.

*L.* But surely there must be something fine in the ‘Sibyls and Prophets,’ from the copies we have of them; justifying the high encomiums of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of so many others?

*H.* It appears to me that nothing can be finer as to form, attitude, and outline. The whole conception is so far inimitably noble and just; and all that is felt as wanting, is a proportionable degree of expression in the countenances, though of this I am not sure, for the height (as I said before) baffles a nice scrutiny. They look to me unfinished, vague, and general. Like some fabulous figure from the antique, the heads were brutal, the bodies divine. Or at most, the faces were only continuations of and on a par with the physical form, large and bold, and with great breadth of drawing, but no more the seat of a vivifying spirit, or with a more powerful and marked intelligence emanating from them, than from the rest of the limbs, the hands, or even drapery. The filling up of the mind is, I suspect, wanting the *divinæ particula auræ*: there is prodigious and mighty prominence and grandeur and simplicity in the features, but they are not surcharged with meaning, with thought or passion, like Raffaele’s, “the rapt soul sit-

ting in the eyes." On the contrary, they seem only to be half-informed, and might be almost thought asleep. They are fine moulds, and contain a capacity of expression, but are not bursting, teeming with it. The outward material shrine, or tabernacle, is unexceptionable ; but there is not superadded to it a revelation of the workings of the mind within. The forms in Michael Angelo are objects to admire in themselves: those of Raffaelle are merely a language pointing to something beyond, and full of this ultimate import.

*L.* But does not the difference arise from the nature of the subjects ?

*H.* I should think, not. Surely, a Sibyl in the height of her phrensy, or an inspired Prophet—"seer blest"—in the act of receiving or of announcing the will of the Almighty, is not a less fit subject for the most exalted and impassioned expression than an Apostle, a Pope, a Saint, or a common man. If you say that these persons are not represented in the act of inspired communication, but in their ordinary quiescent state,—granted ; but such preternatural workings, as well as the character and frame of mind proper for them, must leave their shadowings and lofty traces behind them. The face that has once held communion with the Most High, or been wrought to madness by

deep thought and passion, or that inly broods over its sacred or its magic lore, must be "as a book where one may read strange matters," that cannot be opened without a correspondent awe and reverence. But here is "neither the cloud by day nor the pillar of fire by night:" neither the blaze of immediate inspiration nor the hallowed radiance, the mystic gloomy light that follows it, so far as I was able to perceive. I think it idle to say that Michael Angelo painted man in the abstract, and so left expression indeterminate, when he painted prophets and other given characters in particular. He has painted them on a larger scale and cast their limbs in a gigantic mould to give a dignity and command answering to their situations and high calling, but I do not see the same high character and intensity of thought or purpose impressed upon their countenances. Thus nothing can be nobler or more characteristic than the figure of the prophet Jeremiah. It is not abstracted, but symbolical of the history and functions of the individual. The whole figure bends and droops under a weight of woe, like a large willow tree surcharged with showers. Yet there is no peculiar expression of grief in one part more than another; the head hangs down despondingly indeed, but so do the hands, the clothes; every part seems to labour under and be involved in a complication of

distress. Again, the prophet Ezra is represented reading in a striking attitude of attention, and with the book held close to him as if to lose no part of its contents in empty space:—all this is finely imagined and designed, but then the book reflects back none of its pregnant, hieroglyphic meaning on the face, which, though large and stately, is an ordinary, unimpassioned, and even unideal one. Daniel, again, is meant for a face of inward thought and musing, but it might seem as if the compression of the features were produced by external force as much as by involuntary perplexity. I might extend these remarks to this artist's other works; for instance, to the Moses, of which the form and attitude express the utmost dignity and energy of purpose, but the face wants a something of the intelligence and expansive views of the Hebrew legislator. It is cut from the same block, and by the same bold sweeping hand as the sandals or the drapery.

*L.* Do you think there is any truth or value in the distinction which assigns to Raffaele the dramatic, and to Michael Angelo the epic department of the Art?

*H.* Very little, I confess. It is so far true, that Michael Angelo painted single figures, and Raffaele chiefly groups; but Michael Angelo gave life and action to his figures, though not the same expression to the face. I think this



arose from two circumstances. First, from his habits as a sculptor, in which form predominates, and in which the fixed lineaments are more attended to than the passing inflections, which are neither so easily caught nor so well given in sculpture as in painting. Secondly, it strikes me that Michael Angelo, who was a strong, iron-built man, sympathised more with the organic structure, with bones and muscles, than with the more subtle and sensitive workings of that fine medullary substance called the brain. He compounded man admirably of brass or clay, but did not succeed equally in breathing into his nostrils the breath of life, of thought or feeling. He has less humanity than Raffaele, and I think that he is also less divine, unless it be asserted that the body is less allied to earth than the mind. Expression is, after all, the principal thing. If Michael Angelo's forms have, as I allow, an intellectual character about them and a greatness of gusto, so that you would almost say "his bodies thought;" his faces, on the other hand, have a drossy and material one. For example, in the figure of Adam coming from the hand of his Creator, the composition, which goes on the idea of a being starting into life at the touch of Omnipotence, is sublime:—the figure of Adam, reclined at ease with manly freedom and independence, is worthy of the original founder of

our race ; and the expression of the face, implying passive resignation and the first consciousness of existence, is in thorough keeping—but I see nothing in the countenance of the Deity denoting supreme might and majesty. The Eve, too, lying extended at the foot of the Forbidden Tree, has an elasticity and buoyancy about it, that seems as if it could bound up from the earth of its own accord, like a bow that has been bent. It is all life and grace. The action of the head thrown back, and the upward look, correspond to the rest. The artist was here at home. In like manner, in the allegorical figures of Night and Morn at Florence, the faces are ugly or distorted, but the contour and actions of the limbs express dignity and power in the very highest degree. The legs of the figure of Night, in particular, are twisted into the involutions of a serpent's folds ; the neck is curved like the horse's, and is clothed with thunder.

*L.* What, then, is the precise difference between him and Raffaele, according to your conception ?

*H.* As far as I can explain the matter, it seems to me that Michael Angelo's forms are finer, but that Raffaele's are more fraught with meaning ; that the rigid outline and disposable masses in the first are more grand and imposing, but that Raffaele puts a greater proportion

of sentiment into his, and calls into play every faculty of mind and body of which his characters are susceptible, with greater subtilty and intensity of feeling. Dryden's lines—

“ A fiery soul that working out its way  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay”—

do not exactly answer to Raffaelle's character, which is mild and thoughtful rather than fiery; nor is there any want either of grace or grandeur in his figures: but the passage describes the “ o'er-informing ” spirit that breathes through them, and the unequal struggle of the expression to vent itself by more than ordinary physical means. Raffaelle lived a much shorter time than Michael Angelo, who also lived long after him; and there is no comparison between the number, the variety, or the finished elegance of their works.\* Michael Angelo possibly lost himself in the material and instrumental part of Art, in embodying a technical theory, or in acquiring the grammar of different branches of study, excelling in knowledge and in gravity of pretension; whereas Raffaelle gave himself

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\* The oil-pictures attributed to Michael Angelo are meagre and pitiful; such as that of the ‘ Fates at Florence.’ Another of ‘ Witches,’ at Cardinal Fesch's at Rome, is like what the late Mr Barry would have admired and imitated—dingy, coarse, and vacant.

up to the diviner or lovelier impulse that breathes its soul over the face of things, being governed by a sense of reality and of general truth. There is nothing exclusive or repulsive in Raffaelle; he is open to all impressions alike, and seems to identify himself with whatever he saw that arrested his attention or could interest others. Michael Angelo studied for himself, and raised objects to the standard of his conception, by a *formula* or system: Raffaelle invented for others, and was guided only by sympathy with them. Michael Angelo was painter, sculptor, architect; but he might be said to make of each Art a shrine, in which to build up the stately and gigantic stature of his own mind:—Raffaelle was only a painter, but in that one Art he seemed to pour out all the treasures and various excellence of nature, grandeur, and scope of design, exquisite finishing, force, grace, delicacy, the strength of man, the softness of woman, the playfulness of infancy, thought, feeling, invention, imitation, labour, ease, and every quality that can distinguish a picture, except colour. Michael Angelo, in a word, stamped his own character on his works, or recast Nature in a mould of his own, leaving out much that was excellent: Raffaelle received his inspiration from without, and his genius caught the lambent flame of grace, of truth, and gran-

deur, which are reflected in his works with a light clear, transparent, and unfading.

*L.* Will you mention one or two things that particularly struck you?

*H.* There is a figure of a man leading a horse in the 'Attila,' which I think peculiarly characteristic. It is an ordinary face and figure, in a somewhat awkward dress: but he seems as if he had literally walked into the picture at that instant; he is looking forward with a mixture of earnestness and curiosity, as if the scene were passing before him, and every part of his figure and dress is flexible and in motion, pliant to the painter's plastic touch. This figure, so unconstrained and free, animated, salient, put me in mind, compared with the usual stiffness and shackles of the Art, of chain-armour used by the knights of old instead of coat-of-mail. Raffaello's fresco figures seem the least of all others taken from plaster-casts; this is more than can be said of Michael Angelo's, which might be taken from, or would serve for, very noble ones. The horses in the same picture also delight me. Though dumb, they appear as though they could speak, and were privy to the import of the scene. Their inflated nostrils and speckled skins are like a kind of proud flesh; or they are animals spiritualised. In the 'Miracle of Bolsano' is that group of children, round-

faced, smiling, with large-orbed eyes, like infancy nestling in the arms of affection; the studied elegance of the choir of tender novices, with all their sense of the godliness of their function and the beauty of holiness; and the hard, liny, individual portraits of priests and cardinals on the right hand, which have the same life, spirit, boldness, and marked character, as if you could have looked in upon the assembled conclave. Neither painting nor popery ever produced anything finer. There is the utmost hardness and materiality of outline, with a spirit of fire. The School of Athens is full of striking parts and ingenious contrasts; but I prefer to it the 'Convocation of Saints,' with that noble circle of Prophets and Apostles in the sky, on whose bent foreheads and downcast eyes you see written the City of the Blest, the beatific presence of the Most High, and the Glory hereafter to be revealed, a solemn brightness and a fearful dream, and that scarce less inspired circle of sages canonised here on earth, poets, heroes, and philosophers, with the painter himself, entering on one side like the recording angel, smiling in youthful beauty, and scarce conscious of the scene he has embodied. If there is a failure in any of these frescoes, it is, I think, in the 'Parnassus,' in which there is something quaint and affected. In the 'St

Peter delivered from Prison' he has burst with Rembrandt into the dark chambers of night, and thrown a glory round them. In the story of 'Cupid and Psyche,' at the Little Farnese, he has, I think, even surpassed himself in a certain swelling and voluptuous grace, as if beauty grew and ripened under his touch, and the very genius of ancient fable hovered over his enamoured pencil.

*L.* I believe you when you praise, not always when you condemn. Was there anything else that you saw to give you a higher idea of him than the specimens we have in this country?

*H.* Nothing superior to the Cartoons for boldness of design and execution; but I think his best oil pictures are abroad, though I had seen most of them before in the Louvre. I had not, however, seen the 'Crowning of the Virgin,' which is in the picture-gallery of the Vatican, and appears to me one of his very highest-wrought pictures. The Virgin in the clouds is of an admirable sedateness and dignity, and over the throng of breathing faces below there is poured a stream of joy and fervid devotion that can be compared to nothing but the golden light that evening skies pour on the edges of the surging waves. "Hope elevates, and joy brightens their every feature." The Foligno Virgin was at Paris, in which I cannot say I am quite satisfied

with the Madonna; it has rather a *precieuse* expression; but I know not enough how to admire the innumerable heads of cherubs surrounding her, touched in with such care and delicacy, yet so as scarcely to be perceptible except on close inspection, nor that figure of the winged cherub below, offering the casket, and with his round, chubby face and limbs as full of rosy health and joy, as the cup is full of the juice of the purple vine. There is another picture of his I will mention, the Leo X in the Palace Pitti, "on his front engraven thought and public care;" and again, that little portrait in a cap in the Louvre, muffled in thought and buried in a kind of mental *chiaro-scuro*. When I think of these and so many other of his inimitable works, "scattered like stray-gifts o'er the earth," meeting our thoughts half-way, and yet carrying them farther than we should have been able of ourselves, enriching, refining, exalting all around, I am at a loss to find motives for equal admiration or gratitude in what Michael Angelo has left, though his Prophets and Sibyls on the walls of the Sistine Chapel are *thumping make-weights* thrown into the opposite scale. It is nearly impossible to weigh or measure their different merits. Perhaps Michael Angelo's works, in their vastness and unity, may give a greater blow to some imaginations and lift the mind more out of itself, though accompanied



with less delight or food for reflection, resembling the rocky precipice, whose "stately height though bare" overlooks the various excellence and beauty of subjected art.

*L.* I do not think your premises warrant your conclusion. If what you have said of each is true, I should give the undoubted preference to Raffaelle as at least the greater painter, if not the greater man. I must prefer the finest face to the largest mask.

*H.* I wish you could see and judge for yourself.

*L.* I pry'thee do not mock me. Proceed with your account. Was there nothing else worth mentioning after Raffaelle and Michael Angelo?

*H.* So much, that it has slipped from my memory. There are the finest statues in the world there, and they are scattered and put into niches or separate little rooms for effect, and not congregated together like a meeting of the marble gods of mythology, as was the case in the Louvre. There are some of Canova's, worked up to a high pitch of perfection, which might just as well have been left alone—and there are none, I think, equal to the Elgin marbles. A bath of one of the Antonines, of solid porphyry and as large as a good-sized room, struck me as the strongest proof of ancient magnificence. The busts are innumerable, inimitable, have a breathing clearness and trans-

parency, revive ancient history, and are very like actual English heads and characters. The inscriptions alone on fragments of antique marble would furnish years of study to the curious or learned in that way. The vases are most elegant—of proportions and materials unrivalled in taste and in value. There are some tapestry copies of the Cartoons, very glaring and unpleasant to look at. The room containing the coloured maps of Italy, done about three hundred years ago, is one of the longest and most striking; and the passing through it with the green hillocks, rivers, and mountains on its spotty sides, is like going a delightful and various journey. You recal or anticipate the most interesting scenes and objects. Out of the windows of these long straggling galleries, you look down into a labyrinth of inner and of outer courts, or catch the Dome of St Peter's adjoining (like a huge shadow), or gaze at the distant amphitheatre of hills surrounding the Sacred City, which excite a pleasing awe, whether considered as the haunts of banditti or from a recollection of the wondrous scene, the hallowed spot, on which they have overlooked for ages, Imperial or Papal Rome, or her commonwealth, more august than either. Here, also, in one chamber of the Vatican is a room stuffed full of artists, copying the Transfiguration, or the St Jerome of Domenichino, spitting, shrugging,

and taking snuff, admiring their own performances and sneering at those of their neighbours ; and on certain days of the week the whole range of the rooms is thrown open without reserve to the entire population of Rome and its environs, priests and peasants, with heads not unlike those that gleam from the walls, perfect in expression and in costume, and young peasant girls in clouted shoes, with looks of pleasure, timidity and wonder, such as those with which Raffaelle himself, from the portraits of him, might be supposed to have hailed the dawn of heaven-born art. There is also (to mention small works with great) a portrait of George the Fourth in his robes (a present to his Holiness) turned into an outer room ; and a tablet erected by him in St Peter's, to the memory of James III. Would you believe it? Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, when he saw the averted looks of the good people of England as they proclaimed his Majesty James III in any of the towns through which they passed, would not have believed it. Fergus MacIvor, when in answer to the crier of the court, who repeated " Long live King George ! " he retorted, " Long live King James ! " would not have believed it possible !

*L.* Hang your politics.

*H.* Never mind, if they do not hang me.

## ON A LANDSCAPE OF NICOLAS POUSSIN.



“ And blind Orion hungry for the morn.”

ORION, the subject of this landscape, was the classical Nimrod; and is called by Homer, “a hunter of shadows, himself a shade.” He was the son of Neptune; and having lost an eye in some affray between the gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun, he would recover his sight. He is represented setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him, a bow in his hand, and Diana in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awaked out of sleep, or uncertain of his way; you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests; earth is dank and fresh with dews, the “grey dawn and the Pleiades before him dance,” and in the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen

ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it into smiles; the whole is, like the principal figure in it, "a forerunner of the dawn." The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light "shadowy sets off" the face of nature: one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man might be said to see nature through the glass of time; he alone has a right to be considered as the painter of classical antiquity. Sir Joshua has done him justice in this respect. He could give to the scenery of his heroic fables that unimpaired look of original nature, full, solid, large, luxuriant, teeming with life and power; or deck it with all the pomp of art, with temples and towers, and mythologic groves. His pictures "denote a foregone conclusion." He applies nature to his purposes, works out her images according to the standard of his thoughts, embodies high fictions; and the first conception being given, all the rest seems to grow out of, and be assimilated to it, by the unfailing process of a studious imagination. Like his own Orion, he overlooks the surrounding scene, appears to "take up the

isles as a very little thing, and to lay the earth in a balance." With a laborious and mighty grasp, he put nature into the mould of the ideal and antique; and was among painters (more than any one else) what Milton was among poets. There is in both something of the same pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, the same richness of borrowed materials, the same unity of character. Neither the poet nor the painter lowered the subjects they treated, but filled up the outline in the fancy, and added strength and reality to it; and thus not only satisfied, but surpassed, the expectations of the spectator and the reader. This is held for the triumph and the perfection of works of Art. To give us nature, such as we see it, is well and deserving of praise; to give us nature, such as we have never seen, but have often wished to see it, is better, and deserving of higher praise. He who can show the world in its first naked glory, with the hues of fancy spread over it, or in its high and palmy state, with the gravity of history stamped on the proud monuments of vanished empire,—who, by his "so potent art," can recal time past, transport us to distant places, and join the regions of imagination (a new conquest) to those of reality,—who shows us not only what nature is, but what she has been,

and is capable of,—he who does this, and does it with simplicity, with truth and grandeur, is lord of nature and her powers; and his mind is universal, and his Art the master-art!

There is nothing in this “more than natural,” if criticism could be persuaded to think so. The historic painter does not neglect or contravene nature, but follows her more closely up into her fantastic heights, or hidden recesses. He demonstrates what she would be in conceivable circumstances and under implied conditions. He “gives to airy nothing a local habitation,” not “a name.” At his touch, words start up into images, thoughts become things. He clothes a dream, a phantom, with form and colour and the wholesome attributes of reality. His art is a second nature; not a different one. There are those, indeed, who think that not to copy nature, is the rule for attaining perfection. Because they cannot paint the objects which they have seen, they fancy themselves qualified to paint the ideas which they have not seen. But it is possible to fail in this latter and more difficult style of imitation, as well as in the former humbler one. The detection, it is true, is not so easy, because the objects are not so nigh at hand to compare, and, therefore, there is more room both for false pretension and for self-deceit. They take an epic motto or subject, and conclude that the

spirit is implied as a thing of course. They paint inferior portraits, maudlin lifeless faces, without ordinary expression, or one look, feature, or particle of nature in them, and think that this is to rise to the truth of history. They vulgarise and degrade whatever is interesting or sacred to the mind, and suppose that they thus add to the dignity of their profession. They represent a face that seems as if no thought or feeling of any kind had ever passed through it, and would have you believe that this is the very sublime of expression, such as it would appear in heroes, or demi-gods of old, when rapture or agony was raised to its height. They show you a landscape that looks as if the sun never shone upon it, and tell you that it is not modern—that so earth looked when Titian first kissed it with his rays. This is not the true ideal. It is not to fill the moulds of the imagination, but to deface and injure them; it is not to come up to, but to fall short of the poorest conception in the public mind. Such pictures should not be hung in the same room with that of Orion.\*

\* Everything tends to show the manner in which a great artist is formed. If any person could claim an exemption from the careful imitation of individual objects, it was Nicolas Poussin. He studied the antique, but he also studied nature. "I have often admired," says Vignuel de Marville, who knew him at a late period of his life, "the love he had for his art. Old as he was, I



Poussin was, of all painters, the most poetical. He was the painter of ideas. No one ever told a story half so well, nor so well knew what was capable of being told by the pencil. He seized on, and struck off with grace and precision, just that point of view which would be likely to catch the reader's fancy. There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does (sometimes a vice, but

frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene that had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature. One day I asked him how he had attained to such a degree of perfection, as to have gained so high a rank among the great painters of Italy? He answered, "I have neglected nothing."—*See his Life lately published.* It appears from this account that he had not fallen into a recent error, that Nature puts the man of genius out. As a contrast to the foregoing description, I might mention that I remember an old gentleman once asking Mr West, in the British Gallery, if he had ever been at Athens? To which the President made answer, "No; nor did he feel any great desire to go; for that he thought he had as good an idea of the place from the Catalogue, as he could get by living there for any number of years." What would he have said, if any one had told him he could get as good an idea of the subject of one of his great works from reading the Catalogue of it, as from seeing the picture itself! Yet the answer was characteristic of the genius of the painter.

oftener a virtue) beyond any other painter. His Giants sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these three thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. An infant Bacchus or Jupiter is big with his future destiny. Even inanimate and dumb things speak a language of their own. His snakes, the messengers of fate, are inspired with human intellect. His trees grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of heaven. In his 'Plague of Athens,' the very buildings seem stiff with horror. His picture of the 'Deluge' is, perhaps, the finest historical landscape in the world. You see a waste of waters, wide, interminable; the sun is labouring, wan and weary, up the sky; the clouds, dull and leaden, lie like a load upon the eye, and heaven and earth seem commingling into one confused mass! His human figures are sometimes "o'er-informed" with this kind of feeling. Their actions have too much gesticulation, and the set expression of the features borders too much on the mechanical and caricatured style. In this respect, they form a contrast to Raffaele's, whose figures never appear to be sitting for their pictures, or to be conscious of a spectator, or to have come from the painter's hand.

In Nicolas Poussin, on the contrary, everything seems to have a distinct understanding with the artist: "the very stones prate of their whereabouts;" each object has its part and place assigned, and is in a sort of compact with the rest of the picture. It is this conscious keeping, and, as it were, internal design, that gives their peculiar character to the works of this artist. There was a picture of Aurora in the British Gallery a year or two ago. It was a suffusion of golden light. The Goddess wore her saffron-coloured robes, and appeared just risen from the gloomy bed of old Tithonus. Her very steeds, milk-white, were tinged with the yellow dawn. It was a personification of the morning. Poussin succeeded better in classic than in sacred subjects. The latter are comparatively heavy, forced, full of violent contrasts of colour, of red, blue, and black, and without the true prophetic inspiration of the characters. But in his Pagan allegories and fables he was quite at home. The native gravity and native levity of the Frenchman were combined with Italian scenery and an antique *gusto*, and gave even to his colouring an air of learned indifference. He wants in one respect, grace, form, expression; but he has everywhere sense and meaning, perfect costume and propriety. His personages always belong to the class and time represented, and

are strictly versed in the business in hand. His grotesque compositions in particular, his Nymphs and Fauns, are superior (at least, as far as style is concerned) even to those of Rubens. They are taken more immediately out of fabulous history. Rubens's Satyrs and Bacchantes have a more jovial and voluptuous aspect, are more drunk with pleasure, more full of animal spirits and riotous impulses; they laugh and bound along—

“Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring :”

but those of Poussin have more of the intellectual part of the character, and seem vicious on reflection, and of set purpose. Rubens's are noble specimens of a class; Poussin's are allegorical abstractions of the same class, with bodies less pampered, but with minds more secretly depraved. The Bacchanalian groups of the Flemish painter were, however, his master-pieces in composition. Witness those prodigies of colour, character, and expression at Blenheim. In the more chaste and refined delineation of classic fable, Poussin was without a rival. Rubens, who was a match for him in the wild and picturesque, could not pretend to vie with the elegance and purity of thought in his picture of ‘Apollo giving a Poet a Cup of Water to drink,’ nor with the gracefulness of design in the figure of a nymph squeezing the

juice of a bunch of grapes from her fingers (a rosy wine-press) which falls into the mouth of a chubby infant below. But, above all, who shall celebrate, in terms of fit praise, his picture of the shepherds in the Vale of Tempe going out in a fine morning of the spring, and coming to a tomb with this inscription:—*ET EGO IN ARCADIA VIXI!* The eager curiosity of some, the expression of others who start back with fear and surprise, the clear breeze playing with the branches of the shadowing trees, “the valleys low, where the mild zephyrs use,” the distant, uninterrupted, sunny prospect speak (and for ever will speak on) of ages past to ages yet to come!\*

Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind, to con over the relics of ancient art bound up “within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed (if it were possible) with baser matter!” A life passed among pictures, in the study and the love of art,

\* Poussin has repeated this subject more than once and appears to have revelled in its witcheries. I have before alluded to it, and may again. It is hard that we should not be allowed to dwell as often as we please on what delights us, when things that are disagreeable recur so often against our will.

is a happy noiseless dream : or rather, it is to dream and to be awake at the same time ; for it has all “ the sober certainty of waking bliss,” with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things, and “ he who knows of these delights to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise !” The Orion, which I have here taken occasion to descant upon, is one of a collection of excellent pictures, as this collection is itself one of a series from the old masters which have for some years back embrowned the walls of the British Gallery, and enriched the public eye. What hues (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter ! What forms are there, woven into the memory ! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express ! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of Ancient Art ! The works are various, but the names the same — heaps of Rembrandts frowning from the darkened walls, Rubens’s glad gorgeous groups, Titians more rich and rare, Claudes always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare, Guido’s endless cloying sweetness, the learning of Poussin and the Caracci, and Raffaele’s princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the Catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound, a miracle of skill and

beauty starts to view. One might think that one year's prodigal display of such perfection would exhaust the labours of one man's life; but the next year, and the next to that, we find another harvest reaped and gathered in to the great garner of Art, by the same immortal hands—

“ Old GENIUS the porter of them was ;  
He letteth in, he letteth out to wend.”

Their works seem endless as their reputation—to be many as they are complete—to multiply with the desire of the mind to see more and more of them, as if there were a living power in the breath of Fame, and in the very names of the great heirs of glory “ there were propagation too !” It is something to have a collection of this sort to count upon once a year; to have one last, lingering look yet to come. Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world; and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonoured, and defaced. There are plenty of standard works still to be found in this country, in the collections at Blenheim, at Burleigh, and in those belonging to Mr Angerstein, Lord Grosvenor, the Marquis of Stafford, and others, to keep up this treat to the lovers of Art for many years: and it is the more desirable to reserve a privileged sanctuary of this sort,

where the eye may dote, and the heart take its fill of such pictures as Poussin's Orion, since the Louvre is stripped of its triumphant spoils, and since he who collected it, and wore it as a rich jewel in his Iron Crown, the hunter of greatness and of glory, is himself a shade!



## ENGLISH STUDENTS AT ROME.

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“ No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,  
And yet he seemed besier than he was.”

*Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

ROME is of all places the worst to study in, for the same reason that it is the best to lounge in. There is no end of objects to divert and distract the mind. If a person has no other view than to pass away his time, to fill his portfolio or commonplace book, or to improve his general taste and knowledge, he may find employment and amusement here for ever: if ever he wishes to do anything, he should fly from it as he would from the plague. There is a species of malaria hanging over it, which infects both the mind and the body. It has been the seat of too much activity and luxury formerly, not to have produced a correspondent torpor and stagnation (both in the physical and moral world) as the natural consequence at present. If neces-

sity is the mother of invention it must be stifled in the birth here, where everything is already done and provided to your hand that you could possibly wish for or think of. You have no stimulus to exertion, for you have but to open your eyes and see, in order to live in a continued round of delight and admiration. The doors of a splendid banquet of all that is rare and rich in Art stand ready open to you, you are invited to enter in and feast your senses and your imagination gratis; and it is not likely that, under these circumstances, you will try to earn a scanty meal by hard labour, or even to gain an appetite by wholesome exercise. The same thing occurs here that is objected to by the inhabitants of great cities in general. They have too many objects always passing before them, that engage their attention and fill up their time, to allow them either much leisure or inclination for thought or study. Rome is the great metropolis of Art; and it is somewhat to be feared that those who take up their abode there will become, like other cockneys, ignorant, conceited, and superficial.

The queen and mistress of the ancient and the modern world claims such a transcendent superiority over the mind, that you look down as it were from this eminence on the rest of mankind; and from the contempt you feel for others, come to have a mighty good opinion of

yourself The being at Rome (both from the sound of the name and the monuments of genius and magnificence she has to show) is of itself a sufficient distinction without doing anything there. After viewing some splendid relic of antiquity, the efforts of contemporary Art sink into insignificance and nothingness : but we are disposed to occupy the vacant space, the clear ground thus created, with our own puny pretensions and aspiring fancies. As this indulgence of alternate enthusiasm and reflected self-complacency is a never-failing source of gratification, and a much less laborious one than the embodying our vain imaginations in practice, we easily rest in the means as the end ; and without making any farther progress, are perfectly satisfied with what others have done, and what we are to do. We indeed wear the livery, and follow in the train of greatness ; and, like other livery-servants, despise the rabble, growing more lazy, affected, luxurious, insolent, trifling, and incapable of gaining an honest livelihood every hour. We are the dupes of flattering appearances and of false comparisons between ourselves and others. We think that a familiarity with great names and great works is an approach to an equality with them ; or fondly proceed to establish our own pretensions on the ruins of others, not considering that if it were not what we do, but what we see, that is

the standard of proficiency, thousands of spectators might give themselves the same airs of self-importance on the same idle score, and treat us as barbarians and poor creatures, if they had our impertinence and presumption. We stand before a picture of some great master, and fancy there is nothing between him and us: we walk under the dome of St Peter's, and it seems to grow larger with a consciousness of our presence and with the amplitude of our conceptions. All this is fine as well as easy work; nor can it be supposed that we shall be in any haste to exchange this waking dream for the drudgery of mechanical exertion, or for the mortifying evidence of the disparity between our theory and our practice. All the great names and schools of Art stand proxy for us, till we choose to take the responsibility on our own shoulders; and as it happens in other cases, we have no objection to make our faith in the merits of others a convenient substitute for good works and zealous exertions in the cause. Yet a common stone-mason or sign-painter, who understands the use of his tools and sticks close to his business, has more resemblance to Raffaele or Michael Angelo, and stands a better chance of achieving something great, than those who visit the Corridors of the Vatican or St Peter's once a day, return home, spend the evening in extolling what they have witnessed, begin a sketch

or a plan and lay it aside, and saunter out again the next day in search of fresh objects to dissipate *ennui* and kill the time without being obliged to draw for one instant on their own resources or resolution.

Numberless are the instances of those who go on thus, while vanity and indolence together are confirmed into an incurable disease, the sleek, pampered tone of which they mistake for the marks of taste and genius. What other result can be expected? If they do anything, it is all over with them. They not only strip off the mask from their own self-love, but expose themselves to the pity and derision of their competitors, whom they before affected to despise. Within "the vast, the unbounded" circle of pretension, of vapouring, and inuendo, they are safe: the future would-be Raffaelles, Correggios, &c., have nothing to dread from criticism while they hatch their embryo conquests and prepare a distant triumph: no one can apply Ithuriel's spear to detect what is confessedly a shadow. But they must waive this privilege when they descend into the common lists; and in proportion as they have committed themselves in conversation or in idle fancy, they are ashamed to commit themselves in reality, because anything they could do at first must unavoidably fall short of that high standard of excellence, which (if at all) can

only be attained by the labour and experience of a whole life. Their real incapacity shrinks from the pomp of their professions. The magnificence of the air-drawn edifice of their reputation prevents them from laying the first stone in downright earnest; and they have no other mode of excusing the delay and the indecision it betokens, than by assuming still greater delicacy of taste and loftiness of ambition, and by thus aggrandising their unfounded schemes, rendering their execution more hopeless and impossible. Should they begin something, a new thought strikes them, and they throw aside a very promising sketch to enlarge their canvas and proceed upon a scale more worthy of them. To this enlarged design some object is indispensably necessary, which is unluckily wanting: thus time is gained, a new lease of credit is granted, and instead of putting the last hand to the original sketch, they take merit to themselves for the enlargement, of their views and the determined pursuit of the higher walk of Art. Meantime, the smaller picture stands unfinished on the easel, and nominal commissions pour in for new and more extended projects. Then comes a new secret of colouring, a new principle of grouping, a new theory, a new book—always something to draw off the attention from its proper object, and to substitute laborious idleness for true pains and profitable

study. Then a picture is to be copied as a preparation for undertaking a given subject, or a library to be ransacked to ascertain the precise truth of the historical facts or the exact conception of the characters; and after a year thus lost in desultory and scrupulous researches, the whole plan is given up, either because no one comes forward effectually to patronise it, or because some more tempting prospect is opened into the realms of art and high renown. Then again friends are to be consulted; some admire one thing, some another; some recommend the study of nature, others are all for the antique; some insist on the utmost finishing, others explode all attention to *minutiæ*; artists find one fault, the uninstructed spectator another; and in going backwards and forwards from one to another, listening to new reasons and new objections, in reconciling all parties and pleasing none, life is passed in endless doubts and difficulties, and we discover that our most valuable years have fled in busy preparations to do—nothing. It is then too late, and we consume the remainder in vain regrets and querulous repinings, as we did the flower and marrow of our time in fanciful speculation and egregious trifling. The student should of all things steer clear of the character of the *dilettanti*—it is the rock on which he is most likely to split. Pleasure, or extravagance, or positive idleness, are less dan-

gerous ; for these he knows to be fatal to his success, and he indulges in them with his eyes open ; but in the other case he is thrown off his guard by the most plausible appearances. Vanity here puts on the garb of humility, indecision of long-sighted perseverance, and habitual sloth of constant industry. Few will reproach us, while we are accumulating the means of ultimate success, with neglecting the end ; or remind us that though art is long, life is short. It is true, that art is a long and steep ascent, but we must learn to scale it by regular, practical stages, and not by a hasty wish or still more futile calculations and measurements of the height. We can only indeed be sensible of its real height by the actual progress we have made, and by the glorious views that gradually dawn upon us, the cheerers of our way, and the harbingers of our success. It is only by attempting something that we feel where our strength lies, and if we have what travellers call a *forte journée* to perform, it is the more indispensable that we should set out betimes and not loiter on the road. What is well done is the consequence of doing much—perfection is the reward of numberless attempts and failures. The chief requisites are a practised hand and eye, and an active imagination. Indolent taste and passive acquirements are not enough. They will neither supply our wants while living,



nor enable us to leave a name behind us after we are dead. Farther, the brooding over excellence with a feverish importunity, and stimulating ourselves to great things by an abstract love of fame, can do little good, and may do much harm. It is, no doubt, a very delightful and enviable state of mind to be in, but neither a very arduous nor a very profitable one. Nothing remarkable was ever done, except by following up the impulse of our own minds, by grappling with difficulties and improving our advantages, not by dreaming over our own premature triumphs or doating on the achievements of others.

If it were nothing else, the having the works of the great masters of former times always before us is enough to discourage and defeat all ordinary attempt. How many elegant designs and meritorious conceptions must lie buried under the high arched porticoes of the Vatican! The walls of the Sistine Chapel must fall upon the head of inferior pretensions and crush them. What minor pencil can stand in competition with the "petrific mace" that painted the 'Last Judgment?' What fancy can expand into blooming grace and beauty by the side of the 'Heliodorus?' What is it we could add, or what occasion, what need, what pretence is there to add anything to the Art after this? Who in the presence of such glorious works

does not wish to shrink into himself, or to live only for them? Is it not a profanation to think he can hope to do anything like them? And who, having once seen, can think with common patience or with zealous enthusiasm of doing aught but treading in their footsteps? If the artist has a genius and turn of mind at all similar, they baulk and damp him by their imposing stately height: if his talent lies in a different and humbler walk, they divert and unsettle his mind. If he is contented to look on and admire, a vague and unattainable idea of excellence floats before his imagination, and tantalises him with equally vain hopes and wishes. If he copies, he becomes a mechanic; and besides, runs another risk. He finds he can with ease produce in three days an incomparably finer effect than he could do with all his efforts, and after any length of time, in working without assistance. He is therefore disheartened and put out of countenance, and returns with reluctance to original composition: for where is the sense of taking ten times the pains and undergoing ten times the anxiety to produce not one hundredth part of the effect? When I was young, I made one or two studies of strong contrasts of light and shade in the manner of Rembrandt with great care and (as it was thought) with some success. But after I had once copied some of Titian's

portraits in the Louvre, my ambition took a higher flight. Nothing would serve my turn but heads like Titian — Titian expressions, Titian complexions, Titian dresses; and as I could not find these where I was, after one or two abortive attempts to engraft Italian art on English nature, I flung away my pencil in disgust and despair. Otherwise I might have done as well as others, I dare say, but from a desire to do too well. I did not consider that Nature is always the great thing, or that "Pan is a god, Apollo is no more!" Nor is the student repelled and staggered in his progress only by the degree of excellence, but distracted and puzzled by the variety of incompatible claims upon his ingenuous and sincere enthusiasm. While any one attends to what circumstances bring in his way, or keeps in the path that is prompted by his own genius (such as it may be), he stands a fair chance, by directing all his efforts to one point, to compass the utmost object of his ambition. But what likelihood is there of this from the moment that all the great schools, and all the most precious *chef-d'œuvres* of art, at once unveil their diversified attractions to his astonished sight? What Protestant, for instance, can be properly and permanently imbued with the fervent devotion or saint-like purity of the Catholic religion, or hope to transfer the pride, pomp, and pageantry

of that detested superstition to his own canvas, with real feeling and *con amore*? What modern can enter fully into the spirit of the ancient Greek mythology, or rival the symmetry of its naked forms? What single individual will presume to unite "the colouring of Titian, the drawing of Raffaele, the airs of Guido, the learning of Poussin, the purity of Domenichino, the *correggiescity* of Correggio, and the grand contour of Michael Angelo," in the same composition? Yet those who are familiar with all these different styles and their excellences, require them all. Mere originality will not suffice, it is quaint and Gothic—commonplace perfection is still more intolerable, it is insipid and mechanical. Modern Art is indeed like the fabled Sphinx, that imposes impossible tasks on her votaries, and as she clasps them to her bosom pierces them to the heart. Let a man have a turn and taste for landscape, she whispers him that nothing is truly interesting but the human face: if he makes a successful *debut* in portrait, he soon (under the same auspices) aspires to history; but if painting in its highest walks seems within his reach, she then plays off the solid forms and shining surfaces of sculpture before his eyes, urging him to combine the simple grandeur of the Antique with Canova's polished elegance; or he is haunted with the majestic effects and scientific rules of architec-

ture, and ruined temples and broken fragments nod in his bewildered imagination! What is to be done in this case? What generally is done—Nothing. Amidst so many pretensions, how is choice possible? Or where all are equally objects of taste and knowledge, how rest satisfied without giving some proofs of our practical proficiency in all? To mould a clay-figure that if finished might surpass the Venus; to make a pen-and-ink drawing after a splendid piece of colouring by Titian; to give the picturesque effect of the arch of some ancient aqueduct as seen by moonlight; some such meagre abstractions and flimsy refinements in art are among the *spolia opima* and patchwork trophies offered to the presiding Goddess of spleen, idleness, and affectation!

Nothing can be conceived more unpropitious to “the high endeavour and the glad success,” than the whole aspect and character of ancient Rome, both what remains as well as what is lost of it. Is this the Eternal City? Is this she that (amazon or votaress) was twice mistress of the world? Is this the country of the Scipios, the Cincinnati and the Gracchi, of Cato and of Brutus, of Pompey and of Sylla, is this the Capitol where Julius Cæsar fell, where Cicero thundered against Catiline, the scene of combats and of triumphs, and through whose gates kings and nations were led captive by the side of their

conquerors' chariot-wheels? All is vanished. The names alone remain to haunt the memory : the spirits of the mighty dead mock us as we pass. The genius of Antiquity bestrides the place like a Colossus. Ruin here sits on her pedestal of pride, and reads a mortifying lecture to human vanity. We see all that ages, nations, a subjected world conspired to build up to magnificence, overthrown or hastening fast into decay : empire, religion, freedom, Gods and men trampled in the dust or consigned to the regions of lasting oblivion or of shadowy renown : and what are we that in this mighty wreck we should think of cultivating our petty talents and advancing our individual pretensions? Rome is the very tomb of ancient greatness, the grave of modern presumption. The mere consciousness of the presence in which we stand ought to abash and overawe our pragmatical self-conceit. Men here seem no better than insects crawling about ; everything has a Lilliputian and insignificant appearance. Our big projects, our bloated egotism, shrink up within the enormous shadow of transitory power and splendour : the sinews of desire relax and moulder away, and the fever of youthful ambition is turned into a cold ague-fit. There is a languor in the air ; and the contagion of listless apathy infects the hopes that are yet unborn. As to what remains of actual power and spiritual

authority, Hobbes said well, that "Popery was the ghost of the Roman Empire, sitting upon the ruins of Rome." The only flourishing thing in Rome (and that is only half flourishing) is an old woman; and who would wish to be an old woman? Greatness here is greatness in masquerade—one knows not whether to pity or laugh at it—and the Cardinals' red legs peeping out like the legs of some outlandish stuffed bird in a museum, excite much the same curiosity and surprise. No one (no Englishman at least) can be much edified by the array of distinctions, that denote a consummation of Art or weakness. Still, perhaps, to the idle and frivolous there may be something alluring in this meretricious mummerly and splendour, as moths are attracted to the taper's blaze, and perish in it!

There is a great deal of gossiping and stuff going on at Rome. There are *Conversationses*, where the Cardinals go and admire the fair complexions and innocent smiles of the young Englishwomen; and where the English students who have the *entrée* look at the former with astonishment as a sort of nondescripts, and are not the less taken with their pretty countrywomen for being the objects of attention to Popish Cardinals. Then come the tittle-tattle of who and who's together, the quaint and piquant international gallantries, and the story of the

greatest beauty in Rome said to be married to an English gentleman—how odd and at the same time how encouraging! Then the manners and customs of Rome excite a buzz of curiosity, and the English imagination is always recurring to and teased with that luckless question of *cicisbeism*. Some affect to be candid, while others persist in their original blindness, and would set on foot a reform of the Roman metropolis—on the model of the British one! In short, there is a great deal too much tampering and dalliance with subjects, with which we have little acquaintance and less business. All this passes the time, and relieves the mind either after the fatigue or in the absence of more serious study. Then there is to be an Academy Meeting at night, and a debate is to take place whether the Academy ought not to have a President, and if so, whether the President of the Academy at Rome ought not (out of respect) to be a Royal Academician, thus extending the links in the chain of professional intrigue and cabal from one side of the continent to the other. A speech is accordingly to be made, a motion seconded, which requires time and preparation—or a sudden thought strikes the more raw and heedless adventurer, but is lost for words to express it—*vox faucibus hæsit*, and the cast of the Theseus looks dull and lumpish as the disappointed candidate for popular applause sur-



veys it by the light of his lamp in retiring to his chamber, *Sedet infelix Theseus*, &c. So the next day Gibbon is bought and studied with great avidity to give him a command of tropes and figures at their next meeting. The arrival of some new lord or squire of high degree or clerical virtuoso is announced, and a cabal immediately commences, who is to share his patronage, who is to guide his taste, who is to show him the lions, who is to pasquinade, epigrammatise or caricature him, and fix his pretensions to taste and liberality as culminating from the zenith or sunk below zero. Everything here is transparent and matter of instant notoriety: nothing can be done in a corner. The English are comparatively few in number, and from their being in a foreign country are objects of importance to one another as well as of curiosity to the natives. All ranks and classes are blended together for mutual attack or defence. The patron sinks into the companion; the *protégé* plays off the great man upon occasion. Indeed the grand airs and haughty reserve of English manners are a little ridiculous and out of place at Rome. You are glad to meet with any one who will bestow his compassion and "his tediousness" upon you. You want some shelter from the insolence and indifference of the inhabitants, which are very much calculated to repel the feelings, and

throw you back on your resources in common humanity or the partiality of your fellow-countrymen. Nor is this the least inconvenience of a stranger's residence at Rome. You have to squabble with every one about you to prevent being cheated, to drive a hard bargain in order to live, to keep your hands and your tongue within strict bounds, for fear of being stilettoed, or thrown into the Tower of St Angelo, or remanded home. You have much to do to avoid the contempt of the inhabitants; if you fancy you can ingratiate yourself with them and play off the amiable, you have a still more charming pursuit and bait for vanity and idleness. You must run the gauntlet of sarcastic words or looks for a whole street, of laughter or want of comprehension in reply to all the questions you ask; or if a pretty black-browed girl puts on a gracious aspect, and seems to interest herself in your perplexity, you think yourself in high luck, and well repaid for a thousand affronts. A smile from a Roman beauty must be well nigh fatal to many an English student at Rome. In short, while abroad, and while our self-love is continually coming into collision with that of others, and neither knows what to make of the other, we are necessarily thinking of ourselves and of them, and in no pleasant or profitable way. Everything is strange and new; we

seem beginning life over again, and feel like children or rustics. We have not learned the alphabet of civilization and humanity; how, then, should we aspire to the height of Art? We are taken up with ourselves as English travellers and English students, when we should be thinking of something else. All the petty intrigue, vexation, and *tracasserie* of ordinary dealings, should be banished as much as possible from the mind of the student, who requires to have his whole time and faculties to himself; all ordinary matters should go on mechanically of themselves, without giving him a moment's uneasiness or interruption; but here they are forced upon him with tenfold sharpness and frequency, hurting his temper and hindering his time. Instead of "tearing from his memory all trivial, fond records," that he may devote himself to the service of Art, and that "her commandment all alone may live within the book and volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter," he is never free from the most pitiful annoyances—they follow him into the country, sit down with him at home, meet him in the street, take him by the button, whisper in his ear, prevent his sleeping, waken him before the dawn, and plague him out of his very life, making it resemble a restless dream or an ill-written romance. Under such disadvantages, should an artist do any-

thing, the Academy which has sent him out should lose no time in sending for him back again; for there is nothing that may not be expected from an English student at Rome who has not become an idler, a *petit-maitre*, and a busybody! Or if he is still unwilling to quit classic ground, is chained by the soft fetters of the climate or of a fair face, or likes to see the morning mist rise from the Marshes of the Campagna and circle round the Dome of St Peter's, and that to sever him from these would be to sever soul from body, let him go to Gensano, stop there for five years, visiting Rome only at intervals, wander by Albano's gleaming lake and wizard grottos, make studies of the heads and dresses of the peasant-girls in the neighbourhood, those Goddesses of health and good temper, embody them to the life, and show (as the result) what the world never saw before!

## ON LADY MORGAN'S LIFE OF SALVATOR ROSA.\*

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THERE are few works more engaging than those which reveal to us the private history of eminent individuals ; the lives of painters seem to be even more interesting than those of almost any other class of men ; and, among painters, there are few names of greater note, or that have a more powerful attraction, than that of Salvator Rosa. We are not sure, however, that Lady Morgan's work is not, upon the whole, more calculated to dissolve than to rivet the spell which these circumstances might, at first, throw over the reader's mind. The great charm of biography consists in the individuality of the details, the familiar tone of the incidents, the bringing us acquainted with the persons of men whom we have formerly known only by their works or names, the absence of all exaggeration or pretension, and the immediate

\* From the 'Edinburgh Review' for July, 1824.

appeal to facts instead of theories. We are afraid that, if tried by these rules, Lady Morgan will be found not to have written biography. A great part of the work is, accordingly, very fabulous and apocryphal. We are supplied with few anecdotes or striking traits, and have few *data* to go upon, during the early and most anxious period of Salvator's life; but a fine opportunity is in this way afforded to conjecture how he did or did not pass his time; in what manner, and at what precise era, his peculiar talents first developed themselves; and how he must have felt in certain situations, supposing him ever to have been placed in them. In one place, for example, she employs several pages in describing Salvator's being taken by his father from his village-home to the College of Somasco, with a detailed account of the garments in which he and his father may be presumed to have been dressed; the adieus of his mother and sisters; the streets, the churches by which they passed; in short, with an admirable panoramic view of the city of Naples and its environs, as it would appear to any modern traveller; and an assurance at the end, that "Such was the scenery of the Vomiro in the beginning of the seventeenth century; such is it now!" Added to all which, we have, at every turn, pertinent allusions to celebrated persons who visited

Rome and Italy in the same century, and perhaps wandered in the same solitudes, or were hid in the recesses of the same ruins; and learned dissertations on the state of the arts, sciences, morals, and politics, from the earliest records up to the present day. On the meagre thread of biography, in short, Lady Morgan has been ambitious to string the flowers of literature and the pearls of philosophy, and to strew over the obscure and half-forgotten origin of poor Salvator the colours of a sanguine enthusiasm and a florid imagination! So fascinated, indeed, is she with the splendour of her own style, that whenever she has a simple fact or well-authenticated anecdote to relate, she is compelled to apologize for the homeliness of the circumstance, as if the flat realities of her story were unworthy accompaniments to the fine imaginations with which she has laboured to exalt it.

We could have wished, certainly, that she had shown less pretension in this respect. Women write well only when they write naturally; and, therefore, we could dispense with their inditing prize-essays or solving academic questions; and should be far better pleased with Lady Morgan if she would condescend to a more ordinary style, and not insist continually on playing the diplomatist in petticoats, and strutting the little Gibbon of her age!

Another circumstance that takes from the interest of the present work is, that the subject of it was both an author and an artist, or, as Lady Morgan somewhat affectedly expresses it, a painter-poet. It is chiefly in the latter part of this compound character, or as a satirist, comic writer, and actor, that he comes upon the stage in these volumes; and the enchantment of the scene is hurt by it.

The great secret of our curiosity respecting the lives of painters is, that they seem to be a different race of beings, and to speak a different language from ourselves. We want to see what is the connecting link between pictures and books, and how colours will translate into words. There is something mystical and anomalous to our conceptions in the existence of persons who talk by natural signs, and express their thoughts by pointing to the objects they wish to represent. When they put pen to paper, it is as if a dumb person should stammer out his meaning for the first time, or as if the bark of a tree (repeating the miracle in 'Virgil') should open its lips and discourse. We have no notion how Titian could be witty, or Raffaele learned; and we wait for the solution of the problem, as for the result of some curious experiment in natural history. Titian's acquitting himself of a compliment to Charles V, or Raffaele's writing a letter to a



friend, describing his idea of the Galatea, excites our wonder, and holds us in a state of breathless suspense, more than the first having painted all the masterpieces of the Escorial, or than the latter's having realized the divine idea in his imagination. Because they have a language which we want, we fancy they must want, or cannot be at home in ours; we start and blush to find that, though few are painters, all men are, and naturally must be, orators and poets. We have a stronger desire to see the autographs of artists than of authors or emperors; for we somehow cannot imagine in what manner they would form their tottering letters, or sign their untaught names. We, in fact, exercise a sort of mental superiority and imaginary patronage over them (delightful in proportion as it is mixed up with a sense of awe and homage in other respects); watch their progress like that of grown children; are charmed with the imperfect glimmerings of wit or sense; and secretly expect to find them—or express all the impertinence of an affected surprise if we do not—what Claude Lorraine is here represented to have been out of his painting-room, little better than natural changelings and drivellers. It pleases us, therefore, to be told that Gaspar Poussin, when he was not painting, rode a-hunting; that Nicolas was (it is pretended) a miser and a pedant—

that Domenichino was retired and modest, and Guido and Annibal Caracci unfortunate! This is as it should be, and flatters our self-love. Their works stand out to ages bold and palpable, and dazzle or inspire by their beauty and their brilliancy. That is enough; the rest sinks into the ground of obscurity, or is only brought out as something odd and unaccountable by the patient efforts of good-natured curiosity. But all this fine theory and flutter of contradictory expectations are balked and knocked on the head at once, when, instead of a dim and shadowy figure in the background, a mere name, of which nothing is remembered but its immortal works, a poor creature performing miracles of art, and not knowing how it has performed them, a person steps forward, bold, gay, *gaillard*, with all his faculties about him, master of a number of accomplishments which he is not backward to display, mingling with the throng, looking defiance around, able to answer for himself, acquainted with his own merits, and boasting of them, not merely having the gift of speech, but a celebrated *improvisatore* musician, comic actor and buffoon, patriot and cynic, reciting and talking equally well, taking up his pen to write satires, and laying it down to paint them. There is a vulgarity in all this practical bustle and restless stage-effect, that takes away from that ab-

stracted and simple idea of Art which at once attracts and baffles curiosity, like a distinct element in nature. "Painting," said Michael Angelo, "is jealous, and requires the whole man to herself." And there is something sacred and privileged in the character of those heirs of fame, and their noiseless reputation, which ought not, we think, to be gossiped to the air, babbled to the echo, or proclaimed by beat of drum at the corners of streets, like a procession or a puppet-show. We may peep and pry into the ordinary life of painters, but it will not do to strip them stark-naked. A speaking portrait of them—an anecdote or two—an expressive saying dropped by chance—an incident marking the bent of their genius, or its fate, are delicious; but here we should draw the curtain, or we shall profane this sort of image-worship. Least of all do we wish to be entertained with private brawls, or professional squabbles, or multifarious pretensions. "The essence of genius," as Lady Morgan observes, "is concentration." So is that of enthusiasm. We lay down the 'Life and Times of Salvator Rosa,' therefore, with less interest in the subject than when we took it up. We had rather not read it. Instead of the old and floating traditions on the subject,—instead of the romantic name and romantic pursuits of the daring copyist of Nature, con-

versing with her rudest forms, or lost in lonely musing,—eyeing the clouds that roll over his head, or listening to the waterfall, or seeing the fresh breeze waving the mountain-pines, or leaning against the side of an impending rock, or marking the bandit who issues from its clefts, “housing with wild men, with wild usages,” him-elf unharmed and free,—and bequeathing the fruit of his uninterrupted retirement and out-of-doors studies as the best legacy to posterity,—we have the Coviello of the Carnival, the *causeur* of the saloons, the political malcontent, the satirist, sophist, caricaturist, the trafficker with Jews, the wrangler with Courts and Academies, and, last of all, the painter of history, despising his own best works, and angry with all who admired or purchased them.

The worst fault that Lady Morgan has committed is in siding with this infirmity of poor Salvator, and pampering him into a second Michael Angelo. The truth is, that the judgment passed upon him by his contemporaries was right in this respect. He was a great landscape-painter; but his histories were comparatively forced and abortive. If this had been merely the opinion of his enemies, it might have been attributed to envy and faction; but it was no less the deliberate sentiment of his friends and most enthusiastic

partisans; and if we reflect on the nature of our Artist's genius or his temper, we shall find that it could not well have been otherwise. This from a child was wayward, indocile, wild and irregular, unshackled, impatient of restraint, and urged on equally by success or opposition into a state of jealous and morbid irritability. Those who are at war with others, are not at peace with themselves. It is the uneasiness, the turbulence, the acrimony within that recoils upon external objects. Barry abused the Academy, because he could not himself paint. If he could have painted up to his own idea of perfection, he would have thought this better than exposing the ill-directed efforts or groundless pretensions of others. Salvator was rejected by the Academy of St Luke, and excluded, in consequence of his hostility to reigning authorities, and his unlicensed freedom of speech, from the great works and public buildings in Rome; and though he scorned and ridiculed those by whose influence this was effected, yet neither the smiles of friends and fortune, nor the flatteries of fame, which in his lifetime had spread his name over Europe, and might be confidently expected to extend it to a future age, could console him for the loss, which he affected to despise, and would make no sacrifice to obtain. He was, indeed, hard to please.

He denounced his rivals and maligners with bitterness; and with difficulty tolerated the enthusiasm of his disciples, or the services of his patrons. He was at all times full of indignation, with or without cause. He was easily exasperated, and not willing soon to be appeased, or to subside into repose and good humour again. He slighted what he did best; and seemed anxious to go out of himself. In a word, irritability rather than sensibility, was the category of his mind; he was more distinguished by violence and restlessness of will than by dignity or power of thought. The truly great, on the contrary, are sufficient to themselves, and so far satisfied with the world. "Their mind to them a kingdom is," from which they look out, as from a high watch-tower or noble fortress, on the passions, the cabals, the meannesses and follies of mankind. They shut themselves up "in measureless content;" or soar to the great, discarding the little; and appeal from envious detraction or "unjust tribunals under change of times," to posterity. They are not satirists, cynics, nor the prey of these; but painters, poets, and philosophers.

Salvator was the victim of a too morbid sensibility, or of early difficulty and disappointment. He was always quarrelling with the world, and lay at the mercy of his own piques

and resentments. But antipathy, the spirit of contradiction, captious discontent, fretful impatience, produce nothing fine in character; neither dwell on beauty, nor pursue truth, nor rise into sublimity. The splenetic humourist is not the painter of humanity. Landscape-painting is the obvious resource of misanthropy. Our Artist, escaping from the herd of knaves and fools, sought out some rude solitude, and found repose there. Teased by the impertinence, stung to the quick by the injustice of mankind, the presence of the works of nature would be a relief to his mind, and would, by contrast, stamp her striking features more strongly there. In the coolness, in the silence, in the untamed wildness of mountain scenery, in the lawless manners of its inhabitants, he would forget the fever and the anguish, and the artificial restraints of society. We, accordingly, do not find in Salvator's rural scenes either natural beauty or fertility, or even the simply grand; but whatever seizes attention by presenting a barrier to the will, or scorning the power of mankind, or snapping asunder the chain that binds us to them, the barren, the abrupt, wild sterile regions, the steep rock, the mountain torrent, the bandit's cave, the hermit's cell,—all these, while they released him from more harassing and painful reflections, soothed his moody spirit with congenial gloom, and found a sanctuary

and a home there. Not only is there a corresponding determination and singleness of design in his landscapes (excluding every approach to softness, or pleasure, or ornament), but the strength of the impression is confirmed even by the very touch and mode of handling; he brings us in contact with the objects he paints; and the sharpness of a rock, the roughness of the bark of a tree, or the ruggedness of a mountain path are marked in the freedom, the boldness, and firmness of his pencilling. There is not in Salvator's scenes the luxuriant beauty and divine harmony of Claude, nor the amplitude of Nicolas Poussin, nor the gorgeous richness of Titian—but there is a deeper seclusion, a more abrupt and total escape from society, a more savage wildness and grotesqueness of form, a more earthy texture, a fresher atmosphere, and a more obstinate resistance to all the effeminate refinements of art. Salvator Rosa then is, beyond all question, the most romantic of landscape painters; because the very violence and untractableness of his temper threw him with instinctive force upon those objects in nature which would be most likely to sooth and disarm it; while, in history, he is little else than a caricaturist (we mean compared with such men as Raffaele, Michael Angelo, &c.), because the same acrimony and impatience have made him fasten on those subjects and aspects of the human mind which would most irritate



and increase it; and he has, in this department, produced chiefly distortion and deformity, sullenness and rage, extravagance, squalidness, and poverty of appearance. But it is time to break off this long and premature digression, into which our love of justice and of the Arts (which requires, above all, that no more than justice should be done to any one) had led us, and return to the elegant but somewhat fanciful specimen of biography before us. Lady Morgan (in her flattery of the dead, the most ill-timed and unprofitable, but least disgusting of all flattery) has spoken of the historical compositions of Salvator in terms that leave no distinction between him and Michael Angelo; and we could not refrain from entering our protest against such an inference, and have thus commenced our account of her book with what may appear at once a piece of churlish criticism and a want of gallantry.

The materials of the first volume, containing the account of Salvator's outset in life, and early struggles with fortune and his art, are slender, but spun out at great length, and steeped in very brilliant dyes. The contents of the second volume, which relate to a period when he was before the public, was in habits of personal intimacy with his future biographers, and made frequent mention of himself in letters to his friends which are still preserved, are

more copious and authentic, and on that account—however Lady Morgan may wonder at it—more interesting. Of the artist's infant years little is known, and little told; but that little is conveyed with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" authorship. It is said that the whole matter composing the universe might be compressed in a nutshell, taking away the porous interstices and flimsy appearances: so, we apprehend, that all that is really to be learnt of the subject of these Memoirs from the first volume of his life, might be contained in a single page of solid writing.

It appears that our artist was born in 1615, of poor parents, in the Borgo de Renella, near Naples. His father, Vito Antonio Rosa, was an architect and land surveyor, and his mother's name was Giulia Grecca, who had also two daughters. Salvator very soon lost his full baptismal name for the nickname of Salvatoriello, in consequence of his mischievous tricks and lively gesticulations when a boy, or, more probably, this was the common diminutive of it given to all children. He was intended by his parents for the church, but early showed a truant disposition, and a turn for music and drawing. He used to scrawl with burnt sticks on the walls of his bed room, and was caught in the fact of sketching outlines on the chapel walls of the Certosa, when some priests

were going by to mass, for which he was severely whipped. He was then sent to school at the monastery of the Somasco, in Naples, where he remained for two years, and laid in a good stock of classical learning, of which he made great use in his after life, both in his poems and pictures. Salvator's first knowledge of painting was imbibed in the workshop of Francesco Francanzani (a painter at that time of some note in Naples), who had married one of his sisters, and under whose eye he began his professional studies. Soon after this he is supposed to have made a tour through the mountains of the Abruzzi, and to have been detained a prisoner by the banditti there. On the death of his father, he endeavoured to maintain his family by sketches in landscape or history, which he sold to the brokers in Naples, and one of these (his 'Hagar in the Wilderness') was noticed and purchased by the celebrated Lanfranco, who was passing the broker's shop in his carriage. Salvator finding it in vain to struggle any longer with chagrin and poverty in his native place, went to Rome, where he met with little encouragement, and fell sick, and once more returned to Naples. An accident, or rather the friendship of an old school-fellow, now introduced him into the suite of the Cardinal Brancaccia, and his picture of Prometheus brought him into general notice, and

recalled him to Rome. About the same time he appeared in the Carnival with prodigious *eclat* as an *improvisatore* and comic actor and from this period may be dated the commencement of his public life as a painter, a satirist, and a man of general talents.

Except on these few tangible points the manuscript yawns dreadfully; but Lady Morgan, whose wit or courage never flags, fills up the hollow spaces, and "skins and films the missing part," with an endless and dazzling profusion of digressions, invectives, and hypotheses, magnifying trifles, and enlarging on the possibilities of her subject. Salvator was born in 1615; and as the birth of princes is announced by the discharge of artillery and the exhibition of fire-works, her ladyship thinks proper to usher in the birth of her hero with an explosion of imagery and declamation; she then gets down to the humble parentage of her hero, and after telling us that his father was chiefly anxious that he should *not* be an artist, and that both parents resolved to dedicate him to religion, she proceeds to record that he gave little heed to his future vocation, but manifested various signs of a disposition for all the fine arts. This occasioned considerable uneasiness and opposition on the part of those who had destined him to something very different; and "the cord of paternal authority, drawn to its

extreme tension, was naturally snapped." And upon this her volatile pen takes its roving flight.

"The truant Salvatoriello fled from the restraints of an uncongenial home—from Albert le Grand and Santa Caterina di Sienna, and took shelter among those sites and scenes whose imagery soon became a part of his own intellectual existence, and were received as impressions long before they were studied as subjects. Sometimes he was discovered by the Padre Cercatore of the convent of Renella, among the rocks and caverns of Baiæ, the ruined temples of gods, and the haunts of sybils; sometimes he was found by a gossip of Madonna Giulia, in her pilgrimage to a "maesta," sleeping among the wastes of the Solfatara, beneath the scorched branches of a blasted tree, his head pillowed by lava, and his dream most probably the vision of an infant poet's slumbers, for even then he was

‘ The youngest he

That sat in shadow of Apollo's tree.’

seeing Nature with a poet's eye, and sketching her beauties with a painter's hand."

Now this is well imagined and quaintly expressed; it pleases the fair writer, and should offend nobody else. But we cannot say quite so much of the note which is appended to it, and couched in the following terms:—

“Rosa drew his first impressions from the

magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius; Hogarth found his in a pot-house at Highgate, where a drunken quarrel and a broken nose 'first woke the God within him.' Both, however, reached the sublime in their respective vocations—Hogarth in the grotesque, and Salvator in the majestic!"

Really these critics who have crossed the Alps take great liberties with the rest of the world, nor recover from a certain giddiness ever after. In the eagerness of partisanship, the fair author here falsifies the class to which these two painters belonged. Hogarth did not excel in the "grotesque," but in the ludicrous and natural; nor Salvator in the "majestic," but in the wild and gloomy features of man or nature; and in talent Hogarth had the advantage, a million to one. It would not be too much to say, that he was, probably, the greatest observer of manners, and the greatest comic genius, that ever lived. We know no one, whether painter, poet, or prose-writer—not even Shakspeare—who, in his peculiar department, was so teeming with life and invention, so o'er-informed with matter, so "full to overflowing" as Hogarth was. We shall not attempt to calculate the quantity of pleasure and amusement his pictures have afforded, for it is quite incalculable. As to the distinction between "high and low," in matters of genius,

we shall leave it to her ladyship's other critics. But shall Hogarth's world of truth and nature (his huge total farce of human life) be reduced to "a drunken quarrel and a broken nose?" We will not retort this sneer by any insult to Salvator; he did not paint his pictures in opposition to Hogarth. There is an air about his landscapes sacred to our imaginations, though different from the close atmosphere of Hogarth's scenes; and not the less so, because the latter could paint something better than "a broken nose." Nothing provokes us more than these exclusive and invidious comparisons, which seek to raise one man of genius by setting down another, and which suppose that there is nothing to admire in the greatest talents, unless they can be made a foil to bring out the weak points or nominal imperfections of some fancied rival.

We might transcribe, for the entertainment of the reader, the passage to which we have already referred, describing Salvator's departure, in the company of his father, for the college of the Congregazione Somasco; but we prefer one which, though highly-coloured and somewhat dramatic, is more to our purpose—the commencement of Salvator's studies as an artist under his brother-in-law, Francanzani. It appears that Salvator, after he left the brotherhood of the Somasco, with more poetry than logic in

his head, devoted himself to music, and lady Morgan preludes her narration with the following passage :—

“All poetry and passion, his young muse ‘dallied with the innocence of love;’ and inspired strains which, though the simple breathings of an ardent temperament, the exuberance of youthful excitement, and an over-teeming sensibility, were assigning him a place among the first Italian lyrists of the age. Little did he then dream that posterity would apply the rigid rules of criticism to the ‘idle visions’ of his boyish fancy, or that his bars and basses would be conned and analyzed by the learned umpires of future ages—declared ‘not only admirable for a *dilettante*, but, in point of melody, superior to that of most of the masters of his time.’ . . . . It happened at this careless, gay, but not idle period of Salvator’s life, that an event occurred which hurried on his vocation to that art to which his parents were so determined that he should not addict himself, but to which Nature had so powerfully directed him. His probation of adolescence was passed; his hour was come; and he was about to approach that temple whose threshold he modestly and poetically declared himself unworthy to pass.

‘Del immortalide al tempio augusto  
Dove serba la gloria e i suoi tesori.’



“At one of the popular festivities annually celebrated at Naples in honour of the Madonna, the beauty of Rosa’s elder sister captivated the attention of a young painter, who, though through life unknown to ‘fortune,’ was not even then ‘unknown to fame.’ The celebrated and unfortunate Francesco Francanzani, the innamorato of La Signorina Rosa, was a distinguished pupil of the Spagnuolo school; and his picture of San Giuseppe, for the Chiesa Pellegrini, had already established him as one of the first painters of his day. Francanzani, like most of the young Neapolitan painters of his time, was a turbulent and factious character, vain and self-opinionated; and, though there was in his works a certain grandeur of style, with great force and depth of colouring, yet the impatience of his disappointed ambition, and indignation at the neglect of his acknowledged merit, already rendered him reckless of public opinion.

“It was the peculiar vanity of the painters of that day to have beautiful wives. Albano had set the example [as if any example need be set, or the thing had been done in concert], Domenichino followed it to his cost; Rubens turned it to the account of his profession; and Francanzani, still poor and struggling, married the portionless daughter of the most indigent artist in Naples, and thought, perhaps, more of

the model than the wife. This union, and, still more, a certain sympathy in talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently carried Salvator to the stanza or work-room of Francesco. Francesco, by some years the elder, was then deep in the faction and intrigues of the Neapolitan school, and was endowed with that bold eloquence which, displayed upon bold occasions, is always so captivating to young auditors. It was at the foot of his kinsman's easel, and listening to details which laid, perhaps, the foundation of that contemptuous opinion he cherished through life for schools, academies, and all incorporated pedantry and pretension,\* that Salvator occasionally amused himself in copying, on any scrap of board or paper which fell in his way, whatever pleased him in Francesco's pictures. His long-latent genius thus accidentally awakened, resembled the *acqua buja*, whose cold and placid surface kindles like spirits on the contact of a spark. In these first, rude, and hasty sketches, Francanzani, as Passeri informs us, saw '*molti segni d'un indole spirituosa*' (great signs of talent and genius); and he frequently encouraged, and sometimes corrected the copies which so nearly approached the originals. But Salvator, who

\* Why so? Was it not said just before that this painter was deep in the Neapolitan school? But Lady Morgan will have it so, and we cannot contradict her.

was destined to imitate none, but to be imitated by many, soon grew impatient of repeating another's conceptions, and of following in an Art in which he already perhaps felt, with prophetic throes, that he was born to lead. His visits to the workshop of Francanzani grew less frequent; his days were given to the scenes of his infant wanderings; he departed with the dawn, laden with his portfolio filled with primed paper, and a pallet covered with oil colours; and it is said, that even then he not only sketched, but coloured from nature. When the pedantry of criticism (at the suggestion of envious rivals) accused him of having acquired, in his colouring, too much of the *impasting* of the *Spagnuolo* school, it was not aware that his faults, like his beauties, were original; and that he sinned against the rules of Art, only because he adhered too faithfully to nature."—(Salvator's flesh colour is as remarkably dingy and *Spagnuolo*, as the tone of his landscapes is fresh and clear.)—"Returning from these arduous but not profitless rambles, through wildernesses and along precipices, impervious to all save the enterprise of fearless genius, he sought shelter beneath his sister's roof, where a kinder welcome awaited him than he could find in that home where it had been decreed from his birth that he should not be a painter.

"Francanzani was wont, on the arrival of

his brother-in-law, to rifle the contents of his portfolio ; and he frequently found there compositions hastily thrown together, but selected, drawn, and coloured with a boldness and a breadth, which indicated the confidence of a genius sure of itself. The first accents of 'the thrilling melody of sweet renown' which ever vibrated to the heart of Salvator, came to his ear on these occasions in the Neapolitan *patois* of his relation, who, in glancing by lamp-light over his labours, would pat him smilingly on the head, and exclaim, '*Fruscia, fruscia, Salvatoriello—che va buono,*' ('Go on, go on, this is good')—simple plaudits! but frequently remembered in aftertimes (when the dome of the Pantheon had already rung with the admiration extorted by his Regulus) as the first which cheered him in his arduous progress."

The reader cannot fail to observe here how well everything is made out: how agreeably everything is assumed: how difficulties are smoothed over, little abruptness rounded off: how each circumstance falls into its place just as it should, and answers to a preconceived idea, like the march of a verse or the measure of a dance: and how completely that imaginary justice is everywhere done to the subject, which, according to Lord Bacon, gives poetry so decided an advantage over history! Yet this is one of our fair authoress's most severe and lite-

ral passages. Her prose-Muse is furnished with wings; and the breeze of Fancy carries her off her feet from the plain ground of matter-of-fact, whether she will or no. Lady Morgan, in this part of her subject takes occasion to animadvert on an opinion of Sir Joshua's respecting our artist's choice of a particular style of landscape painting.

“*Salvator Rosa,*” says Sir J. Reynolds, “*saw the necessity of trying some new source of pleasing the public in his works. The world were tired of Claude Lorraine's and G. Poussin's long train of imitators.*”

“*Salvator therefore struck into a wild, savage kind of nature, which was new and striking.*”

“The first of these paragraphs contains a strange anachronism. When Salvator struck into a new line, Poussin and Claude, who, though his elders, were his contemporaries, had as yet no train of imitators. The one was struggling for a livelihood in France, the other was cooking and grinding colours for his master at Rome. Salvator's early attachment to Nature in her least imitated forms, was not the result of speculation having any reference to the public: it was the operation of original genius, and of those particular tendencies which seemed to be breathed into his soul at the moment it first quickened. From his cradle to his tomb he was the creature of impulse, and the slave of his own vehement volitions.”

We think this is spirited and just. Sir Joshua, who borrowed from almost all his predecessors in Art, was now and then a little too ready to detract from them. We dislike these attempts to explain away successful talent into a species of studied imposture—to attribute genius to a plot, originality to a trick. Burke, in like manner, accused Rousseau of the same kind of *malice prepense* in bringing forward his paradoxes—as if he did it on a theory, or to astonish the public, and not to give vent to his peculiar humours and singularity of temperament.

We next meet with a poetical version of a picturesque tour undertaken by Salvator among the mountains of the Abruzzi, and of his detention by the banditti there. We have much fine writing on the subject; but after a world of charming theories and romantic conjectures, it is left quite doubtful whether this last event ever took place at all—at least we could wish there was some better confirmation of it than a vague rumour, and an etching by Salvator of a 'Youth taken captive by Banditti, with a Female Figure pleading his cause,' which the historian at once identifies with the adventures of the artist himself, and "moralizes into a thousand similes." We are indemnified for the dearth of satisfactory evidence on this point by animated and graceful transitions to the history and manners of the Neapolitan banditti, their physiognomical distinctions and political in-

trignes, to the grand features of mountain scenery, and the character of Salvator's style, founded on all these exciting circumstances, real or imaginary. On the death of his father, Vito Antonio, which happened when he was about seventeen, the family were thrown on his hands for support, and he struggled for some time with want and misery, which he endeavoured to relieve by his hard bargains with the *rivenditori* (picture-dealers) in the Strada della Carità, till necessity and chagrin forced him to fly to Rome. The purchase of his 'Hagar' by Lanfranco is the only bright streak in this period of his life, which cheered him for a moment with faint delusive hope.

The art of writing may be said to consist in thinking of nothing but one's subject; the art of book-making, on the contrary, can only subsist on the principle of laying hands on everything that can supply the place of it. The author of the 'Life and Times of Salvator Rosa,' though devoted to her hero, does not scruple to leave him sometimes, and to occupy many pages with his celebrated contemporaries, Domenichino, Lanfranco, Caravaggio, and the sculptor Bernini, the most splendid coxcomb in the history of Art, and the spoiled child of vanity and patronage. Before we take leave of Naples, we must introduce our readers to some of this good company, and pay our court

in person. We shall begin with Caravaggio, one of the characteristic school both in mind and manners. The account is too striking, in many respects, to be passed over, and affords a fine lesson on the excesses and untamed irregularities of men of genius.

“In the early part of the seventeenth century, the manner of the Neapolitan school was purely *Caravaggesque*. Michael Angelo Amoreghi, better known as ‘Il Caravaggio’ (from the place of his birth in the Milanese, where his father held no higher rank than that of a stone-mason), was one of those powerful and extraordinary geniuses which are destined by their force and originality to influence public taste, and master public opinion, in whatever line they start. The Roman School, to which the almost celestial genius of Raffaello had so long been as a tutelary angel, sinking rapidly into degradation and feebleness, suddenly arose again under the influence of a new chief, whose professional talent and personal character stood opposed in the strong relief of contrast to that of his elegant and poetical predecessor.

“The influence of this ‘*uomo intractabile e brutale*,’ this passionate and intractable man, as he is termed by an Italian historian of the Arts, sprang from the depression of the school which preceded him. Nothing less than the



impulsion given by the force of contrast, and the shock occasioned by a violent change, could have produced an effect on the sinking Art such as proceeded from the strength and even coarseness of Caravaggio. He brought back nature triumphant over mannerism—nature, indeed, in all the exaggeration of strong motive and overbearing volition; but still it was nature; and his bold example dissipated the langour of exhausted imitation, and gave excitement even to the tamest mediocrity and the feeblest conception. . . . . When on his first arrival in Rome (says Bellori) the *cognoscenti* advised him to study from the antiques, and take Raffaello as his model, he used to point to the promiscuous groups of men and women passing before him, and say, ‘those were the models and the masters provided him by Nature.’ Teased one day by a pedant on the subject, he stopped a gipsy-girl who was passing by his window, called her in, placed her near his easel, and produced his splendid ‘Zingra in atto di predire l’aventure,’ his well-known and exquisite Egyptian Fortune-teller. His ‘Gamblers’ was done in the same manner.

“The temperament which produced this peculiar genius was necessarily violent and gloomy. Caravaggio tyrannized over his school, and attacked his rivals with other arms than those of his Art. He was a professed duellist;

and, having killed one of his antagonists in a rencontre, he fled to Naples, where an asylum was readily granted him. His manner as a painter, his character as a man, were both calculated to succeed with the Neapolitan school; and the *maniera Caravaggesca* thenceforward continued to distinguish its productions, till the Art there, as throughout all Europe, fell into utter degradation, and became lost almost as completely as it had been under the Lower Empire.

“ In a warm dispute with one of his own young friends in a tennis-court, he had struck him dead with a racket, having been himself severely wounded. Notwithstanding the triumphs with which he was loaded in Naples, where he executed some of his finest pictures, he soon got weary of his residence there, and went to Malta. His superb picture of the Grand Master obtained for him the cross of Malta, a rich golden chain, placed on his neck by the Grand Master's own hands, and two slaves to attend him. But all these honours did not prevent the new knight from falling into his old habits. *Il suo torbido ingegno* (says Bellori) plunged him into new difficulties; he fought and wounded a noble cavalier, was thrown into prison by the Grand Master, escaped most miraculously, fled to Syracuse, and obtained the suffrages of the

Syracusans by painting his splendid picture of the 'Santa Morte,' for the church of Santa Lucia. In apprehension of being taken by the Maltese knights, he fled to Messina, from thence to Palermo, and returned to Naples, where hopes were given him of the Pope's pardon. Here, picking a quarrel with some military men at an inn door, he was wounded, took refuge on board a felucca, and set sail for Rome. Arrested by a Spanish guard, at a little port (where the felucca cast anchor), by mistake for another person, when released he found the felucca gone, and in it all his property. Traversing the burning shore under a vertical sun, he was seized with a brain-fever, and continued to wander through the deserts of the Pontine Marshes, till he arrived at Porto Ercoli, when he expired in his fortieth year."

We have seen some of the particulars differently related; but this account is as probable as any; and it conveys a startling picture of the fate of a man lead away by headstrong passions and the pride of talents,—an intellectual outlaw, having no regard to the charities of life, nor knowledge of his own place in the general scale of being. How different, how superior, and yet how little more fortunate, was the amiable and accomplished Domenichino (the "most sensible of painters"), who

was about this time employed in painting the dome of St Januarius!

“ Domenichino reluctantly accepted the invitation (1629); and he arrived in Naples with the zeal of a martyr devoted to a great cause, but with a melancholy foreboding, which harassed his noble spirit, and but ill prepared him for the persecution he was to encounter. Lodged under the special protection of the *Deputati*, in the ‘Palazzo dell’ *Arcivescovato*,’ adjoining the church, on going forth from his sumptuous dwelling the day after his arrival, he found a paper addressed to him sticking in the key-hole of his ante-room. It informed him, that if he did not instantly return to Rome, he should never return there with life. Domenichino immediately presented himself to the Spanish viceroy, the *Conte Montereï*, and claimed protection for a life then employed in the service of the church. The piety of the count, in spite of his partiality to the faction [of *Spagnuolletto*], induced him to pledge the word of a grandee of Spain, that Domenichino should not be molested; and from that moment a life, no longer openly assailed, was embittered by all that the littleness of malignant envy could invent to undermine its enjoyments and blast its hopes. Calumnies against his character, criticisms on his paintings, ashes mixed with his colours, and anonymous letters,

were the miserable means to which his rivals resorted; and to complete their work of malignity, they induced the viceroy to order pictures from him for the Court of Madrid; and when these were little more than laid in dead colours, they were carried to the vice-regal palace, and placed in the hands of Spagnuolotto to retouch and alter at pleasure. In this disfigured and mutilated condition, they were despatched to the gallery of the King of Spain. Thus drawn from his great works by despotic authority, for the purpose of effecting his ruin, enduring the complaints of the Deputati, who saw their commission neglected, and suffering from perpetual calumnies and persecutions, Domenichino left the superb picture of the 'Martyrdom of San Gennaro,' which is now receiving the homage of posterity, and fled to Rome; taking shelter in the solemn shades of Frescati, where he resided some time under the protection of Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandini. It was at this period that Domenichino was visited by his biographer Passeri, then an obscure youth, engaged to assist in the repairs of the pictures in the cardinal's chapel. 'When we arrived at Frescati,' says Passeri in his simple style, 'Domenichino received me with much courtesy; and hearing that I took a singular delight in the belles-lettres, it increased his kindness to me. I remember me, that I gazed on this man as though he were an angel.

I remained till the end of September occupied in restoring the chapel of St Sebastian, which had been ruined by the damp. Sometimes Domenichino would join us, singing delightfully to recreate himself as well as he could. When night set in we returned to our apartment, while he most frequently remained in his own, occupied in drawing, and permitting none to see him. Sometimes, however, to pass the time, he drew caricatures of us all, and of the inhabitants of the villa; and when he succeeded to his satisfaction, he was wont to indulge in immoderate fits of laughter; and we, who were in the adjoining room would run in to know his reason, and then he showed us his spirited sketches (*spiritose galanterie*). He drew a caricature of me with a guitar, one of Canini the painter, and one of the guarda roba, who was lame with the gout, and of the subguarda roba, a most ridiculous figure. To prevent our being offended, he also caricatured himself. These portraits are now preserved by Signor Giovanni Pietro Bellori in his study.'—*Vita di Domenichino*. Obliged, however, at length, to return to Naples to fulfil his fatal engagements, overwhelmed both in mind and body by the persecutions of his *soi-disant* patrons and his open enemies, he died, says Passeri, '*fra mille crepacuori*,' amidst a thousand heart breakings, with some suspicion of having been poisoned, in 1641."

We could wish Lady Morgan had preserved

more of this simple style of Passeri. We confess we prefer it to her own more brilliant and artificial one; for instance, to such passages as the following, describing Salvator's first entrance into the city of Rome.

“In entering the greatest city of the world at the Ave Maria, the hour of Italian recreation”—(Why must he have entered it at this hour, except for the purpose of giving the author an apology for the following eloquent reflections)?—“in passing from the silent desolate suburbs of San Giovanni to the Corso (then a place of crowded and populous resort), where the princes of the Conclave presented themselves in all the pomp and splendour of Oriental satraps, the feelings of the young and solitary stranger must have suffered a revulsion, in the consciousness of his own misery. Never, perhaps, in the deserts of the Abruzzi, in the solitudes of Otranto, or in the ruins of Pæstum, did Salvator experience sensations of such utter loneliness, as in the midst of this gaudy and multitudinous assemblage: for in the history of melancholy sensations there are few comparable to that sense of isolation, to that desolateness of soul, which accompanies the first entrance of the friendless on a world where all, save they, have ties, pursuits, and homes.”

When we come to passages like this, so buoyant, so airy, and so brilliant, we wish we

could forget that history is not a pure voluntary effusion of sentiment, and that we could fancy ourselves reading a page of Mrs Radcliffe's Italian, or Miss Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw! Presently after we learn that "Milton and Salvator, who, in genius, character, and political views, bore no faint resemblance to each other, though living at the same time both in Rome and Naples, remained mutually unknown. The obscure and indigent young painter had, doubtless, no means of presenting himself to the great republican poet of England;—if, indeed, he had then ever heard of one so destined to illustrate the age in which both flourished."

This is the least apposite of all our author's critical juxtapositions; if we except the continual running parallel between Salvator, Shakspeare, and Lord Byron, as the three demons of the imagination personified. Modern critics can no more confer rank in the lists of fame, than modern heralds can confound new and old nobility.

Salvator's first decided success at Rome, or in his profession, was in his picture of 'Prometheus,' exhibited in the Pantheon, when he was little more than twenty, and which stamped his reputation as an artist from that time forward, though it did not lay the immediate foundation of his fortune. In this respect, his rejection by the Academy of St Luke, and the hostility of



Bernini, threw very considerable obstacles in his way. Lady Morgan celebrates the success of this picture at sufficient length, and with enthusiastic sympathy, and accompanies the successive completion of his great historical efforts afterwards, the 'Regulus,' the 'Purgatory,' the 'Job,' the 'Saul,' and the 'Conspiracy of Catiline,' with appropriate comments; but, as we are tainted with heresy on this subject, we shall decline entering into it, farther than to say generally, that we think the colouring of Salvator's flesh dingy, his drawing meagre, his expressions coarse or violent, and his choice of subjects morose and monotonous. The figures in his landscape-compositions are admirable for their spirit, force, wild interest, and daring character; but, in our judgment, they cannot stand alone as high history, nor, by any means, claim the first rank among epic or dramatic productions. His landscapes, on the contrary, as we have said before, have a boldness of conception, a unity of design, and felicity of execution, which if it does not fill the mind with the highest sense of beauty or grandeur, assigns them a place by themselves, which invidious comparison cannot approach or divide with any competitor. They are original and perfect in their kind; and that kind is one that the imagination requires for its solace and support; is always glad to return to, and is

never ashamed of, the wild and abstracted scenes of nature. Having said thus much by way of explanation, we hope we shall be excused from going farther into the details of an obnoxious hypercriticism, to which we feel an equal repugnance as professed worshippers of fame and genius! Our readers will prefer, to our sour and fastidious (perhaps perverse) criticism, the lively account which is here given of Salvator's first appearance in a new character—one of the masks of the Roman carnival—which had considerable influence in his subsequent pursuits and success in life.

“Towards the close of the Carnival of 1639, when the spirits of the revellers (as is always the case in Rome) were making a brilliant rally for the representations of the last week, a car, or stage, highly ornamented, drawn by oxen, and occupied by a masked troop, attracted universal attention by its novelty and singular representations. The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, who in the character of Coviello, a charlatan, displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire, and exquisite humour, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent and national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gipsies told fortunes, and Jews hung in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled

round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished his flashes of splenetic humour aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvisatore* who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sung to the lute, of which he was a perfect master, the Neapolitan ballads, then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revellers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sung, asked or answered questions, were all abortive: while he (says Baldinucci), ‘at the head of everything by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humour, drew half Rome to himself.’ The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gesticulations in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his vials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius, which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the Carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the Piazza Navona, which, with one of the streets in the Trasevere, had been the principal scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and, removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the ‘Prometheus,’ and his little troop the ‘Partigiani’ of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was

from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) 'filled with his fame.' That notoriety which his high genius had failed to procure for him, was obtained at once by those lighter talents which he had nearly suffered to fall into neglect, while more elevated views had filled his mind."

Lady Morgan then gives a very learned and sprightly account of the characters of the old Italian comedy, with a notice of Molière, and sprinklings of general reading, from which we have not room for an extract. Salvator, after this event, became the rage in Rome; his society and conversation were much sought after, and his *improvisatore* recitations of his own poetry, in which he sketched the outline of his future Satires, were attended by some of the greatest wits and most eminent scholars of the age. He on one occasion gave a burlesque comedy in ridicule of Bernini, the favourite court-artist. This attack drew on him a resentment, the consequences of which, "like a wounded snake, dragged their slow length" through the rest of his life. Those who are the loudest and bitterest in their complaints of persecution and ill usage are the first to provoke it. In the warfare waged so fondly and (as it is at last discovered) so unequally with the world, the assailants and the sufferers will be generally found to be the same persons. We

would not, by this indirect censure of Salvator, be understood to condemn or discourage those who have an inclination to go on the same forlorn hope : we merely wish to warn them of the nature of the service, and that they ought not to prepare for a triumph, but a martyrdom ! If they are ambitious of that, let them take their course.

Salvator's success in his new attempt threw him in some measure from this time forward into the career of comedy and letters : painting, however, still remained his principal pursuit and strongest passion. His various talents and agreeable accomplishments procured him many friends and admirers, though his hasty temper and violent pretensions often defeated their good intentions towards him. He wanted to force his histories down the throats of the public and of private individuals, who came to purchase his pictures, and turned from, and even insulted those who praised his landscapes. This jealousy of a man's self, and quarrelling with the favourable opinion of the world, because it does not exactly accord with our own view of our merits, is one of the most tormenting and incurable of all follies. We subjoin the two following remarkable instances of it.

“ The Prince Francesco Ximenes having arrived in Rome, found time, in the midst of the honours paid to him, to visit Salvator Rosa ;

and, being received by the artist in his gallery, he told him frankly, that he had come for the purpose of seeing and purchasing some of those beautiful small landscapes, whose manner and subjects had delighted him in many foreign galleries.—‘ Be it known then to your Excellency,’ interrupted Rosa impetuously, ‘ that I know nothing of landscape-painting! Something indeed I do know of painting figures and historical subjects, which I strive to exhibit to such eminent judges as yourself, in order that once for all I may banish from the public mind that fantastic humour of supposing I am a landscape, and not an historical painter.’

“ Shortly after, a very rich cardinal, whose name is not recorded, called on Salvator to purchase some pictures; and as his Eminence walked up and down the gallery, he always paused before some certain *quadretti*, and never before the historical subjects, while Salvator muttered from time to time between his clenched teeth, ‘ *Sempre, sempre, pæsi piccoli.*’ When at last the Cardinal glanced his eye over some great historical picture, and carelessly asked the price as a sort of company question, Salvator bel-  
lowed forth ‘ *Un milione.*’ His Eminence, stunned or offended, hurried away, and returned no more.”

Other stories are told of the like import. And yet, if Salvator had been more satisfied in

his own mind of the superiority of his historical pictures, he would have been less anxious to make others converts to his opinion. So shrewd a man ought to have been aware of the force of the proverb about nursing the rickety child.

One of the most creditable traits in the character of Salvator is the friendship of Carlo Rossi, a wealthy Roman citizen, who raised his prices and built a chapel to his memory; and one of the most pleasant and flattering to his talents is the rivalry of Messer Agli, an old Bolognese merchant, who came all the way to Florence (while Salvator was residing there) to enter the lists with him as the clown and quack-doctor of the *commedia della arte*.

We loiter on the way with Lady Morgan,—which is a sign that we do not dislike her company, and that our occasional severity is less real than affected. She opens many pleasant vistas, and calls up numerous themes of never-failing interest. Would that we could wander with her under the azure skies and golden sunsets of Claude Lorraine, amidst classic groves and temples, and flocks, and herds, and winding streams, and distant hills, and glittering sunny vales,

“ Where universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Leads on the eternal spring;”

or repose in Gaspar Poussin's cool grottos, or

on his breezy summits, or by his sparkling waterfalls! But we must not indulge too long in these delightful dreams. Time presses, and we must on. It is mentioned in this part of the narrative which treats of Salvator's contemporaries and great rivals in landscape, that Claude Lorraine, besides his natural stupidity in all other things, was six-and-thirty before he began to paint (almost the age at which Raffaele died), and in ten years after, was—what no other human being ever was or will be. The lateness of the period at which he commenced his studies, render those unrivalled masterpieces which he has left behind him to all posterity a greater miracle than they would otherwise be. One would think that perfection required at least a whole life to attain it. Lady Morgan has described this divine artist very prettily and poetically; but her description of Gaspar Poussin is as fine, and might in some places be mistaken for that of his rival. This is not as it should be, since the distance is immeasurable between the productions of Claude Lorraine and all other landscapes whatever, with the single exception of Titian's backgrounds.\* Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say (such was his opinion of

\* We might refer to the background of the St Peter Martyr. Claude, Gaspar, and Salvator could not have painted this one background among them! But we have already remarked that comparisons are odious.



the faultless beauty of his style), that "there would be another Raffaele before there was another Claude."

The first volume of the present work closes with a spirited account of the short-lived revolution at Naples, brought about by the celebrated Massaniello. Salvator contrived to be present at one of the meetings of the patriotic conspirators by torchlight, and has left a fine sketch of the unfortunate leader. An account of this memorable transaction will be found in Robertson, and a still more striking and genuine one in the 'Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz.'

We must hasten through the second volume with more rapid strides. Salvator, after the failure and death of Massaniello, returned to Rome, disappointed, disheartened, and gave vent to his feelings on this occasion by his two poems, 'La Babilonia' and 'La Guerra,' which are full of the spirit of love and hatred, of enthusiasm and bitterness.\* About the same time he painted his two allegorical pictures of 'Human Frailty,' and 'Fortune.' These were exhibited in the Pantheon; and from the sensation they excited, and the sinister comments

\* The Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini having been present by his own request at the recitation of one of these pieces, and being asked his opinion, declared that "Salvator's poetry was full of splendid passages, but that, as a whole, it was unequal."

that were made on them, had nearly conducted Salvator to the Inquisition. In the picture of 'Fortune,' more particularly, — "The nose of one powerful ecclesiastic, and the eye of another, were detected in the brutish physiognomy of the swine who were treading pearls and flowers under their feet; a Cardinal was recognised in an ass scattering with his hoof the laurel and myrtle which lay in his path, and in an old goat reposing on roses. Some there were who even fancied the infallible lover of Donna Olympia, the Sultana Queen of the Quirinal! The cry of atheism and sedition, of contempt of established authorities, was thus raised under the influence of private pique and long-cherished envy. It soon found an echo in the painted walls where the conclave sat 'in close divan,' and it was bandied about from mouth to mouth till it reached the ears of the inquisitor, within the dark recesses of his house of terrors."

The consequence was, that our artist was obliged to fly from Rome after waiting a little to see if the storm would blow over, and to seek an asylum in the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence. Here he passed some of the happiest years of his life, flattered by princes, feasting nobles, conversing with poets, receiving the suggestions of critics, painting landscapes or history as he liked best, compos-

ing and reciting his own verses, and making a fortune, which he flung away again as soon as he had made it with the characteristic improvidence of genius. Of the gay, careless, and friendly intercourse in which he passed his time, the following passages give a very lively intimation.

“It happened that Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness to which even his strenuous spirit was occasionally liable, flung down his pencil, and sallied forth to communicate the infection of his *far niente* to his friend Lippi. On entering his studio, however, he found him labouring with great impetuosity on the background of his picture of the ‘Flight into Egypt,’ but in such sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill-humour, that Salvator demanded ‘Che fai, amico?’ ‘What am I about?’ said Lippi, ‘I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures ruined: I am under a spell, and cannot even draw the branch of a tree, nor a tuft of herbage.’ ‘Signore Dio!’ exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off his friend’s thumb, ‘what colours are here?’ and scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring, ‘Let me see, who knows but I may help you out of the scrape?’ Half in jest and half in earnest, he began to touch and retouch, and change, till nightfall found him at the easel, finishing one of the best background

landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.

“A few days afterwards, Salvator called upon Lippi, found him preparing a canvas, while Malatesta read aloud to him and Ludovico Seranai the astronomer, the MS. of his poem of the ‘Sphynx.’ Salvator, with a noiseless step, took his seat in an old Gothic window, and placing himself in a listening attitude, with a bright light falling through stained glass upon his fine head, produced a splendid study, of which Lippi, without a word of his intention, availed himself; and executed, with incredible rapidity, the finest picture of Salvator that was ever painted. Several copies of it were taken with Lippi’s permission, and Ludovico Seranai purchased the original at a considerable price. In this picture Salvator is dressed in a cloth habit, with richly-slashed sleeves, turnovers, and a collar. It is only a head and bust, and the eyes are looking towards the spectator.

At one time, his impatience at being separated from Carlo Rossi and other friends was so great, that he narrowly risked his safety to obtain an interview with them. About three years after he had been at Florence, he took post horses, and set off for Rome at midnight. Having arrived at an inn in the suburbs, he

despatched messages to eighteen of his friends, who all came, thinking he had got into some new scrape, breakfasted with them, and returned to Florence, before his Roman persecutors or his Tuscan friends were aware of his adventure."

Salvator, however, was discontented even with this splendid lot, and sought to embower himself in entire seclusion, and in deeper bliss, in the palace of the Counts Maffei at Volterra, and in the solitudes in its neighbourhood. Here he wandered night and morn, drinking in that slow poison of reflection which his soul loved best—planning his 'Catiline Conspiracy'—preparing his Satires for the press—and weeding out their Neapolitanisms, in which he was assisted by the fine taste and quick tact of his friend Redi. This appears to have been the only part of his life to which he looked back with pleasure or regret. He, however, left this enviable retreat soon after, to return to Rome, partly for family reasons, and partly, no doubt, because the deepest love of solitude and privacy does not wean the mind, that has once felt the feverish appetite, from the desire of popularity and distinction. Here, then, he planted himself on the Monte Pincio, in a house situated between those of Claude Lorraine and Nicolas Poussin—and used to walk

out of an evening on the fine promenade near it, at the head of a group of gay cavaliers, musicians, and aspiring artists; while Nicolas Poussin, the very genius of antiquity personified, and now bent down with age himself, led another band of reverential disciples, side by side, with some learned virtuoso or pious churchman! Meantime, commissions poured in upon Salvator, and he painted successively his 'Jonas' for the King of Denmark—his 'Battle-piece' for Louis XIV, still in the Museum at Paris—and, lastly, to his infinite delight, an Altar-piece for one of the churches in Rome. Salvator, about this time, seems to have imbibed (even before he was lectured on his want of economy by the Fool at the house of his friend Minucci) some idea of making the best use of his time and talents.

“The Constable Colonna (it is reported) sent a purse of gold to Salvator Rosa on receiving one of his beautiful landscapes. The painter, not to be outdone in generosity, sent the prince another picture, as a present,—which the prince insisted on remunerating with another purse; another present and another purse followed; and this struggle between generosity and liberality continued, to the tune of many other pictures and presents, until the prince, finding himself a loser by the contest,

sent Salvator two purses, with an assurance that he gave in, *et lui ceda le champ de bataille.*"

Salvator was tenacious in demanding the highest prices for his pictures, and brooking no question as to any abatement; but when he had promised his friend Ricciardi a picture, he proposed to restrict himself to a subject of one or two figures; and they had nearly a quarrel about it.

"In April, 1662," says his biographer, "and not long after his return to Rome, his love of wild and mountainous scenery, and, perhaps, his wandering tendencies, revived by his recent journey, induced him to visit Loretto, or at least to make that holy city the shrine of a pilgrimage, which it appears was one rather of taste than of devotion. His feelings on this journey are well described in one of his Letters. 'I could not,' says Salvator, 'give you any account of my return from Loretto, till I arrived here on the 6th of May. I was for fifteen days in perpetual motion. The journey was beyond all description curious and picturesque; much more so than the route from hence to Florence. There is a strange mixture of savage wildness and domestic scenery, of plain and precipice, such as the eye delights to wander over. I can safely swear to you, that the tints of these

mountains by far exceed all I have ever observed under your Tuscan skies; and as for your Verucola, which I once thought a dreary desert, I shall henceforth deem it a fair garden, in comparison with the scenes I have now explored in these Alpine solitudes. O God! how often have I sighed to possess, how often since called to mind, those solitary hermitages which I passed on my way! How often wished that fortune had reserved for me such a destiny! I went by Ancona and Torolo, and on my return visited Assisa—all sites of extraordinary interest to the genius of painting. I saw at Terni (four miles out of the high road) the famous waterfall of Velino; an object to satisfy the boldest imagination by its terrific beauty—a river dashing down a mountainous precipice of near a mile in height, and then flinging up its foam to nearly an equal altitude! Believe, that while in this spot, I moved not, saw not, without bearing you full in my mind and memory.’”

He begins another letter, of a later date, on his being employed to paint the altar of San Giovanni de Fiorentini, thus gaily:—

“*Sonate le campane*—Ring out the chimes! At last, after thirty years’ existence in Rome, of hopes blasted and complaints reiterated against men and gods, the occasion is accorded me for giving one altar-piece to the public.”



His anxiety to finish this picture in time for a certain festival, kept him, he adds, "secluded from all commerce of the pen, and from every other in the world; and I can truly say, that I have forgotten myself, even to neglecting to eat; and so arduous is my application, that when I had nearly finished, I was obliged to keep my bed for two days; and had not my recovery been assisted by emetics, certain it is it would have been all over with me in consequence of some obstruction in the stomach. Pity me then, dear friend, if for the glory of my pencil I have neglected to devote my pen to the service of friendship."—*Letter to the Abate Ricciardi.*

Passeri has left the following particulars recorded of him on the day when this picture (the 'Martyrdom of Saint Damian and Saint Cosmus') was first exhibited.

"He (Salvator) had at last exposed his picture in the San Giovanni de' Fiorentini; and I, to recreate myself, ascended on that evening to the heights of Monte della Trinita, where I found Salvator walking arm-in-arm with Signor Giovanni Carlo dei Rossi, so celebrated for his performance on the harp of three strings, and brother to that Luigi Rossi, who is so eminent all over the world for his perfection in musical composition. And when Salvator (who was my intimate friend)

perceived me, he came forward laughingly, and said to me these precise words:—‘Well, what say the malignants now? Are they at last convinced that I can paint on the great scale? Why, if not, then e’en let Michael Angelo come down, and do something better. Now at least I have stopped their mouths, and shown the world what I am worth.’ I shrugged my shoulders. I and the Signor Rossi changed the subject to one which lasted us till nightfall; and from this (continues Passeri in his rambling way\*) it may be gathered how *gagliardo* he (Salvator) was in his own opinion. Yet it may not be denied but that he had all the endowments of a marvellous great painter! one of great resources and high perfection; and had he no other merit, he had at least that of being the originator of his own style. He spoke, this evening, of Paul Veronese more than of any other painter, and praised the Venetian school greatly. To Raffaello he had no great leaning, for it was the fashion of the Neapolitan School to call him hard, *di pietra, dry,*” &c.

Our artist’s constitution now began to break, worn out perhaps by the efforts of his art, and still more by the irritation of his mind. In a letter dated in 1666, he complains,

\* Lady Morgan is always quarrelling with Passeri’s style, because it is not that of a modern Blue-stockings.

“ I have suffered two months of agony, even with the abstemious regimen of chicken broth ! My feet are two lumps of ice, in spite of the woollen hose I have imported from Venice. I never permit the fire to be quenched in my own room, and am more solicitous than even the Cavalier Cigoli (who died of a cold caught in painting a fresco in the Vatican). There is not a fissure in the house that I am not daily employed in diligently stopping up, and yet with all this I cannot get warm ; nor do I think the torch of love, or the caresses of Phryne herself, would kindle me into a glow. For the rest, I can talk of anything but my pencil : my canvas lies turned to the wall ; my colours are dried up now, and for ever ; nor can I give my thoughts to any subject whatever, but chimney-corners, brasiers, warming-pans, woollen gloves, woollen caps, and such sort of gear. In short, dear friend, I am perfectly aware that I have lost much of my original ardour, and am absolutely reduced to pass entire days without speaking a word. Those fires, once mine and so brilliant, are now all spent, or evaporating in smoke. Woe unto me, should I ever be reduced to exercise my pencil for bread ! ”

Yet after this, he at intervals produced some of his best pictures. The scene, however, was now hastening to a close ; and the account here given of his last days, though containing no-

thing perhaps very memorable, will yet, we think, be perused with a melancholy interest.

“A change in his complexion was thought to indicate some derangement of the liver, and he continued in a state of great languor and depression during the autumn of 1672; but in the winter of 1673, the total loss of appetite, and of all power of digestion, reduced him almost to the last extremity; and he consented, at the earnest request of Lucrezia and his numerous friends, to take more medical advice. He now passed through the hands of various physicians, whose ignorance and technical pedantry come out with characteristic effect in the simple and matter-of-fact details which the good Padre Baldovini has left of the last days of his eminent friend. Various cures were suggested by the Roman faculty for a disease which none had yet ventured to name. Meantime the malady increased, and showed itself in all the life-wearing symptoms of sleeplessness, loss of appetite, intermitting fever, and burning thirst. A French quack was called in to the sufferer; and his prescription was, that he should drink water abundantly, and nothing but water. While, however, under the care of this Gallic Sangrado, a confirmed dropsy unequivocally declared itself; and Salvator, now acquainted with the nature of his disease, once more submitted to the entreaties of his friends; and, at the special

persuasion of the Padre Francesco Baldovini, placed himself under the care of a celebrated Italian empiric, then in great repute in Rome, called Dr Penna.

“Salvator had but little confidence in medicine. He had already, during this melancholy winter, discarded all his physicians, and literally thrown physic to the dogs. But hope, and spring, and love of life, revived together; and, towards the latter end of February he consented to receive the visits of Penna, who had cured Baldovini (on the good father's own word) of a confirmed dropsy the year before. When the doctor was introduced, Salvator, with his wonted manliness, called on him to answer the question he was about to propose with honesty and frankness, viz. Was his disorder curable? Penna, after going through certain professional forms, answered, ‘that his disorder was a simple, and not a complicated dropsy, and that therefore it was curable.’

“Salvator instantly and cheerfully placed himself in the doctor's hands, and consented to submit to whatever he should subscribe. ‘The remedy of Penna,’ says Baldovini, ‘lay in seven little vials, of which the contents were to be swallowed every day.’ But it was obvious to all, that as the seven vials were emptied, the disorder of Rosa increased; and on the seventh day of his attendance, the doctor declared to his

friend Baldovini, that the malady of his patient was beyond his reach and skill.

“The friends of Salvator now suggested to him their belief that his disease was brought on and kept up by his rigid confinement to the house, so opposed to his former active habits of life; but when they urged him to take air and exercise, he replied significantly to their importunities, ‘I take exercise! I go out! if this is your counsel, how are you deceived!’ At the earnest request, however, of Penna, he consented to see him once more; but the moment he entered his room he demanded of him, ‘if he now thought that he was curable?’ Penna, in some emotion, prefaced his verdict by declaring solemnly, ‘that he should conceive it no less glory to restore so illustrious a genius to health and to the society he was so calculated to adorn, than to save the life of the Sovereign Pontiff himself; but that, as far as his science went, the case was now beyond the reach of yuman remedy.’ While Penna spoke, Salvator, who was surrounded by his family and many friends, fixed his penetrating eyes on the physician’s face with the intense look of one who sought to read his sentence in the countenance of his judge ere it was verbally pronounced;—but that sentence was now passed! and Salvator, who seemed more struck by surprise than by apprehension, remained silent and in a fixed

attitude! His friends, shocked and grieved, or awed by the expression of his countenance, which was marked by a stern and hopeless melancholy, arose and departed silently one by one. After a long and deep reverie, Rosa suddenly left the room, and shut himself up alone in his study. There in silence, and in unbroken solitude, he remained for two days, holding no communication with his wife, his son, or his most intimate friends; and when at last their tears and lamentations drew him forth, he was no longer recognizable. Shrunken, feeble, attenuated, almost speechless, he sunk on his couch, to rise no more!

“Life was now wearing away with such obvious rapidity, that his friends, both clerical and laical, urged him in the most strenuous manner to submit to the ceremonies and forms prescribed by the Roman Catholic church in such awful moments. How much the solemn sadness of those moments may be increased, even to terror and despair, by such pompous and lugubrious pageants, all who have visited Italy—all who still visit it, can testify. Salvator demanded what they required of him. They replied, ‘in the first instance to receive the sacrament, as it is administered in Rome to the dying.’ ‘To receiving the sacrament,’ says his confessor Baldovini, ‘he showed no repugnance (*non se mostrò repugnante*); but he vehemently and

positively refused to allow the host, with all the solemn pomp of its procession, to be brought to his house, which he deemed unworthy of the divine presence.'

"The rejection of a ceremony which was deemed in Rome indispensably necessary to salvation, and by one who was already stamped with the church's reprobation, soon took air; report exaggerated the circumstance into a positive expression of infidelity; and the gossipry of the Roman anterooms was supplied for the time with a subject of discussion, in perfect harmony with their slander, bigotry, and idleness. 'As I went forth from Salvator's door,' relates the worthy Baldovini, 'I met the Canonico Scornio, a man who has taken out a licence to speak of all men as he pleases. "And how goes it with Salvator?" demands of me this Canonico. "Bad enough, I fear." "Well, a few nights back, happening to be in the anteroom of a certain great prelate, I found myself in the centre of a circle of disputants, who were busily discussing whether the aforesaid Salvator would die a schismatic, a Huguenot, a Calvinist, or a Lutheran?" "He will die, Signor Canonico," I replied, "when it pleases God, a better Catholic than any of those who now speak so slightingly of him!"—and so I pursued my way.'

"On the 15th of March Baldovini entered



the patient's chamber. But, to all appearance, Salvator was suffering great agony. 'How goes it with thee, Rosa?' asked Baldovini kindly, as he approached him. 'Bad, bad!' was the emphatic reply. While writhing with pain, the sufferer after a moment added :—' To judge by what I now endure, the hand of death grasps me sharply.'

"In the restlessness of pain he now threw himself on the edge of the bed, and placed his head on the bosom of Lucrezia, who sat supporting and weeping over him. His afflicted son and friend took their station at the other side of his couch, and stood watching the issue of these sudden and frightful spasms in mournful silence. At that moment a celebrated Roman physician, the Doctor Catanni, entered the apartment. He felt the pulse of Salvator, and perceived that he was fast sinking. He communicated his approaching dissolution to those most interested in the melancholy intelligence, and it struck all present with unutterable grief. Baldovini, however, true to his sacred calling, even in the depth of his human affliction, instantly despatched the young Agosto to the neighbouring Convent della Trinità for the holy Viaticum. While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating priest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last

mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with the consecrated oil; some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catanni held to the lips of Salvator, while the Viatieum was administered, burned brightly and steadily! Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite."

Salvator left a wife and son (a boy of about thirteen), who inherited a considerable property, in books, prints, and bills of exchange, which his father had left in his banker's hands for pictures painted in the last few years of his life.

We confess we close these volumes with something of a melancholy feeling. We have, in this great artist, another instance added to the list of those who, being born to give delight to others, appear to have lived only to torment themselves, and with all the ingredients of happiness placed within their reach, to have derived no benefit either from talents or success. Is it that the outset of such persons in life (who are raised by their own efforts from want and obscurity) jars their feelings and sours their tempers? Or that painters, being often men without education or general knowledge, over-rate their own pretensions, and meet with continual mor-

tifications in the rebuffs they receive from the world, who do not judge by the same individual standard? Or is a morbid irritability the inseparable concomitant of genius? None of these suppositions fairly solves the difficulty; for many of the old painters (and those the greatest) were men of mild manners, of great modesty, and good temper. Painting, however, speaks a language known to few, and of which all pretend to judge; and may thus, perhaps, afford more occasion to pamper sensibility into a disease, where the seeds of it are sown too deeply in the constitution, and not checked by proportionable self-knowledge and reflection. Where an artist of genius, however, is not made the victim of his own impatience, or of idle censures, or of the good fortune of others, we cannot conceive of a more delightful or enviable life. There is none that implies a greater degree of thoughtful abstraction, or a more entire freedom from angry differences of opinion, or that leads the mind more out of itself, and reposes more calmly on the grand and beautiful, or the most casual object in nature. Salvator died young. He had done enough for fame; and had he been happier, he would perhaps have lived longer. We do not, in one sense, feel the loss of painters so much as that of other eminent men. They may still be said to be present with us bodily in their

works: we can revive their memory by every object we see; and it seems as if they could never wholly die, while the ideas and thoughts that occupied their minds while living survive, and have a palpable and permanent existence in forms of external nature.

## ON FARINGTON'S LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.\*

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THIS, with regard to its main object, must certainly be regarded as a superfluous publication. Forty years after the death of Sir Joshua, Mr Farington has found himself called upon to put forth a thin octavo volume, to revive the recollection of the dispute between their late President and the Academy, and to correct an error into which Mr Malone had fallen, in supposing that Sir Joshua was not entirely to blame in that business. This is a remarkable instance of the tenaciousness of corporate bodies with respect to the immaculate purity of their conduct. It was at first suggested that printed notes might be sufficient, with references to the pages of Mr Malone's account: but it was finally judged best to give it as a connected narrative—that the vindication of the Academy might slip in only as a parenthesis or an episode.

\* From the 'Edinburgh Review,' for August 1820.

So we have a full account of Sir Joshua's birth and parentage, godfathers and godmothers, with as many repetitions beside as were necessary to give a colouring to Mr Farington's ultimate object. The manner in which the plot of the publication is insinuated, is curious and characteristic: but our business at present is with certain more general matters, on which we have some observations to offer.

“In the present instance,” says Mr F., “we see how a character, formed by early habits of consideration, self-government, and persevering industry, acquired the highest fame; and made his path through life a course of unruffled moral enjoyment. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when young, wrote rules of conduct for himself. One of his maxims was, ‘that the great principle of being happy in this world, is, not to mind or be affected with small things.’ To this rule he strictly adhered; and the constant habit of controlling his mind contributed greatly to that evenness of temper which enabled him to live pleasantly with persons of all descriptions. Placability of temper may be said to have been his characteristic. The happiness of possessing such a disposition was acknowledged by his friend Dr Johnson, who said, ‘Reynolds was the most invulnerable man he had ever known.’

“The life of this distinguished artist exhibits a useful lesson to all those who may devote

themselves to the same pursuit. He was not of the class of such as have been held up, or who have esteemed themselves to be heaven-born geniuses. He appeared to think little of such claims. It will be seen, in the account of his progress to the high situation he attained in his profession, that at no period was there in him any such fancied inspiration; on the contrary, every youthful reader of the *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds* may feel assured, that his ultimate success will be in proportion to the resolution with which he follows his example."

This, we believe, is the current morality and philosophy of the present day; and therefore it is of more consequence to observe, that it appears to us to be a mere tissue of sophistry and folly. And first, as to happiness depending on "not being affected with small things," it seems plain enough, that a continued flow of pleasurable sensations cannot depend every moment on great objects. Children are supposed to have a fair share of enjoyment; and yet this arises chiefly from their being delighted with trifles—"pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." The reason why we so seldom carry on the happy vivacity of early youth into maturer age is, that we form to ourselves a higher standard of enjoyment than we can realize; and that our passions gradually fasten on certain favourite objects, which, in proportion to their magnitude,

are of rare occurrence, and, for the most part, out of our reach. The example, too, which suggested these general remarks, actually exposes their fallacy. Sir Joshua did not owe his happiness to his contempt of little things, but to his success in great ones—and it was by that actual success, far more than by the meritorious industry and exertion which contributed to it, that he was enabled to disregard little vexations. Was Richardson, for example, who, it is observed afterwards, “had merit in his profession, but not of a high order, though he thought so well on the subject of art, and had practised it so long,” to feel an equal moral enjoyment in the want of equal success? Was the idea of that excellence, which he had so long laboured in vain to realize, to console him for the loss of that “highest fame,” which is here represented as the invariable concomitant of persevering industry; or was he to disregard his failure as a trifle? Was the consciousness that he had done his best, to stand him instead of that “unruffled moral enjoyment” which Sir Joshua owed in no small degree to the coronet-coaches that besieged his doors, to the great names that sat at his table, to the beauty that crowded his painting-room, and reflected its loveliness back from the lucid mirror of his canvas? These things do indeed put a man above minding little inconveniences, and



“greatly contribute to that evenness of temper which enables him to live pleasantly with persons of all descriptions.” But was Hudson, Sir Joshua’s master, who had grown old and rich in the cultivation of his Art, and who found himself suddenly outdone and eclipsed by his pupil, to derive much unruffled enjoyment from this petty circumstance, or to comfort himself with one of those maxims which young Reynolds had written out for his conduct in life? When Sir Joshua himself lost the use of one of his eyes, in the decline of his life, he became peevish, and did not long survive the practice of his favourite art. Suppose the same loss to have happened to him in the meridian of his fame, we fear that all his consciousness of merit, and all his efforts of industry, would have been insufficient to have supplied that unruffled felicity which we are here taught to refer exclusively to these high sources.

The truth is, that those specious maxims, though they may seem at first sight to minister to content, and to encourage meritorious exertion, lead in fact to a wrong estimate of human life, to unreasonable anticipations of success, and to bitter repinings and regrets at what in any reverse of fortune we think the injustice of society and the caprice of nature. We have a very remarkable instance of this process of mental sophistication, or the setting up a theory

against experience, and then wondering that human nature does not answer to our theory, in what our author says on this very subject of Hudson, and his more fortunate scholar afterwards. "It might be thought that the talents of Reynolds, to which no degree of ignorance or imbecility in the art could be insensible, added to his extraordinary reputation, would have extinguished every feeling of jealousy or rivalry in the mind of his master Hudson; but the malady was so deeply seated as to defy the usual remedies applied by time and reflection. Hudson, when at the head of his art, admired and praised by all, had seen a youth rise up and annihilate both his income and his fame; and he never could divest his mind of the feelings of mortification caused by the loss he had sustained." This Mr Farington actually considers as something quite extraordinary and unreasonable; and which might have been easily prevented by a diligent study of Sir Joshua's admirable aphorisms, against being affected by small things. Such is our Academician's ethical simplicity, and enviable ignorance of the ways of the world!

One would think that the name of Hudson, which occurs frequently in these pages, might have taught our learned author some little distrust of that other favourite maxim, that Genius is the effect of education, encouragement, and

practice, which is the basis of his whole moral and intellectual system, and is thus distinctly announced and enforced in a very elaborate passage.

“With respect to his (Sir Joshua’s) early indications of talent for the art he afterwards professed, it would be idle to dwell upon them as manifesting anything more than is common among boys of his age. As an amusement he probably preferred drawing to any other to which he was tempted. In the specimens which have been preserved, there is no sign of premature ingenuity; his history is, in this respect, like what might be written of very many other artists, perhaps of artists in general. His attempts were applauded by kind and sanguine friends; and this encouraged him to persevere till it became a fixed desire in him to make further proficiency, and continually to request that it might be his profession. It is said, that his purpose was determined by reading Richardson’s ‘Treatise on Painting.’ Possibly it might have been so; his thoughts having been previously occupied with the subject. Dr Johnson, in his Life of Cowley, writes as follows— ‘In the windows of his mother’s apartment lay Spenser’s ‘Faery Queen,’ in which he very early took delight to read, till by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, some-

times remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that peculiar designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called Genius. The true genius is a man of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter of the present age, had the first fondness for his art excited by the perusal of Richardson's *Treatise*.' In this definition of genius, Reynolds fully concurred with Dr Johnson; and he was himself an instance in proof of its truth. He had a sound natural capacity, and, by observation and long-continued labour, always discriminating with judgment, he obtained universal applause, and established his claim to be ranked amongst those to whom the highest praise is due; for his productions exhibited perfect originality. No artist ever consulted the works of eminent predecessors more than Sir Joshua Reynolds. He drew from every possible source something which might improve his practice; and he resolved the whole of what he saw in nature, and found in art, into a union, which made his pictures a singular display of grace, truth, beauty, and richness."

From the time that Mr Locke exploded innate ideas in the commencement of the last century, there began to be a confused apprehension in some speculative heads, that there

could be no innate faculties either; and our half metaphysicians have been floundering about in this notion ever since: as if, because there are no innate ideas, that is, no actual impressions existing in the mind without objects, there could be no peculiar capacity to receive them from objects; or as if there might not be as great a difference in the capacity itself as in the outward objects to be impressed upon it. We might as well deny, at once, that there are organs or faculties to receive impressions, because there are no innate ideas, as deny that there is an inherent difference in the organs or faculties to receive impressions of any particular kind. If the capacity exists (which it must do), there may, nay we should say there must, be a difference in it, in different persons, and with respect to different things. To allege that there is such a difference, no more implies the doctrine of innate ideas, than to say that the brain of a man is more fitted to discern external objects than a block of marble, imports that there are innate ideas in the brain, or in the block of marble. The impression, it is true, does not exist in the sealing-wax till the seal has been applied to it: but there was the previous capacity to receive the impression; and there may be, and most probably is, a greater degree of fitness in one piece of sealing-wax than in another. That the original capacity, the aptitude

for certain impressions or pursuits, should be necessarily the same in different instances, with the diversity that we see in men's organs, faculties, and acquirements of various kinds, is a supposition not only gratuitous, but absurd. There is the capacity of animals, the capacity of idiots, and of half idiots and half madmen of various descriptions; there is capacity, in short, of all sorts and degrees, from an oyster to a Newton: yet we are gravely told, that wherever there is a power of sensation, the genius must be the same, and would, with proper cultivation, produce the same effects. "No," say the French materialists; "but in minds commonly well organized (*communement bien organisés*) the results will, in the same given circumstances, be the same." That is, in the same circumstances, and with the same average capacity, there will be the same average degree of genius or imbecility—which is just an identical proposition.

To make any sense at all of the doctrine, that circumstances are everything and natural genius nothing, the result ought at least to correspond to the aggregate of impressions, determining the mind this way or that, like so many weights in a scale. But the advocates of this doctrine allow that the result is not by any means according to the known aggregate of impressions, but, on the contrary, that one of the most insignifi-

cant, or one not at all perceived, will turn the scale against the bias and experience of a man's whole life. The reasoning is here lame again. These persons wish to get rid of occult causes, to refer everything to distinct principles and a visible origin; and yet they say that they know not how it is, that, in spite of all visible circumstances, such a one should be an incorrigible block-head and such an other an extraordinary genius; but that, no doubt, there was a secret influence exerted, a by-play in it, in which nature had no hand, but accident gave a nod, and in a lucky or unlucky minute fixed the destiny of both for life, by some slight and transient impulse! Now, this is like the reasoning of the astrologers, who pretend that your whole history is to be traced to the constellation under which you were born: and when you object that two men born at the same time have the most different character and fortune, they answer, that there was an imperceptible interval between the moment of their births, that made the whole difference. But if this short interval, of which no one could be aware, made the whole difference, it also makes their whole science vain. Besides, the notion of an accidental impulse, a slight turn of the screws giving a total revulsion to the whole frame of the mind, is only intelligible on the supposition of an original or previous bias which falls in with that impression, and catches

at the long wished-for opportunity of disclosing itself:—like combustible matter meeting with the spark that kindles it into a flame. But it is little less than sheer nonsense to maintain, while outward impressions are said to be every thing, and the mind alike indifferent to all, that one single unconscious impression shall decide upon a man's whole character, genius, and pursuits in life,—and all the rest thenceforward go for nothing.

Again, we hear it said that the difference of understanding or character is not very apparent at first:—though this is not uniformly true—but neither is the difference between an oak and a briar very great in the seed or in the shoot:—yet will any one deny that the germ is there, or that the soil, culture, the sun and heat alone produce the difference? So circumstances are necessary to the mind: but the mind is necessary to circumstances. The ultimate success depends on the joint action of both. They were fools who believed in innate ideas, or talked of “heaven-born genius” without any means of developing it. They are greater because more learned fools, who assert that circumstances alone can create or develop genius, where none exists. We may distinguish a stature of the mind as well as of the body,—a mould, a form, to which it is predetermined irrevocably. It is true that exercise gives strength to the faculties



both of mind and body ; but it is not true that it is the only source of strength in either case. Exercise will make a weak man strong, but it will make a strong man stronger. A dwarf will never be a match for a giant, train him ever so. And are there not dwarfs as well as giants in intellect ? Appearances are for it, and reason is not against it.

There are, beyond all dispute, persons who have a talent for particular things, which, according to Dr Johnson's definition of genius, proceeds from "a greater general capacity accidentally determined to a particular direction." But this, instead of solving, doubles the miracle of genius ; for it leaves entire all the former objections to inherent talent, and supposes that one man "of large general capacity" is all sorts of genius at once. This is like admitting that one man may be naturally stronger than another—but denying that he can be naturally stronger in the legs or the arms only ; and, deserting the ground of original equality, would drive the theorist to maintain that the inequality which exists must always be universal, and not particular, although all the instances we actually meet with are particular only. Now surely we have no right to give any man credit for genius in more things than he has shown a particular genius in. In looking round us in the world, it is most certain that we find men of large general capacity and

no particular talent, and others with the most exquisite turn for some particular thing, and no general talent. Would Dr Johnson have made Reynolds or Goldsmith, Burke, by beginning early and continuing late? We should make strange havoc by this arbitrary transposition of genius and industry. Some persons cannot for their lives understand the first proposition in Euclid. Would they ever make great mathematicians; or does this incapacity preclude them from ever excelling in any other art or mystery? Swift was admitted by special grace to a bachelor's degree at Dublin College, which, however, did not prevent him from writing 'Gulliver's Travels;' and Claude Lorraine was turned away by his master from the trade of a pastry-cook, to which he was apprenticed, for sheer stupidity. People often fail most in what they set themselves most diligently about, and discover an unaccountable *knack* at something else, without any effort, or even consciousness that they possess it. One great proof and beauty of works of true genius is the ease, simplicity, and freedom from conscious effort which pervades them. Not only in different things is there this difference of skill and aptness displayed; but in the same thing, to which a man's attention is continually directed, how narrow is the sphere of human excellence, how distinct the line of pursuit which Nature has

marked out even for those whom she has most favoured! Thus, in painting, Raffaelle excelled in drawing, Titian in colouring, Rembrandt in *chiaro scuro*. A small part of nature was revealed to each by a peculiar felicity of conformation; and they would have made sad work of it if each had neglected his own advantages to go in search of those of others, on the principle that genius is a large general capacity, transferred, by will or accident, to some particular channel.

It may be said that in all these cases it is habit, not nature, that produces the disqualification for different pursuits. But if the bias given to the mind by a particular study totally unfits it for others, is it not probable that there is something in the nature of those studies which requires a particular bias and structure of the faculties to excel in them, from the very first? If genius were, as some pretend, the mere exercise of general power on a particular subject, without any difference of organs or subordinate faculties, a man would improve equally in everything, and grow wise at all points; but if, besides mere general power, there is a constant exercise and sharpening of different organs and faculties required for any particular pursuit, then a natural susceptibility of those organs and faculties must greatly assist him in his progress. To argue otherwise is to shut one's eyes to the

whole mass of inductive evidence, and to run headlong into a dogmatical theory, depending wholly on presumption and conjecture. We would sooner go the whole length of the absurdities of craniology, than get into this flattering machine of the original sameness and indiscriminate tendency of men's faculties and dispositions. A painter, of all men, should not give into any such notion. Does he pretend to see differences in faces, and will he allow none in minds? Or does he make the outline of the head the criterion of a corresponding difference of character, and yet reject all distinction in the original conformation of the soul? Has he never been struck with *family* likenesses? And is there not an inherent, indestructible, and inalienable character to be found in the individuals of such families, answering to this physiognomical identity, even in remote branches, where there has been no communication when young, and where the situation, pursuits, education, and character of the individuals have been totally opposite? Again, do we not find persons with every external advantage without any intellectual superiority, and the greatest prodigies emerge from the greatest obscurity? What made Shakspeare? Not his education as a link boy or a deer stealer. Have there not been thousands of mathematicians, educated like Sir Isaac Newton, who have risen to the

rank of senior wranglers, and never been heard of afterwards? Did not Hogarth live in the same age with Hayman? Who will believe that Highmore could, by any exaggeration of circumstances, have been transformed into Michael Angelo; that Hudson was another Vandyck *incognito*; or that Reynolds would, as our author dreads, have learned to paint like his master, if he had stayed to serve out his apprenticeship with him? The thing was impossible. Hudson had every advantage, as far Mr Farington's mechanical theory goes (for he was brought up under Richardson), to enable him to break through the trammels of custom, and to raise the degenerate style of art in his day. Why did he not? He had not original force of mind either to inspire him with the conception or to impel him to execute it. Why did Reynolds burst through the cloud that overhung the region of art, and shine out, like the glorious sun, upon his native land? Because he had the genius to do it. It was nature working in him, and forcing its way through all impediments of ignorance and fashion, till it found its native element in undoubted excellence and wide-spread fame. His eye was formed to drink in light, and to absorb the splendid effects of shadowy obscurity; and it gave out what it took in. He had a strong intrinsic perception of grace and expression; and

he could not be satisfied with the stiff, formal, inanimate models he saw before him. There are, indeed, certain minds that seem formed as conductors to truth and beauty, as the hardest metals carry off the electric fluid, and round which all examples of excellence, whether in art or nature, play harmless and ineffectual. Reynolds was not one of these: but the instant he saw gorgeous truth in natural objects, or artificial models, his mind “darted contagious fire.” It is said that he surpassed his servile predecessors by a more diligent study, and more careful imitation of nature. But how was he attracted to nature, but by the sympathy of real taste and genius? He also copied the portraits of Gandy, an obscure but excellent artist of his native county. A blockhead would have copied his master, and despised Gandy; but Gandy’s style of painting satisfied and stimulated his ambition, because he saw nature there. Hudson’s made no impression on him, because it presented nothing of the kind. Why, then, did Reynolds perform what he did? From the force and bias of his genius. Why did he not do more? Because his natural bias did not urge him farther. As it is the property of genius to find its true level, so it cannot rise above it. He seized upon and naturalized the beauties of Rembrandt and Rubens, because they were connate to his own turn of mind. He

did not at first instinctively admire, nor did he ever, with all his professions, make any approach to the high qualities of Raffaele or Michael Angelo, because there was an obvious incompatibility between them. Sir Joshua did not, after all, found a school of his own in general art, because he had not strength of mind for it. But he introduced a better taste for art in this country, because he had great taste himself, and sufficient genius to transplant many of the excellences of others.

Mr Farington takes the trouble to vindicate Sir Joshua's title to be the author of his own Discourses, though this is a subject on which we have never entertained a doubt, and conceive, indeed, that a doubt never could have arisen, but from estimating the talents required for painting too low in the scale of intellect, as something mechanical and fortuitous, and from making literature something exclusive and paramount to all other pursuits. Johnson and Burke were equally unlikely to have had a principal or considerable hand in the Discourses. They have none of the pomp, the vigour, or mannerism of the one, nor the boldness, originality, or extravagance of the other. They have all the internal evidence of being Sir Joshua's. They are subdued, mild, unaffected, thoughtful,—containing sensible observations on which he laid too little stress, and vague theories

which he was not able to master. There is the same character of mind in what he wrote, as of eye in what he painted. His style is gentle, flowing, and bland; there is an inefficient outline, with a mellow, felicitous, and delightful filling up. In both the taste predominates over the genius: the manner over the matter! The real groundwork of Sir Joshua's Discourses is to be found in Richardson's Essays.

We proceed to Mr Farington's state of art in this country, a little more than half a century ago, which is no less accurate than it is deplorable: and it may lead us to form a better estimate of the merits of Sir Joshua in rescuing it from this lowest point of degradation, and perhaps assist our conjectures as to its future progress and its present state.

It was the lot of Sir Joshua Reynolds to be destined to pursue the art of painting at a period when the extraordinary effort he made came with all the force and effect of novelty. He appeared at a time when the art was at its lowest ebb. What might be called an English school had never been formed. All that Englishmen had done was to copy, and endeavour to imitate, the works of eminent men, who were drawn to England from other countries by encouragement, which there was no inducement to bestow upon the inferior efforts of the natives of this island. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,



Frederigo Zuccherò, an Italian, was much employed in England, as had been Hans Holbein, a native of Basle, in a former reign. Charles the First gave great employment to Rubens and Vandyck. They were succeeded by Sir Peter Lely, a native of Soest in Westphalia; and Sir Godfrey Kneller came from Lubee to be, for a while, Lely's competitor: and after his death, he may be said to have had the whole command of the Art in England. He was succeeded by Richardson, the first English painter that stood at the head of portrait painting in this country. Richardson had merit in his profession, but not of a high order: and it was remarkable, that a man who thought so well on the subject of art, and more especially who practised so long, should not have been able to do more than is manifested in his works. He died in 1745, aged 80. Jervas, the friend of Pope, was his competitor, but very inferior to him. Sir James Thornhill, also, was contemporary with Richardson, and painted portraits; but his reputation was founded upon his historical and allegorical compositions. In St Paul's Cathedral, in the Hospital at Greenwich, and at Hampton Court, his principal works are to be seen. As Richardson in portraits, so Thornhill in history painting was the first native of this island, who stood pre-eminent in the line of art he pursued at the period of his practice. He died in 1732, aged 56.

“Horace Walpole, in his ‘Anecdotes of Painting,’ observes, that ‘at the accession of George the First the arts were sunk to the lowest state in Britain.’ This was not strictly true. Mr Walpole, who published at a later time, should have dated the period of their utmost degradation to have been in the middle of the last century, when the names of Hudson and Hayman were predominant. It is true, Hogarth was then well known to the public; but he was less so as a painter than an engraver, though many of his pictures representing subjects of humour and character are excellent; and Hayman, as a history painter, could not be compared with Sir James Thornhill.

“Thomas Hudson was a native of Devonshire. His name will be preserved from his having been the artist to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds was committed for instruction. Hudson was the scholar of Richardson, and married his daughter; and after the death of his father-in-law, succeeded to the chief employment in portrait painting. He was in all respects much below his master in ability; but being esteemed the best artist of his time, commissions flowed in upon him; and his business, as it might truly be termed, was carried on like that of a manufactory. To his ordinary heads, draperies were added by painters who chiefly confined themselves to that line of practice. No time was

lost by Hudson in the study of character, or in the search of variety in the position of his figures : a few formal attitudes served as models for all his subjects ; and the display of arms and hands, being the more difficult parts, was managed with great economy, by all the contrivances of concealment.

“To this scene of imbecile performance Joshua Reynolds was sent by his friends. He arrived in London on the 14th of October, 1741, and on the 18th of that month he was introduced to his future preceptor. He was then aged seventeen years and three months. The terms of the agreement were, that provided Hudson approved him, he was to remain four years : but might be discharged at pleasure. He continued in this situation two years and a half, during which time he drew many heads upon paper ; and in his attempts in painting succeeded so well in a portrait of Hudson’s cook as to excite his master’s jealousy. In this temper of mind Hudson availed himself of a very trifling circumstance to dismiss him. He had one evening ordered Reynolds to take a picture to Van Haaken the drapery painter, but, as the weather proved wet, he postponed carrying it till next morning. At breakfast Hudson demanded why he did not take the picture the evening before ? Reynolds replied, that ‘ he delayed it on account of the weather ;

but that the picture was delivered that morning before Van Haaken rose from bed.' Hudson then said, 'You have not obeyed my orders, and shall not stay in my house.' On this peremptory declaration, Reynolds urged that he might be allowed time to write to his father, who might otherwise think he had committed some great crime. Hudson, though reproached by his own servant for this unreasonable and violent conduct, persisted in his determination: accordingly, Reynolds went that day from Hudson's house to an uncle who resided in the Temple, and from thence wrote to his father, who, after consulting his neighbour Lord Edgcumbe, directed him to come down to Devonshire.

“Thus did our great artist commence his professional career. Two remarks may be made upon this event. First, by quitting Hudson at this early period he avoided the danger of having his mind and his hand habituated to a mean practice of the art, which, when established, is most difficult to overcome. It has often been observed in the works of artists who thus began their practice, that though they rose to marked distinction, there have been but few who could wholly divest themselves of the bad effects of a long-continued exercise of the eye and the hand in copying ordinary works. In Hudson's school this was fully manifested.

Mortimer and Wright of Derby were his pupils. They were both men of superior talents ; but in portraits they never succeeded beyond what would be called mediocre performance. In this line their productions were tasteless and laboured : fortunately, however, they made choice of subjects more congenial with their minds. Mortimer, charmed with the wild spirit of *Salvator Rosa*, made the exploits of lawless banditti the chief subjects of his pencil ; while Wright devoted himself to the study of objects viewed by artificial light, and to the beautiful effects of the moon upon landscape scenery : yet even in these, though deserving of great praise, the effects of their early practice were but too apparent ; their pictures being uniformly executed with what artists call a heavy hand."

This is a humiliating retrospect for the lovers of art, and of their country. In speculating upon its causes, we are half afraid to hint at the probable effects of climate,—so much is it now the fashion to deery what was once so much over-rated. Our theoretical opinions are directed far more frequently by a spirit of petulant contradiction than of fair inquiry. We detect errors in received systems, and then run into the contrary extreme, to show how wise we are. Thus one folly is driven out by another ; and the history of philosophy is little more than an alternation of blind prejudices and shallow para-

doxes. Thus climate was everything in the days of Montesquieu, and in our day it is nothing. Yet it was but one of many co-operating causes at first—and it continues to be one still. In all that relates to the senses, physical causes may be allowed to operate very materially, without much violence to experience or probability. “Are the English a musical people?” is a question that has been debated at great length, and in all the forms. But whether the Italians are a musical people is a question not to be asked, any more than whether they have a taste for the fine arts in general. Nor does the subject ever admit of a question, where a faculty or genius for any particular thing exists in the most eminent degree: for then it is sure to show itself, and force its way to the light, in spite of all obstacles. That which no one ever denied to any people, we may be sure they actually possess: that which is as often denied as allowed them, we may be sure they do not possess in a very eminent degree. That, to which we make the angriest claim, and dispute the most about, whatever else may be, is not our *forte*. The French are allowed by all the world to be a dancing, talking, cooking people. If the English were to set up the same pretensions, it would be ridiculous. But then, they say they have other excellences; and having these, they would have the former too. They think it hard

to be set down as a dull, plodding people; but is it not equally hard upon others to be called vain and light? They tell us they are the wisest, the freest, and most moral people on the face of the earth, without the frivolous accomplishments of their neighbours; but they insist upon having these too, to be upon a par in everything with the rest of the world. We have our bards and sages ("better none") our prose writers, our mathematicians, our inventors in useful and mechanic arts, our legislators, our patriots, our statesmen, and our fighting men, in the field and in the ring:—In these we challenge, and justly, all the world. We are not behind-hand with any people in all that depends on hard thinking and deep and firm feeling on long heads and stout hearts:—But why must we excel also in the reverse of these,—in what depends on lively preceptions, on quick sensibility, and on a voluptuous effeminacy of temperament and character? An Englishman does not ordinarily pretend to combine his own gravity, plainness, and reserve, with the levity, loquacity, grimace, and artificial politeness (as it is called) of a Frenchman. Why then will he insist upon engrafting the fine upon the domestic arts, as an indispensable consummation of the national character? We may indeed cultivate them as an experiment in natural history, and produce specimens of them, and exhi-

bit them as rarities in their kind, as we do hot-house plants and shrubs; but they are not of native growth or origin. They do not spring up in the open air, but shrink from the averted eye of heaven, like a Laplander into his hut. They do not sit as graceful ornaments, but as excrescences on the English character: they are "like flowers in our caps, dying or ere they sicken:"—they are exotics and aliens to the soil. We do not import foreigners to dig our canals, or construct our machines, or solve difficult problems in political economy, or write Scotch novels for us—but we import our dancing masters, our milliners, our Opera singers, valets, and our travelling cooks,—as till lately we did our painters and sculptors.

The English (we take it) are a nation with certain decided features and predominating traits of character; and if they have any characteristics at all, this is one of them, that their feelings are internal rather than external, reflex rather than organic,—and that they are more inclined to contend with pain than to indulge in pleasure. "The stern genius of the North," says Schlegel, "throws men back upon themselves."—The progress of the Fine Arts has hitherto been slow, and wavering and unpromising in this country, "like the forced pace of a shuffling nag," not like the flight of Pegasus; and their encouragement has been cold and



backward in proportion. They have been wooed and won—as far as they have been won, which is no further than to a mere promise of marriage—“with coy, reluctant, amorous delay.” They have not rushed into our embraces, nor been mingled in our daily pastimes and pursuits. It is two hundred and fifty years since this island was civilized to all other intellectual purposes: but, till within half a century, it was a desert and a waste in art. Were there no *terre filii* in those days; no brood of giants to spring out of the ground, and launch the mighty fragments of genius from their hands; to beautify and enrich the public mind; to hang up the lights of the eye and of the soul in pictured halls, in airy porticoes, and solemn temples; to illumine the land and weave a garland for their own heads, like the “crown which Ariadne wore upon her bridal-day,” and which still shines brighter in heaven? There were: but “their affections did not that way tend.” They were of the tribe of Issachar, and not of Judah. There were two sisters, Poetry and Painting: one was taken, and the other was left.

Were our ancestors insensible to the charms of nature, to the music of thought, to deeds of virtue or heroic enterprise? No. But they saw them in their mind’s eye; they felt them at their heart’s core, and there only. They did

not translate their perceptions into the language of sense; they did not embody them in visible images, but in breathing words. They were more taken up with what an object suggested to combine with the infinite stores of fancy or trains of feeling, than with the single object itself; more intent upon the moral inference, the tendency, and the result, than the appearances of things, however imposing or expressive, at any given moment of time. If their first impressions were less vivid and complete, their after-reflections were combined in a greater variety of striking resemblances, and thus drew a dazzling veil over their merely sensitive impressions, which deadened and neutralized them still more. Will it be denied that there is a wide difference, as to the actual result, between the mind of a Poet and a Painter? Why then should not this difference be inherent and original, as it undoubtedly is in individuals, and, to all appearance, in nations? Or why should we be uneasy because the same country does not teem with all varieties and with each extreme of excellence and genius?\*

\* We are aware that time conquers even nature, and that the characters of nations change with a total change of circumstances. The modern Italians are a very different race of people from the ancient Romans. This gives us some chance. In the decomposition and degeneracy of the sturdy old English character, which seems

In this importunate theory of ours we misconstrue nature, and tax Providence amiss. In that short, but delightful season of the year, and in that part of the country where we now write, there are wild woods and banks covered with primroses and hyacinths for miles together, so that you cannot put your foot between, and with a gaudy show "empurple all the ground," and branches loaded with nightingales whose leaves tremble with their liquid notes: yet the air does not resound, as in happier elimes, with shepherd's pipe or roundelay, nor are the village maids adorned with wreaths of vernal flowers, ready to weave the braided dance, or "returning with a choral song, when evening has gone down." What is the reason? "We also are *not* Arcadians!" We have not the same animal vivacity, the same tendency to external delight and show, the same ear for melting sounds, the same pride of the eye, or voluptuousness of the heart. The senses and the mind are differently constituted; and the outward influences of things, climate, mode of life, national customs and character, have all a share in producing the general effect.

fast approaching, the mind and muscles of the country may be sufficiently relaxed and softened to imbibe a taste for all the refinements of luxury and show; and a century of slavery may yield us a crop of the Fine Arts, to be soon buried in sloth and barbarism again.

We should say that the eye in warmer climates drinks in greater pleasure from external sights, is more open and porous to them, as the ear is to sounds; that the sense of immediate delight is fixed deeper in the beauty of the object; that the greater life and animation of character gives a greater spirit and intensity of expression to the face, making finer subjects for history and portrait; and that the circumstances in which a people are placed in a genial atmosphere, are more favourable to the study of nature and of the human form. Claude could only have painted his landscapes in the open air; and the Greek statues were little more than copies from living, every-day forms.

Such a natural aptitude and relish for the impressions of sense gives not only more facility, but leads to greater patience, refinement, and perfection in the execution of works of art. What our own artists do is often up-hill work, against the grain:—not persisted in and brought to a conclusion for the love of the thing; but, after the first dash, after the subject is got in, and the gross general effect produced, they grudge all the rest of their labour as a waste of time and pains. Their object is not to look at nature, but to have their picture exhibited and sold. The want of intimate sympathy with, and entire repose on nature, not only leaves their productions hard, violent, and crude, but fre-

quently renders them impatient, wavering, and dissatisfied with their own walk of art, and never easy till they get into a different or higher one, where they think they can earn more money or fame with less trouble. By beginning over again, by having the same preliminary ground to go over, with new subjects or bungling experiments, they seldom arrived at that nice, nervous point that trembles on perfection. This last stage, in which art is as it were identified with nature, an English painter shrinks from with strange repugnance and peculiar abhorrence. The French style is the reverse of ours: it is all dry finishing without effect. We see their faults, and, as we conceive, their general incapacity for art: but we cannot be persuaded to see our own.

The want of encouragement, which is sometimes set up as an all-sufficient plea, will hardly account for this slow and irregular progress of English art. There was no premium offered for the production of dramatic excellence in the age of Elizabeth: there was no society for the encouragement of works of wit and humour in the reign of Charles II: no committee of taste ever voted Congreve, or Steele, or Swift, a silver vase, or a gold medal, for their comic vein: Hogarth was not fostered in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In plain

truth, that is not the way in which that sort of harvest is produced. The seeds must be sown in the mind: there is a fulness of the blood, a plethoric habit of thought, that breaks out with the first opportunity on the surface of society. Poetry has sprung up indigenously, spontaneously, at all times of our history, and under all circumstances, with or without encouragement: it is therefore a rich natural product of the mind of the country, unforced, unpampered, unsophisticated. It is obviously and entirely genuine, "the unbought grace of life." If it be asked, why Painting has all this time kept back, has not dared to show its face, or retired ashamed of its poverty and deformity, the answer is plain—because it did not shoot out with equal vigour and luxuriance from the soil of English genius—because it was not the native language and idiom of the country. Why then are we bound to suppose that it will shoot up now to an unequalled height—why are we confidently told and required to predict to others that it is about to produce wonders, when we see no such thing; when these very persons tell us that there has been hitherto no such thing, but that it must and shall be revealed in their time and persons? And though they complain that that public patronage which they invoke, and which they pretend is alone wanting to produce the high and palmy state of art to

which they would have us look forward, is entirely and scandalously withheld from it, and likely to be so!

We turn from this subject to another not less melancholy or singular,—from the imperfect and abortive attempts at art in this country formerly, to its present state of degeneracy and decay in Italy. Speaking of Sir Joshua's arrival at Rome in the year 1749, Mr Farington indulges in the following remarks.

“ On his arrival at Rome, he found Pompeo Battoni, a native of Lucca, possessing the highest reputation. His name was, indeed, known in every part of Europe, and was everywhere spoken of as almost another Raffaele; but in that great school of art, such was the admiration he excited, or rather such was the degradation of taste, that the students in painting had no higher ambition than to be his imitators.

“ Battoni had some talent, but his works are dry, cold, and insipid. That such performances should have been so extolled in the very seat and centre of the fine arts, seems wonderful. But in this manner has public taste been operated upon; and from the period when art was carried to the highest point of excellence known in modern times, it has thus gradually declined. A succession of artists followed each other, who, being esteemed the most eminent in their own

time, were praised extravagantly by an ignorant public; and in the several schools they established, their own productions were the only objects of study.

“ So widely spread was the fame of Battoni, that, before Reynolds left England, his patron, Lord Edgcumbe, strongly urged the expediency of placing himself under the tuition of so great a man. This recommendation, however, on seeing the works of that master, he did not choose to follow, which showed that he was then above the level of those whose professional views all concentrated in the productions of the popular favourite. Indeed nothing could be more opposite to the spirited execution, the high relish of colour, and powerful effect, which the works of Reynolds at that time possessed, than the tame and inanimate pictures of Pompeo Battoni. Taking a wiser course, therefore, he formed his own plan, and studied chiefly in the Vatican, from the works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Andrea del Sarto, with great diligence; such, indeed, was his application, that to a severe cold, which he caught in those apartments, he owed the deafness which continued during the remainder of his life.”

This account may serve to show that Italy is no longer Italy; why it is so, is a question of greater difficulty. The soil, the climate, the religion, the people are the same; and the men



and women in the streets of Rome still look as if they had walked out of Raffaele's pictures ; but there is no Raffaele to paint them, nor does any Leo arise to encourage them. This seems to prove that the perfection of art is the destruction of art ; that the models of this kind, by their accumulation, block up the path of genius ; and that all attempts at distinction lead, after a certain period, to a mere lifeless copy of what has been done before, or a vapid, distorted, and extravagant caricature of it. This is but a poor prospect for those who set out late in art, and who have all the excellence of their predecessors, and all the fastidious refinements of their own taste, the temptations of indolence, and the despair of vanity, to distract and encumber their efforts. The artists who revel in the luxuries of genius thus prepared by their predecessors, clog their wings with the honeyed sweets, and get drunk with the intoxicating nectar. They become servitors and lacqueys to Art, not devoted servants of Nature ;—the fluttering, foppish, lazy, retinue of some great name. The contemplation of unattainable excellence casts a film over their eyes, and unnerves their hands. They look on, and do nothing. In Italy it costs them a month to paint a hand, a year an eye ; the feeble pencil drops from their grasp, while they wonder to see an Englishman make a hasty copy of the Transfiguration, turn over

a portfolio of Piranesi's drawings for their next historical design, and read Winckelman on *virtù*! We do much the same here, in all our collections and exhibitions of modern or ancient paintings, and of the Elgin marbles, to boot. A picture gallery serves very well for a place to lounge in, and talk about, but it does not make the student go home and set heartily to work; he would rather come again and lounge, and talk, the next day, and the day after that. He cannot do *all* that he sees there, and less will not satisfy his expansive and refined ambition. He would be all the painters that ever were—or none. His indolence combines with his vanity, like alternate doses of provocatives and sleeping-draughts. He copies, however, a favourite picture (though he thinks copying bad in general)—or makes a chalk-drawing of it—or gets some one else to do it for him. We might go on; but we have written what many people will call a lampoon already!

There is another view of the subject more favourable and encouraging to ourselves, and yet not immeasurably so, when all circumstances are considered. All that was possible had been formerly done for art in Italy, so that nothing more was left to be done. That is not the case with us yet. Perfection is not the insurmountable obstacle to *our* success; we have enough to do, if we knew how. That is some

inducement to proceed. We can hardly be retrograde in our course. But there is a difficulty in the way,—no less than our Establishment in Church and State. Rome was the capital of the Christian and of the civilized world. Her mitre swayed the sceptres of the earth, and the Servant of Servants set his foot on the neck of kings, and deposed sovereigns with the signet of the Fisherman. She was the eye of the world, and her word was a law. She set herself up, and said, “All eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me.” She ruled in the hearts of the people by dazzling their senses, and making them drunk with hopes and fears. She held in her hands the keys of the other world to open or shut; and she displayed all the pomp, the trappings, and the pride of this. Homage was paid to the persons of her ministers; her worship was adorned and made alluring by every appeal to the passions and imaginations of its followers. Art was rendered tributary to the support of this grand engine of power, and Painting was employed, as soon as its fascination was felt, to aid the devotion, and rivet the faith of the Catholic believer. Thus religion was made subservient to interest, and art was called in to aid in the service of this ambitious religion. The patron-saint of every church stood at the head of his altar; the meekness of love, the innocence of childhood, “amazing brightness,

purity, and truth," breathed from innumerable representations of the Virgin and Child, and the Vatican was covered with the acts and processions of Popes and Cardinals, of Christ and the Apostles. The churches were filled with these objects of art and of devotion; the very walls spoke. "A present deity they shout around; a present deity the walls and vaulted roofs rebound." This unavoidably put in requisition all the strength of genius, and all the resources of enthusiastic feeling in the country. The spectator sympathized with the artist's inspiration. No elevation of thought, no refinement of expression, could outgo the expectation of the thronging votaries. The fancy of the painter was but a spark kindled from the glow of public sentiment. This was a sort of patronage worth having. The zeal and enthusiasm and industry of native genius was stimulated to works worthy of such encouragement, and in unison with its own feelings. But by degrees the tide ebbed; the current was dried up, or became stagnant. The churches were all supplied with altar-pieces; the niches were full, not only with scriptural subjects, but with the stories of every saint enrolled in the calendar, or registered in legendary lore. No more pictures were wanted—and then it was found that there were no more painters to do them! The art languished, and gradually disappeared. They

could not take down the Madona of Foligno, or new stucco the ceiling at Parma, that other artists might undo what Raffaele and Correggio had done. Some of them, to be sure, did follow this desperate course, and spent their time, as in the case of Leonardo's Last Supper at Milan, in painting over—that is, in defacing the works of their predecessors. Afterwards, they applied themselves to landscape and classical subjects with great success for a time, as we see in Claude and N. Poussin, but the original *state* impulse was gone.

What confirms the foregoing account is, that at Venice, and other places out of the more immediate superintendence of the Papal See, though there also sacred subjects were in great request, yet the art being patronized by rich merchants and nobles, took a more decided turn to portraits;—magnificent indeed, and hitherto unrivalled, for the beauty of the costume, the character of the faces, and the marked pretensions of the persons who sat for them,—but still widely remote from that public and national interest that it assumed in the Roman school. We see, in like manner, that painting in Holland and Flanders took yet a different direction; was mostly scenic and ornamental, or confined to local and personal subjects. Rubens's pictures, for example, differ from Raffaele's by a total want of religious enthusiasm and studied refine-

ment of expression, even where the subjects are the same; and Rembrandt's portraits differ from Titian's in the grossness and want of animation and dignity of his characters. There was an inherent difference in the look of a Doge of Venice or one of the Medici family, and that of a Dutch burgomaster. The climate had affected the picture, through the character of the sitter, as it affected the genius of the artist (if not otherwise) through the class of subjects he was constantly called upon to paint. What turn painting has lately taken, or is likely to take with us, now remains to be seen.

With the *Memoirs of Sir Joshua* Mr Farington very properly connects the history of the institution of the Royal Academy, from which he dates the hopes and origin of all sound art in this country. There is here at first sight an inversion of the usual order of things. The institution of academies in most countries has been coeval with the decline of art: in ours, it seems, it is the harbinger, and main prop of its success. Mr Farington thus traces the outline of this part of his subject with the enthusiasm of an artist, and the fidelity of an historian.

“At this period (1760), a plan was formed by the artists of the metropolis to draw the attention of their fellow-citizens to their ingenious labours, with a view both to an increase of patronage and the cultivation of taste. Hitherto

works of that kind produced in the country were seen only by a few ; the people in general knew nothing of what was passing in the arts. Private collections were then unaccessible, and there were no public ones ; nor any casual display of the productions of genius, except what the ordinary sales by auction occasionally offered. Nothing, therefore, could exceed the ignorance of a people who were in themselves learned, ingenious, and highly cultivated in all things, excepting the arts of design.

“ In consequence of this privation, it was conceived that a Public Exhibition of the works of the most eminent Artists could not fail to make a powerful impression ; and if occasionally repeated, might ultimately produce the most satisfactory effects. The scheme was no sooner proposed than adopted ; and being carried into immediate execution, the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the projectors. All ranks of people crowded to see the delightful novelty ; it was the universal topic of conversation ; and a passion for the arts was excited by that first manifestation of native talent, which, cherished by the continued operation of the same cause, has ever since been increasing in strength, and extending its effects through every part of the empire.

“ The history of our Exhibitions affords itself the strongest evidence of their impressive effect

upon public taste. At their commencement, though men of enlightened minds could distinguish and appreciate what was excellent, the admiration of the many was confined to subjects either gross or puerile, and commonly to the meanest efforts of intellect ; whereas, at this time, the whole train of subjects most popular in the earlier exhibitions have disappeared. The loaf and cheese, that could provoke hunger, the cat and canary bird, and the dead mackerel on a deal board, have long ceased to produce astonishment and delight ; while truth of imitation now finds innumerable admirers, though combined with the high qualities of beauty, grandeur, and taste.

“ To our Public Exhibitions, and to arrangements that followed in consequence of their introduction, this change must be chiefly attributed. The present generation appears to be composed of a new and, at least, with respect to the arts, a superior order of beings. Generally speaking, their thoughts, their feelings, and language on these subjects differ entirely from what they were sixty years ago. No just opinions were at that time entertained on the merits of ingenious productions of this kind. The state of the public mind, incapable of discriminating excellence from inferiority, prove incontrovertibly that a right sense of art in the spectator can only be acquired by long and frequent



observation : and that, without proper opportunities to improve the mind and the eye, a nation would continue insensible of the true value of the fine arts.

“The first, or probationary Exhibition, which opened April 21st, 1760, was at a large room in the Strand, belonging to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which had then been instituted five or six years. It is natural to conclude that the first artist in the country was not indifferent to the success of a plan which promised to be so extensively useful. Accordingly, four of his pictures were for the first time here placed before the public, with whom, by the channel now opened, he continued in constant intercourse as long as he lived.

“Encouraged by the successful issue of the first experiment, the artistical body determined that it should be repeated the following year. Owing, however, to some inconveniences experienced at their former place of exhibition, and also to a desire to be perfectly independent in their proceedings, they engaged, for their next public display, a spacious room near the Spring Gardens’ entrance into the Park ; at which place the second Exhibition opened, May 9th, 1761. Here Reynolds sent his fine picture of Lord Ligonier on horseback, a portrait of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, and three others. . . .

“The artists had now fully proved the efficacy of their plan ; and their income exceeding their expenditure, affording a reasonable hope of a permanent establishment, they thought they might solicit a Royal Charter of Incorporation ; and having applied to his Majesty for that purpose, he was pleased to accede to their request. This measure, however, which was intended to consolidate the body of artists, was of no avail : on the contrary, it was probably the cause of its dissolution ; for in less than four years a separation took place, which led to the establishment of the Royal Academy, and finally to the extinction of the incorporated Society. The charter was dated January 26th, 1765 ; the secession took place in October, 1768 ; and the Royal Academy was instituted December 10th in the same year.”

On this statement we must be allowed to make a few remarks. First, the four greatest names in English art, Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson,\* and West, were not formed by the Academy, but were formed before it ; and the first gave it as his opinion that it would be a death-blow to the art. He considered an Academy as a school for servile mediocrity, a hotbed for cabal and dirty competition, and a vehicle for the display of idle pretensions and empty parade.

\* This name, for some reason or other, does not once occur in these Memoirs.

Secondly, we agree with the writer as to the deplorable state of the art and of the public taste in general, which, at the period in question, (1760) was as gross as it was insipid: but we do not think that it has been improved so much since, as Mr Farington is willing to suppose; nor that the Academy has taken more than *half measures* for improving or refining it.

“They found it poor at first, and kept it so.”

They have attended to their own interests, and flattered their customers, while they have neglected or cajoled the public. They may indeed look back with triumph and pity to “the cat and canary bird, the dead mackerel and deal board;” but they seem to rest satisfied with this conquest over themselves, and, “leaving the things that are behind, have not pressed forward (with equal ardour) to the things that are before.” Theirs is a very moderate, not a radical reform in this respect. We do *not* find, even in the latest exhibitions at Somerset House, “innumerable examples of truth of imitation, combined with the high qualities of beauty, grandeur, and taste.” The mass of the pictures exhibited there are *not* calculated to give the English people a true notion, not merely of high art (as it is emphatically called), but of the genuine objects of art at all. We do not believe—to take a plain test of the progress we have made—that nine-tenths of the persons

— who go there annually, and who go through the Catalogue regularly, would know a Guido from a daub—the finest picture from one not badly executed perhaps, but done in the worst taste, and on the falsest principles. The vast majority of the pictures received there, and hung up in the most conspicuous places, are pictures painted to please the natural vanity or fantastic ignorance of the artist's sitters, their friends and relations, and to lead to more commissions for half and whole lengths—or else pictures painted purposely to be seen in the Exhibition, to strike across the Great Room, to catch attention, and force admiration, in the distraction and dissipation of a thousand foolish faces and new-gilt frames, by gaudy colouring and meretricious grace. We appeal to any man of judgment, whether this is not a brief, but true summary, of “the annual show” at the Royal Academy? And is this the way to advance the interests of art, or to fashion the public taste? There is not one head in ten painted as a study from nature, or with a view to bring out the real qualities of the mind or countenance. If there is any such improvident example of unfashionable sincerity, it is put out of countenance by the prevailing tone of *rouged* and smiling folly, and affectation all around it.

The only pictures painted in any quantity as

studies from nature, free from the glosses of sordid art and the tincture of vanity, are *portraits of places*; and it cannot be denied that there are many of these that have a true and powerful look of nature: but then, as if this was a matter of great indifference, and nobody's business to see to, they are seldom anything more than bare sketches, hastily got up for the chance of a purchaser, and left unfinished to save time and trouble. They are not, in general, lofty conceptions or selections of beautiful scenery, but mere common out-of-door views, relying for their value on their literal fidelity; and where, consequently, the exact truth and perfect identity of the imitation is the more indispensable.—Our own countryman, Wilkie, in scenes of domestic and familiar life, is equally deserving of praise for the arrangement of his subjects, and care in the execution: but we have to lament that he, too, is in some degree chargeable with that fickleness and desultoriness in the pursuit of excellence, which we have noticed above as incident to our native artists, and which, we think, has kept him stationary, instead of being progressive, for some years past. He appeared at one time as if he was near touching the point of perfection in his peculiar department; and he *may* do it yet! But how small a part do his works form of the Exhibition, and how unlike all the rest!

It was the panic-fear that all this daubing and varnishing would be seen through, and the scales fall off from the eyes of the public, in consequence of the exhibition of some of the finest specimens of the Old Masters at the British Institution, that called into clandestine notoriety that disgraceful production, the *Catalogue Raisonné*. The concealed authors of that work conceived, that a discerning public would learn more of the art from the simplicity, dignity, force, and truth, of these admired and lasting models, in a short season or two, than they had done from the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy for the last fifty years: that they would see that it did not consist entirely in tints and varnishes, and megilps and washes for the skin, but that all the effects of colour, and charms of expression, might be united with purity of tone, with articulate forms, and exquisite finishing. They saw this conviction rapidly taking place in the public mind, and they shrunk back from it "with jealous leer malign." They persuaded themselves, and had the courage to try to persuade others, that to exhibit approved specimens of art in general, selected from the works of the most famous and accomplished masters, was to destroy the germ of native art; was cruelly to strangle the growing taste and enthusiasm of the public for art in its very birth; was to blight the well-earned repu-

tation, and strike at the honest livelihood of the liberal professors of the school of painting in England. They therefore set to work to decry these productions as worthless and odious in the sight of the true adept: they smeared over, with every epithet of low abuse, works and names sacred to fame, and to generations to come: they spared no pains to heap ridicule and obloquy on those who had brought these works forward: they did everything to disgust and blind the public to their excellence, by showing in themselves a hatred and a loathing of all high excellence, and of all established reputation in art, in which their paltry vanity and mercenary spite were not concerned. They proved, beyond all contradiction, that to keep back the taste of the town, and the knowledge of the student, to the point to which *the Academy* had found it practicable to conduct it by its example, was the object of a powerful and active party of professional intriguers in this country. If the Academy had any hand, directly or indirectly, in this unprincipled outrage upon taste and decency, they ought to be disfranchised (like Grampond) to-morrow, as utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in them.

The alarm indeed (in one sense) was not unfounded: for many persons who had long been dazzled, not illumined, by the glare of the most modern and fashionable productions, began to

open their eyes to the beauties and loveliness of painting, and to see reflected there, as in a mirror, those hues, those expressions, those transient and heavenly glances of nature, which had often charmed their own minds, but of which they could find the traces no where else, and became true worshippers at the shrine of genuine art. Whether this taste will spread beyond the immediate gratification of the moment, or stimulate the rising generation to new efforts, and to the adoption of a new and purer style, is another question; with regard to which, for reasons above explained, we are not very sanguine.

We have a great respect for *high* art, and an anxiety for its advancement and cultivation; but we have a greater still for the advancement and encouragement of *true* art. That is the first and the last step. The knowledge of what is contained in nature is the only foundation of legitimate art; and the perception of beauty and power, in whatever objects, or in whatever degree, they subsist, is the test of real genius. The principle is the same in painting an archangel's or a butterfly's wing; and the very finest picture in the finest collection may be one of a very common subject. We speak and think of Rembrandt as Rembrandt, of Raffaello as Raffaello, not of the one as a portrait, of the other as a history painter. Portrait may be-



come history, or history portrait, as the one or the other gives the soul or the mask of the face. "*That* is true history," said an eminent critic, on seeing Titian's picture of Pope Julius II and his two nephews. He who should set down Claude as a mere landscape painter, must know nothing of what Claude was in himself; and those who class Hogarth as a painter of low life, only show their ignorance of human nature. High art does not consist in high or epic subjects, but in the manner of treating those subjects; and that manner among us, as far as we have proceeded, has, we think, been false and exceptionable. We appeal from the common cant on this subject to the Elgin marbles. They are high art, confessedly: but they are also true art, in our sense of the word. They do not deviate from truth and nature in order to arrive at a fancied superiority to truth and nature. They do not represent a vapid abstraction, but the entire, undoubted, concrete object they profess to imitate. They are like casts of the finest living forms in the world, taken in momentary action. They are nothing more; and therefore certain great critics who had been educated in the ideal school of art, think nothing of them. They do not conform to a vague, unmeaning standard, made out of the fastidious likings or dislikings of the artist; they are carved out of the living, imperishable

forms of nature, as the marble of which they are composed was hewn from its native rock. They contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We cannot say so much of the general style of history painting in this country, which has proceeded, as a first principle, on the determined and deliberate dereliction of living nature, both as means and end. Grandeur was made to depend on leaving out the details. Ideal grace and beauty were made to consist in neutral forms, and character and expression. The first could produce nothing but slovenliness; the second nothing but insipidity. The Elgin marbles have proved, by ocular demonstration, that the utmost freedom and grandeur of style is compatible with the minutest details,—the variety of the subordinate parts not destroying the masses in the productions of art more than in those of nature. Grandeur without softness and precision, is only another name for grossness. These invaluable fragments of antiquity have also proved, beyond dispute, that ideal beauty and historic truth do not consist in middle or *average* forms, &c., but in harmonious outlines, in unity of action, and in the utmost refinement of character and expression. We there see art following close in the footsteps of nature, and exalted, raised, refined with it to the utmost extent that either was capable of. With us, all this has been reversed;

and we have discarded nature at first, only to flounder about, and be lost in a Limbo of Vanity. With them invention rose from the ground of imitation: with us, the boldness of the invention was acknowledged in proportion as no traces of imitation were discoverable. Our greatest and most successful candidates in the epic walk of art, have been those who founded their pretensions to be history-painters on their not being portrait-painters. They could not paint that which they had seen, and therefore they must be qualified to paint that which they had not seen. There was not any one part of any one of their pictures good for anything; and therefore the whole was grand, and an example of lofty art! There was not, in all probability, a single head in an acre of canvas, that, taken by itself, was more than a worthless daub, scarcely fit to be hung up as a sign at an ale-house door: but a hundred of these bad portraits or wretched caricatures, made, by numerical addition, an admirable historical picture! The faces, hands, eyes, feet, had neither beauty nor expression, nor drawing, nor colouring; and yet the composition and arrangement of these abortive and crude materials, which might as well or better have been left blanks, display the mind of the great master. Not one tone, one line, one look for the eye to dwell

upon with pure and intense delight, in all this endless scope of subject and field of canvas.

We cannot say that we in general like very large pictures ; for this reason, that, like overgrown men, they are apt to be bullies and cowards. They profess a great deal, and perform little. They are often a contrivance not to display magnificent conceptions to the greatest advantage, but to throw the spectator to a distance, where it is impossible to distinguish either gross faults or real beauties.

The late Mr West's pictures were admirable for the composition and grouping. In these respects they could not be better ; as we see in the print of the death of General Wolfe : but for the rest, he might as well have set up a parcel of figures in wood, and painted them over with a sign-post brush, and then copied what he saw, and it would have been just as good. His skill in drawing was confined to a knowledge of mechanical proportions and measurements, and was not guided in the line of beauty, or employed to give force to expression. He, however, laboured long and diligently to advance the interests of art in this his adopted country ; and if he did not do more, it was the fault of the coldness and formality of his genius, not of the man. Barry was another instance of those who scorn nature, and are scorned by her. He

could not make a likeness of any one object in the universe: when he attempted it, he was like a drunken man on horseback; his eye reeled, his hand refused its office,—and accordingly he set up for an example of the great style in art, which, like charity, covers all other defects. It would be unfair at the same time to deny, that some of the figures and groups in his picture of the Olympic Games in the Adelphi, are beautiful designs after the antique, as far as outline is concerned. In colour and expression they are like wild Indians. The other pictures of his there are not worthy of notice; except as warnings to the misguided student who would scale the high and abstracted steep of art, without following the path of nature. Yet Barry was a man of genius, and an enthusiastic lover of his art. But he unfortunately mistook his ardent aspiration after excellence for the power to achieve it; assumed the capacity to execute the greatest works instead of acquiring it; supposed that “the bodiless creations of his brain” were to start out from the walls of the Adelphi like a dream or a fairy tale;—and the result has been, that all the splendid illusions of his undigested ambition have, “like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind.” His name is not a light or beacon, but a by-word and an ill omen in art. What he

has left behind him in writing on the subject, contains much real feeling and interesting thought. Mr Fuseli is another distinguished artist who complains that nature puts him out. But his distortions and vagaries are German, and not English: they lie like a night-mare on the breast of our native art. They are too recondite, obscure, and extravagant for us: we only want to get over the ground with large clumsy strides, as fast as we can; and do not go out of our way in search of absurdity. We cannot consider his genius as naturalised among us, after the lapse of more than half a century: and if in saying this we do not pay him a compliment, we certainly do not intend it as a very severe censure. Mr Fuseli has wit and words at will; and though he had never touched a pencil, would be a man of extraordinary pretensions and talents.

Mr Haydon is a young artist of great promise, and much ardour and energy; and has lately painted a picture which has carried away universal admiration. Without wishing to detract from that tribute of deserved applause, we may be allowed to suggest (and with no unfriendly voice) that he has there, in our judgment, laid in the groundwork, and raised the scaffolding, of a noble picture; but no more. There is spirit, conception, force, and effect; but all this is done by the first going over of the

canvas. It is the foundation, not the superstructure of a first-rate work of art. It is a rude outline, a striking and masterly sketch.

Milton has given us a description of the growth of a plant—

“ So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk ; from thence the leaves  
More airy ; last the bright consummate flower.”

And we think this image might be transferred to the slow and perfect growth of works of imagination. We have in the present instance the rough materials, the solid substance and the glowing spirit of art ; and only want the last finishing and patient working up. Does Mr Haydon think this too much to bestow on works designed to breathe the air of immortality, and to shed the fragrance of thought on a distant age ? Does he regard it as beneath him to do what Raffaele has done ? We repeat it, here are bold contrasts, distinct grouping, a vigorous hand, and striking conceptions. What remains, then, but that he should add to bold contrasts fine gradations,—to masculine drawing nice inflections,—to vigorous pencilling those softened and trembling hues which hover like air on the canvas,—to massy and prominent grouping the exquisite finishing of every face and figure, nerve and artery, so as to have each part instinct with life and thought and

sentiment, and to produce an impression in the spectator not only that he can touch the actual substance, but that it would shrink from the touch? In a word, Mr Haydon has strength: we would wish him to add to it refinement. Till he does this, he will not remove the common stigma on British art. Nor do we ask impossibilities of him: we only ask him to make that a leading principle in his pictures, which he has followed so happily in parts. Let him take his own 'Penitent Girl' as a Model,—paint up to this standard through all the rest of the figures, and we shall be satisfied. His Christ in the present picture we do not like, though in this we have no less an authority against us than Mrs Siddons. Mr Haydon has gone at much length into a description of his idea of this figure in the catalogue, which is a practice we disapprove: for it deceives the artist himself, and may mislead the public. In the idea he conveys to us from the canvas, there can be no deception. Mr Haydon is a devoted admirer of the Elgin marbles; and he has taken advantage of their breadth and size and masses. We would urge him to follow them also into their details, their involved graces, the texture of the skin, the indication of a vein or muscle, the waving line of beauty, their calm and motionless expression; into all, in which they follow nature. But to do this,



he must go to nature and study her more and more, in the greatest and the smallest things. In short, we wish to see this artist paint a picture (he has now every motive to exertion and improvement) we shall not only have a striking and imposing effect in the aggregate, but where the impression of the whole shall be the joint and irresistible effect of the value of every part. This is our notion of fine art, which we offer to him, not by the way of disparagement or discouragement, but to do our best to promote the cause of truth and the emulation of the highest excellence.

We had quite forgotten the chief object of Mr Farington's book, Sir Joshua's dispute with the Academy about Mr Bonomi's election; and it is too late to return to it now. We think, however, that Sir Joshua was in the right, and the Academy in the wrong; but we must refer those who require our reasons to Mr Farington's account; who, though he differs from us in his conclusion, has given the facts too fairly to justify any other opinion. He has also some excellent observations on the increasing respectability of artists in society, from which, and from various other passages of his work, we are inclined to infer that, on subjects not relating to the Academy, he would be a sensible, ingenious, and liberal writer.

## ON THE IDEAL.

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THE ideal is the abstraction of anything from all the circumstances that weaken its effect, or lessen our admiration of it; or it is filling up the outline of truth and beauty existing in the mind, so as to leave nothing wanting, or to desire further. The principle of the ideal is the satisfaction we have in the contemplation of any quality or object which makes us seek to heighten, to prolong, or extend that satisfaction to the utmost; and beyond this we cannot go, for we cannot get beyond the highest conceivable degree of any quality or excellence diffused over the whole of an object. Any notion of perfection beyond this is a word without meaning—a thing in the clouds. Another name for the ideal is the divine, for what we imagine of the gods is pleasure without pain, power without effort. It is the most exalted idea we can form of humanity. Some persons have hence raised it quite above humanity, and made its essence

to consist specifically in the representation of gods and goddesses, just as if, on the same principle that there are court painters, there were certain artists who had the privilege of being admitted into the mythological heaven, and brought away casts and fac-similes of the mouth of Venus or the beard of Jupiter. The ideal is the impassive and immortal; it is that which exists in and for itself, or is begot by the intense idea and innate love of it. Hence it has been argued by some, as if it were brought from another sphere, as Raffaele was said to have fetched his Galatea from the skies; but it was the gods, the "children of Homer," who peopled "the cloud-capt Olympus." The statue of Venus is not beautiful because it represents a goddess, but it was supposed to represent a goddess because it was in the highest degree (that the art or wit of man could make it) and in every part beautiful. The Venus is only the idea of the most perfect female beauty, and the statue will be none the worse for bearing the more modern name of Musidora. The ideal is only making the best of what is natural and subject to the sense. Goddesses also walk the earth in the shape of women; the height of nature surpasses the utmost stretch of the imagination; the human form is above the image of the divinity.

It has been usual to represent the ideal as

an abstraction of general nature, or as a mean or average proportion between different qualities and faculties, which, instead of carrying any one to the highest point of perfection or satisfaction, would only neutralize and damp the impression. We take our notions on this subject chiefly from the antique; but what higher conception do we form of the Jupiter of Phidias than that of power frowning in awful majesty? or of the Minerva of the same hand, than that of wisdom "severe in youthful beauty?" We shall do well not to refine on our theories beyond these examples that have been left us—

" Inimitable on earth by model,  
Or by shading pencil shown."

What is the Venus, the Apollo, the Hercules, but the personification of beauty, grace, and strength, or the displaying these several properties in every part of the attitude, face, and figure, and in the utmost conceivable degree, but without confounding the particular kinds of form or expression in an intermediate something, pretending to be more perfect than either?

If the face of the Venus had been soft and feminine, but the figure had not corresponded, then this would have been a defect of the ideal, which subdues the discordance of nature in the mould of passion, and so far from destroying

character imparts the same character to all, according to a certain established idea or pre-conception in the mind. The following up the contrary principle would lead to the inevitable result, that the most perfect—that is, the most abstract representation of the human form—could contain neither age nor sex, neither character nor expression, neither the attributes of motion nor rest, but a mere unmeaning negation or doubtful balance of all positive qualities; in fact, to propose to embody an abstraction is a contradiction in terms. Besides, it might be objected captiously that what is strictly common to all is necessarily to be found exemplified in each individual. The attempt to carry such a scheme into execution would not merely supersede all the varieties and accidents of nature, but would effectually put a stop to the productions of art, or reduce them to one vague and undefined abstraction, answering to the word man. That amalgamation, then, of a number of different impressions into one, which in some sense is felt to constitute the ideal, is not to be sought in the dry and desert spaces or the endless void of metaphysical abstraction, or by taking a number of things and muddling them all together, but by singling out some one thing or leading quality of an object, and making it the pervading and regulating principle of all the rest, so as to produce the greatest strength

and harmony of effect. This is the natural progress of things, and accords with the ceaseless tendency of the human mind from the Finite to the Infinite. If I see beauty, I do not want to change it for power; if I am struck with power, I am no longer in love with beauty; but I wish to make beauty still more beautiful, power still more powerful, and to pamper and exalt the prevailing impression, whatever it be, till it ends in a dream and a vision of glory. This view of the subject has been often dwelt upon. I shall endeavour to supply some inferences from it. The ideal then, it appears by this account of it, is the enhancing and expanding an idea from the satisfaction we take in it, or it is taking away whatever divides, and adding whatever increases our sympathy with pleasure and power "till our content is absolute," or at the height. Hence that *repose* which has been remarked as one striking condition of the ideal; for, as it is nothing but the continued approximation of the mind to the great and the good, so in the attainment of this object it rejects as much as possible not only the petty, the mean, and disagreeable, but also the agony and violence of passion, the force of contrast, and the extravagance of imagination. It is a law to itself. It relies on its own aspirations after pure enjoyment and lofty contemplations alone, self-moved and self-sustained, without the grosser

stimulus of the irritation of the will, privation, or suffering, unless when it is inured and reconciled to the last (as an element of its being) by heroic fortitude, and when "strong patience conquers deep despair." In this sense Milton's 'Satan' is ideal, though tragic; for it is permanent tragedy, or one fixed idea without vicissitude or frailty, and where all the pride of intellect and power is brought to bear in confronting and enduring pain. Mr Wordsworth has expressed this feeling of stoical indifference (proof against outward impressions) admirably in the poem of 'Laodamia:':—

" Know, virtue were not virtue, if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly: Erebus disdains—  
Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains."

These lines are a noble description and example of the ideal in poetry. But the ideal is not in general the stronghold of poetry; for description inwards (to produce any vivid impression) requires a translation of the object into some other form, which is the language of metaphor and imagination, as narrative can only interest by a succession of events, and a conflict of hopes and fears. Therefore, the sphere of the ideal is in a manner limited to sculpture and painting, where the object itself is given entire without any possible change of circumstances, and

where, though the impression is momentary, it lasts for ever. Hence we may see the failure in Sir Charles Grandison, which is an attempt to embody this perfect or ideal character in a succession of actions without passion, and in a variety of situations where he is still the same everlasting coxcomb, and where we are tired to death of the monotony, affectation, and self-conceit. The story of "Patient Grizzle," however fine the sentiment, is far from dramatic; for the ideal character, which is the self-sufficient, the immovable, and the one, precludes change, or at least all motive for, or interest in, the alternation of events, to which it constantly rises superior. Shakspeare's characters are interesting and dramatic, in proportion as they are not above passion and outward circumstances, that is, as they are men, and not angels. The Greek tragedies may serve to explain how far the ideal and the dramatic are consistent; for the characters there are almost as ideal as their statues, and almost as impassive; and perhaps their extreme decorum and self-possession is only rendered palatable to us by the story, which nearly always represents a conflict between gods and men. The ideal part is, however, necessary at all times to the grandeur of tragedy, since it is the superiority of character to fortune and circumstances, or the larger scope of thought and feeling thrown into it, that



redeems it from the charge of vulgar grossness or physical horrors. Mrs Siddons's acting had this character; that is to say, she kept her state in the midst of the tempests of passion, and her eye surveyed, not merely the present suffering, but the causes and consequences; there was inherent power and dignity of manner. In a word, as there is a sanguine temperament, and a health of body and mind which floats us over daily annoyances and hindrances (instead of fastening upon petty and disagreeable details), and turns everything to advantage, so it is in art and works of the imagination, the principle of the ideal being neither more nor less than that fulness of satisfaction and enlargement of comprehension in the mind itself that assists and expands all that accords with it, and throws aside and triumphs over whatever is adverse. Grace in movement is either that which is continuous and consistent, from having no obstacles opposed to it, or that which perseveres in this continuous and equable movement from a delight in it, in spite of interruption or uneven ground; this last is the ideal, or a persisting in, and giving effect to, our choice of the good, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the actual or outward circumstances. We may, in like manner, trace the origin of dancing, music, and poetry. Self-possession is the ideal in ordinary behaviour.

A low or vulgar character seizes on every trifling or painful circumstance that occurs, from irritability or want of imagination to look beyond the moment, while a person of more refinement and capacity, or with a stronger predisposition of the mind to good, and a greater fund of good sense and pleasurable feeling to second it, despises these idle provocations, and preserves an unruffled composure and serenity of temper. This internal character, being permanent, communicates itself to the outward expression in proportionable sweetness, delicacy, and unity of effect, which it requires all the same characteristics of the mind to feel, and convey to others; and hence the superiority of Raffaele's Madonnas over Hogarth's faces. Keeping is not the ideal, for there may be keeping in the little, the mean, and the disjointed, without strength, softness, or expansion. The fawns and satyrs of antiquity belong (like other fabulous creations) rather to the grotesque than the ideal. They may be considered, however, as a bastard species of the ideal, for they stamp one prominent character of vice and deformity on the whole face, instead of going into the minute, uncertain, and shuffling details. As to the rest, the ideal abhors monsters and incongruity. If the horses in the Elgin Marbles, or the boar of Meleager are ranked with the human figures, it is from their being

perfect representations of the forms and actions of the animals designed, not caricatures half way between the human and the brute.

The ideal, then, is the highest point of purity and perfection to which we can carry the idea of any object or quality. The natural differs from the ideal style, inasmuch as what anything is differs from what we wish and can conceive it to be. Many people would substitute the phrase, from what it ought to be, to express the latter part of the alternative, and would explain what a thing ought to be by that which is best. But for myself, I do not understand, or at least it does not appear to me, a self-evident proposition, either what a thing ought to be, or what it is best that it should be; it is only shifting the difficulty a remove farther, and begging the question a second time. I may know what is good; I can tell what is better: but that which is best is beyond me—it is a thing in the clouds. There is perhaps also a species of cant—the making up for a want of clearness of ideas by insinuating a pleasing moral inference—in the words purity and perfection used above; but I would be understood as meaning by purity nothing more than a freedom from alloy or any incongruous mixture in a given quality or character of an object, and by perfection completeness, or the extending that quality to all the parts and circumstances of an object, so that it

shall be as nearly as possible of a piece. The imagination does not ordinarily bestow any pains on that which is mean and indifferent in itself, but having conceived an interest in any thing, and the passions being once excited, we endeavour to give them food and scope by making that which is beautiful still more beautiful, that which is striking still more grand, that which is hateful still more deformed, through the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees, till the mind can go no farther in this progression of fancy and passion without losing the original idea, or quitting its hold of nature, which is the ground on which it still rests with fluttering pinions. The ideal does not transform any object into something else, or neutralize its character, but, by removing what is irrelevant and supplying what was defective, makes it more itself than it was before. I have included above the Fawns and Satyrs, as well as the Heroes and Deities of antique art, or the perfection of deformity as well as of beauty and strength, but any one who pleases may draw the line, and leave out the exceptionable part; it will make no difference in the principle.

Venus is painted fair, with golden locks, but she must not be fair beyond the fairness of woman; for the beauty we desire is that of woman—nor must the hair be actually of the

colour of gold, but only approaching to it, for then it would no longer look like hair, but like something else, and in striving to enhance the effect we should weaken it. Habit, as well as passion, knowledge as well as desire, is one part of the human mind; nor, in aiming at imaginary perfection, are we to confound the understood boundaries and distinct classes of things, or "to o'erstep the modesty of nature." We may raise the superstructure of fancy as high as we please; the basis is custom. We talk in words of an ivory skin, of golden tresses; but these are but figures of speech, and a poetical licence. Richardson acknowledges that *Clarissa's* neck was not so white as the lace on it, whatever the poets might say if they had been called upon to describe it.

## ON JUDGING OF PICTURES.

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PAINTERS assume that none can judge of pictures but themselves. Many do this avowedly, some by implication, and all in practice. They exclaim against any one writing about art who has not served his apprenticeship to the craft, who is not versed in the detail of its mechanism. This has often put me a little out of patience—but I will take patience, and say why.

IN the first place, with regard to the productions of living artists, painters have no right to speak at all. The way in which they are devoured and consumed by envy would be ludicrous if it were not lamentable. It is folly to talk of the divisions and backbitings of authors and poets while there are such people as painters in the world. I never in the whole course of my life heard one speak in hearty praise of another. Generally they blame downrightly; but at all events their utmost applause is with a damning reservation. Authors—even poets, the

*genus irritabile*—do taste and acknowledge the beauties of the productions of their competitors; but painters either cannot see them through the green spectacles of envy, or seeing, they hate and deny them the more. In conformity with this, painters are more greedy of praise than any other order of men. “They gorge the little fame they get all raw”—they are gluttonous of it in their own persons in the proportion in which they would starve others.

I once knew a very remarkable instance of this. A friend of mine had written a criticism of an exhibition. In this were mentioned, in terms of the highest praise, the works of two brothers—sufficiently so, indeed, to have satisfied, one would have thought, the most insatiate. I was going down into the country to the place where these brothers lived, and I was asked to be the bearer of the work in which the critique appeared; I was so, and sent a copy to each of them. Some days afterwards I called on one of them, who began to speak of the review of his pictures. He expressed some thanks for what was said of them, but complained that the writer of it had fallen into a very common error under which he had often suffered—the confounding, namely, his pictures with his brother’s. “Now, my dear sir,” continued he, “what is said of me is all very well, but here,” turning to the high-wrought panegyric on his

brother, "this is all in allusion to my style—this is all with reference to my pictures—this is all meant for me." I could hardly help exclaiming before the man's face. The praise which was given to himself was such as would have called a blush to any but a painter's face to speak of; but, not content with this, he insisted on appropriating his brother's also: how insatiate is the pictorial man!

But to come to the more general subject. I deny *in toto* and at once the exclusive right and power of painters to judge of pictures. What is a picture meant for? To convey certain ideas to the mind of painters, that is, of one man in ten thousand?—No, but to make them apparent to the eye and mind of all. If a picture be admired by none but painters, I think it is a strong presumption that the picture is bad. A painter is no more a judge, I suppose, than another man of how people feel and look under certain passions and events. Everybody sees as well as he whether certain figures on the canvas are like such a man, or like a cow, a tree, a bridge, or a windmill. All that the painter can do more than the *lay* spectator is to tell *why* and how the merits and defects of a picture are produced. I see that such a figure is ungraceful, and out of nature—he shows me that the drawing is faulty, or the foreshortening incorrect. He then points out to me whence



the blemish arises; but he is not a bit more aware of the existence of the blemish than I am. In Hogarth's 'Frontispiece' I see that the whole business is absurd, for a man on a hill two miles off could not light his pipe at a candle held out of a window close to me; he tells me that it is from a want of perspective—that is, of certain rules by which certain effects are obtained. He shows me why the picture is bad, but I am just as well capable of saying "the picture is bad" as he is. To take a coarse illustration, but one most exactly apposite: I can tell whether a made dish be good or bad—whether its taste be pleasant or disagreeable; it is dressed for the palate of uninitiated people, and not alone for the disciples of Dr Kitchener and Mr Ude. But it needs a cook to tell me *why* it is bad; that there is a grain too much of this, or a drop too much of t'other; that it has been boiled rather too much, or stewed rather too little. These things, the wherefores, as Squire Western would say, I require an artist to tell me; but the point in debate—the worth or the bad quality of the painting or pottage—I am as well able to decide upon as any he who ever brandished a pallet or a pan, a brush or a skimming-ladle.

To go into the higher branches of the art—the poetry of painting—I deny still more

peremptorily the exclusiveness of the initiated. It might be as well said that none but those who could write a play have any right to sit on the third row in the pit, on the first night of a new tragedy; nay, there is more plausibility in the one than the other. No man can judge of poetry without possessing in some measure a poetical mind; it need not be of that degree necessary to create, but it must be equal to taste and to analyze. Now in painting there is a directly mechanical power required to render those imaginations, to the judging of which the mind may be perfectly competent. I may know what is a just or a beautiful representation of love, anger, madness, despair, without being able to draw a straight line; and I do not see how that faculty adds to the capability of so judging. A very great proportion of painting is mechanical. The higher kinds of painting need first a poet's mind to conceive; very well, but then they need a draughtsman's hand to execute. Now he who possesses the mind alone is fully able to judge of what is produced, even though he is by no means endowed with the mechanical power of producing it himself. I am far from saying that any one is capable of duly judging pictures of the higher class. It requires a mind capable of estimating the noble, or touching, or terrible, or sublime subjects

which they present; but there is no sort of necessity that we should be able to put them upon the canvas ourselves.

There is one point, even, on which painters usually judge worse of pictures than the general spectator; I say usually, for there are some painters who are too thoroughly intellectual to run into the error of which I am about to speak. I mean that they are apt to overlook the higher and more mental parts of a picture, in their haste to criticise its mechanical properties. They forget the expression, in being too mindful of what is more strictly manual. They talk of such a colour being skilfully or unskilfully put in opposition to another, rather than of the moral contrast of the countenances of a group. They say that the flesh-tints are well brought out, before they speak of the face which the flesh forms. To use a French term of much condensation, they think of the *physique* before they bestow any attention on the *morale*.

I am the farthest in the world from falling into the absurdity of upholding that painters should neglect the mechanical parts of their profession; for without a mastery in them it would be impossible to body forth any imaginations, however strong or beautiful. I only wish that they should not overlook the end to which these are the means—and give them an undue preference over that end itself. Still more I object

to their arrogating to the possessors of these qualities of hand and eye all power of judging that which is conveyed through the physical vision into the inward soul.

On looking over what I have written, I find that I have used some expressions with regard to painters as a body which may make it appear that I hold them in light esteem, whereas no one can admire their art, or appreciate their pursuit of it, more highly than I do. Of what I have said, however, with regard to their paltry denial of each other's merits, I cannot bate them an ace. I appeal to all those who are in the habit of associating with painters to say whether my assertion is not correct. And why should they do this?—surely the field is wide enough. Haydon and Wilkie can travel to fame together without ever jostling each other by the way. Surely there are parallel roads which may be followed, each leading to the same point, but neither crossing or trenching upon one another.

The art of Painting is one equally delightful to the eye and to the mind. It has very nearly the reality of dramatic exhibition, and has permanence, which that is wholly without. We may gaze at a picture, and pause to think, and turn and gaze again. The art is inferior to poetry in magnitude of extent and succession of detail; but its power over any one point is

far superior: it seizes it, and figures it forth in corporeal existence, if not in bodily life. It gives to the eye the physical semblance of those figures which have floated in vagueness in the mind. It condenses indistinct and gauzy visions into palpable forms—as, in the story, the morning mist gathered into the embodying a spirit. But shall it be said that the enchanter alone can judge of the enchantment—that none shall have an eye to see, and a heart to feel, unless he have also a hand to execute? Alas, our inherent perceptions give the lie to this. As I used to go to the Louvre, day after day, to glut myself and revel in the congregated genius of pictorial ages, would any one convince me that it was necessary to be able to paint that I might duly appreciate a picture?

MR WEST'S PICTURE  
OF  
DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.\*

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MR WEST'S name stands deservedly high in the annals of art in this country—too high for him to condescend to be his own puffer, even at second-hand. He comes forward, in the present instance, as the painter and the showman of the piece; as the candidate for public applause, and the judge who awards himself the prize; as the idol on the altar and the priest who offers up the grateful incense of praise. He places himself, as it were, before his own performance, with a *Catalogue Raisonné* in his hand, and, before the spectator can form a judgment on the work itself, dazzles him with an account of the prodigies of art which are there conceived and executed. This is not quite fair. It is a proceeding which, though “it sets on a quantity of barren spectators to

\* From the ‘Edinburgh Magazine,’ for December, 1817.

admire, cannot but make the judicious grieve." Mr West, by thus taking to himself unlimited credit for "the high endeavour and the glad success," by proclaiming aloud that he has aimed at the highest sublimities of his art, and as loudly, with a singular mixture of pomposity and phlegm, that he has fully accomplished all that his most ardent hopes had anticipated,—must, we should think, obtain a great deal of spurious, catchpenny reputation, and lose a great deal of that genuine tribute of approbation to which he is otherwise entitled, by turning the attention of the well-informed and unprejudiced part of the community from his real and undoubted merits to his groundless and exaggerated pretensions. Self-praise, it is said, is no praise; but it is worse than this. It either shows great weakness and vanity for an artist to talk (or to get another to talk) of his own work, which was produced yesterday, and may be forgotten to-morrow, with the same lofty, emphatic, solemn tone, as if it were already stamped with the voice of ages, and had become sacred to the imagination of the beholder; or else the doing so is a deliberate attempt to encroach on the right of private judgment and public opinion, which those who are not its dupes will resent accordingly, and endeavour to repel by acts of precaution or hostility. An unsuccessful effort to extort

admiration is sure to involve its own punishment.

We should not have made these remarks if the "Description of the Picture of Death" had been a solitary instance of the kind; but it is one of a series of descriptions of the same sort—it is a part of a system of self-adulation which cannot be too much discouraged. Perhaps Mr West may say that the Descriptive Catalogue is not his; that he has nothing to do with its composition or absurdities. But it must be written with his consent and approbation; and this is a sanction which it ought not to receive. We presume the artist would have it in his option to put a negative on any undue censure or flagrant abuse of his picture; it must be equally in his power, and it is equally incumbent upon him to reject, with dignified modesty, the gross and palpable flatteries which it contains, direct or by implication.

The first notice we received of this picture was by an advertisement in a morning paper (the editor of which is not apt to hazard extravagant opinions without a prompter), purporting that, "in consequence of the President's having devoted a year and a half to its completion, and of its having for its subject the Terrible Sublime, it would place Great Britain in the same conspicuous relation to the rest of Europe in arts that the battle of Waterloo had



done in arms!" We shall not stay to decide between the battle and the picture; but the writer follows up the same idea of the Terrible Sublime in the Catalogue, the first paragraph of which is conceived in the following terms:—

"The general effect proposed to be excited by this picture is the terrible sublime, and its various modifications, until lost in the opposite extremes of pity and horror, a sentiment which painting has so seldom attempted to awaken, that a particular description of the subject will probably be acceptable to the public."

"So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery." Mr West here, like Bayes in the Rehearsal, insinuates the plot very profoundly. He has, it seems, opened a new walk in art with its alternate ramifications into the opposite regions of horror and pity, and kindly takes the reader by the hand, to show him how triumphantly he has arrived at the end of his journey.

"In poetry," continues the writer, "the same effect is produced by a few abrupt and rapid gleams of description, touching, as it were, with fire, the features and edges of a general mass of awful obscurity; but in painting, such indistinctness would be a defect, and imply that the artist wanted the power to portray the conceptions of his fancy. Mr West was of opinion that to delineate a physical form, which in its moral impression would approximate to

that of the visionary Death of Milton, it was necessary to endow it, if possible, with the appearance of superhuman strength and energy. He has, therefore, exerted the utmost force and perspicuity of his pencil on the central figure."

This is "spoken with authority, and not as the scribes." Poetry, according to the definition here introduced of it, resembles a candle-light picture, which gives merely the rim and outlines of things in a vivid and dazzling, but confused and imperfect manner. We cannot tell whether this account will be considered as satisfactory; but Mr West, or his commentator, should tread cautiously on this ground. He may otherwise commit himself, not only in a comparison with the epic poet, but with the inspired writer, who only uses words. It will hardly be contended, for instance, that the account of Death on the Pale Horse, in the book of Revelations, never produced its due effect of the terrible sublime till the deficiencies of the pen were supplied by the pencil. Neither do we see how the endowing a physical form with superhuman strength has any necessary connexion with the moral impression of the visionary Death of Milton. There seems to be here some radical mistake in Mr West's theory. The moral attributes of death are powers and effects of an infinitely wide and general description, which no individual or physical form

can possibly represent, but by courtesy of speech or by a distant analogy. The moral impression of death is essentially visionary; its reality is in the mind's eye. Words are here the only things; and things, physical forms, the mere mockeries of the understanding. The less definite the conception, the less bodily, the more vast, unformed, and unsubstantial, the nearer does it approach to some resemblance of that omnipresent, lasting, universal, irresistible principle, which everywhere, and at some time or other, exerts its power over all things. Death is a mighty abstraction, like night, or space, or time. He is an ugly customer, who will not be invited to supper, or to sit for his picture. He is with us and about us, but we do not see him. He stalks on before us, and we do not mind him; he follows us behind, and we do not look back at him. We do not see him making faces at us in our lifetime; we do not feel him tickling our bare ribs afterwards, nor look at him through the empty grating of our hollow eyes. Does Mr West really suppose that he has put the very image of death upon his canvas? that he has taken the fear of him out of our hearts; that he has circumscribed his power with a pair of compasses; that he has measured the length of his arm with a two-foot rule; that he has suspended the stroke of his dart with a stroke

of his pencil; that he has laid hands on the universal principle of destruction, and hemmed him in with lines and lineaments, and made a gazing-stock and a show of him, "under the patronage of the Prince Regent" (as that illustrious person has taken, and confined, and made a show of another enemy of the human race)—so that the work of decay and dissolution is no longer going on in nature; that all we have heard or felt of death is but a fable compared with this distinct, living, and warranted likeness of him? Oh no! There is no power in the pencil actually to embody an abstraction, to impound the imagination, to circumvent the powers of the soul, which hold communion with the universe. The painter cannot make the general particular, the infinite and imaginary defined and palpable, that which is only believed and dreaded, an object of sight.

As Mr West appears to have wrong notions of the powers of his art, so he seems not to put in practice all that it is capable of. The only way in which the painter of genius can represent the force of moral truth, is by translating it into an artificial language of his own,—by substituting hieroglyphics for words, and presenting the closest and most striking affinities his fancy and observation can suggest between the general idea and the visible illustration of it. Here we think Mr West has failed. The artist

has represented Death riding over his prostrate victims in all the rage of impotent despair. He is in a great splutter, and seems making a last effort to frighten his foes by an explosion of red-hot thunder bolts, and a pompous display of his allegorical paraphernalia. He has not the calm, still, majestic form of Death, killing by a look,—withering by a touch. His presence does not make the still air cold. His flesh is not stony or cadaverous, but is crusted over with a yellow glutinous paste, as if it had been baked in a pie. Milton makes Death “grin horrible a ghastly smile,” with an evident allusion to the common Death’s head; but in the picture he seems grinning for a wager, with a full row of loose, rotten teeth; and his terrible form is covered with a long black drapery, which would cut a figure in an undertaker’s shop, and which cuts a figure where it is (for it is finely painted), but which serves only as a disguise for the King of Terrors. We have no idea of such a swaggering and blustering Death as this of Mr West’s. He has not invoked a ghastly spectre from the tomb, but has called up an old squalid ruffian from a night cellar, and crowned him “monarch of the universal world.” The horse on which he rides is not “pale,” but white. There is no gusto, no imagination in Mr West’s colouring. As to his figure, the description gives an accurate idea of it enough. “His horse rushes forward

with the universal wildness of a tempestuous element, breathing livid pestilence, and rearing and trampling with the vehemence of unbridled fury." The style of the figure corresponds to the style of the description. It is over-loaded and top-heavy. The chest of the animal is a great deal too long for the legs.

The painter has made amends for this splashing figure of the Pale Horse, by those of the White and Red Horse. They are like a couple of rocking horses, and go as easy. Mr West's vicarious egotism obtrudes itself again offensively in speaking of the Rider on the White Horse. "As he is supposed," says the Catalogue, "to represent the Gospel, it was requisite that he should be invested with those exterior indications of purity, excellence, and dignity, which are associated in our minds with the name and offices of the Messiah. But it was not the Saviour healing and comforting the afflicted, or the meek and lowly Jesus, bearing with resignation the scorn and hatred of the scoffing multitude, that was to be represented; it was the King of Kings going forth, conquering and to conquer. He is therefore painted with a solemn countenance, expressive of a mind filled with the thoughts of a great enterprise; and he advances onward in his sublime career with that serene majesty," &c. Now this is surely an unwarrantable assumption of public opinion in a matter of taste. Christ is

not represented in this picture as he was in Mr West's two former pictures ; but in all three he gives you to understand that he has reflected the true countenance and divine character of the Messiah. *Multum abludit imago.* The Christs in each picture have a different character indeed, but they only present a variety of meanness and insipidity. But the unwary spectator, who looks at the Catalogue to know what he is to think of the picture, and reads all these therefores of sublimity, serenity, purity, &c., considers them as so many infallible inferences and demonstrations of the painter's skill.

Mr West has been tolerably successful in the delineation of the neutral character of the Man on the Black Horse ; but "the two wretched emaciated figures" of a man and woman before him, "absorbed in the feelings of their own particular misery," are not likely to excite any sympathy in the beholders. They exhibit the lowest stage of mental and physical imbecility, that could never by any possibility come to any good. In the domestic group in the foreground, "the painter has attempted to excite the strongest degree of pity which his subject admitted, and to contrast the surrounding objects with images of tenderness and beauty;" and it is here that he has principally failed. The Dying Mother appears to have been in her lifetime a plaster-cast from the antique, stained with a little purple and yellow, to imi-

tate the life. The "Lovely Infant" that is falling from her breast, is a hideous little creature, with glazed eyes and livid aspect, borrowed from the infant who is falling out of his mother's lap over the bridge, in Hogarth's print of 'Gin Lane.' The Husband's features, who is placed in so pathetic an attitude, are cut out of the hardest wood, and of the deepest dye; and the surviving Daughter, who is stated "to be sensible only to the loss she has sustained by the death of so kind a parent," is neither better nor worse than the figures we meet with in the elegant frontispieces to history books or family stories, intended as Christmas presents to good little boys and girls. The foreshortening of the lower extremities, both of the Mother and Child, is wretchedly defective, either in drawing or colouring.

In describing "the anarchy of the combats of men with beasts," Mr West has attained that sort of excellence which always arises from a knowledge of the rules of composition. His lion, however, looks as if his face and velvet paws were covered with a calf's skin, or leather gloves pulled carefully over them; so little is the appearance of hair given! The youth in this group, whom Mr West celebrates for his muscular, manly courage, has a fine rustic look of health and strength about him; but we think the other figure, with a scowling, swarthy face, striking at an animal, is superior in force of



character and expression. In the back figure of the man holding his hand to his head (with no very dignified action), the artist has well imitated the bad colouring and stiff, inanimate drawing of Poussin. The remaining figures are not of much importance, or are striking only from their defects. Mr West, however, omits no opportunity of discreetly sounding his own praise. "The story of this group," it is said, "would have been incomplete, had the lions not been shown conquerors to a certain extent, by the two wounded men," &c. As it is, it is perfect! Admirable critic! Again we are told, "The pyramidal form of this large division is perfected by a furious bull," &c. Nay, indeed, the form of the pyramid is even preserved in the title-page of the Catalogue. The prettiest incident in the picture is the dove lamenting over its mate, just killed by the serpent. We do not deny Mr West the praise of invention. Upon the whole, we think this the best coloured and most picturesque of all Mr West's productions; and in all that relates to composition, and the introduction of the adjuncts of historical design, it shows, like his other works, the hand of a master. In the same room is the picture of 'Christ Rejected.' Alas! how changed, and in how short a time! The colours are scarcely dry, and it already looks dingy, flat, and faded.

## ON WILLIAMS'S VIEWS IN GREECE.\*

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THERE has been lately exhibited at the Calton Convening room, Edinburgh, a collection of views in Greece, Italy, Sicily, and the Ionian Isles, painted in water colours by Mr Hugh Williams, a native of Scotland, which themselves do honour to the talents of the artist, as the attention they have excited does to the taste of the northern capital. It is well, for the exhibition in that town of the works of living artists (to answer to our Somerset-house exhibition) required some set-off. Mr Williams has made the *amende honorable*, for his country, to the offended genius of art, and has stretched out, under the far-famed Calton Hill, and in the eye of Arthur's Seat, fairy visions of the fair land of Greece, that Edinburgh belles and beaux repair to see with cautious wonder and well-regulated delight. It is really a most

\* From the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' for May, 1822.

agreeable novelty to the passing visitant, to see the beauty of the North, the radiant beauty of the North, enveloped in such an atmosphere, and set off by such a background. Oriental skies pour their molten lustre on Caledonian charms. The slender, lovely taper waist (made more taper, more lovely, more slender by the stay-maker), instead of being cut in two by the keen blasts that rage in Princes street, is here supported by warm languid airs, and a thousand sighs, that breathe from the vale of Tempe. Do not those fair tresses look brighter as they are seen hanging over a hill in Arcadia, than when they come in contact with the hard grey rock of the castle? Do not those fair blue eyes look more translucent as they glance over some classic stream? What can vie with that alabaster skin but marble temples, dedicated to the Queen of Love? What can match those golden freckles but glittering sun-sets behind Mount Olympus? Here, in one corner of the room, stands the Hill of the Muses, and there is a group of Graces under it! There played the NINE on immortal lyres, and here sit the critical but admiring Scottish fair, with the Catalogue in their hands, reading the quotations from Lord Byron's verses with liquid eyes and lovely vermilion lips—would that they spoke English, or anything but Scotch!—Poor is this irony! Vain the attempt to reconcile Scottish figures with

Attic scenery! What land can rival Greece? What earthly flowers can compare with the colours in the sky? What living beauty can recall the dead? For in that word, GREECE, there breathe three thousand years of fame that has no date to come! Over that land hovers a light, brighter than that of suns, softer than that which vernal skies shed on halcyon seas, the light that rises from the tomb of virtue, genius, liberty! Oh! thou Uranian Venus, thou that never art, but wast and art to be; thou that the eye sees not, but that livest for ever in the heart; thou whom men believe and know to be, for thou dwellest in the desires and longings, and hunger of the mind; thou art a goddess, and we thy worshippers, say, dost thou not smile for ever on this land of Greece, and shed thy purple light over it, and blend thy choicest blandishments with its magic name? But here (in the Calton Convening room, in Waterloo place, c'ose under the Melville monument—strange contradiction!) another Greece grows on the walls—other skies are to be seen, ancient temples rise, and modern Greecian ladies walk. Here towers Mount Olympus, where gods once sat—that is the top of a hill in Arcadia—(who would think that the eyes would ever behold a form so visionary, that they would ever see an image of that, which seems only a delicious vanished sound?) this is Corinth—that is the

Parthenon—there stands Thebes in Bœotia—  
that is the Plain of Plataea,—yonder is the City  
of Syracuse, and the Temple of Minerva Sunias,  
and there the scite of the gardens of Alcinous.

“ Close to the gate a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended, and inclement skies ·  
Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould,  
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.  
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,  
With deeper red the full pomegranate grows ;  
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,  
And verdant olives flourish round the year.  
The balmy spirit of the western gale  
Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail ;  
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,  
The buds to harden, and the fruit to grow.”

This is Pope's description of them in the  
'Odyssey,' which (we must say) is very bad, and  
if Mr Williams had not given us a more dis-  
tinct idea of the places he professes to describe,  
we should not have gone out of our way to  
notice them. As works of art, these water-  
colour drawings deserve very high praise. The  
drawing is correct and characteristic ; the  
colouring chaste, rich, and peculiar ; the finish-  
ing generally careful, and the selection of points  
of view striking and picturesque. We have at  
once an impressive and satisfactory idea of the  
country of which we have heard so much ; and  
wish to visit places which, it seems from this

representation of them, would not belie all that we have heard. Some splenetic travellers have pretended that Attica was dry, flat, and barren. But it is not so in Mr Williams's authentic draughts; and we thank him for restoring to us our old and, as it appears, true illusion—for crowning that Elysium of our school-boy fancies with majestic hills, and scooping it into lovely winding valleys once more. Lord Byron is, we believe, among those who have spoken ill of Greece, calling it a "sand-bank," or something of that sort. Every ill-natured traveller ought to hold a pencil as well as a pen in his hand, and be forced to produce a sketch of his own lie. As to the subjects of Mr Williams's pencil, nothing can exceed the local interest that belongs to them, and which he has done nothing, either through injudicious selection, or negligent execution, to diminish. Quere. Is not this interest as great in London as it is in Edinburgh? In other words, we mean to ask, whether this exhibition would not answer well in London?

N.B. There are a number of other very interesting sketches interspersed, and some very pleasing *home* views, which seem to show that nature is everywhere herself.

## APPENDIX I.

# CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

IN THE

## FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM,

AT CAMBRIDGE.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. Portrait of a Dutch Officer, in steel Cuirass, with a Velvet Cap and Feathers on his Head, and a heavy Gold Chain round his Neck -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
2. Abraham Journeying to the Land of Canaan - - -	<i>Castiglione.</i>
3. Marcus Curtius - - -	<i>Pannini.</i>
4. Landscape, with Figures - -	<i>Zuccharelli.</i>
5. Portraits of Philip II, King of Spain, and of the Princess D'Eboli -	<i>Titian.</i>
[Or, according to Waagen, the original of the picture called Titian's 'Venus,' in the Dresden Gallery. The man here represented playing on the guitar bears no resemblance to the well-known portraits of the king mentioned.—Orleans] -	
6. Portrait of Eleanor, wife of Oliver, second Viscount Fitzwilliam -	<i>Lely.</i>
7. Landscape, with Figures - - -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
8. A Storm at Sea - - -	<i>W. Vandervelde</i>
9. St Roque and the Angel (Orleans)	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
10. Portrait of Fiamingo, the Sculptor -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
11. The Siege of Besançon - - -	<i>Vander Meulen.</i>
12. Flowers - - -	<i>Pieters.</i>
13. Christ and the Angel appearing to Mary (Orleans) - - -	<i>Agos. Caracci.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
14. Adoration of the Shepherds -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
15. Flowers (Orleans) - - -	<i>Verelst.</i>
16. View of the Palace of Theobald's, Cheshunt - - -	<i>Vinckenbooms.</i>
17. Henry, Ninth Earl of Pembroke, when a Boy - - -	<i>Knapton.</i>
18. Stag Hunt - - -	<i>Snyders.</i>
19. Portrait of a Child - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
20. Portrait of a Child (one of the Fitzwilliam family) with a Goat -	<i>J. G. Kupp.</i>
21. Larder (the Figure by Rubens) -	<i>Snyders.</i>
22. View of the Old Palace of Richmond, in Surrey - - -	<i>Vinckenbooms.</i>
23. Portrait of Himself - - -	<i>Casp. de Crayer.</i>
24. St Jerome - - -	<i>Bassano.</i>
25. View in Venice - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
26. Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros,—Mercury, with a blow of his caduceus, transforms to stone Aglauros, who attempts to prevent his access to her sister Herse (Orleans) - -	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
27. Cattle and Shepherds - - -	<i>Bassano.</i>
28. Sea Piece, with a View of Rotterdam	<i>Stork.</i>
29. Portrait of a Man in a White Collar	<i>Cornelis de Vos.</i>
30. Venus and Cupid (Orleans) -	<i>Palma Vecchio.</i>
31. Two Portraits - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
32. Portrait of Armana Peters - -	<i>Franz Hals.</i>
33. Amphitrite - - -	<i>A. Caracci.</i>
34. Landscape; the Tiber winding through a mountainous and richly-wooded country, Mount Soracte in the distance; with Cattle and Figures (the latter by Andrew Both) -	<i>Jan. Both.</i>
35. Embarkation of the Dutch Embassy to the Parliament of England in behalf of Charles I - - -	<i>S. de Vlieger.</i>
36. Death of the Stag - - -	<i>Zuccharelli.</i>
37. Martyrdom of St George - - -	<i>Carlo Cagliari.</i>
38. Portrait of William Pitt - - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
39. The Marriage Feast - - -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
40. Sleeping Infant - - -	<i>Vandyck.</i>
41. View of the Cathedral at Haerlem -	<i>Berkheyden.</i>
42. Interior of a Farm House - -	<i>Brakenburg.</i>
43. Landscape, with part of the Claudian Aqueduct, near Rome - - -	<i>Reinagle.</i>
44. Ship in Distress in the Ice in Greenland - - -	<i>Hondius.</i>
45. Sleeping Venus (after Titian) -	<i>F. Padouanino.</i>



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
46. Landscape, with the Tomb of Cecile Metella, Capo di Bove - -	<i>Breemburg.</i>
47. The Campo Vaccino at Rome - -	<i>Swanevelt.</i>
48. Country Festival - - -	<i>Jan Steen.</i>
49. Interior of a Stable, with Goats, &c.	<i>C. Sachtleven.</i>
50. Old Woman Combing a Girl's Hair -	<i>Breckelencamp.</i>
51. Landscape, with Figures - -	<i>Breemburg.</i>
52. The Stadt House, at Amsterdam -	<i>Berkheyden.</i>
53. Old Woman Peeling Apples - -	<i>Teniers.</i>
54. Venus and Cupid - - -	<i>Pordenone.</i>
55. Portrait - - - -	<i>Schalken.</i>
56. French Beggar Girl - - -	<i>Greuze.</i>
57. Market Woman with a Basket of Apples and Flower Pot -	<i>Gerard Douw.</i>
58. Temptation of St Anthony - -	<i>Teniers.</i>
59. A Portrait - - - -	<i>Holbein.</i>
60. Interior of a Church in Germany, with a Christening - -	<i>Van Delen.</i>
61. Game, Fruit, and Flowers -	<i>Weeninx.</i>
62. Portrait of Sir M. Decker's Father on Horseback, with Landscape -	<i>Lievens.</i>
63. Landscape, Moonlight - -	<i>A. Elsheimer.</i>
64. A Portrait - - - -	<i>F. Bol.</i>
65. A Conversation Piece - - -	<i>Watteau.</i>
66. French Beggar Boy - - -	<i>Greuze.</i>
67. A Conversation Piece - - -	<i>Watteau</i>
68. Bacchus and Ariadne - - -	<i>P. Vanderwerf.</i>
69. Adoration of the Shepherds - -	<i>Rottenhamer.</i>
70. Rebecca and Abraham's Servant at the Well - - - -	<i>N. Poussin.</i>
71. Pheasants and Ducks - - -	<i>Hondius.</i>
72. View, from Mount Merrion, of Dublin, &c. - - - -	<i>Ashford.</i>
73. Interior of a Hall, with Figures -	<i>Gislear.</i>
74. Landscape, with Waterfall and Castle	<i>Ruysdael.</i>
75. Boor Playing at the Door of a Hut	<i>Ostade.</i>
76. Landscape, with Men Coursing -	<i>Wynants.</i>
77. The Wise Men's Offering - -	<i>De Meyer.</i>
78. Landscape, with Ruins; Women Bathing - - - -	<i>Poelenburg.</i>
79. The Wise Men's Offering - - -	<i>Phil. Wouvermanns.</i>
80. A Country Festival - - - -	<i>Dirk Maas.</i>
81. Horses - - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
82. Frances Viscountess Fitzwilliam, Grandmother to the Founder of the Museum - - - -	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
83. Herodias's Daughter with the Head of St John in a Charger - -	<i>Old Franck.</i>
84. A Gentleman paying his Addresses to a Lady - -	<i>Metzu.</i>
85. Landscape, the Sale of Joseph by his Brethren, with Cattle -	<i>Swaneveldt.</i>
86. View of Mount Merrion - -	<i>Ashford.</i>
87. Portrait of Margaret Viscountess Fitzwilliam - - - -	<i>C. Janssen.</i>
88. The Madonna - - - -	<i>Carlo Dolce.</i>
89. A Schoolmaster, Rod in Hand, and four Scholars (knee-piece), by Candlelight - - - -	<i>Gerard Douw.</i>
90. Landscape, with Ruins, and Figures	<i>Poelenburg.</i>
91. Landscape with Satyrs, &c. -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
92. A Lady Holding a Plate - -	<i>Schalcken.</i>
93. The Annunciation - - -	<i>Albert Durer.</i>
94. The Holy Trinity - - -	<i>A. Caracci.</i>
95. Portrait of Sir M. Decker - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
96. Interior of a Kitchen - -	<i>Snyders.</i>
97. Holy Family, St John and Simeon -	<i>After Leonardo da Vinci.</i>
[A copy of the picture engraved by Foster, under the title of the <i>Vierge au bas-relief</i> . The original is in England. Waagen assigns it to Luini.]	
98. Landscape, with Cattle: the departure of Joseph from his Brethren -	<i>Swaneveldt.</i>
99. View of Mount Merrion - -	<i>Ashford.</i>
100. Portrait of Thomas Viscount Fitzwilliam - - - -	<i>C. Janssen.</i>
101. Portrait of Lord Fitzwilliam, Grandfather to the Founder - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
102. Horses - - - -	<i>Dirk Maas.</i>
103. A Walled Town, with Figures -	<i>Tillemars.</i>
104. Venus and Cupid, in Landscape -	<i>Albano.</i>
105. A Man holding a Picture - -	<i>Gerard Douw.</i>
106. Landscape, with Diana and Acteon	<i>Poelenburg.</i>
107. Boors Playing at Cards - - -	<i>De Gelder.</i>
108. Portrait - - - -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
109. Cupid and Psyche - - - -	<i>A. Elsheimer.</i>
110. View of the Rhine near Cologne -	<i>H. Sachtleven.</i>
111. Charles X. of France - - -	<i>H. Danloux.</i>
112. Portraits of J. Steen, his Wife and Son	<i>Jan Steen.</i>
113. Perspective View of the Interior Court of the Doge's Palace at Venice - - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
114. Ruins and Figures - - - -	<i>Pannini.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
115. Lady Decker, Maternal Grandmother to the Founder - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
116. Inside of a Church - - -	<i>P. Neefs.</i>
117. Horses and Figures in Landscape -	<i>Cuyp.</i>
118. Peasants in a Wood presenting Game to a Gentleman and Lady on Horseback - - -	<i>Roland Savary.</i>
119. View from Mount Merrion, with Lord Fitzwilliam, Founder of the Museum, giving orders to his Steward - - -	<i>Ashford.</i>
120. The Honourable Mr W. Fitzwilliam, Uncle to the Founder - - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
121. A Young Woman Buying Chestnuts at a Market Stall - - -	<i>W. Mieris.</i>
122. Zephyr and Flora - - -	<i>Coypel.</i>
123. Christ's Agony in the Garden	<i>Filippo Lauri.</i>
124. Stable, with Horses - - -	<i>Phil. Wouvermanns.</i>
125. Virgin, Child, St John, and Angel -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
126. Christ calling to Zaccheus -	<i>Palma Vecchio.</i>
127. Thomas, Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, Great Grandfather to the Founder	<i>Anonymous.</i>
128. Sea Piece, a Calm - - -	<i>Vlieger.</i>
129. Portrait of Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, Founder of the Museum -	<i>Howard</i>
130. The same when a Young Man -	<i>Wright.</i>
131. Sir William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton and Lord High Admiral of England - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
132. Landscape; a Man letting his Horse Drink at a River overhung with Trees - - -	<i>Wouvermanns.</i>
133. Christ's Agony on the Mount -	<i>Domenico Feti.</i>
134. The Angel appearing to Elijah -	<i>Palma Vecchio</i>
135. Mary Stapleton, Wife to Thomas Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, Great Grandmother to the Founder -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
136. A Page presenting a Golden Vessel to a Lady dressed in White Satin and a Blue Jacket -	<i>E. Vanderneer.</i>
137. Sea Piece, a Breeze near a Dutch Port - - -	<i>Vlieger</i>
138. View from the Park of Mount Merrion	<i>Ashford.</i>
139. Portrait of General Lloyd	<i>Hone.</i>
140. Horses and Figures, with Cows in the Distance - - -	<i>Cuyp.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
141. A Boy Offering Cakes at the Door of a House, with other Figures -	<i>J. Steen.</i>
142. View of St Mark's Church, Venice -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
143. Ruins and Figures near Rome -	<i>Pannini.</i>
144. Portrait of Catharine Vaux, Wife to Henry Baron Abergavenny -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
145. The Judgment of Paris - - {	<i>Rottenhamer and Breughel.</i>
146. Christ and the Woman of Samaria -	<i>Seb. Bourdon.</i>
147. Portraits of the late Lady Fitzwilliam and her three Sisters - - -	<i>De Meyer.</i>

## APPENDIX II.

# CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

## STAFFORD HOUSE,

THE PROPERTY OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. Virgin and Child, with Mary Magdalen, St John, St Catherine, and other Saints - - -	<i>Pietro degli In-</i> <i>gannati.</i>
2. Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the Presence of Venus (Queen Christina, Odes Calchi, Orleans) -	<i>Titian.</i>
3. St Jerome in the Desert - - -	—
4. Portrait of a Cardinal - - -	—
5. Ditto of a Knight of St Mark -	—
6. Portrait of a Man - - -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
7. St Gregory seated on a Throne, with other Saints and Angels -	<i>Guercino.</i>
8. Salvator Mundi: Infant Child holding a Globe - - -	—
9. St Grisogono ascending to Heaven, borne by Angels -	—
[From the Church of St Grisogono, in Trastavere—now adapted to the Ceiling of the Picture Gallery here.]	
10. Landscape, with Figures -	—
11. The Woman taken in Adultery -	<i>Pordenone.</i>
12. A Pieta; the Dead Christ supported by Angels; Joseph of Arimathæa standing by (Orleans) - -	<i>Schiavone.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
13. Portrait of a Jesuit, 'Titian's Schoolmaster' (Borghese Gallery) -	<i>Moroni.</i>
14. Portrait of a Young Man -	—
15. Christ and the Two Disciples at Emmaus (Orleans) -	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
16. A Man praying, with his Patron Saint -	—
17. A Pieta -	—
[These pictures formed two of the compartments of an Altar-piece; the third division is at Dulwich.]	
18. An Allegorical Subject for a Ceiling. Cupid receiving from Venus the Golden Apple; and other Figures (adapted to the Ceiling of the Antechamber) -	—
19. Europa (Count Lecchi, Brescia) -	—
20. The Marriage of St Catherine -	—
21. St Sébastian, with Marcus and Marcellinus led to Prison -	<i>Lorenzi.</i>
[A copy of the great picture by Paul Veronese, in the Church of St Sebastian at Venice.]	
22. The Beasts entering the Ark (Orleans) -	<i>Giacop. Bassano</i>
23. The Presentation in the Temple, Torchlight (Orleans) -	—
24. A Fête Champetre -	<i>Lean. Bassano.</i>
25. A Lady at her Toilette -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
26. Portrait of an Old Man -	—
27. A Consistory; a Sketch -	—
28. Portrait of an Old Man -	—
29. Portrait of a Doge of Venice -	—
30. Soldiers regaling in a Wood (Lord Dacre) -	<i>P. della Vecchia.</i>
31. Jephtha's Daughter -	<i>Dario Varotari.</i>
32. 'The Muleteer.' A Man in a white frock and high-crowned straw hat leading a Mule; another in green, with an Ass (Queen Christina, Orleans) -	<i>Correggio.</i>
[Said to have been painted by Correggio for a sign at a public-house where he had run up a score which he could not otherwise settle.]	
33. Infant Christ, with the Heads of the Virgin and Mary Magdalen -	—
[Study from the St Jerome presenting his Works to the Virgin, at Parma.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
34. Portrait of a Young Man in a black Cap	<i>Parmigiano.</i>
35. The Adoration of the Shepherds -	—
36. The Virgiu and Child, with St Anthony, St Clara, and Angels -	{ <i>Pellegrino da Modena.</i>
37. St Justina -	<i>Murillo.</i>
38. St Rufina (the Patron Saints of Seville) -	—
39. The Prodigal Son (Church of La Caritad at Seville. — Marshal Soult) -	—
40. Abraham and the Angels (Church of La Caritad at Seville — Marshal Soult) -	—
41. Head of a Spanish Girl -	—
42. Portrait of a Spanish Nobleman -	—
43. The Nativity, St John with the Lamb	—
44. Italian Peasants bargaining with a Pedlar, copper	{ <i>M. A. delle Battaglie.</i>
45. A Female Goatherd with her Flock	<i>L. Milanese.</i>
46. Cattle and Figures -	—
47. St Anna teaching the Virgin, when a Child, to read -	<i>Carlo Maratti.</i>
48. Landscape: the Rape of Proserpine	<i>Niccolo Abati.</i>
49. Virgin, Child, and St John, panel -	<i>And. del Sarto.</i>
50. A Riposo (Tombonseau, Orleans) -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
51. St Margaret -	—
52. St Stephen about to receive the Crown of Martyrdom (Orleans) -	—
53. The Martyrdom of St Bartholomew (King Charles I—Orleans) -	<i>Agos. Caracci.</i>
54. Christ crowned with Thorns -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
55. The Holy Family -	—
56. St Catherine, to whom an Angel brings the Crown of Martyrdom	<i>Domenichino.</i>
57. Mary Magdalen -	<i>Guido.</i>
58. The Circumcision -	—
59. Atalanta picking up the Golden Apples (study from the large Picture at Naples) -	—
60. Head of an Old Man -	—
61. Landscape: View of a Town on a River, with Horsemen and other Figures crossing a Bridge -	<i>Cimarola.</i>
62. A similar subject -	—
63. A Young Man reading -	<i>Lionello Spada.</i>
64. St John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness (M. de Breteuil—Orleans) -	<i>Fr. Mola.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
65. St Anthony of Padua worshipping the Infant Christ in the presence of the Virgin - - -	<i>Carlo Cignani.</i>
66. Virgin and Sleeping Child - - -	<i>Ciro Ferri.</i>
67. Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis (Orleans) - - -	<i>L. Cambiasi.</i>
68. A Bacchanalian Scene of three Figures	<i>N. Poussin.</i>
69. Holy Family - - -	—
70. Landscape, with Figures and Cattle	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
71. The Marriage at Cana (Duc de Berri)	<i>Pannini.</i>
72. } Architectural Pieces - - -	—
73. }	—
74. Holy Family—St John holding out a Bird to the Infant Christ (painted 1653) - - -	<i>Zurbarano.</i>
75. St Andrew reading, in white drapery (Marshal Soult) - - -	—
76. St Martin, in white drapery (ditto)	—
77. A Saint, in white drapery (ditto)	—
78. The Duke of Gandia, St Francis Borgia, about to be received into the Order of Jesuits (ditto) - - -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
79. Landscape ; Travellers inquiring their way of Beggars - - -	—
80. A Storm at Sea - - -	<i>Gudin.</i>
81. Children listening to an Old Piper {	<i>Louis and Ant. Le Nain.</i>
82. Portrait of Colbert - - -	<i>P. de Champagne</i>
83. The Last Supper (copy from Paul Veronese) - - -	<i>Bagno Cavallo.</i>
84. Gallery under the Portico of the Doge's Palace, Venice - - -	<i>Guardi.</i>
85. View in Bologna - - -	—
86. View of the Coliseum - - -	<i>Orizonte.</i>
87. }	—
88. } Views in Venice - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
89. }	—
90. }	—
91. Christ and the Women of Samaria -	<i>Aless. Veronese.</i>
92. Landscape, with Waterfall; a Man fishing (Lord Dacre) - - -	<i>F. Bolognese.</i>
93. } Landscapes - - -	<i>M. d'Azeglio.</i>
94. }	—
95. An Italian Contadina - - -	<i>M. Stanzione.</i>
96. Christ bearing his Cross (Ricciardi Palace, Florence) - - -	<i>Raffaelle.</i>
97. }	—
98. }	<i>Lucatelli.</i>



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
99. The Ancient of Days - - -	<i>Alonzo Cano.</i>
100. The Alchemist - - -	<i>Granet.</i>
101. A Young Man reading - - -	<i>Gennaro.</i>
102. Lord Strafford on his way to Execution kneeling to receive the Blessing of Archbishop Laud - - -	<i>Paul de la Roche</i>
103. The Holy Family, with St Jerome, St Catharine, and Angels; a Miniature Piece - - -	<i>Giulio Clovio.</i>
104. Landscape; a Shepherd piping - - -	<i>Claude.</i>
105. Virgin and Child; the former with a Carnation in her Hand (Duke of Lucca) - - -	<i>Penni.</i>
106. La Madonna della Sedia; after Raffaelle - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
107. La Madonna del Cardellino; after Raffaelle - - -	—
108. Virgin and Child - - -	<i>Sasso Ferrato.</i>
109. Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus	<i>Spagnoletto.</i>
110. Head of St Peter - - -	—
111. Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
112. A Venetian Festival - - -	<i>Tiepolo.</i>
113. A similar subject - - -	—
114. Christ before Caiaphas (Prince Giustiniani—Queen of Etruria—Duke of Lucca) - - -	{ <i>Honthorst</i> ( <i>Gherardo delle Notte</i> )
115. Madonna and Child; the latter caressed by St John - - -	{ <i>Stef. da Ferrara.</i>
116. A Music Party - - -	<i>Watteau.</i>
117. A Fête Champetre - - -	—
118. )	
119. ) Garden Scenes - - -	—
120. )	
121. The Transfiguration - - -	<i>Taddeo Zuccaro</i>
122. Holy Family, with Angels - - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
123. Portrait of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip IV of Spain - - -	—
124. Marriage of St Catherine - - -	—
125. The Marriage of Henry IV and Mary de Medicis (Sketch for the Great Picture in the Louvre) - - -	—
126. Portrait of Thomas Howard, the celebrated Earl of Arundel (Orleans)	<i>Vandyck.</i>
127. Portrait of a Man in black, with a Compass in his left hand - - -	—
128. Portrait of a Gentleman on Horseback	—
129. St Martin dividing his Cloak - - -	—
130. An Old Woman saying Grace—panel, painted 1651 - - -	<i>Breckelence mp.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
131. The Decameron - -	<i>Wintenualter.</i>
132. The Death of the Virgin, copper (Mr Purling) - -	<i>Albert Durer.</i>
133. Scene on a Canal, with Men fishing, and other Figures (by Ostade) -	<i>Decker.</i>
134. Landscape, 'The Mill' (Duchesse de Berri) - -	<i>Vangoyen.</i>
135. View of a Town in Flanders -	—
136. View on the Coast of Holland ; with Figures on a rising ground in the left front - -	—
137. A Cat amid Culinary Utensils, panel	<i>W. Kalf.</i>
138. Landscape ; a Road through a Forest, with Figures - -	<i>Artois.</i>
139. An Italian Market ; on the left, Three Figures supporting a Fountain -	<i>Jan Lingelbach.</i>
140. A Priest distributing Alms at the Gate of a Convent (Duc de Choiseul — Countess of Holderness) - -	<i>Jan Miel.</i>
141. A Witch at her Meditations	} <i>David Teniers,</i> <i>the younger.</i>
142. A Group of Ducks (Prince Sacchi, Naples—Sir W. Hamilton)	—
143. Holy Family, with other Figures in a Circle of Flowers (by Seghers) -	<i>Rothenhamer.</i>
144. Two Soldiers playing at Backgam- mon ; a third looking on - -	<i>Vandereckout.</i>
145. An Open Landscape - -	<i>P. de Koningh.</i>
146. A Dutch Family Group ; the Mother seated with two Children, the Father standing by - -	<i>N. Maas.</i>
147. A Girl sitting, peeling Apples -	—
148. Landscape ; a Wood near the Hague, with Hunting Party (the figures by Stockade) - -	<i>Jun Hackaert.</i>
149. An Interior : a Gentleman paying his Respects to a Lady in white satin ; other Figures in the back- ground, with music (De Bruey, Amsterdam, Crawford Collection)	<i>Terburgh.</i>
150. Five Ladies and Gentlemen seated at Table, with Animals (by Gysels) and Architecture (by Ghering), copper - -	<i>Gonzales Coques</i>
151. An Interior ; a Woman making a Bed, a little Girl looking in at the Door - -	<i>P. de Hooghe.</i>
152. A Lady and Gentleman playing on the Guitar (Lord Radstock) -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
153. Ginevra - - -	<i>T. Van Holst.</i>
154. Woody Landscape, with Skirmish of Cavalry - - -	<i>Vandermculen.</i>
155. Ruins on the Sea Coast. The well-known riddle, that "Although the father and the mother, the sister and the brother, the husband and the wife, all repose within this tomb, there are altogether but two persons," is engraved in old French, on a monument; a figure is reading the inscription - -	<i>G. B. Weeninx.</i>
156. Flowers partially veiled by a blue Curtain - - -	<i>Vander Spelt.</i>
157. Landscape; with Cows, Asses, and a piece of Water - - -	<i>Ommeganck.</i>
158. Open Landscape, with Cattle and Figures (by Ad. Vandervelde) -	<i>Jacob Ruysdael.</i>
159. Portrait of Anthony "The Bastard of Burgundy," brother of Charles the Bold - - -	<i>Van Eyck.</i>
160. Landscape; a Man with a loaded Ass, and another Figure - -	<i>Adam Pynaker.</i>
161. A Fête Champetre; the Figures by Ad. Vandervelde (Duc de Berri) -	<i>Moncheron.</i>
162. A Dutch Christening - - -	<i>Jan le Duc.</i>
163. A Lady and Gentleman, both in black, in conversation; other Figures in the background -	<i>T. Keyser.</i>
164. Miriam, the Prophetess - - -	<i>Hensel.</i>
165. Portrait of Lady Constance Leveson Gower - - -	<i>Heuss.</i>
166. David with the Head of Goliath, copper - - -	<i>K. du Jardin.</i>
167. Landscape, with Cattle - - -	<i>W. Romeyn</i>
168. Landscape - - -	<i>Wynants.</i>
169. Ditto - - -	—
170. Ditto - - -	<i>Hensch.</i>
171. Portrait of Queen Elizabeth of England, in her Robes of State (miniature) - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
172. Portrait of Dr Johnson - - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
173. Portrait of Mrs Porter - - -	<i>Hogarth.</i>
174. Entrance to Conway Castle - -	<i>Sir G. Beaumont.</i>
175. Landscape, with a Horse drinking -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
176. The Breakfast Table - - -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
177. Landscape - - -	<i>Wilson.</i>
178. Cassandra prophesying the Death of Hector - - -	<i>Haydon.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
179. Duke of Wellington on the Field of Waterloo - - -	—
180. Entrance of the Black Prince and King John of France into London	—
181. Alexander the Great and his Physician	<i>West.</i>
182. Portraits of the Duchess of Sutherland and her eldest Daughter -	<i>Lawrence.</i>
183. Portrait of the Countess Grosvenor -	—
184. Portrait of Richard, Earl of Clanwilliam - - -	—
185. Venus and Adonis - - -	<i>J. Phillips.</i>
186. } Landscapes - - -	<i>Sir A Callcott.</i>
187. }	
188. The Day after the Battle of Chevy Chace - - -	<i>E. Bird.</i>
189. The Death of Eli - - -	—
190. The Passage of the Red Sea -	<i>Danby.</i>
191. Portrait of Lady Blantyre, as Autumn	<i>E. Landseer.</i>
192. Portrait of Lord Stafford, as Winter	—
193. Portrait of Lady Evelyn and Gower, as Summer - - -	—
194. Portrait of Lady Evelyn Gower and Lord Stafford, with Fawn and Dogs; Dinorbin Castle in the distance - - -	—
195. The Knight's Farewell to his Lady Love - - -	<i>C. Landseer.</i>
196. A Bacchanalian Scene - - -	<i>Etty.</i>
197. The Archangel Uriel - - -	<i>Allston.</i>
198. Portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland (water colours) - -	<i>Chalon.</i>
199. Portrait of Lord Dover (died 1833) -	<i>Mrs Carpenter.</i>
200. The Entertainment - - -	<i>Hilton.</i>
201. The Hours - - -	<i>H. Howard.</i>
202. The Subsidence of the Waters after the Flood - - -	<i>Martin.</i>
203. Portrait of Lady Grosvenor - - -	<i>Newton.</i>
204. Portrait of Lord Chancellor Thurlow	<i>Romney.</i>

## APPENDIX.

CATALOGUE OF THE LE NOIR CABINET OF PORTRAITS, PURCHASED BY THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, IN 1838.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. Pope Benedict XIV - - -	<i>Subleyras.</i>
2. Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon (1674-1762) - - -	<i>Dela Tour.</i>
3. John, Duke of Burgundy - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
4. Henry II of France - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
5. Jean Racine (1639-1669) - - -	<i>Santerre.</i>
6. Francis I of France, when Count d'Angoulême - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
7. Odet de Coligny, Cardinal de Chastillon (died 1571) - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
8. Francis I (1495-1547) - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
9. Louise Marguerite de Lorraine, Princess de Conty - - -	{ <i>Corneille de Lyons.</i>
10. Jules, Cardinal de Mazarin (1602-1661) - - -	<i>P. de Champagne</i>
11. Charles IX of France (1550-1574) - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
12. Jacques de Savoye, Duc de Nemours (1531-1583) - - -	—
13. Catherine de Medici, Queen of France (1519-1589) - - -	—
14. Jean d'Aumont, Marshal of France (1522-1595) - - -	<i>Porbus.</i>
15. Henry IV of France (1553-1610) - - -	<i>A. Tempesta.</i>
16. Marie Antoinette, Queen of France (1755-1793) - - -	<i>Drouais.</i>
17. Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre (1505-1555) - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
18. Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre (1532-1572) - - -	—
19. Marguerite de France, Duchess de Berri (1523-1559) - - -	—
20. Henry II of France on Horseback - - -	—
21. Gabrielle de Rochechoart, dame de Lansac (1514-1579) - - -	—
22. Claude de France, wife of Francis I (1499-1524) - - -	—
23. Ninon de l'Enclos (1615-1706) - - -	<i>Mignard.</i>
24. Jean Baptiste Lully (1633-1687) - - -	—
25. Albert de Gondy, Duke de Retz (1530-1602) - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
26. Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre (1492-1549) - - -	—
27. Diane de Poitiers, Duchess de Valentinois, mistress of Henry II (1500-1566) - - -	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
28. Eleonore d'Autriche, second wife of Francis I - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
29. Henry III of France (1551-1589) -	—
30. Philippe de Cleves, Sieur de Ravenstein (died 1503) - - -	<i>Holbein (?)</i> .
31. Elizabeth de France, daughter of Henry IV (1602-1646) - - -	<i>Porbus.</i>
32. Henri (le Balafre) Duke de Guise (killed 1588) - - -	—
33. The Emperor Charles V (1500-1558)	—
34. Francis, Duc d'Alencon, on Horseback (1554-1584) - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
35. Diane de Poitiers in a Bath -	<i>Primaticcio.</i>
36. Francis Mansart, Architect (1598-1666) - - -	<i>Rigaud.</i>
37. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of James I (1618-1680) -	<i>Mirevelt.</i>
38. Claude Chapelle, Poet (1621-1686) -	<i>Lefevre.</i>
39. Catherine Mignard, Comtesse de Feuquieres - - -	<i>Mignard.</i>
40. Jean Antoine de Mesmes, Comte d'Avaux (1640-1709) drawn by -	<i>Nanteuil.</i>
41. Charles Riviere du Fresny (1648-1724)	<i>Le Nain.</i>
42. Madame La Marquise de Pompadour (died 1760) - - -	<i>Drouais.</i>
43. Portrait of Himself (1616-1671) -	<i>Sebas. Bourdon.</i>
44. Francois de l'Aubespine (painted 1628) - - -	<i>Quesnel.</i>
45. Gilles Menage (1613-1692) drawn by	<i>Nanteuil.</i>
46. F. L. Letellier, Marquis de Louvois (1641-1691) drawn by - - -	—
47. Jean Baptiste Colbert (1619-1683) drawn by - - -	—
48. Cardinal Mazarin - - -	—
49. N. de l'Hospital, Duc et Marq. de Vitry (1581-1664) - - -	—
50. Don Luis de Haro (1598-1661) -	—
51. La Mère Marie Angelique Arnauld (died 1671) - - -	<i>P. de Champagne</i>
52. Portrait of Himself - - -	<i>J. S. Chardin.</i>
53. Portrait of Himself (1502-1562) -	<i>H. Aldegrever.</i>
54. Jean Lerond d'Alembert (1717-1783)	<i>Chardin.</i>
55. Thomas Corneille (1625-1709) -	<i>Vanloo, senior.</i>
56. Maximilian, Duc de Sully (1559-1641) - - -	<i>Quesnel.</i>
57. Pierre de Berulle (1575-1629) -	<i>Quesnel (?)</i> .
58. Nicolas, Sieur des Mallairs (p. 1651)	—
59. Gaspard de Coligny, Sieur de Chastillon, Admiral of France -	<i>Holbein (?)</i> .

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
60. Henry IV of France, full-length, in black velvet - - -	<i>Porbus.</i>
61. The Emperor Charles V - - -	After <i>Titian.</i>
62. Cardinal Melchior de Polignac (1661-1741) drawn by - - -	<i>Rigaud.</i>
63. Marie Adelaide, de France, daughter of Louis XV, drawn by - - -	<i>Nattier.</i>
64. Jules Mansart (1645-1708) - - -	<i>Rigaud.</i>
65. Molière (1620-1673) - - -	<i>P. Mignard.</i>
66. Antoinette de la Garde, dame des Houliers (1638-1694) - - -	<i>Mignard.</i>
67. Armand J. B. de Rance, Abbè de la Trappe (1626-1700) - - -	—
68. The Three Brothers Coligny, Odet, Gaspar, and Fraucois, drawn by [Under this drawing there is a piece of the bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois, which gave the signal for the massacre of St Bartholomew.]	<i>Demoustier.</i>
69. Henry III of France - - -	<i>Janet.</i>
70. Portrait of Himself (1700-1775) - - -	<i>Ch. Natoire.</i>
71. La Bruyère (1644-1696) - - -	<i>Rigaud.</i>
72. Pomponne de Bellievre (1606-1657) - - -	—
73. Henri Ruze, Marquis de Cinq-Mars (beheaded at Lyons, 1642) drawn by	<i>Louis XIII.</i>
74. Henry III of France - - -	<i>Primaticcio.</i>
75. Mary Queen of Scots (profile) - - -	<i>Ferminet.</i>
76. Philippe Des Portes, Poet (1546-1606) - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>
77. Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantome, died 1614 - - -	—
78. Portrait of Himself, 1544-1619 - - -	<i>F. Quesnel.</i>
79. Rabelais, died 1553 - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
80. Claude de France, wife of Francis I, daughter of Louis XII - - -	—
81. Marguerite, Duchesse de Berri - - -	—
82. Renee de France, second daughter of Louis XII (1510-1575) - - -	—
83. Francis I - - -	—
84. Louise de Savoie, Duchesse d'Angoulême (1476-1532) - - -	—
85. Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis I - - -	—
86. Louis de Lorraine, Cardinal de Guise (1575-1621) - - -	—
87. Jean de la Valette, Duc d'Espèron (1554-1642) - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>
88. Diane de Vivonne, dame de la Gri-mouille - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
89. Madame de Villeroy, died 1624 - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
90. Henry III of France - -	<i>Janet.</i>
91. Francoise de Long Wic, wife of Admiral Coligny, died 1599 - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
92. Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II of France - - - -	—
93. Elizabeth, wife of Charles IX of France (1554-1592) - -	—
94. Marguerite Tudor, Queen of Scotland (1489-1541) - - - -	—
95. Anne de Plessy, wife of Olivier de Chabot - - - -	—
96. Madame de Brantome - - - -	—
97. Marguerite de Bourbon, dame de Nevers (1540-1589) - - - -	—
98. Madame de Guise - - - -	—
99. Suzanne d'Escars, dame de Pompadour - - - -	—
100. M. d'Andoine - - - -	—
101. Madame de la Rochefoucauld de la Mirande - - - -	—
102. Gabrielle de Rochechouart, dame de Lansac - - - -	—
103. Francois Hercule de Valois - - - -	—
104. Charles de Neufville, Seigneur de Villeroy (1566-1642) - - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>
105. Louise Budos, dame de Montmorency (1575-1598) - - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
106. Madame de Birague (1545-1596) - - - -	—
107. Marie Touchet, mistress of Charles IX (1549-1575) - - - -	—
108. Gabrielle d'Estrees, mistress of Henry IV - - - -	—
109. Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois (1571-1599) - - - -	—
110. Louis XIII of France, at the age of nineteen (1601-1643) - - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>
111. Gaston, Duc d'Orleans (1608-1660) - - - -	<i>P. de Champagne</i>
112. Louis XIV of France (1638-1715) - - - -	<i>Vanschuppen.</i>
113. Francois Malherbe (1556-1628) - - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
114. Pierre Jeannin (1540-1622) - - - -	—
115. Henri du Bouchet, Conseiller au Parlement (1573-1634) - - - -	<i>Demoustier.</i>
116. Roger de St Lary, Duc de Bellegarde (1563-1646) - - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
117. Madame La Duchesse de Montbazou (p. 1685) - - - -	—
118. Madame Scarron - - - -	—
119. Ninon de l'Enclos - - - -	—



## APPENDIX III.

### CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

### LANSDOWNE HOUSE,

AND AT

### BOWOOD, WILTS,

THE PROPERTY OF THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

(Nos. 1—63 are at Lansdowne House. The rest at Bowood.)

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. St Cecilia (Borghese Collection, Rome)	<i>Domenichino.</i>
2. Return of the Prodigal Son - - -	<i>Guercino.</i>
3. Christ's Agony in the Garden (Giustini- niani Collection) - - -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
4. Virgin and Child - - - -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
5. Holy Family - - - -	<i>And del Sarto.</i>
6. A Young Female Head - - -	—
7. Assumption of the Virgin - - -	<i>Murillo.</i>
8. Portrait of Himself (Prince of Peace Collection) - - -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
9. Portrait of the Conde-Duque d'Oli- varez (Prince of Peace Collection)	—
10. An Infante of Spain in his Cradle -	—
11. A Soldier having his Fortune Told -	<i>P. della Vecchia.</i>
12. Virgin and Child - - -	<i>Schidone.</i>
13. Ditto, Heads; a Study - - -	—
14. Virgin and Child - - -	<i>Carlo Dolce.</i>
15. Copy of the "Silenzio" of Michael Angelo - - - -	<i>Venusti.</i>

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
16. Mary Magdalen - - -	<i>Titian.</i>
17. Portrait of a Gentleman - - -	—
18. Danae, head of; a Study (Orleans) -	—
19. Portrait of Count Federigo da Bozzola (Ghizzi Collection, Naples) -	<i>Seb. del Piombo.</i>
20. Portrait of Sansovino - - -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
21. A Female Saint reading - - -	<i>Luini.</i>
22. Portrait of a Cardinal - - -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
23. Portrait of Andrea Doria - - -	—
24. Hope - - -	<i>Gérard.</i>
25. St Sebastian, head of; a Study -	<i>Guido.</i>
26. Landscape, with Ancient Tomb -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
27. Landscape, with Ruins - - -	—
28. View in Venice - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
29. A Young Female Head - - -	<i>Morales.</i>
30. Portrait of Himself, when an Old Man (De Vienne—Danoot) -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
31. Portrait of a Lady, in a close Cap and Ruff - - -	—
32. Portrait of a Burgomaster - - -	—
33. Portrait of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I - - -	<i>Vandyck.</i>
34. Portrait of a Flemish Nobleman -	<i>Van der Helst.</i>
35. Portrait of a Female - - -	—
36. Joan of Arc praying - - -	<i>Stilke.</i>
37. Landscape, sunset; with Figures (by A. Both) - - -	<i>Jan. Both.</i>
38. Woody Landscape, with Figures (by A. Vanderveldt) - - -	<i>Hackaert.</i>
39. Winter Landscape, with Figures skating - - -	<i>Is. Van Ostade.</i>
40. Portrait of an Architect and his Wife	<i>Gon. Coques.</i>
41. View of a Port in a Storm; vessels beating in - - -	<i>J. Ruysdael.</i>
42. Landscape - - -	<i>Hobbema.</i>
43. An Old Woman with a Basket; "The Witch" - - -	<i>D. Teniers.</i>
44. Portraits of Mary Countess of Ilches- ter (Lady Lansdowne's Mother) and two of her Children -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
45. Portrait of Elizabeth, Wife of the Fourth Earl of Berkeley - - -	—
46. Portrait of Lady Anstruther - - -	—
47. The Sleeping Girl - - -	—
48. Girl with a Muff - - -	—
49. Portrait of Sterne - - -	—
50. Portrait of a Girl - - -	—
51. Portrait of Pope - - -	<i>Jervus.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
52. Portrait of Franklin - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
53. The Woman taken in Adultery (after the Rubens at Mr Miles's) - -	<i>Harlowe.</i>
54. Portrait of the present Lord Lansdowne - - - -	<i>Lawrence.</i>
55. Portrait of Francis Horner - -	<i>Raeburn.</i>
56. A Soldier Parting from his Mistress	<i>Severn.</i>
57. Sir Roger de Coverley and "The Spectator" going to Church - -	<i>Leslie.</i>
58. Ginevra - - - -	<i>Van Holst.</i>
59. Portrait of Flaxman - - - -	<i>Jacksoz.</i>
60. Portrait of Sir H. Davy - - - -	<i>Linnell.</i>
61. Sir Robert and Lady Walpole, and distant View of Houghton (from Strawberry Hill) - - - -	<i>Anon.</i>
62. Italian Peasants - - - -	<i>Severn.</i>
63. Shylock and Jessica - - - -	<i>Anon.</i>
64. A Franciscan Monk - - - -	<i>Seb. del Pionbo.</i>
65. St John the Baptist preaching - -	<i>Raffaelle.</i>
66. Cartoon of an Apostle's Head, for the Spasimo - - - -	—
67. Head of a Young Man in a Black Cap (Charles III of Spain) - -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
68. Landscape; Abraham and Isaac (Orleans) - - - -	<i>Domenichino.</i>
69. Portrait of Don Francisco Neve - -	<i>Murillo.</i>
70. Infant Christ - - - -	—
71. The Virgin kneeling - - - -	—
72. Portrait of Himself (Nicolini Collection, Florence) - - - -	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
73. Portrait of the Marchesa Ricciardi (Nicolini Collection, Florence) - -	—
74. Procession of the Bucentaur - -	<i>Guardi.</i>
75. } Views in Venice - - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
76. }	
77. Portrait of Donna Maria de Padillas	<i>El Mudo.</i>
78. Holy Family, with Glory of Angels	<i>Titian.</i>
79. A Prisoner visited by his Wife - -	<i>Guercino.</i>
80. Portrait of Giovanni, Cardinal di Medici - - - -	<i>Bronzino.</i>
81. Portrait of Luigi Gonzaga, Duke of Parma - - - -	—
82. Study for the Madonna del Sacco, at Florence - - - -	<i>An. del Sarto.</i>
83. Portrait of Himself when young - -	—
84. Landscape; "La Procession du Saint Sacrament" - - - -	<i>Ann. Carracci.</i>

APPENDIX

Title of Picture.	Painted by
85. Virgin and Child with Six Saints -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
86. A Pieta - - -	<i>Giuc. Bassano.</i>
87. A Sea Port, with Figures and Vessels (Danoot) - - -	<i>Claude.</i>
88. } Landscapes, with Figures -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
89. }	
90. Virgin and Child, in Landscape -	<i>Pachiarotto.</i>
91. } Heads of Angels - - -	<i>Marinari.</i>
92. }	
93. A Girl looking at a Cat sporting -	<i>Greuze.</i>
94. } Landscapes, with Figures - -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
95. }	
96. Portrait of a Lady - - -	<i>Da Vinci.</i>
97. Mars and Venus; sketch - - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
98. Wise Men's Offering - - -	After <i>Rubens.</i>
99. The Horrors of War - - -	—
100. Landscape, Sunset; "The Mill" (Orleans) - - -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
101. Landscape; with Men in a Boat (La Peyrière) - - -	—
102. Scene on the Maes, with View of Dort	<i>A. Cuyp.</i>
103. Landscape, with Woman Milking a Cow - - -	—
104. Interior; a Lady with her Parrot -	<i>Schalcken.</i>
105. Landscape - - -	<i>Hobbema.</i>
106. Landscape, with Man and Boy Fishing	—
107. Landscape, with Man and Dog passing a Bridge - - -	—
108. Landscape, with Boys crossing a Ford, and other Figures -	<i>Berghem.</i>
109. Landscape; a Man in a Red Dress, on a White Horse - - -	<i>P. Wouvermans.</i>
110. Landscape, with Falconer on a White Horse (Duchesse de Berri) -	—
111. Landscape, with Men reaping -	—
112. Portrait of the Marchesa Marialva -	<i>Vandyck.</i>
113. A Peasant conversing with a Woman carrying a Pitcher - - -	<i>David Teniers.</i>
114. A Man playing on a Fiddle accom- panied by a Woman with her voice	—
115. The Temptation of St Anthony -	—
116. Landscape, with View of the Artist's Country House - - -	—
117. View of one of the Gates of Haarlam, with Figures (by Ad. Vandervelde)	<i>Vanderheyden.</i>
118. View of a Dutch Town - - -	—
119. Interior; a Girl attending a sleeping Infant - - -	<i>Nich. Maus.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
120. A River Scene, with Vessels and Buildings - - -	<i>W. Vandervelde</i>
121. Landscape, with Man on a White Horse, and other Figures - -	<i>Wynants.</i>
122. Sea Piece; a Gale coming on -	<i>Vander Capella.</i>
123. Landscape, with Figures, by A. Both	<i>Jan. Both.</i>
124. Woody Landscape - - -	<i>Pynacker.</i>
125. Head of a Monk - - -	<i>Kaulbach.</i>
126. An Italian Peasant Girl - -	—
127. Street in Leyden, with Figures (by Lingelbach) - - -	<i>Baarstadt.</i>
128. Portrait of Mrs Baldwin - - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
129. Portrait of Mrs Sheridan - - -	—
130. The Strawberry Girl - - -	—
131. Hope Nursing Love - - -	—
132. Portrait of Samuel Johnson when an Infant - - -	—
133. Portrait of the First Marquis of Lansdowne - - -	—
134. Portrait of the First Marchioness of Lansdowne - - -	<i>Romney.</i>
135. Ditto of Mr Dunning - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
136. Two Spanish Monks; the elder hearing the other's Confession - -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
137. "Grandmamma's Cap" - - -	—
138. The Jew's-harp - - -	—
139. Group of Cattle in warm Landscape, with Figures - - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
140. Portrait of Peg Woffington - -	<i>Hogarth.</i>
141. Portrait of Himself, when young -	—
142. View on the Thames, with Figures	<i>Callcott.</i>
143. View in Italy, with a Religious Procession, and other Figures - -	—
144. View of the Bay of Naples, with a Procession of Vine Dressers - -	<i>Uwins.</i>
145. Cupid Bending his Bow - - -	<i>Hurlestone.</i>
146. The Three Marys (after Caracci) -	<i>Ross.</i>
147. Interior of a Stable, with Men and a Boy, and two Asses - - -	<i>Morland.</i>
148. Portrait of Cromwell - - -	<i>Walker.</i>
149. Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies - - -	<i>Leslie.</i>
150. Rebecca - - -	—
151. A Dutch Interior, with Figures -	<i>Simpson.</i>
152. Othello telling his Story to Desdemona and her Father - - -	<i>Douglas Cooper.</i>
153. Scene from the Beggar's Opera -	<i>Newton.</i>
154. Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
155. } Views in Kerry - - -	<i>Aglio.</i>
156. } The Lacemaker - - -	<i>Inskip.</i>
158. Landscape - - -	<i>Wilson.</i>
159. Coast Scene, with Figures -	<i>Bonnington.</i>
160. Landscape - - -	—
161. View of the Alhambra - - -	<i>Roberts.</i>
162. Interior of a Church - - -	—
163. Ditto in Ruins - - -	—
164. A Lady Playing on a Guitar -	<i>Pickersgill.</i>
165. A similar subject - - -	<i>Howard.</i>
166. The Prodigal Son - - -	<i>Etty.</i>
167. Return from Deer Stalking -	<i>E. Landseer.</i>
168. Boar Hunt - - -	—
169. Pamela and Mr B— - -	<i>C. Landseer</i>
170. Portrait of the present Marchioness of Lansdowne - - -	<i>Lawrence.</i>
171. } Views in Venice - - -	<i>Stanfield.</i>
172. } - - - - -	—
173. } - - - - -	—
174. Citara, in the Gulf of Salerno -	—
175. View on the Coast of the Adriatic -	—
176. View on the Mediterranean - -	—
177. } Pilgrims approaching Rome -	<i>Eastlake.</i>
178. } - - - - -	—
179. The Bird Catchers - - -	<i>Collins.</i>
180. Mont St Michel - - -	<i>Cooke.</i>
181. View in Venice - - -	<i>Cope.</i>
182. Sardanapalus and Myrrha - -	<i>Maclise.</i>
183. Interior of a Chapel, with Figures -	<i>Nash.</i>
184. Head of Lady Hamilton, as a Bac- chante - - -	<i>Romney.</i>
185. Lady Hamilton as a Gypsy - -	—
186. London Bridge (1779) - - -	<i>Scott.</i>

## APPENDIX IV.

### CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

COLLECTION OF THE

RIGHT HON. LORD ASHBURTON.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. St Thomas de Villanueva, as a Child distributing Alms among four Beggar Boys (a first draft for the celebrated fresco in the Convent of the Capuchins, at Seville—General Sebastiani) - - -	<i>Murillo.</i>
2. The Madonna in Glory - - -	—
3. Virgin and Child - - -	—
4. Christ looking up to Heaven - - -	—
5. A Head - - -	<i>Holbein.</i>
6. Moses before the Burning Bush -	<i>Domenichino.</i>
7. The Infant Christ asleep, attended by three Angels - - -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
8. A Music Piece of three Figures -	<i>Caravaggio</i>
9. Portrait of a Young Man - - -	—
10. The Virgin, Infant Christ, St John, and two Angels - - -	<i>L. da Vinci.</i>
[Formerly in the apartments of the Prior of the Escorial.—Marshal Sebastiani.]	
11. Our Saviour - - -	<i>Guido.</i>
12. St Sebastian mourned by two Angels	<i>Guercino.</i>
13. The Entombment - - -	<i>Schidone.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
14. } Views in Venice - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
15. } The Virgin and Child - - -	<i>B. Luini.</i>
[Assigned by Waagen to Marco d'Oggione.]	
17. St Peter, St Margaret, St Mary Magdalen, and St Anthony of Padua (Ercolani Collection, Bologna) - - -	<i>Correggio.</i>
18. A Girl resting her hand on the shoulder of her Lover - - -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
19. Portrait of a Man - - -	—
20. The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St John, and a Female Attendant - - -	<i>Titian.</i>
21. Venus holding a Mirror to Cupid - - -	—
22. Christ on the Mount of Olives - - -	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
23. The Virgin, Child, and Joseph, with eight dancing Angels, panel (Prince Talleyrand) - - -	<i>Vandyck.</i>
24. Portrait of John, Count of Nassau, General in the Netherlands - - -	—
25. One of the Children of Charles I - - -	—
26. Charles I - - -	—
27. Queen Henrietta Maria - - -	—
28. Portrait of a Man - - -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
29. Portrait of Himself at an advanced age (Duc de Valentinois) - - -	—
30. The celebrated Writing Master, Lieven von Coppénoel (Lucien Bonaparte) - - -	—
31. Portrait of the Wife of the preceding—marked 1641 (Malmaison) - - -	—
32. Portrait of a Man - - -	—
33. A Hermit at Prayers (Van Leyden)	<i>G. Douw.</i>
34. An old Man drinking Wine in a Cellar, with a Girl, is surprised by his Wife (Lubbeling—Poulain—Tolozan) - - -	—
35. Market People - - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
36. A similar subject - - -	—
37. A Wolf Hunt - - -	—
[The huntsman on the gray horse is Rubens himself; the lady on the brown horse is his first wife, Catherine Brandt. Painted in 1612, for Gen. Legranes—Count Allamera.]	
38. The Rape of the Sabines, panel - - -	—



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
39. The Reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines, panel - - - [Studies for the great pictures in the Escorial. Danoot Collection, Brussels. Lord Ashburton (1829) gave 1,000 <i>l.</i> for them.]	<i>Rubens.</i>
40. The Music Master - - -	<i>Jan Steen.</i>
41. The Schoolmaster - - -	—
42. An Alehouse Scene, of thirteen Figures; the artist has represented himself laughing, and raising a glass, panel - - -	—
43. Playing at Skittles, panel (Talleyrand) - - -	—
44. A Mother with two Children - - -	<i>Karel de Moor.</i>
45. A Woman with a dish of roasted Apples, leading a child along a street in Utrecht - - -	<i>P. de Hooge.</i>
[Purchased at Amsterdam, in 1827, for 500 guineas.]	
46. The Seven Works of Mercy; a Composition of eighteen Figures, copper (Duke of Alva—Talleyrand) - - -	<i>Teniers</i>
47. An old one-armed Man offering a piece of money to a Woman, who presents him with a glass of wine, and other Figures, "Le Manchot," panel - - -	—
48. A Village Feast (Talleyrand) - - -	—
49. Portrait of Himself, in black Spanish costume, in Landscape, copper (Talleyrand) - - -	—
50. The Exterior of a Village Alehouse; a Composition of twenty-four Figures, panel - - -	—
51. A Landscape, with Cows and Sheep, tended by two Shepherds, panel (Talleyrand) - - -	—
52. A Man carrying a Bundle of Wood, with other Figures; "Le Fagot," panel (D <sup>e</sup> Gagny—Marquis de Pange—Talleyrand) - - -	—
[Purchased for 600 <i>l.</i> ]	
53. } 54. } 55. } Landscapes, with Figures - - - 56. } 57. }	<i>J. Ruysdael.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
58. A Village, with Figures, panel [Purchased for 400 guineas.]	<i>Hobbema.</i>
59. A View of the Dutch Coast; a Calm, with Vessels, "La Petite Flotte" (Talleyrand) - - -	<i>W. Vandervelde</i>
60. A Calm at Sea - - -	—
61. A similar subject - - -	—
62. The Hay Field - - -	<i>A. Vandervelde.</i>
63. A March, with Baggage Waggon - - -	<i>P. Wouvermans.</i>
64. Landscape on the Rhine, with Bag- gage Waggon, Artillery, &c., "La Ferme au Colombier," panel (D'Ar- genville—Talleyrand) - - -	—
65. Landscape, Italy, with Figures (by And. Both) - - -	<i>Jan Both.</i>
66. A Girl with a lute, and two Gentlemen (Lormier Collection at the Hague —Talleyrand) - - -	<i>Terburgh.</i>
67. The Music Master - - -	—
68. A Girl drawing after a bust, panel (Marquis de la Voyer) - - -	<i>Metzu.</i>
69. A Fresh Breeze, with Vessels and Figures (Talleyrand) - - -	<i>L. Backhuysen.</i>
70. A Slight Breeze at Sea, with Vessels; the Coast in the distance - - -	—
71. The Market-place of Hemskirk, near Haarlem, with Figures (by Ad. Vandervelde) panel - - -	<i>VanderHeyden.</i>
[Formerly in the Louvre. Sold for 600 <i>l.</i> ]	
72. Landscape, with Huntsmen and other Figures - - -	<i>A. Cuyp.</i>
73. A Rocky Landscape, Evening; with Herdsman and other Figures, panel (Talleyrand) - - -	—
74. Landscape, Evening; with two Boys and three Cows, panel (Lapeyriere Collection) - - -	—
75. Portrait of a Man in a black velvet dress, oval - - -	—
76. Interior of a Dutch Farm-house - - -	—
77. A similar subject - - -	—
78. A Man with a Packhorse, panel (Talleyrand) - - -	—
79. Landscape, with Figures - - -	—
80. A Man and his Wife seated at table; another old Man in the background (painted in 1661) - - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
81. Three Boors at Table, playing, smoking, and drinking (painted in 1661)	<i>A. Cuyp.</i>
82. Boors singing and dancing in a Farm-house, panel (painted in 1663) -	—
83. A Mother with a Child, looking out at a doo (painted in 1667) -	—
84. Interior of a Farm-house, with Figures, panel -	—
85. View of a Village, with thirteen Figures, a Horse and cart, &c., painted in 1676 (Blondel de Gagny—Trouard—Praslin—Solirene) -	—
86. Exterior of an Alehouse, with a number of Figures, panel (Talleyrand)	<i>Is. Ostade.</i>
87. Landscape, with Figures (by A. Vandervelde) - [Cost 300 guineas.]	<i>J. Wynants.</i>
88. A Boy blowing Bubbles - -	<i>C. Netscher.</i>
89. St Margaret treading on the vanquished Dragon (Talleyrand) -	<i>A. Vanderwerff.</i>
90. Cattle and Sheep in a Meadow before a Farm-house, with four Figures in a Cart drawn by two Horses (painted in 1652—Count Fries, at Vienna) panel - [Purchased by Lord Ashburton for 800 guineas.]	<i>Paul Potter.</i>
91. Cattle in Landscape, the Church Steeple of Haarlem in the distance, panel (painted in 1653) -	—
92. Cattle, Sheep, and Horses, in a Meadow (painted in 1661) -	—
93. Landscape, Evening, with Ruins and Figures, panel (Dejonval Collection) [Purchased for 350 guineas.]	<i>N. Berghem.</i>
94. Lobster-catching, panel (Nogaret—Solirene—Talleyrand) - [Purchased for 250 guineas.]	—
95. A Water Mill in a hilly country, with a Man drawing water, and other Figures, panel - - [Purchased in 1825 for 400 <i>l.</i> ]	<i>K. du Jardin</i>
96. An Italian Landscape, with the Artist drawing, and other Figures, — a circle (painted in 1655—Talleyrand) copper -	—

## APPENDIX V.

### CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION

OF

### LORD FRANCIS EGERTON,

#### “THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.”

Title of Picture.	Painted by
<p>1. The Holy Family; “La BelleVierge,” or, as the Italians call it, “La Madonna del Passeggio.” The Virgin, who is standing, glides her left hand over the left arm of Christ, a boy of four or five years old, while her right rests on the infant St John, who is affectionately embracing our Saviour. Joseph, in the middle distance, looks back over a bank - -</p> <p>[On panel; painted in 1512, for the Duke of Urbino, who presented it to the King of Spain; it was subsequently possessed in succession by Gustavus Adolphus, Maria Christina, her favourite Azzolini, Don Livio Odescalchi, and the Regent Orleans.]</p> <p>2. The Virgin and Child; “La Plus Belle des Vierges;” the Infant, laying in his mother’s lap, holds part of her mantle in his right hand.</p> <p>[Transferred from panel to canvas; painted in 1507 — Tombonceau, M. de Vanolles, Orleans.]</p>	<p><i>Raffaelle.</i></p>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
3. The Holy Family; "La Vierge au Palmier;" the Infant, seated on the Mother's lap, is receiving some wild flowers from Joseph, kneeling before him. Behind the Virgin are some palisades, and a palm tree; circular, transferred from panel to canvas (painted circa 1504—Orleans) - - -	<i>Raffaelle.</i>
4. The Virgin and Infant Christ: the Virgin, kneeling, gazes with affectionate devotion at the sleeping Infant; she has one hand on the neck of St John, and with the other is lifting the veil which covers our Saviour, panel - - -	—
[A repetition of the "Vierge au Linge," in the Louvre—Sir Joshua Reynolds.]	
5. The Adoration of the Magi, thirty-four Figures, panel—(Orleans) -	<i>Bald. Peruzzi.</i>
6. The Descent from the Cross, panel (Duke of Modena—Orleans) -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
7. A Pieta; Study for an Altar-piece -	—
8. The Virgin and Child appearing to St Catherine, with two Angels (M. de Nancre—Orleans) - -	—
9. The Rapture of St Francis - -	—
10. The Virgin and Child, with St Jerome, Mary Magdalen, and Angels	—
[A copy from Correggio.]	
11. The Marriage of St Catharine -	—
[A copy from Correggio.]	
12. St Gregory at his Devotions, surrounded by Angels - - -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
[Painted for Cardinal Salviati, as an Altar-piece for the Church of St Gregory, at Rome.—Lord Radstock.]	
13. Landscape, with the Story of Calisto	—
[A repetition of the picture in the Borghese Palace, Rome. Waagen assigns it to Domenichino.] (Tambonceau, Orleans)	
14. St Francis adoring the Infant Christ, copper (M. de Lannay—Orleans)	—
15. St John the Baptist pointing to Christ, who is approaching from the distance, copper (M. Paillot—Orleans) - - -	—
16. Infant St John the Baptist, sleeping (M. de Nancre—Orleans) -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
17. Danae (Orleans) - - -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
18. Christ on the Cross - - -	—
19. Landscape; Jacob watering his Flock	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
20. Landscape; a wild rocky scene on the Coast of Calabria; "Les Augures" (Duc de Praslin) - - -	—
21. Juno, awaking, snatches the sucking Hercules from her breast, with Minerva and other Figures in Landscape, panel (Orleans) -	<i>Giulio Romano.</i>
22. The Rapture of St Francis - - -	<i>Lanfranco.</i>
23. Virgin, Child, and four Saints, with an old Man presenting a parchment roll to the Saviour (Orleans)	<i>Lorenzo Lotto.</i>
24. David and Abigail - - - [Painted for Cardinal Ludovisi. Cardinal Mazarin—Orleans.]	<i>Guercino.</i>
25. Saints adoring the Trinity; Study for an Altar-piece - - -	—
26. The Four Ages of Life: on one side of a Landscape a Girl with her Lover; on the other Children asleep, undisturbed by Cupid stepping over them; in the distance an old Man contemplating two Skulls (painted for G. de Castelli; Queen Christina—Orleans) - - -	<i>Titian.</i>
[Assigned by Barry to Giorgione.]	
27. Portrait of Pope Clement VII (M. Amelot—Orleans) - - -	—
28. Venus rising from the Sea. "La Venus à la Coquille," so named from a small shell floating on the waves, symbolical of the birth of the Goddess (Queen Christina—Orleans) - - -	—
29. Diana and Actæon - - -	—
30. Diana and Calisto - - -	—
[These two Pictures, which were painted for Philip II, of Spain, when the artist was nearly seventy years old, were in the Royal Collection of England from Henry VIII to Charles I, afterwards in the Orleans Gallery.]	
31. The Virgin, with a Book in her hand, Child, St John, and Mary Magdalen, panel - - -	<i>Parmigiano.</i>
[By some attributed to Bartolomeo Biscaino.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
32. Cupid making his Bow, behind him two other Cupids, one teasing the other [Repetition of the original in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, which was painted for the Chevalier Bayard. Some authorities ascribe the work to Correggio. Maria Christina, Odescalchi—Orleans.]	Parmigiano.
33. Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, grey marble (Duc de Bourbon—Orleans)	Aless. Veronese.
34. Head of a Female Saint	Domen.chino.
35. The Rapture of St Francis (Orleans)	———
36. Landscape, with Fishermen, and other Figures (M. de Hautefeuille—Orleans)	———
37. A Rocky Landscape, with Women Washing Clothes, and other Figures (Orleans)	———
38. Christ bearing his Cross, panel (M. de Seignelay—Orleans)	———
39. Landscape, Morning; in the foreground a Herdsman reclined in the shade, watching his Goats and Oxen. No. 101 of the Liber Veritatis	Claude.
40. Landscape, Evening; God appearing to Moses in the Burning Bush. No. 161 of the Liber Veritatis (painted 1664, for M. de Bourlemont; Mr Clarke, Hon. Edward Bouverie)	———
41. Landscape, Morning: a ruined portico occupies the left side of the picture; on the right a rocky promontory juts into the Sea. In the foreground an old Man is walking meditatively on the Shore, whence the picture has been designated 'Demosthenes Studying.' No. 171 of the Liber Veritatis (painted for M. de Bourlemont, 1664; Mr Clarke, Hon. Edward Bouverie)	———
42. Landscape, Morning; Appulus transformed into a wild Olive Tree, for intruding upon the Sports of the Wood Nymphs. No. 142 of the Liber Veritatis (painted 1657, for M. de la Garde)	———

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
43. Portrait of a Man in black, with a Book (painted 1588—Orleans) - -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
44. The Entombment (Orleans) - -	—
45. The Presentation in the Temple; a Sketch (Orleans) - -	—
46. A Young Female Head; the face turned towards the left; a braid of her hair binds the top of the head, the remainder falls in ringlets on her neck - -	<i>Bernard. Luini.</i>
[Formerly assigned to Leonardo da Vinci—Orleans.]	
47. A Hilly Landscape - - -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
48. A similar subject - -	—
49. Mountainous Landscape; a Storm, with Figures (Colonna Palace, Rome) - - -	—
50. Landscape; the Town of Tivoli in the middle ground, with a Traveller inquiring his way of a Peasant -	—
51. Portrait of a Doge of Venice, kneeling (Queen Christina—Orleans)	<i>Palma Vecchio.</i>
52. Holy Family, in Landscape -	—
53. A Holy Family, in Landscape; rabbits in the foreground - -	—
54. The Virgin teaching the Infant Christ to read (M. Coypel—Orleans) - -	<i>Schidone.</i>
55. Salmacis and Hermaphroditus (Abbé de Camps—Orleans) - -	<i>Albano.</i>
56. Holy Family, in Landscape, with Angels; copper (M. de Nancré—Orleans) - -	—
57. The Jews returning thanks after the Destruction of Pharaoh's Host; panel	<i>Caravaggio.</i>
58. Christ before Pilate (Queen Christina—Orleans) - -	<i>Schiavone.</i>
59. The Marriage of St Catherine -	—
60. The Last Supper - -	—
[Copy of the Picture by Titian, now at Madrid.]	
61. The Entombment; panel (Orleans) -	<i>Seb. del Piombo.</i>
62. Baptism; the Baptism of Christ -	<i>N. Poussin.</i>
63. Confirmation; a Bishop anointing a Senator - -	—
64. Marriage; the Nuptials of Joseph and Mary - -	—
65. Penance; Mary Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour - -	—



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
66. The Eucharist; the Last Supper -	<i>N. Poussin.</i>
67. Extreme Unction - - -	—
68. Adoration: Christ giving the Keys to St Peter; the City of Cæsarea in the distance - -	—
[This series of the Seven Sacraments was painted for the Chevalier de Chantillon in the years 1644-8. No. 66 was the first finished. There is another series in the Collection of the Duke of Rutland, which Poussin painted for the Commandatore Pozzo—Orleans.]	
69. Moses striking the Rock (painted 1636, for M. de Gillier—M. de L'Isle Sourdiere—de Bellievre—de Dreux—Seignelay—Orleans) -	—
70. Christ teaching in the Temple (Archduke Leopold—Orleans) - -	<i>Spagnuolo.</i>
71. The Holy Family, in Landscape; the Infant Christ is eagerly advancing to receive an Apple from Joseph (Orleans) - - -	<i>Paris Bordone.</i>
72. Landscape; a Church stands boldly on a Rock to the left, beneath which is a Cavern; on the right a Figure seated at the side of a piece of Water - - -	<i>Il. Borgognone.</i>
73. Battle Piece; Skirmish of Christian and Moorish Cavalry - -	—
74. A similar subject - - -	—
75. The Shepherds' Offering; oval, on panel - - -	<i>P. da Cortona.</i>
76. The Repose in Egypt; copper - -	<i>Filippo Lauri.</i>
77. A Bacchanalian Scene; panel -	—
78. Cupids, surrounded by a Wreath of Flowers (the latter by Maria da Fiori); copper - - -	—
79. The Judgment of Solomon (Orleans)	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
80. Venus mourning over Adonis (Maria Christina—Orleans) - -	—
81. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden (Orleans); copper	<i>Carlo Cignani.</i>
82. The Transfiguration; a Sketch	<i>Tud. Zuccaro.</i>
83. A Music Party - - -	<i>Valentino.</i>
84. Christ holding a Globe; copper -	<i>A. Marinari</i>
85. The Madonna, holding a book; copper	—
86. St John the Baptist - - -	<i>Luis de Vargas.</i>
87. Coast View, Sunrise, with Vessels and Figures - - -	<i>J. Vernet.</i>

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
88. A Shipwreck, with Figures escaping	<i>J. Vernet.</i>
89. The Baptism of Christ	<i>G. B. Mola.</i>
90. The Last Judgment (M. de Bertillac—Orleans)	<i>L. Bassano.</i>
91. Mary Magdalen	<i>Gessi.</i>
92. The Virgin praying	—
93. The Birth of St John	—
94. The Entombment	<i>Calvert.</i>
95. The Virgin and Child, a copy of Correggio's "Vierge au Panier" (Orleans)	<i>Anonymous.</i>
96. The Holy Family	<i>Dandini.</i>
97. Charles I insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell	<i>P. Deluroche.</i>
98. } Architectural Pieces	<i>Ghisolfi.</i>
99. }	
100—108. Views in and near Venice	<i>Guardi.</i>
109. Infant Christ sleeping	<i>Guido.</i>
110. Assumption of the Virgin (Manuel Godoy, Prince of the Peace, at Madrid, Chevalier Bourke, Watson Taylor)	—
111. Archangel Michael [Copy after Guido; the original is in the Church of the Capuchins, at Rome.]	<i>Anonymous.</i>
112. The Vision of St Francis	<i>Lanfranco.</i>
113. Cephalus and Procris	<i>Monzani.</i>
114. Dives and Lazarus; a study	<i>Murillo.</i>
115. The Good Shepherd; a copy from Murillo	<i>Grimoux.</i>
116. The Piazza, in front of St Peter's, at Rome	<i>Pannini.</i>
117. An Architectural Interior	—
118. Procession of Nymphs	<i>Anonymous.</i>
119. St Catherine	<i>S. da Salerno.</i>
120. St Rosalia	—
121. A Holy Family, in Landscape	<i>A. del Sarto.</i>
122. Christ and his Disciples at Emmaus (Orleans)	<i>S. da Ferrara.</i>
123. Mary Magdalen	<i>Elis Sirani.</i>
124. The Holy Family	<i>Tiarini.</i>
125. Philip IV, of Spain	<i>Velasquez.</i>
126. Portrait of a Son of the Duc d'Oliva- rez (Count Altamira)	—
127. Head of Himself	—
128. Head of a young Girl	<i>Fed. Zuccaro.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
129. The Sea Fight (1666) between the Dutch under De Ruyter and Van Tromp, and the English under the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert. The <i>Royal Prince</i> (92 guns) having run upon a shoal, is striking to the <i>Gouda</i> (Geldermeester—Walsh Porter)	<i>W. Vandervelde.</i>
130. The same subject, reduced, with variations	—
131. View on the Dutch Coast; a rough Sea, with Man-of-war at anchor, and other Vessels (painted 1656)	—
132. A Storm at Sea; a Man-of-war firing guns of distress	—
133. Mouth of the Brille; a light Breeze	—
134. View on the Dutch Coast; a Calm, with Crab Fishers, and a Ship scaling her Guns; panel	—
135. A Breeze at Sea; a Fishing Boat tacking	—
136. Portrait of Himself in a velvet cap and high dress, at about the age of 50 (painted 1655—Lady Holderness)	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
137. Samuel saying his Prayers to his Mother, Hannah; Eli and another Figure in the background; panel (Flines, Amsterdam — Roos, the Hague — Jullienne, Paris)	—
138. Portrait of a Lady, richly dressed; panel	—
139. Head of a Man; a study	—
140. Portrait of a Burgomaster, seated, dressed in a furred robe, with skull-cap (painted 1637—Geldermeester)	—
141. Virgin and Child; panel [There are repetitions at Dulwich, Blenheim, and Dresden.]	<i>Vandyck.</i>
142. A Woman cleaning a Pan; her Child at her side; panel (Geldermeester)	<i>Franz Mieris.</i>
143. A Girl in a red bodice and blue satin dress, tying her cap; panel (Geldermeester)	—
144. Portrait of Himself; panel [There is a repetition in the Gallery at Munich. De St Victor—Count Pourtales.]	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
145. A Woman giving a Musician something to drink; "The Violin Player;" panel (Locquet, Amsterdam) - - -	<i>Wm. Mieris.</i>
146. Interior of an Alehouse; Boors drinking and playing at cards; "The Gamblers;" panel - - -	<i>Cor. Dusari.</i>
147. Boors regaling; panel - - -	—
148. Landscape, with Women carrying Flowers - - -	<i>Ez Milé.</i>
149. } Similar subjects; panel - - -	—
150. }	
151. A Woody Landscape, with Figures; "The Poor Traveller;" copper -	<i>Cor. Huysman.</i>
152. Landscape, with Figures; "The Labourers reposing;" copper -	—
153. Interior of an Alehouse; a man half drunk sitting by the side of a barrel, with other Figures, smoking and gambling; panel - -	<i>D. Teniers, jun.</i>
154. A Winter Landscape, with a Butcher cutting up a Pig, and other Figures; panel - - -	—
155. Interior of an Alehouse; two Men playing at cards on a tub, with other Figures; panel - -	—
156. An Alchemist at work in his Laboratory, with three other Figures; panel (painted 1649—Orleans) -	—
157. A Village Fair; "Les Accords Flamands," crowded with Figures, a number of whom are dancing to the music of a fiddle played by a Man standing on a tub, and of a bassoon. The Painter's Country House is seen in the distance (M. de Brunoy) - - -	—
158. A Peasant's Wedding - - -	—
159. Exterior of an Alehouse; Boors playing at nine-pins; panel - - -	—
160. A Man with a basket at his back, talking to a Woman at the door of her house; "The Traveller;" panel - - -	<i>D. Teniers, sen.</i>
161. A Flat Landscape; a long Bridge over a piece of Water, with a Hawking party and other Figures (Van Slingelault—De Calonne) -	<i>Berghem.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
162. Landscape, with Satyr and two Nymphs, and other Figures, Cows, &c. - - -	<i>Berghem.</i>
163. Rocky Landscape, Evening; with Woman riding on an Ass, and other Figures and Cattle - -	—
164. Rocky Landscape, Evening; a Woman riding on an Ass laden with sacks, and other Figures - -	—
165. Landscape; Cavern in a Rock, with Travellers and Animals (the figures by Andrew Both) - -	<i>Jan Both.</i>
166. A Young Man reading; "The Philosopher's Study" (painted in 1630) - -	<i>S. Koninck.</i>
167. The Departure of Tobit - -	<i>Jan Victoors.</i>
168. A Girl in a red dress threading a needle - -	<i>N. Maas.</i>
169. A Peasant's Wedding; the Seigneur and his Lady (portraits of the Artist and his Wife) looking on - -	<i>Gilles Tilborgh.</i>
170. Exterior of Alehouse, with Peasants regaling - -	—
171. Exterior of a Village Alehouse; Boors drinking and listening to a Fiddler; panel - -	<i>Is. Van Ostade.</i>
172. Exterior of an Inn; Travellers on horseback halting, with other Figures; panel - -	—
173. Exterior of an Alehouse; Boors playing at nine-pins (painted in 1676—Geldermeester) - -	<i>A. Van Ostade.</i>
174. A Dutch Peasant courting a Girl at the door of her cottage (painted in 1667—Braamcamps—Prince de Conti—Duc de Chabot—Le Brun—Helsleuter) - -	—
175. Two Men smoking and playing at backgammon; a third seated, smoking at an open window, knee-piece (painted in 1664—Blondel de Gagny—Count de Merle) - -	—
176. Countryman drinking a Health; panel (painted in 1677—Count de Vence—Duc de Chabot) - -	—
177. Interior of an Alehouse; Boors drinking, and other Figures; panel (Geldermeester—Fagel) - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
178. A Lawyer reading a Document; a Client waiting with a present of a Hare; panel (painted 1671—Fagel) - - -	<i>A. Van Ostade.</i>
179. Landscape, with Figures (the latter by Lingelbach) - - -	<i>Jan Wynants.</i>
180. Landscape, with Cattle and Figures coming along a winding road (the latter by Adrian Vandervelde) -	—
181. Woody Landscape, with Men fishing, and other Figures (by Adrian Vandervelde) - - -	—
182. Landscape; a Man and Child begging of a Horseman (by Adrian Vandervelde) - - -	—
183. Landscape; the Plain near Haarlem, with Figures (by Lingelbach)	<i>Jacob Ruysdael.</i>
184. Landscape, with Fishermen drawing their Nets, and other Figures -	—
185. Woody Landscape, with Figures; "The Charcoal Burners" (M. Laperriere—Comte de Vandreuil—Watson Taylor) - - -	—
186. Landscape; Peasants driving Sheep	—
187. Landscape, with Buildings and Figures - - -	—
188. View of the old Gate of Amsterdam, with Figures - - -	—
189. Cattle in a Meadow; a Bull standing out on the left foreground; panel (painted 1650) - - -	<i>Paul Potter.</i>
190. Landscape, with a Hawking Party and other Figures; panel - - -	{ <i>Ph. Wouvermans.</i>
191. Landscape, with Peasants unloading a Hay Cart, Boys bathing, and other Figures - - -	—
192. Landscape, with Men watering Horses at a Bridge; panel - - -	—
193. A Battle Piece; panel - - -	—
194. A Horse Fair - - -	{ <i>Peter Wouvermans.</i>
195. Landscape, with Figures loading a Vessel; copper - - -	<i>Swaneveldt.</i>
196. The Descent from the Cross - - -	<i>R. Vanderweyde</i>
197. View off the Texel; a strong Breeze (painted in 1670) - - -	<i>L. Backhuysen.</i>
198. View on the Y, near Amsterdam, with Vessels and Figures; panel - - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
199. Landscape; "The Travellers," with Horsemen and other Figures (by Wouvermans) - -	<i>Hobbema.</i>
[Assigned by Waagen to Ruysdael.]	
200. Landscape; a scattered Village, with Figures; "The Woodcutters" -	—
201. A Water Mill and other Buildings, with Figures (painted in 1657—M. de St Victor) - - -	—
202. Hilly Landscape, with Farm-house, &c., encircled with Flowers, by D. Seghers - - -	<i>Ad. Brouwer.</i>
203. Boors singing round a Fire; panel -	—
204. View of the Maese, near Dort; Morning. The party in the Boat, with Trumpeters, is supposed to be Maurice, Prince of Orange, and his suite (Van Slingelandt, Dort) -	<i>A. Cuyp.</i>
205. Ruins of the Castle of Koningsveldt, with Travellers in front of an Inn; panel - - -	—
206. The same subject, with a Man on a grey Horse, and other Figures; panel - - -	—
207. Woody Landscape, with a Gentleman and Lady on horseback, conversing with Peasants; panel (Calonne) -	—
208. Landscape, with Woman milking a Cow, and other Figures - -	—
209. Landscape, Evening, with Shepherd playing on a flute - -	—
210. A Flower Piece; panel (painted in 1723) - - -	<i>Van Huysum.</i>
211. A Dutch Town, with Drawbridge and Figures (by Adrian Vandervelde)	<i>Vanderheyden.</i>
212. A Fruit Piece - - -	<i>Cor. de Heem.</i>
213. The Coast of Scheveningen, with Ships, &c.; panel - - -	<i>S. de Vlieger.</i>
214. A Lady in a red velvet jacket, fondling a Lapdog; panel (Geldermeester) - - -	<i>Gabriel Metz.</i>
215. A Woman selling Herrings; panel (Geldermeester) - - -	—
216. A Horseman halting before a House, the Lady of which is pouring him out a glass of Wine, while a Groom holds his Horse; canvas on panel (Lubbeling, Amsterdam—Le Brun)	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
217. Landscape, with Woman milking a red Cow, with another Cow and a Sheep - - -	<i>A. Vandervelde.</i>
218. A Fishmonger selling a Haddock to a Girl, with four other Figures, half-length; panel - - -	<i>Jan Stein.</i>
219. The Village School; the Master mending his Pen - - -	—
220. A young Man holding a Book - - -	<i>Ary. de Voys.</i>
221. A Man reading a Ballad to a Girl - - -	—
222. Portrait of Himself, playing on a Violin, in a room furnished with Globes, Books, &c.; panel (painted in 1647—Mr Ladbroke) - - -	<i>Gerard Douw.</i>
223. Another Portrait of Himself at the age of 22, wearing a dark grey cloak; panel - - -	—
224. A Woman selling Herrings to a Girl at a Window - - -	—
225. The Duchess of Mazarin and M. de St Evremond, as Vertumnus and Pomona; panel - - -	<i>Caspar Netscher</i>
226. A Lady in white satin washing her hands in a ewer held by a Page; a Gentleman at a table with a paper in his hand, and other Figures; panel - - -	—
227. Landscape, Evening; Country People, with Mules, &c., passing a ford (Mr Davenport) - - -	<i>Karel du Jardin</i>
228. A Boy in a pale blue silk dress and orange cap, beating a Drum - - -	<i>E. Vanderneer.</i>
229. Landscape, Moonlight; Fishermen dragging their Nets - - -	<i>A. Vanderneer.</i>
230. Landscape, Moonlight; a Village, with Cows, &c. - - -	—
231. Interior of a Cottage; a Woman with a sleeping Child in her lap, and other Figures (Fagel) - - -	<i>Cornelis Bega.</i>
232. Landscape, with Cattle - - -	<i>P. Vanderleeuw.</i>
233. A hungry Dog tantalized with Food placed just beyond his reach - - -	<i>Jan Fytt.</i>
234. Boors regaling in an Alehouse, a Girl coming in at the Door with a Pipe; panel - - -	<i>G. Van Harp.</i>
235. A Dutch Wake, many Figures; two Monkeys in the foreground; on the left a Man warming his Beer - - -	<i>Molinaer.</i>



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
236. View of the Ponte Molle, on the Tiber' near Rome, with Herdsmen and other Figures, and Cattle -	<i>Jan Asselyn.</i>
237. A Peasant dressing a Wound on his Head; panel - - -	<i>Craasbech.</i>
238. The Assumption of the Virgin; a study - - -	{ <i>Langen Jan</i> { <i>(Jan Van</i> <i>Bockhorst.)</i> <i>Rothenhamer.</i>
239. The Adoration of the Shepherds; panel - - -	
240. A Dance of Cupids, in Landscape; copper (Fagel) - - -	—
241. A Music Party of six; a Gentleman looking on; panel - - - [By some assigned to Jan Lys.]	<i>Van Lint.</i>
242. Portrait of a Gentleman in black, his Gloves in his left hand; panel	<i>Mireveldt.</i>
243. Zacharias with the Infant Christ -	<i>Paul Moreelze.</i>
244. Interior of the Church at Antwerp, with Figures (by Van Thulden); panel - - -	<i>Steenwyck.</i>
245. Interior of a Church; Torchlight, with Figures - - -	—
246. A Horseman resting, a Boy holding his Horse - - -	<i>Theodore Stoop.</i>
247. The Wise Men of the East; one of them holds a Nautilus Shell (a copy from Rubens); panel -	<i>T. Van Thulden</i>
248. Landscape; a Road through a Wood, with Swineherd and Swine -	<i>An. Waterloo.</i>
249. An old Man, with a long Beard, reading; panel - - -	<i>Van Tol.</i>
250. An old Woman reading; panel -	—
251. An old Woman at a Window cleaning her Dog; panel - - -	—
252. A Musician sleeping at a Table, on which lies his Hurdy-gurdy; panel	—
253. Landscape; a Man carrying a Woman across a Stream, and other Figures; panel - - -	<i>Adam Pynaker.</i>
254. View on the Coast of Genoa; a Storm coming on - - -	{ <i>Blankhofs</i> { <i>(Jan Trinitz)</i>
255. Landscape, with Cattle in a Meadow, and other Figures - - -	
256. Portrait of the Countess of Middlesex	<i>Jan H. Roos.</i>
257. A Battle Piece; one of Prince Eugene's Engagements with the Turks; panel - - -	<i>Lely.</i>
258. Burning and Pillage of a Town, panel	<i>Hughtenburg.</i>
	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
259. Soldiers rifling the Dead after a Skirmish - - -	<i>Jan Wyck.</i>
260. A Servant Girl scouring a Kettle in a Kitchen; panel - - -	<i>Jansens.</i>
261. Fruit and Flowers; panel - - -	<i>Van Os.</i>
262. Portrait of a Woman in a ruff and close cap; panel - - -	<i>Frank Hals.</i>
263. Dogs and Fruit; panel - - -	<i>Snyders.</i>
264. River Landscape, with Figures; "The Ferry;" panel - - -	<i>Van Cupelle.</i>
265. Landscape; a Peasant conversing with two Pilgrims - - -	<i>Jan Momper.</i>
266. Landscape, with Figures crossing a Stream; panel - - -	<i>Jacob Wildens.</i>
267. Landscape, with Nymphs bathing (by Poelemborg) - - -	<i>A. Kierings.</i>
268. Landscape, with Buildings and Figures; copper - - -	<i>Poelemborg.</i>
269. Landscape, with Nymphs bathing; panel - - -	—
270. Landscape, with Cattle and Figures	<i>Wm. Romeyn.</i>
271. { Portraits of the Elector Palatine,	<i>G. Coquez.</i>
272. { Frederic, King of Bohemia, and his	
272. { Wife - - -	
273. Portrait of David Teniers (Watson Taylor) - - -	—
274. A Woman giving her Children their supper; the Father sitting at a table, smoking; the servant Girl behind; panel - - -	<i>G. Schagen.</i>
275. Birds in a Landscape; a Cock fighting with a Jackdaw - - -	<i>Hondekoeter.</i>
276. A Woody Landscape, with Figures (by Teniers) - - -	<i>Jaques Artois.</i>
277. The Conflagration of a City by Night - - -	<i>Velvel Breughel.</i>
278. Interior of a Cottage; an old Woman going to fry Pancakes - - -	<i>Brekelencamp.</i>
279. River Landscape (Watson Taylor) - - -	<i>Decker.</i>
280. Portrait of Robert Wood, author of the 'Antiquities of Palmyra' - - -	<i>Raphael Mengs.</i>
281. Christ meditating on his Mission - - -	<i>Hensel.</i>
282. Interior of an Alehouse; Boors regaling - - -	<i>Henry Rokes.</i>
283. St Theresa making intercession for the Souls in Purgatory - - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
[Sketch for the large Picture in the Museum at Antwerp.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
284. Mercury and Psyche in air; the Gods and Goddesses above, an extensive Landscape below - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
[Composed of some of the most beautiful groups of the story of Cupid and Psyche, painted by Raffaele, in the Palace called the Little Farnese, at Rome.]	
285. Portrait of a Lady holding a Fan in both hands - -	—
286. Interior of a Kitchen; a Man offering Partridges for sale to the female Cook, the man Cook behind; panel (Braamcamp—Geldermeester) -	<i>VanSlingelandt.</i>
287. Interior; a Girl in white satin, with Music Book, and two other Figures	<i>Terburg.</i>
288. Portrait of a Lady - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
289. Landscape; with the Story of Niobe [Repetition of the picture in the National Gallery.]	<i>Wilson.</i>
290. Landscape, with Figures seated -	—
291. Danae, after Titian - -	<i>Partridge.</i>
292. Landscape and Figures - -	<i>Reinagle.</i>
293. A strong Breeze at Sea - -	<i>Turner.</i>
294. Portrait of the Poet Cleveland, panel	<i>Dobson.</i>
295. Head of Charles I - -	—
296. A Female Head; a study - -	<i>Lawrence. 17</i>
297. View from Oatlands, with Figures -	<i>F. R. Lce.</i>
298. View on the Coast of Italy - -	<i>Linton.</i>
299. Scene from 'Hamlet' - -	<i>Liverseege.</i>
300. A Girl and her Lover - -	<i>Frank Stone.</i>
301. A Breeze at Sea - -	<i>Milbourne.</i>
302. Study for a Family Picture - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
303. Cows in a Meadow - -	—
304. Greenwich Hospital - -	<i>Holland. 2</i>
305. Return of the Hawking Party -	<i>E. Landseer.</i>
306. Scene from the Bride of Lammermoor	<i>Lander.</i>
307. Dead Game - -	<i>Blake.</i>
308. } Studies of Female Heads - -	<i>Boxall.</i>
309. }	
310. Scene from Count Fathom -	<i>Briggs.</i>
311. View on the Rhine - -	<i>Callcott.</i>
312. Death of Nelson - -	<i>Deighton.</i>
313. Armida and a Cupid - -	<i>Harlestone.</i>
314. A Peasant Girl of Sorrento - -	—
315. The Downs: Evening - -	<i>Knell.</i>
316. The Death Tidings - -	<i>Newton.</i>
317. Children at a Stile - -	<i>Poole.</i>
318. A Brigand's Wife - -	<i>Rippingille.</i>

## APPENDIX VI.

### CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

AT

### KNOLE, IN KENT,

#### THE SEAT OF THE SACKVILLES.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. The Finding of Moses - - -	<i>Luca Giordano.</i>
2. Portrait of Lord Hunsdon - - -	<i>Holbein.</i>
3. Portrait of Henry Howard Earl of Surrey - - -	—
4. Portrait of Henry VIII - - -	—
5. Portrait of Sir Thomas More - - -	—
6. Portrait of Queen Katharine - - -	—
7. A Merry-Making — a Masked Ball given by Cardinal Wolsey to King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn - - -	<i>G. da Trevisi.</i>
8. The Angel liberating St Peter - - -	—
9. St John with the Lamb - - -	<i>Domenichino.</i>
10. The Death of Cleopatra - - -	—
11. A Sybil - - -	—
12. Madonna, Infant Christ, and Saint Jerome - - -	<i>And. del Sarto.</i>
13. The Nativity - - -	<i>Bassano.</i>
14. Portrait of an Old Man - - -	—
15. Jacob's Journey - - -	—
16. The Nativity - - -	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
17. Venus and a Satyr - - -	<i>Correggio (?)</i> .
18. Holy Family - - -	<i>Titian.</i>
19. Abraham entertaining the Angels - - -	<i>Guercino.</i>
20. Mary Magdalen - - -	—
21. Dejanira and the Centaur - - -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
22. A Pietá - - -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
23. Portrait of a Man - - -	<i>Raffaelle (?)</i> .
24. } Landscapes - - -	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
25. }	
26. St John with the Lamb - - -	<i>Schidone.</i>
27. Portrait of Sir Ralph Bosville - - -	—
28. Portrait of Lady Stafford - - -	<i>Albano.</i>
29. Mary Magdalen - - -	—
30. Marriage of St Catherine - - -	<i>Parmegiano.</i>
31. Cupids at play - - -	—
32. Boy blowing a Pipe - - -	<i>Murillo.</i>
33. Judith with the Head of Holofernes - - -	<i>Garofolo.</i>
34. Landscape - - -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
35. Landscape - - -	—
36. Wise Men's Offering - - -	<i>M. da Ferrara.</i>
37. Portrait of Cosmo Duke of Tuscany - - -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
38. Portrait of Lady Milton - - -	<i>Pomp. Battoni.</i>
39. Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots - - -	<i>Zuccherero.</i>
40. A Riposo - - -	<i>Zuccherelli.</i>
41. A Battle Piece - - -	<i>Borgognone.</i>
42. The Finding of Moses - - -	<i>Lairesse.</i>
43. A Child with its Guardian Angel - - -	<i>Piet. da Cortona.</i>
44. Heraclitus - - -	<i>Mignard.</i>
45. Democritus - - -	—
46. Portrait of Lord Buckhurst and Lady M. Sackville - - -	<i>Kneller.</i>
47. Portrait of Lord Somers, Lord Chancellor of England, 1697-1700 - - -	—
48. Portrait of Lady Shannon - - -	—
49. Portrait of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset - - -	—
50. Portrait of Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset - - -	—
51. Portrait of Locke - - -	—
52. Portrait of Hobbes - - -	—
53. Portrait of Newton - - -	—
54. Portrait of Sir Charles Sedley - - -	—
55. Portrait of Betterton - - -	—
56. } Interior Pieces, by Candle-light - - -	<i>Schalken.</i>
57. }	
58. The Salutation - - -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
59. St Peter - - -	—
60. A Boar Hunt - - -	<i>Pieter de Vos.</i>
61. Silenus and Bacchanals - - -	<i>Rubens.</i>
62. A Boar Hunt - - -	—
63. A Miser and the Devil - - -	<i>Quin. Matsys.</i>
64. Nymph and Echo - - -	<i>Lely.</i>
65. Portrait of the Duke of Monmouth - - -	—
66. Portrait of Mrs Sackville - - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
67. Portrait of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland - - -	<i>Lely.</i>
68. Portrait of Anna Maria, wife of the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury - -	—
69. Portrait of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York - - -	—
70. Portrait of Miss Stewart - - -	—
71. Portrait of Charles II - - -	—
72. Portrait of Otway - - -	—
73. A Merry-Making - - -	<i>Heemskirk.</i>
74. Portrait of William Prince of Orange	<i>Jannssen.</i>
75. Portrait of Mr Brett - - -	—
76. The Alchymist - - -	<i>Jan Wycke, jun.</i>
77. Portrait of James Compton, fifth Earl of Northampton - - -	<i>Vandyck.</i>
78. Portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby - -	—
79. Portrait of Henry Libert, organist at Antwerp - - -	—
80. Portrait of Anne Carr, Countess of Bedford, mother of Lord William Russell - - -	—
81. Portrait of Sir Anthony Cope, of Hanwell - - -	—
82. Portrait of Edward, fourth Earl of Dorset - - -	—
83. Portrait of Frances, sixth Countess of Dorset - - -	—
84. Portraits of Lord Gowrie, of and the Artist - - -	—
85. Death of the Macchabees - - -	—
86. Holy Family - - -	—
87. Landscape, Morning ; a Hunting Party going out - - -	<i>P. Wouvermans.</i>
88. { Portraits of James Lord Cranfield,	<i>Mytens.</i>
89. { and Lady Frances Cranfield, children of Lionel Earl of Middlesex - -	
90. Portrait of James, Marquis of Hamilton - - -	
91. Portrait of Niccolo Molini, the Venetian Ambassador - - -	—
92. Portrait of Prince Henry, son of James I - - -	—
93. Portrait of James I ( <i>atatis</i> 60) - -	—
94. } Portraits of Lionel, first Earl of Mid-	—
95. } dlesex, and of Anne his Countess - -	
96. Portrait of Ann, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. (She who sent the spirited answer to Williamson, Charles II's Minister)	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
97. Portrait of Richard, third Earl of Dorset - - -	<i>Mytens.</i>
98. Portrait of Anne, third Countess - - -	—
99. Portrait of Mary, fourth Countess - - -	—
100. Portrait of Frances, fifth Countess - - -	—
101. Death of Ananias - - -	—
102. Elymas the Sorcerer - - -	—
103. Healing of the Lame - - -	—
104. Miraculous Draught of Fishes - - -	—
105. Christ's Charge to Peter - - -	—
106. Paul and Barnabas at Lystra. (Copied from the Cartoons at Hampton Court for Lionel Earl of Middlesex, and removed hither from Copt Hall, in Essex, by Charles, Earl of Dorset - - -)	—
107. Flemish Wake - - -	<i>D. Teniers.</i>
108. The Angel Liberating St Peter - - -	—
109. Flemish Musician - - -	—
110. Flemish Boy - - -	—
111. Portrait of himself - - -	<i>Frank Hals.</i>
112. Portrait of Frederick King of Bohemia - - -	<i>Honthorst.</i>
113. Portrait of the Princess Louise of Bohemia - - -	—
114. Portrait of the Princess Sophia of Bohemia - - -	—
115. Portrait of Charles II of England - - -	—
116. } Landscapes - - -	<i>Berghem.</i>
117. } Interior, with Men playing at Cards - - -	<i>Is. Van Ostade.</i>
119. A Farm Yard - - -	<i>Hondekoeter.</i>
120. Portraits of George III and Queen Charlotte - - -	<i>Ramsay.</i>
121. View of a Procession to Dover Castle; with Portraits of Lionel, Duke of Dorset, Sir Basil Dixon, and others - - -	<i>Wootton.</i>
122. Portrait of Lionel, first Duke of Dorset - - -	—
123. Death of Marc Antony - - -	<i>Dance.</i>
124. Portrait of Oliver Cromwell - - -	<i>Walker.</i>
125. Portrait of a Chinese Youth - - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
126. Portrait of Mrs Abington - - -	—
127. Portrait of Garrick - - -	—
128. Portrait of Goldsmith - - -	—
129. Portrait of Dr Johnson - - -	—
130. Portrait of Peg Woffington as Penelope - - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
131. Portrait of Sacchini the Composer -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
132. Portrait of John Frederick, third Duke of Dorset - - -	—
133. Portrait of Signor Schiellini, the Opera Singer - - -	—
134. Portrait of himself - - -	—
135. Portrait of Miss Axford, George III's Quaker friend - - -	—
136. Portrait of Madame Baccelli, the Opera Dancer - - -	—
137. The Call of Samuel - - -	—
138. Robinetta - - -	—
139. The Fortune Teller - - -	—
140. Count Ugolino - - -	—
141. Portrait of Lord Capel - - -	<i>Dobson.</i>
142. Portrait of Sir Thomas Mayence, Physician to James I - - -	—
143. Portrait of George IV in regimentals	<i>Lawrence.</i>
144. Portrait of Mrs Bates - - -	<i>O. Humphrey.</i>
145. A Reposing Venus - - -	—
146. Portrait of himself - - -	—
147. Portrait of Sir Walter Scott - - -	<i>Phillips.</i>
148. Portrait of Archer, sixth Earl of Plymouth - - -	—
149. Portrait of Burke - - -	<i>Opie.</i>
150. Portrait of Handel - - -	<i>Denner.</i>
151. Portrait of Miss Collier - - -	<i>Hudson.</i>
152. Portrait of Elizabeth, first Duchess of Dorset - - -	—
153. Portrait of himself (Poet and Painter —died 1688) - - -	<i>Flatman.</i>
154. Portrait of Cowley - - -	<i>G. Dubois.</i>
155. Portrait of the Earl of Rochester - - -	—
156. Portrait of Addison - - -	<i>Jervas.</i>
157. Portrait of George John Frederic, fourth Duke of Dorset - - -	<i>Sanders.</i>
158. Portrait of Arabella Diana, third Duchess - - -	<i>Hoppner.</i>
159. Portrait of Lord George Sackville - - -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
160. Portrait of Queen Charlotte (after Reynolds) - - -	<i>Romney.</i>
161. Portrait of George III (after Reynolds) - - -	—
162. Portrait of Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury - - -	<i>Riley.</i>
163. } Portraits of Philip IV and his	
164. } Queen - - -	<i>Sir. A. More.</i>
165. Portrait of the Archduke Albert - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
166. Portrait of Tom D'Urfey - - -	—



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
167. Portrait of Mrs Catherine Phillips -	<i>Anony</i>
168. Portrait of Ben Jonson -	—
169. Portrait of Congreve (after Kneller)	—
170. Portrait of Grotius -	—
171. Portrait of Corelli, the Composer -	—
172. Portrait of John Fletcher -	—
173. Portrait of Villiers, Duke of Buck- ingham -	—
174. Portrait of Mrs Porter (after Lely) -	—
175. Portrait of the Marquis of Winchester	—
176. } Portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and	—
177. } his Wife -	—
178. Portraits of Charles I and his Queen	—
179. Portrait of King James I -	—
180. Portrait of James Butler, Earl of Ormond -	—
181. Portrait of Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury—died 1612 -	—
182. Portrait of Isabella, Duchess of Bra- bant -	—
183. Portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby (after Vandyck) -	—
184. Portrait of the first Lord Whitworth	—
185. Portrait of Lady Ossory -	—
186. Portrait of Sir Hatton Fermor, She- riff of Northamptonshire, 1618 -	—
187. Portrait of Major Mohun -	—
188. Portrait of Maurice, Prince of Orange	—
189. Portrait of Lord Leveson Gower -	—
190. Portrait of the Duc d'Espernon -	—
191. Portrait of the celebrated Countess of Desmond -	—
192. Portrait of Martin Luther -	—
193. Portrait of King Edward VI -	—
194. Portrait of Philip Count Horn, be- headed by the Duke of Alva -	—
195. Portrait of the Queen of Frances I -	—
196. Portrait of Queen Anne Boleyn -	—
197. Portrait of the Emperor Charles V -	—
198. Portrait of King Henry V -	—
199. Portrait of Pope -	—
200. Portrait of Milton when young -	—
201. Portrait of Samuel Butler -	—
202. Portrait of Sir Philip Sydney -	—
203. Portrait of Chaucer -	—
204. Portrait of Prior -	—
205. Portrait of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester -	—
206. Portrait of Wycherley -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
207. Portrait of Shakspeare - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
208. Portrait of Alfonso d'Avales, Marquis de Guasto - -	—
209. Portrait of Foote - -	—
210. Portrait of Dryden - -	—
211. } Portraits of Lord and Lady Aber-	—
212. } gavenny - -	—
213. Portrait of the Earl of Halifax -	—
214. Portrait of Swift - -	—
215. Portrait of the Earl of Surrey (after Holbein—beheaded 1547) -	—
216. Portrait of Sir Thomas More (after Holbein—beheaded 1535) -	—
217. Portrait of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk (after Holbein—beheaded 1572) -	—
218. Portrait of Henry VIII (aft. Holbein)	—
219. Portrait of Cardinal Wolsey (after Holbein) - -	—
220. Portrait of Henry, Earl of Arundel (after Holbein—died 1580) -	—
221. Portrait of Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury (died 1604) -	—
222. Portrait of Sir Francis Walsingham (died 1590) - -	—
223. Portrait of Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England (died 1616) - -	—
224. Portrait of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh (died 1598) - -	—
225. Portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor of England (died 1591) - -	—
226. Portrait of Queen Elizabeth -	—
227. Portrait of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral of England, <i>temp. Eliz.</i> -	—
228. Portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Prime Minister under James I - -	—
229. Portrait of Sir Francis Drake -	—
230. Portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, Lord High Treasurer under James I - -	—
231. Portrait of Admiral Blake -	—
232. Portrait of Sir John Norris, a distinguished Military Commander, <i>temp. Eliz.</i> - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
233. Portrait of Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, <i>temp. Maria</i> - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
234. Portrait of King James I - - -	—
235. Portrait of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, <i>temp. Eliz.</i> - - -	—
236. Portrait of Queen Jane Seymour (after Holbein) - - -	—
237. Portrait of Isabella Clara Eugenia, Governess of the Low Countries - - -	—
238. Portrait of Erasmus (after Holbein)	—
239. Portrait of John Huss (burnt 1415) -	—
240. Portrait of Isabella Bonotta, Countess de Mori - - -	—
241. Portrait of Ninon de l'Enclos ( <i>at</i> 70)	—
242. Portrait of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, Champion to Queen Elizabeth - - -	—
243. Portrait of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester (beheaded 1535) - - -	—
244. Portrait of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury (burnt 1556) - - -	—
245. Portrait of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, (beheaded 1540) - - -	—
246. Portrait of John Wickliffe, the Reformer (died 1384) - - -	—
247. Portrait of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester (died 1555) - - -	—
248. Portrait of Sir James Wilford, a distinguished Military Commander in the 16th century - - -	—
249. Portrait of Queen Mary - - -	—
250. Portrait of Rowe (after Kneller) - - -	—
251. Portrait of Garth (after Kneller) - - -	—
252. Portrait of Don John of Austria, the Victor of Lepanto (1546-1578) - - -	—
253. Portrait of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma (1546-1592) - - -	—
254. Portrait of Francis, Duc de Guise - - -	—
255. Portrait of his Son Henry de Lorraine, Duc de Guise (le Balafre—1550-1588) - - -	—
256. Portrait of Charles, Duc de Bourbon, Constable of France (killed at the siege of Rome, 1527, by Benvenuto Cellini) - - -	—
257. Portrait of Anne de Montmorenci, Constable of France (1493-1567) -	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
258. Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Northumberland (died 1613) -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
259. Portrait of Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (died 1570) -	—
260. Portrait of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland (beheaded 1553) -	—
261. Portrait of Friar Bacon (1214-1294) -	—
262. Portrait of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, first Earl of Dorset -	—
263. Portrait of Cecilia, first Countess -	—
264. } Portraits of Robert, second Earl, 265. } and his Countess -	—
266. Portrait of the first Earl of Middlesex	—
267. } Portraits of Richard, third Earl, 268. } and his Countess -	—
269. Portrait of Edward, fourth Earl -	—
270. Portrait of the Countess of Monmouth	—
271. Portraits of the first Lord Whitworth and Nephew -	—
272. Portrait of Richard, fifth Earl -	—
273. } Portraits of Charles, sixth Earl, and 274. } his Countess -	—
275. Portrait of Lord Sunderland -	—
276. Portrait of the Hon. Ed. Cranfield -	—
277. Portrait of Lady Rachel Fane, Countess of Bath and Middlesex -	—
278. Portrait of Charles, second Duke, as a Roman Emperor -	—
279. Portrait of Sir John Suckling -	—
280. Portrait of the Hon. L. Cranfield -	—
281. Portrait of Lady Margaret Sackville	—
282. Madonna and Child (after Raffaele)	—
283. Venus (after Titian) -	—
284. Sibilla Perscia -	<i>Stone.</i>

## APPENDIX VII.

### CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

AT

### APSLEY HOUSE,

THE PROPERTY OF

### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
<p>1. Christ on the Mount of Olives ; panel                      [According to Sanelli, Correggio gave this wonderful picture to an apothecary in payment of a debt of four scudi. It was soon afterwards sold for 500 scudi. It came subsequently into the possession of the King of Spain. After the battle of Vittoria, it was found, with other pictures, in the captured carriage of Joseph Bonaparte. The Duke of Wellington restored it to the King of Spain, who sent it back to him as a present.]</p>	<i>Correggio.</i>
2. The "Madonna della Sedia" (after Raffaele)	<i>Giulio Romano.</i>
3. The "Spasimo di Sicilia" (ditto)	—
4. The Madonna delle Pesce (ditto)	—
5. The Salutation ; "La Perla" (ditto)	—
6. The Visitation	—
7. The Annunciation	<i>Michael Angelo.</i>
8. The Adoration of the Shepherds	<i>Sogliani.</i>

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
9. A Witch sitting on an enormous Skeleton; "Il Stregozzo" -	<i>Spagnoletti.</i>
10. The Water Seller; "El Aguadar" -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
11. Portrait of Pope Innocent X -	—
12. Portrait of Himself - - -	—
13. A small Landscape - - -	<i>Claude.</i>
14. A Physician feeling a Girl's pulse in the presence of her mother. A Boy with a bow and arrow, and a picture of Venus and Adonis, suggest the true cause of the disorder; panel - - -	<i>Jan Steen.</i>
15. An Interior: a Woman having fallen asleep, her Children and Servants are taking advantage of the opportunity - - -	—
16. The Effects of Intemperance - -	—
17. A Merry-Making - - -	—
18. A similar subject - - -	—
19. A Lady at her Toilet - - -	<i>P. de Hooghe.</i>
20. A Music Party - - -	—
21. Death of Cleopatra - - -	<i>Platzer.</i>
22. Defeat of Mark Antony - - -	—
23. A Woman selling Milk - - -	<i>Ar. Van Maas.</i>
24. A Woman listening - - -	—
25. The Embarkation of Van Tromp -	<i>L. Backhuysen.</i>
26. The Burning of the Fleet in the Medway - - -	<i>Tempesta.</i>
27. View of a Town in Holland - -	<i>Vanderheyden.</i>
28. A Lady at her Toilet - - -	<i>G. Netscher.</i>
29. A Music Party - - -	<i>Jan Le Duc.</i>
30. A Boar Hunt - - -	<i>Snyders.</i>
31. A Horse devoured by Wolves -	—
32. Interior, with a Soldier drinking -	<i>F. Mieris.</i>
33. A Peasant's Wedding (painted 1655—Sapeyrière) - - -	<i>Teniers.</i>
34. A Party of Boors merry-making -	<i>Ad. Van Ostade</i>
35. The Return from the Chase - -	<i>Wouvermanns.</i>
36. A Halt of Cavalry before a Sutler's Booth - - -	—
37. A View of Veight, near Maassen -	<i>Vanderheyden.</i>
38. A Boat on a Canal, with Figures -	{ <i>Ad. Vander-</i> <i>velde.</i>
39. The Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo (painted 1822) - - -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
40. Portrait of George IV in the Highland Costume - - -	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
41. Portrait of William IV - -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
42. Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst -	---
43. A Highlander returned from his day's sport, in the midst of his family - - -	<i>E. Landseer.</i>
44. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes (after Raffaele) - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
45. Portrait of Charles I on horseback (after the picture at Windsor Castle by Vandyck) - -	---

## APPENDIX VIII.

### CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES

THE PROPERTY OF

SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.,

AT

### WHITEHALL.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
<p>1. The "Chapeau de Paille;" panel -                      [A portrait, half-length, of one of the Lunden family, of Antwerp. The picture is named the "Chapeau de Paille," <i>ut lucus à non lucendo</i>, for the large hat which overshadows the fair sitter's face is of black velvet. The designation by which the work was known in the Netherlands was "Het Spaansch Hoedge," the Spanish hat. This was among the pictures which the artist retained in his own possession. After the death of his widow it became the property of the Lunden family, an heir of which, M. Van Haveren, sold it to M. Stiers d'Artslaer, in 1817, for 2,400<i>l.</i>; in 1822, it was sold by auction to M. Nieuwenhuys for about 3,000<i>l.</i>, and it was ultimately purchased by Sir Robert Peel for 3,500<i>l.</i>]</p>	<p><i>Rubens.</i></p>
<p>2. A Bacchanalian Scene, of eight Figures -</p> <p>[Also one of the pictures retained by the artist; on his death it was sold (1642) to Cardinal Richelieu. De Tartre—Lucien Bonaparte—Bonnemaison. Sir R. Peel gave 1,100<i>l.</i> for it.]</p>	



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
3. Portrait of a Gentleman; an oval -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
4. Landscape, with Cattle -	—
5. A Music Piece: a Girl in a yellow velvet jacket and white satin skirt, taking a lesson on the oboe. The Teacher accompanies her with his voice; a Gentleman stands by, listening - - -	<i>G. Terburg.</i>
[M. Jullienne, 1767 (112 <i>l.</i> ); Duc de Choiseul, 1772 (144 <i>l.</i> ); Prince de Conti, 1777 (192 <i>l.</i> ); Marquis de Pange, 1781 (235 <i>l.</i> ); Duc de Praslin, 1808 (520 <i>l.</i> ); M. de Sereville, 1812 (600 <i>l.</i> ); Prince Galitzen (972 <i>l.</i> ); Sir R. Peel, 1820 (920 guineas.)]	
6. An old Woman talking at a window with a Girl, about the purchase of a Hare, with other Figures -	<i>Gerard Douw.</i>
[Choiseul; de Conti; Duc de Chabot; Dupré; Beckford. Sir R. Peel gave 1,270 guineas for it]	
7. A Music Piece; a Gentleman preparing to accompany a young Lady with his violin; a Spaniel in the foreground; panel (Choiseul—Praslin—Solirene—Talleyrand) - - -	<i>Gabriel Metz.</i>
8. A Music Piece; a Lady at a harpsichord, talking with a Gentleman who has a champagne glass in his hand - - -	—
9. A Girl in a red jacket, sitting at a window, feeding a green Parrot -	<i>Franz Mieris.</i>
10. A Lady teaching her little Girl to read; another Child playing with a Dog - - -	<i>Caspar Netscher</i>
11. Two Boys blowing bubbles (painted 1670) - - -	—
12. A Girl in a yellow velvet jacket and white satin skirt, seated at a spinning wheel; knee-piece (painted 1665) - - -	—
13. A Woman talking to a Fishmonger at a window, under which is a Cat; "Le Chat" - - -	—
[Sir R. Peel gave 370 guineas for this picture, in 1827.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
14. A Music Piece; a Girl in a yellow stomacher and blue skirt, taking a lesson on the harpsichord - -	<i>Jan Steen.</i>
15. Exterior of a House; a Woman and Child in a vine arbour, with another Figure (painted 1658) - -	<i>P. de Hooghe.</i>
16. An Interior; two Gentlemen and a Lady seated at a window, with another Figure - -	—
17. A Portrait Piece; a Father, Mother, and six Children in a garden - -	<i>Gonzales Coques</i>
18. An Interior; an old Peasant, caressing the Servant Maid, detected by his Wife; "La surprise Facheuse;" panel - -	<i>D. Teniers, jun.</i>
19. A richly dressed Man tormented by Evil Spirits; "Le Mauvais Riche;" panel - -	—
20—23. The Four Seasons; copper - -	—
24. Landscape; with the Artist's Country House, and Figures - -	—
25. An Alchymist at work, surrounded by his Family; panel (painted 1661) - -	<i>A. Van Ostade.</i>
26. Landscape: Entrance to a Village; a Man on a grey Horse, with other Figures and Animals; panel - -	<i>Is. Van Ostade.</i>
[Sir R. Peel gave 400 guineas for the work.]	
27. Landscape; Winter, with Figures skating, &c. - -	—
28. Landscape: Evening, with Men unloading a Cart, and other Figures and Cattle; panel (painted 1654) - -	<i>Paul Potter.</i>
[Purchased at Lord Gwydyr's sale, in 1829, for 1,205 guineas.]	
29. Landscape, with Figures and Cattle passing a ford - -	<i>A. Vandervelde.</i>
30. Farm-house, with Cattle and Figures; panel (painted 1658) - -	—
31. Landscape; Winter, with Figures skating and playing on the ice; "Les Amusemens d'Hiver;" panel (painted 1668) - -	—
32. A Calm; a Coasting Vessel in the foreground, Men-of-war and other Vessels beyond (painted 1657) - -	<i>W. Vandervelde.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
33. Coast Scene, with Figures bathing, Fishermen, and other Figures, two Vessels riding at anchor, and others in the background (painted 1661) - - -	
[Sir R. Peel gave 500 <i>l.</i> for the work.]	<i>W. Vandervelde</i>
34. The Coast of Scheveningen; a light Breeze, Evening, with Vessels and Figures (the latter by Adr. Vandervelde) - - -	—
[Sir R. Peel gave 800 <i>l.</i> for this painting.]	
35. Coast Scene; a light Breeze, a Fishing Boat coming in, other Vessels in the background; panel	—
36. Off Shore; a Gale coming on, Fishing Boats in front, some large Vessels in the background - - -	—
37. At Sea; a Storm, with Dutch Lighter, and some Men-of-war - - -	—
38. A Calm, with Ships; a small Boat in front - - -	—
39. The Mouth of the Thames; a stiff Gale, a Dutch Packet Boat endeavouring to enter - - -	<i>L. Backhuysen.</i>
40. A Coast Scene; rough weather, two Men pushing off a Boat, with other Figures; panel - - -	—
41. Landscape; a Woman spinning, with Dog and Cattle - - -	<i>Karel du Jardin</i>
42. Landscape; Figures and Cattle passing a ford (painted 1657) - - -	—
43. Open Landscape; a Herdswoman sleeping, a Boy, Dog, and Cattle (painted 1656) - - -	—
44. Landscape; an Ass on a rising ground in front, a grey Horse, and Figures; panel - - -	—
45. The Sutler's Booth; "La Halte d'Officers." One of a party of Cavalry Officers is flirting with a pretty Peasant, while a second is discussing a pitcher of wine; a Trumpeter sounding, and other military Figures; panel - - -	{ <i>Ph. Wouvermanns.</i>
46. Landscape; a grey Horse waiting to be laden with faggots by its Master, a Woman and Child seated near; panel - - -	—

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
47. A Stable, with Figures and Horses -	} <i>Ph. Wouwer-</i> } <i>manns.</i>
48. A Sandy Landscape, with Figures shooting, fishing, &c.; panel -	
49. The Sea-shore, with Fishermen and other Figures -	—
50. A Group of Cows, with Herdsman, Shepherd Boy, Fishermen, &c. in Landscape; Evening; panel -	<i>Alb. Cuyp.</i>
51. Landscape; an old Castle, with Man on a black Horse, a Shepherd and Sheep -	—
52. Flat Landscape; Evening; a Man on a grey Horse, with other Figures and Cattle -	—
53. Landscape, with Cattle and Figures (by A. Vandervelde) crossing a ford; panel -	<i>Jan Wynants.</i>
54. Landscape, with Cattle; a Traveller reposing, and other Figures (by Lingelbach) -	
55. Landscape; a Waterfall a prominent object, with Figures and Sheep crossing a bridge (Brentano Collection, Amsterdam—Lord Charles Townshend) -	<i>J. Ruysdael.</i>
56. Woody Landscape, with Sportsmen chasing a Hare -	—
57. A Water-mill, with Figures fishing, &c., and Ducks -	<i>Hobbema.</i>
58. Woody Landscape; a Stream in front, with Figures; panel -	—
59. Ruins of the Chateau de Brederode; a Sportsman, Men fishing, and other Figures (by Lingelbach) -	—
60. The Village of Middlehains (the Painter's birth-place) -	—
61. A Garden, with Figures (by A. Vandervelde) -	<i>F. Moucheron.</i>
62. View of a Street in Cologne, with Figures (by Vandervelde) -	<i>Vanderheyden.</i>
63. Landscape, with Ruius; a Woman on an Ass, a Man walking, and Cattle crossing a stream; panel -	<i>Berghem.</i>
64. A Hay Harvest, with Figures hawking (painted 1664) -	<i>Lingelbach.</i>
65. Portrait of the Duke of Wellington	<i>Lawrence.</i>
66. Portrait of George Canuing -	—

## APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
67. Portrait of John Kemble, as <i>Rolla</i> -	<i>Lawrence.</i>
68. Portrait of Sir Robert Peel -	—
69. Portrait of Sir Robert Peel, the elder -	—
70. Portrait of Lady Peel -	—
71. Portrait of Miss Peel -	—
72. Portrait of the Earl of Eldon -	—
73. Portrait of Lord Stowell -	—
74. Portrait of the Earl of Liverpool -	—
75. Portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen -	—
76. Portrait of Miss Eliza Peel -	<i>E. Landseer.</i>
77. Portrait of Wordsworth -	<i>Pickersgill.</i>
78. The Snake in the Grass -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
79. Robinetta -	—
80. Portrait of Dr Johnson -	—
81. Portrait of Edmund Burke -	—
82. Portrait of a Lady and Child -	—
83. John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Convocation -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
84. Portrait of Lord Byron -	<i>Phillips.</i>

## APPENDIX IX.

### CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES

BELONGING TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.,

ST JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
1. The Virgin and Child, in Landscape (Orleans—H. Hope) - - -	<i>Raffael.</i> —
2. Christ in the Garden - - - [Once part of the predella to the altarpiece which Raffaelle painted in 1505 for the nuns of St Anthony, at Perugia; the other portion of it is at Dulwich. Orleans—Elgin.]	
3. Virgin and Child, with six Saints -	<i>Lod. Caracci.</i>
4. The Coronation of the Virgin (Aldo- brandini Palace, Rome) - - -	<i>Ann. Caracci.</i>
5. Landscape; the Mill; a Shepherd playing on his pipe (No. 11 of the Liber Veritatis—Benj. West) -	<i>Claude.</i>
6. Landscape; Evening; with Buildings and Figures (No. 2 of the Liber Veritatis—Orleans) - - -	—
7. Portrait of a young Man in Armour, said to be of Gaston de Foix (Benj. West) - - -	<i>Giorgione.</i>
8. Landscape; Campagna di Roma, with Figures - - - -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
9. The Adoration of the Shepherds -	<i>G. Poussin.</i>
10. Portrait of Himself when an old Man, with a velvet cap on -	<i>Rembrandt.</i>
11. A Forest Scene; Sunset (West) -	—
12. Allegorical Sketch: Emancipation of the United Provinces from Spain and Austria (Reynolds—West) -	—
13. Landscape; Moonlight -	<i>Rubens.</i>
14. Triumphal Procession; a study, with variations, after Andrea Mantegna's Triumphs of Cæsar, at Hampton Court (Balbi Palace, Genoa—Mr Champernowne) -	—
15. The Horrors of War: Study for the great Picture now in the Pitti Palace, Florence (Balbi Palace, Genoa) -	—
16. Woody Landscape, with Figures -	—
17. The Infant Christ -	<i>Domenichino.</i>
18. Landscape; with the Flaying of Marsyas -	—
19. Landscape; "The Bird Catchers" (Borghese Palace) -	—
20. Landscape; "Tobit and the Fish" -	—
21. A Warrior on a white Horse -	<i>d'Arpino.</i>
22. A Holy Family; "La Madonna del Gatto;" so called from a Cat painted in the corner. A repetition of the picture in the National Gallery (Salviati Palace, Rome) -	<i>Baroccio.</i>
23. Christ bearing his Cross, with other Figures -	<i>Andrea Sacchi.</i>
24. St Paul and St John -	<i>Giotto.</i>
[A fragment of a fresco painting, from the Carmelite church at Florence. They were saved with some others when the church was destroyed by fire in 1769, and were brought over to England by Mr Thornley. They were afterwards in the collection of the Right Hon. Charles Greville.]	
25. The Miracle of St Mark; the Saint coming to the assistance of a Martyr -	<i>Tintoretto.</i>
[Sketch for the great picture formerly in the school of St Mark; now in the Museum at Venice. The present sketch was in Mr Ottley's collection.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
26. Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of our Saviour (H. Hope) - - [The great picture in the Durazzo Collection, at Genoa, for which this was the sketch, differs from it in many respects.]	<i>Paul Veronese.</i>
27. The Good Samaritan - -	<i>G. Bassano.</i>
28. Lazarus refused the Crums which fell from the Rich Man's table. Dives and his friends feasting at the back of the picture - -	—
29. The Nativity - - -	—
30. A Repose - - - [By some assigned to Francesco Rondani.]	<i>Correggio.</i>
31. Beatification of Charles V - - [Sketch from the great picture called 'La Gloria di Tiziano,' now in the Museo di San Fernando, Madrid.]	<i>Titian.</i>
32. Charles V on horseback - - [Study from the great picture now in the Royal Collection at Madrid.]	—
33. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden (Muselli Collection, Verona—Orleans) - -	—
34. The Cornaro Family (after Titian) - [A reduced copy of the great picture at Northumberland House.]	<i>Anonymous.</i>
35. Joseph with the Infant Christ (H. Hope) - - -	<i>Murillo.</i>
36. Christ disputing with the Doctors (Aldobrandini—Ottley) - -	<i>M. de Ferrara.</i>
37. Martyrdom of St John the Baptist, with Salome dancing before Herod	<i>G. da Fiesole.</i>
38. A Conversation Piece - -	<i>Watteau.</i>
39. Head of St John the Baptist (Marescalchi Palace, Bologna) - -	<i>An. del Sarto.</i>
40. Portrait of the Infante Don Balthazar, on a black horse - -	<i>Velasquez.</i>
41. Ecce Homo (a head—West) - -	<i>Guido.</i>
42. The Virgin and Child; the Virgin has a Bird perched on her finger -	<i>Guercino.</i>
43. Coronation of the Virgin; St Nicholas, St Barbara, and other saints below - - -	<i>L. da Credi.</i>
44. The Ascension of Christ - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
45. Virgin and Child; a sketch - -	—
46. A Riposo—Joseph reading - -	<i>Franc. Mola.</i>
47. Jason charming the Dragon - -	<i>Saivator Rosa.</i>



APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
48. A Spaniard smoking - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
49. Head of a Man - - -	<i>Holbein.</i>
50. Virgin and Child - - -	<i>Jan Van Eyck.</i>
51. Exterior of an Inn—Boors regaling -	<i>D. Teniers.</i>
52. Dead Game - - -	<i>Snyders.</i>
53. Portrait of Himself, as a patient in the Hospital of St John at Bruges	<i>Jan Hemlinck.</i>
54. Interior of a Church - - -	<i>Pieter Neef.</i>
55. A Man's Hand holding a Hawk -	<i>Anonymous.</i>
56. Richmond Hill, from the Artist's window - - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
57. Cupid and Psyche (Miss Greville and her Brother—painted 1789) -	—
58. The Strawberry Garden - - -	—
59. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow (painted 1789) - - -	—
60. The Sleeping Girl - - -	—
61. A Girl with a Bird in her hand -	—
62. Landscape—a Tower on the near right - - -	<i>Wilson.</i>
63. Landscape—a Horse drinking -	<i>Gainsborough.</i>
64. Shipping and Cattle - - -	—
65. A Turk asleep over his Pipe - -	<i>Bonnington.</i>
66. The Princes in the Tower praying -	<i>Leslie.</i>
67. A Lady teaching her Child to read -	—
68. Napoleon at St Helena - - -	<i>Haydon.</i>
[Reduction of the large picture of the same artist at Drayton Manor.]	
69. Peace returning to the Earth; and a number of other Sketches, inserted in the panels of a cabinet -	<i>Stothard.</i>
70. A Spanish Senorita, with her Nurse, taking an airing on the Prado at Madrid; water colours - - -	<i>Wilkie.</i>
71. Shakspeare; water colours -	<i>Turner.</i>
72. Head of Queen Victoria - - -	<i>Sully.</i>

## APPENDIX X.

### CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

### SOANE MUSEUM,

### LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Portrait of Sir John Soane (painted 1829)	<i>Lawrence.</i>
The Snake in the Grass - - -	<i>Reynolds.</i>
The Rake's Progress. Eight pictures -	<i>Hogarth.</i>
The Heir entering into Possession	
The Rake and his Companions	
The Modern Midnight Conversation	
The Arrest	
The Marriage	
The Gaming Table	
The Rake in Prison	
The Rake in the Madhouse	
[Painted about 1734; sold by Hogarth for 22 guineas each; they subsequently came into the possession of Alderman Beckford, and were bought by Sir John Soane for 570 guineas.]	
The Election - - -	<i>Hogarth.</i>
The Dinner	
The Canvas	
The Polling	
The Chairing	
[Purchased of the artist by Garrick for 200 <i>l.</i> ; by Soane in 1823 for 1,650 guineas. The successful candidate in the last piece is thought to be Bubb Dodington.]	

APPENDIX.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Two Heads, from the Cartoons - - -	<i>Flaxman.</i>
Portrait of a Lady - - -	<i>Jackson.</i>
The Passage Point - - -	<i>Callcott.</i>
A Head from one of the lost Cartoons -	<i>Raffael.</i>
The Rialto at Venice - - -	<i>Canaletti.</i>
The Piazza San Marco at Venice -	—
The Great Canal at Venice - -	—
[From Fonthill.]	
Comus listening to Circe - - -	<i>Howard.</i>
Moonlight Scene—Lorenzo and Jessica -	<i>Danby.</i>
John Kemble, as Coriolanus - - -	<i>Sir F. Bourgeois.</i>
Les Noces - - -	<i>Watteau.</i>
Vale of Chamouni - - -	<i>Turner.</i>
A Persian Lady worshipping the Sun -	<i>Mrs Cosway.</i>
Landscape - - -	<i>Zuccarelli.</i>
The Italian Count - - -	<i>Fuseli.</i>
The Cheat detected - - -	<i>E. Bird.</i>
Sir John Soane in Masonic Costume -	<i>Jackson.</i>
Unfinished Portrait of Mrs Soane -	—
Sketch for the Ceiling of the Great Hall at Greenwich Hospital -	<i>Sir J. Thornhill.</i>
A Dog - - -	<i>James Ward.</i>
The Contention of Oberon and Titania for the Indian Boy - - -	<i>Henry Howard.</i>
Portrait of Napoleon, aged 29 (painted at Verona in 1797) - - -	<i>F. Goma.</i>
The Emperor Napoleon (painted at Elba) -	<i>Isabey.</i>
Vision of Shakspeare - - -	<i>H. Howard.</i>
Lear and Cordelia - - -	—
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Van Tromp's Barge entering the Texel, in 1645 - - -	<i>Turner.</i>
Cave of Despair - - -	<i>Eastlake.</i>
Landscape - - -	<i>Ruysdael.</i>
Camels - - -	<i>W. Daniel.</i>
Elephants - - -	—
Marc Antony reading Cæsar's Will -	<i>Hilton.</i>
Ruins of Kirkstall Abbey - - -	<i>Turner.</i>
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Two Landscapes - - -	<i>Ruysdael.</i>
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