



HENRY FUSELI ESQ.<sup>FR</sup>

*Engraved by Deane from a Painting by Hartow.*

Art  
Biog



**T H E L I F E**  
**AND**  
**W R I T I N G S**  
**OF**  
**HENRY FUSELI, Esq. M.A. R.A.**

KEEPER, AND PROFESSOR OF PAINTING TO THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY IN LONDON; MEMBER OF THE FIRST CLASS  
OF THE ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE AT ROME.

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THE FORMER WRITTEN, AND THE LATTER EDITED BY  
**JOHN KNOWLES, F.R.S.**

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AT ROTTERDAM,  
HIS EXECUTOR.

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"Animo vidit, ingenjo complexus est, eloquentiâ illuminavit."  
*Velleius Paterculus in Ciceronem.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.  
  
VOL. I.

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MDCCCXXI.



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TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
S U S A N,  
COUNTESS DOWAGER OF GUILFORD,  
BARONESS NORTH AND GUILFORD.

MADAM,

I FEEL a degree of diffidence in dedicating to your Ladyship the Life and Posthumous Works of Henry Fuseli; because, with regard to the former, no one is better acquainted with the extent of his talents, or can form a more accurate opinion of the powers of his conversation, and the excellent qualities of his head and heart, than yourself. In giving some account of his life and pursuits, I have endeavoured to speak of him as he was, and to become his

“honest chronicler.” How far I have succeeded, it is for your Ladyship to form a judgment. Had it ever occurred to me, during his lifetime, that it would be my lot to become his Biographer, I should have kept a Journal, and thus have been enabled to present to you, and to the world, a more copious and rich view of his colloquial powers. But as this is not the case, if the Memoir bring to your remembrance the general power of his genius, or give an adumbration of his professional merit; if it convey impressions of his profound classical attainments and critical knowledge, and recall with them the simplicity of his domestic habits, my end is fully answered.

It is not for me to make an apology for sending to the public, under the high support of your Ladyship’s name, the posthumous works of my friend; as these, I know, will be acceptable to you; and many of them have already received the highest encomiums, when delivered as Lectures before the Members of the Royal Academy of Arts.

I am fully certain that if the mind which dictated these works, could now be conscious of the fact, no circumstance would give to it greater satisfaction, than the knowledge of their appearing under the sanction of your patronage.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient,

And obliged humble servant,

JOHN KNOWLES.

4, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park,

24th March, 1830.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN offering to the public the Life and a complete edition of the literary Works of Henry Fuseli, I feel myself called upon to state the sources whence the former has been drawn.

The daily intercourse and sincere friendship which subsisted for many years between this great artist and myself, afforded me the opportunity of witnessing his domestic habits, hearing many of the incidents of his life, and watching his career as an artist; and, being executor to his will, his professional as well as private papers came into my possession. Independently of these advantages, I have been in correspondence with the nearest branches of

his family, (at Zurich, in Switzerland,) and from their kindness have obtained many particulars of his early life, together with the correction of some previously inaccurate dates. Whatever estimate, therefore, may be formed of my work, as a literary production, the particulars have been gathered from the most authentic and unquestionable sources.

With respect to his works, it may be necessary to state that the first Six Lectures were published in a quarto volume under Mr. Fuseli's own superintendence, and were printed in a more extended form than that in which they were delivered; additional observations having been inserted for the press, and notes added to indicate the authorities whence his opinions were derived. They are now reprinted from a copy in my possession, in which are noted some corrections by the author.

The remaining Six Lectures are published from the manuscripts in his own hand-writing, without any addition, omission, or alteration.

The Aphorisms were collated, and re-copied fairly some years before the death of the

author: these are printed *verbatim* as he intended they should come before the public.

The History of the Italian Schools of Art will be found to contain the professional lives of Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, and other great masters, with the author's criticisms on their works. Most of the observations on Art were made by Fuseli while in Italy and France, after a close inspection of the frescoes, pictures, or works in sculpture, which he describes or criticises; and the particulars of the lives of the artists were deduced from a careful perusal and comparison of the most elaborate and esteemed works in which they have been recorded.

The reader will notice, that, in a few instances, the same notions and expressions are repeated; a circumstance which occasioned from an eminent artist, (the late Sir Thomas Lawrence,) for whose opinion and talents I had great respect, a recommendation to "use the pruning-knife." But it appeared to me, after due consideration, to be preferable that I should print the manuscripts as they came into my hands; for to have omitted these

passages might have disturbed the connexion of the reasoning and rendered the author's ideas less apparent to the reader; I therefore present his works to the world without any omission, alteration, or addition on my part.

JOHN KNOWLES.

# CONTENTS

OF

## THE FIRST VOLUME.

### CHAPTER I.

Fuseli's birth and family.—Passion for drawing manifested in his childhood.—His destination for the Church.—Singular cause of *ambidexterity*.—Fuseli's early fondness for entomology.—He enters the Collegium Carolinum at Zurich.—His associates there: Lavater, Usteri, Tomman, Jacob and Felix Hess.—Professors Bodmer and Breitingen.—His partiality for Shakspeare, &c.—His turn for satire called forth at the College.—He courts the Poetic Muse.—Enters into holy orders at the same time with Lavater.—State of Pulpit oratory in Zurich.—Fuseli and Lavater become champions of the public cause against a magistrate of Zurich.—Quits Zurich . . . . . Page 1

### CHAPTER II.

The friends are accompanied in their journey by Professor Sulzer.—They visit Augsburg and Leipsic.—Arrive at Berlin.—Fuseli furnishes some designs for Bodmer's work.—

Baron Arnheim.—Fuseli visits Barth, in Pomerania, where he pursues his studies for six months under Professor Spalding.—Motives which induce him to visit England, where he arrives in 1763, under the protection of Sir Andrew Mitchell. — Lord Scarsdale: Mr. Coutts: Mr. Andrew Millar: Mr. Joseph Johnson. — Fuseli receives engagements from the booksellers. — His first residence in London: becomes acquainted with Smollet: Falconer: A. Kauffman: Mrs. Lloyd: Mr. Cadell: Garrick. — Fuseli accepts, and shortly after relinquishes the charge of travelling tutor to the son of Earl Waldegrave. — His first interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds. — His earliest production in oil painting. — He visits Liverpool. — Takes part in Rousseau's quarrel with Hume and Voltaire, (1767) and exerts his pen in the cause of his countryman . . . . . 22

## CHAPTER III.

Fuseli leaves England for Italy in the society of Dr. Armstrong.—They quarrel, and separate at Genoa.—Fuseli arrives at Rome (1770).—His principle of study there.—He suffers through a fever, and repairs to Venice for his health. —Visits Naples.—Quits Rome (1778) for Switzerland.—Letter to Mr. Northcote.—Fuseli renews his classical studies. —Visits his family at Zurich.—Engages in an unsuccessful love-affair.—Arrives again in London . . . . . 46

## CHAPTER IV.

Fuseli settles in London.—Interview with Mr. Coutts.—Reconciliation with Dr. Armstrong.—Professor Bonycastle. —Society at Mr. Lock's.—Mr. James Carrick Moore and Admiral Sir Graham Moore.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Mr. West.—Anecdote of Fuseli and West.—The popular picture

of "The Nightmare."—Death of Fuseli's Father.—Visit to Mr. Roscoe at Liverpool.—Fuseli's singular engagement to revise Cowper's Iliad.—Three Letters from Mr. Cowper.—Anecdotes of Fuseli and Dr. Geddes	57
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

Subjects painted by Fuseli for Boydell's "Shakspeare Gallery."—His assistance towards the splendid Edition of "Lavater's Physiognomy."—His picture for Macklin's "Poets' Gallery."—His contributions to the Analytical Review.—His critique on Cowper's Homer	77
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

Fuseli's proficiency in Italian History, Literature, and the Fine Arts, exemplified in his Criticism on Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici	110
---	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

Fuseli's Marriage.—His inducements to associate himself with the Royal Academy.—He translates Lavater's "Aphorisms on Man."—Remarks on his own "Aphorisms on Art."—Particulars of Fuseli's acquaintance with Mrs. Wollstonecraft	158
--	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

Fuseli undertakes the Illustration of Cowper's Edition of Milton.—First notion of the "Milton Gallery" hence suggested.—Letter to Mr. Roscoe from Fuseli and Mr. Johnson.—Circumstances attending Fuseli's Election as a Royal Academician.—Sir Joshua Reynolds's temporary secession connected with that event.—Fuseli's progress in the	
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pictures for the "Milton Gallery."—Controversy between Fuseli and the Rev. Mr. Bromley.—Subjects painted for Woodmason's "Illustrations of Shakspeare."—Subscription towards the completion of the Milton Gallery.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Fuseli contributes to Seward's "Anecdotes."—His Visit to Windsor with Opie and Bonnycastle.—Anecdotes connected with that Visit.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Mr. Johnson's Imprisonment, and Fuseli's adherence to him.—Anecdote of Lord Erskine.—Exhibition of the "Milton Gallery," and List of the Works composing it, with incidental Comments, &c.—Letter to Fuseli from his brother Rodolph.—Letter from Fuseli to Mr. Lock . . . . . 171

## CHAPTER IX.

Fuseli's Lectures at the Royal Academy.—Letters respecting them from Mr. Farington.—Letter from Sir Henry Englefield, on the subject of the ancient Vases.—Death of Fuseli's friend Lavater.—Fuseli's Visit to Paris in 1802.—His Letter from thence to Mr. James Moore.—His acquaintance with the French Painters David and Gerard.—Results of his Visit.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Fuseli's Remarks on some of the Paintings in the Louvre.—Letter from Mr. Smirke.—Fuseli elected Keeper of the Royal Academy.—Incidental Anecdote.—Letter to Mr. Joseph Johnson . . . . . 239

## CHAPTER X.

The Biographer's Introduction to Fuseli.—New Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, superintended by Fuseli.—Establishment of the British Institution, and Fuseli's limited Contributions to the Exhibition there.—Subject from Dante.—Fuseli's Remarks on Blake's Designs.—His Lectures on Painting renewed.—Tribute of esteem from the Students of the Academy.—Letter.—Death of Mr. Johnson, and Fuseli's

sympathy on the occasion.—Fuseli re-elected to the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy . . . . . 287

## CHAPTER XI.

Fuseli's prefatory Address to his resumed Lectures.—His second Edition of Pilkington.—He suffers from a nervous fever, and visits Hastings in company with the Biographer.—His Picture of Marcus Curius, and Letter relative to it.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Canova's Intercourse with Fuseli.—Anecdotes of Fuseli and Harlow.—Letters from Fuseli to the Biographer.—Republication of his Lectures, with additions.—Death of Professor Bonnycastle, and Anecdote concerning him.—Death of Fuseli's friend and patron Mr. Coutts.—An agreeable party at Fuseli's house . . . . . 304

## CHAPTER XII.

Decline of Fuseli's Health.—Letter from Mr. James C. Moore.—Fuseli's Bust by Baily, and Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His last Academical Lectures.—Particulars of his Illness and Death.—Proceedings relative to his interment, with an account of the ceremony.—Copy of his Will . . . . . 329

## CHAPTER XIII.

Fuseli's personal appearance and habits.—Existing Memorials of him in Pictures and Busts.—His method of dividing his time.—Anecdotes exemplifying his irritability.—His attainments in classical and in modern Languages.—Instances of his Powers of Memory.—His intimate knowledge of English Poetry and Literature.—His admiration of Dante,—His Passion for Entomology.—His opinions of some contemporary Artists.—His conversational powers, and Anecdotes.—His deficient acquaintance with the pure Physical Sciences . . . . . 350

## CHAPTER XIV.

Fuseli's inherent shyness of disposition.—His opinion of various noted individuals, viz. Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, Horne Tooke, and Thomas Paine.—His cultivation of English notions and habits.—His attachment to civil and religious Liberty.—His intimacy with theatrical matters.—His adventure at a Masquerade.—His powers as a Critic, both in Literature and Art, with various illustrative examples.—His impressions of Religion.—One of his Letters on Literature . . . . . 371

## CHAPTER XV.

Character of Fuseli as an Artist.—His early style.—His ardent pursuit of excellence in design.—His neglect of mechanical means, particularly as regards Colours.—His professional independence, unmixed with obstinacy.—His pre-eminent faculty of invention, and success in the portraiture of the ideal.—His deficiencies as to correctness, and disinclination to laborious finish.—Causes of his limited popularity as a Painter.—His felicity in Likenesses.—His colour and chiar-oscuro.—His quality as a Teacher of the Fine Arts.—His ardent love of Art.—Arrangements as to the disposal of his Works, &c.—List of his Subjects exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1774 to 1825 . . . . . 395

## APPENDIX.

On the character of Fuseli as an Artist, by W. Y. Ottley, Esq.—Verses to Fuseli on his series of Pictures from the Poetical Works of Milton, by W. Roscoe, Esq.—Ode to Fuseli on seeing Engravings from his Designs, by H. K. White, Esq.—“A Vision,”—verses in which Fuseli's principal productions are briefly noticed . . . . . 419

THE  
L I F E  
OF  
HENRY FUSELI,

M.A. R.A.

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CHAPTER I.

Fuseli's birth and family. — Passion for drawing manifested in his childhood. — His destination for the Church. — Singular cause of *ambidexterity*. — Fuseli's early fondness for entomology. — He enters the Collegium Carolinum at Zurich. — His associates there: Lavater, Usteri, Tomman, Jacob and Felix Hess. — Professors Bodmer and Breitinger. — His partiality for Shakspeare, &c. — His turn for satire called forth at the College. — He courts the poetic Muse. — Enters into holy orders at the same time with Lavater. — State of pulpit oratory in Zurich. — Fuseli and Lavater become champions of the public cause against a magistrate of Zurich. — Quits Zurich.

As there is a natural wish in mankind to be made acquainted with the history of those men who have distinguished themselves by any extraordinary exertion of talent, so we always

experience regret when we look to the biography of a celebrated man, if we find the details scanty, or the particulars respecting him resting for their accuracy upon the uncertainty of oral communication, made after a lapse of several years.

Although the mind of an author may, at a remote period, be appreciated by a perusal of his works, and the capacity and talents of an artist be judged of by the powers of invention which he has displayed,—by the harmony of his colour and the style and correctness of his lines; yet these do not completely satisfy; we wish the more to see him in his closet, to pursue him into familiar life, and to be made acquainted with the paths which he trod and the mode of study which he adopted to arrive at eminence. Who does not feel this impulse when he peruses the meagre accounts we have received of Shakspeare or Correggio? although the utmost efforts of industry have been employed to collect facts relating to these extraordinary men.

It is with such feelings that I attempt to give some particulars of the life and professional career of Henry Fuseli, while they are fresh on the memory; for if the biography of any

particular man be not written during his lifetime, or shortly after his decease, we recollect perhaps only a few circumstances, and fill up the record by guessing at the rest.

Many of the incidents which I am about to relate respecting Mr. Fuseli were communicated by himself; for I had the happiness of enjoying his friendship uninterruptedly for twenty years, and was almost in the daily habit of seeing and conversing with him until the last period of his existence. Other particulars I have collected from some of his relations and friends, and gleaned much from his private papers, which fell into my possession, as executor to his will. The facts may therefore be relied upon, and they will, at least, assist some future biographer: for I feel the difficulties under which I must unavoidably labour, in attempting to display the powers of a highly gifted man, and an eminent professor in an art which requires the study of years, nay of a whole life, to understand in any competent degree.

Henry Füessli (for such is the family name), the second son of John Caspar Füessli, was born on the 7th February, 1741, N.S. at Zurich, in Switzerland, which city had been the native place of his family for many generations.

His father, John Caspar, a painter of portraits and sometimes of landscapes, was distinguished for his literary attainments; when young, he had travelled into Germany, and became a pupil of Kupetzky, the most celebrated portrait painter of his time. He then resided for some time at Rastadt, as portrait painter to that court; and afterwards went to Ludswigsbourg, with letters of recommendation to the Prince of Wirtemberg, and was particularly patronized by him.

In the war of 1733, a French army having entered Germany, threw every thing there into confusion, on which Füessli withdrew from the scene of military operations, to Nuremberg, and remained in that city for six months, in expectation of a termination of hostilities; but hearing of the fall of his patron, the Prince of Wirtemberg, in the field of battle, he returned to Zurich, and settled in Switzerland for life.

Shortly after his return to his native city, he married Elizabeth Waser, an excellent woman, but of retired habits, who confined her attention to the care of her house and family, and to the perusal of religious books. By this marriage he had eighteen children, three of whom only arrived at the age of manhood;—Rodolph, who followed his father's profession as a painter, and

afterwards, settling at Vienna, became librarian to the Emperor of Germany; Henry, the subject of this Memoir; and Caspar, well known for his able and discriminative works on entomology.

Although John Caspar Füessli, the father, had travelled much, and was not unacquainted with the manners of courts, and could practise, when he thought proper, those of a courtier, yet he had assumed the carriage of an independent man of the world, and acquired an abrupt and blunt manner of speaking. Yet, as he was endowed with learning and possessed of talents, his house was frequented by men the most eminent in literature and in the arts, in Zurich and its neighbourhood. He was also an author, and, among other works, published the Lives of the Helvetic Painters, in which he received considerable assistance, both in its arrangement and style, from his son Henry. This he was enabled to do, notwithstanding, to use his own words, "in boyhood, when the mind first becomes capable of receiving the rudiments of knowledge, he had not the advantage of the amalgamating tuition of a public school."\*

\* Those who may be curious to see Fuseli's early style in German, may consult the Life of Chevalier Hudlinger, in

Henry Fuseli not only profited in his early years by the instruction of his parents, but also by the society which his father kept; indeed, he may be said to have been rocked in his cradle by the Muses,—for Solomon Gessner was his godfather. This poet and painter was the intimate friend of the elder Fuseli, and addressed to him an elaborate letter on landscape-painting, which is published in his works. But it was to his mother that Henry considered himself chiefly indebted for the rudiments of his education: she, it appears, was a woman of superior talents, and possessed, in a high degree, the affection and gratitude of her children. Even in the latter days of his life, when Fuseli has spoken of his mother, I have seen tears start into his eyes.

Henry Fuseli showed, very early, a predilection for drawing, and also for entomology; but the former was checked by his father, who knowing, from his own pursuits, the difficulty of arriving at any eminence in the fine arts, except a man's whole mind and attention be given to them; and having designed his son

the preface to the translation of "Mengs' thoughts on Beauty;" and also a letter "from Switzerland to Winkelmann;" both of which were written by him without alteration, although they bear his father's signature.

Henry for the clerical profession, under the expectation of advantageous preferment for him in the church, he considered that any pursuit requiring more than ordinary attention would draw his mind from those studies which appertain to theology, and thus be injurious to his future prospects. Perhaps, too, his dislike to his son's being an artist may also have arisen from the notion, that he would never excel in the mechanical part of painting; for, in youth, he had so great an awkwardness of hands, that his parents would not permit him to touch any thing liable to be broken or injured. His father has often exclaimed, when such things were shown to his visitors, "Take care of that boy, for he destroys or spoils whatever he touches."

Although the love which Fuseli had for the fine arts might be checked, yet it was not to be diverted altogether; this pursuit, which was denied him by parental authority, was secretly indulged,—for he bought with his small allowance of pocket-money, candles, pencils, paper, &c., in order to make drawings when his parents believed him to be in bed. These he sold to his companions; the produce of which enabled him either to purchase materials for the execution of other drawings, or to add articles

to his wardrobe, such as his parents might withhold, from prudential motives.

Many of his early sketches are still preserved, one of which is now in my possession,—“Orestes pursued by the Furies.” The subjects which he chose were either terrific or ludicrous scenes: in both these, he at all periods of life excelled: although his early works are incorrect in point of drawing, yet they generally tell the story which they intend to represent, with a wonderful felicity, particularly when it is considered that several of them proceeded from the mind of a mere child, scarcely eleven years of age.

The work which most engrossed Fuseli's juvenile attention was Tobias Stimmer's field-sports: these subjects he copied diligently, either with a pen or in Indian ink, as well as the sketches of Christopher Maurer, Gotthard Ringgli, Jobst Ammann, and other masters of Zurich. These artists, it must be acknowledged, possessed great powers of invention, and had a firm and bold outline, yet their figures are not to be commended for proportions or elegance, and the mannerism of their works was a dangerous example for a student to follow. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find an imitation of their faults in the early drawings of

Fuseli; in which short and clumsy figures are generally draped in the old Swiss *costume*.

Although the father seldom or ever attended public worship, yet he was not ignorant of the principles of religion, and knew what would be expected from his son when he entered upon the clerical profession: in order, therefore, to initiate him in the doctrines which he intended he should teach, he employed a clergyman to assist him in these as well as to instruct him in the classics. From this gentleman he borrowed the most esteemed religious books, which it was his practice, in the evenings, to read aloud to Henry. But while the father was reading the paraphrases of Doddridge, or the sermons of Götz or Saurin, the son was not unfrequently employed in making drawings; and the better to escape observation, he used his left hand for that purpose. This practice made him ambidextrous during his life.

The tutor soon perceived the bent of his pupil's inclination, who, instead of making his themes, or attending to other studies, was caricaturing those about him; and he told his father that, although he had an uncommon capacity for whatever he undertook with ardour, yet he was so wayward in his disposition, and

so bent upon drawing, that it was doubtful whether he would ever become a scholar.

The health of Mrs. Füessli being in a very delicate state, the family removed a few miles from the city, for the benefit of the air. Henry was at this time about twelve years of age. A residence in the country opened to his active mind a new field for contemplation, in the study of nature; and he now found great delight in what he had before in a degree pursued,—entomology. This study his father allowed him to prosecute, as he considered that the attempt to gain a knowledge of a science

“ Which looks through Nature up to Nature’s God,”

would be advantageous to his future walk in life; he therefore indulged his wish, encouraged him to proceed, and furnished him with books by which he could get information respecting the genera of insects, and their habits.\* And in the pursuit of entomology he was usually accompanied by his younger brother, Caspar, who has written so ably upon this science; and I have often heard Henry enlarge, in glowing terms, upon the pleasurable sensations

\* At this time, Rösel’s “ Insects’ Banquet ” was his favourite study.

which he experienced, when a boy, from the freshness of the air, at the dawn of day, when he had been creeping through hedge-rows in search of the larvæ of insects, or in pursuit of the disturbed and escaping moth or butterfly.

After a residence of two or three years in the country, Henry had arrived at that age when he required and was likely to profit by more profound instructions than he had hitherto received; with the view of affording these, his family resumed their residence at Zurich, and he was placed as a student in the *Collegium Carolinum*, in which he was matriculated, and finally took the degree of Master of Arts.

The secluded life which Fuseli's parents led, particularly while they resided in the country, had confined his juvenile acquaintances to a M. Nüscher,\* and to those youths who received occasional instructions from his father in painting. A college was therefore a new and imposing scene. Although he was then a novice in society, and had from nature a degree of shyness, which was increased by seclusion; yet his acute and discerning mind soon discovered those students who possessed the greatest ta-

\* The public are indebted for many of the particulars of Fuseli's early life to this gentleman, who died in 1816, and was a canon of Zurich.

lents, and with whom he could therefore with the more pleasure associate. Accordingly, he formed an acquaintance, which ripened into lasting friendship, with Lavater, Usteri, Tomman, Jacob, and Felix Hess; names well known in German literature.

At this time, the celebrated Bodmer and Breitinger were professors in the Caroline College; they were the intimate friends of the elder Füessli, (who has transmitted their likenesses to posterity,) and in consequence of this intimacy, they paid more than ordinary attention to the young student. These learned men were, in addition to their other studies, actively engaged in reforming the German language, and in this respect correcting the taste of their countrymen, and they constantly urged their pupils to pursue the same course; for at this period a pure and elegant style was very rare, and therefore considered no mean acquirement.

A naturally strong constitution, with considerable elasticity of mind, enabled Fuseli to pursue his studies for many hours in each day without interruption. In fact, he was capable of any mental labour, however severe. He attended diligently the usual routine of college studies, and being possessed of a very retentive memory, these were attained or performed with-

out difficulty. He therefore found time to gain a considerable knowledge of the English, French, and Italian languages. He was attracted to these, not only by the desire of travelling at some future period, but that he might be enabled to read some of the most celebrated authors in their own tongues.

He was enamoured with the plays of Shakespeare, and attempted a translation of Macbeth into German. The novels of Richardson, particularly his *Clarissa*, made a powerful and lasting impression upon his mind.\* The works of Rousseau were eagerly devoured by him. And the poetic flights of Dante not only aroused his feelings, but afforded subjects for his daring pencil, which, notwithstanding his numerous studies, was not laid aside.

Mixing in society naturally gives to an observing mind a knowledge of men and man-

\* Fuseli ever considered Richardson a man of great genius, and one who had a key to the human heart, and was very indignant, in the latter period of his life, with a gentleman who spoke contemptuously of *Clarissa Harlowe*. This person said in his presence, "No one now reads the works of Richardson." "Do they not?" said Fuseli, "then by G—d they ought. If people are now tired of old novels, I should be glad to know your criterion of books. If Richardson is old, Homer is obsolete. *Clarissa*, to me, is pathetic—is exquisite; I never read it without crying like a child."

ners. After Henry Fuseli had attended for some time the college studies, and acquired some degree of confidence in his own powers, he discovered and exposed weak points in some of the professors and tutors who had been held up as examples to the students, and also brought forward the merit and latent qualities of others, who from their modesty had remained without notice, and thus drew them from obscurity. If he could not attain his object by satire, in which he was very powerful, he sometimes resorted to caricature, a weapon not less formidable in his hands. The wounded pride of some of the masters induced them to draw up a formal complaint against him, and he was threatened with expulsion by the president, which was only a menace to intimidate him, as the heads of the college admired his talents, and were pleased with his assiduity.

In reading the Holy Scriptures (which he did diligently), the classics, or the modern historians or poets, Fuseli's mind was most powerfully attracted by those incidents or expressions which are out of the ordinary course, and he frequently embodied them with his pencil. Bodmer perceiving this bent of his mind, recommended him to try his powers in poetry, and

gave him, as models for imitation, the works of Klopstock and Weiland. The former were considered by Henry to be master-pieces; he caught the inspiration, and published, in a weekly journal called the "Freymüthigen Nachrichten,"\* an ode to Meta. This was so much in the spirit, and so near an imitation of Klopstock's style, that the ardent admirers of this great poet attributed it to him, and which was believed by all who were not in the secret. He also attempted a tragedy from the Bible, "The Death of Saul," which was also highly commended.

It is but reasonable to suppose, that Bodmer would endeavour to instil into the mind of a favourite pupil a love for the abstract sciences, in the knowledge of which he was himself so eminently skilled: but for these Fuseli showed an utter distaste, which continued during the whole of his life. He has more than once exclaimed to me, "Were the angel Gabriel sent expressly to teach me the mathematics, he would fail in his mission." And he has frequently dilated upon the annoyance which he felt, when discovered by any one of the tutors to be engaged in some favourite pursuit, by his putting, in Latin, an abrupt and unexpected question

\* "The Frank Intelligencer."

in physics, such as, "*Quid est calor, Henrice Füssli?*"

In the year 1761, Fuseli and his intimate friend Lavater entered into holy orders. The state of pulpit oratory, at this time, in Zurich, is thus described by a kinsman\* of the former: "The Dutch method of analyzing was at this time in vogue in our pulpits. By aiming at popularity, the language was often reduced to the lowest strain, and to mere puerilities. The subjects were chiefly dogmatical; and if a moral theme was introduced, their sermons betrayed no knowledge of mankind: they were mostly common-place declamation, deficient in precision and just discrimination. Exaggeration prevented the backslider from applying the description to himself; and as the way to reformation was neither intelligibly nor mildly pointed out, he was rather irritated than corrected.

\* The late Mr. Henry Füssli, of Zurich, from whom the writer has received much information. Just as this Memoir was completed, this gentleman closed his mortal career. He died on the 1st of May, 1829, in his seventy-fifth year. Mr. Füssli was a landscape painter, and held the honourable situation of President of the Society of Artists at Zurich. He had been labouring for some years under occasional attacks of asthma, and died therefrom much regretted.

“ Even the most distinguished preachers lost themselves in long and tiresome discourses, wandering either through the barren fields of scholastic or academic exercises, of little interest to a common audience ; or else they spun out labyrinthine allegories.

“ Others tried to excite the feelings by doctrines that bordered on mysticism or Moravianism ; and there were those who made simplicity their aim, not the noble but the coarser species, descending to vulgarity and meanness to flatter the popular taste, and endeavouring to disguise vacuity and sameness by low comparisons, little tales, and awkward imagery.

“ Some were to be found who, in their zeal for doctrinal faith, abused morality and philosophy, and bestowed the nickname of “ *Taste-tellers* ” on those who took a different course, and aimed at a better mode of address.”

Klopstock, Bodmer, Weiland, Zimmerman, S. Gessner, and some others, feeling how defective pulpit oratory was at Zurich, had laboured to bring about a better style of preaching, but without much effect. Fuseli, upon entering into holy orders, determined to regulate his efforts, and by the advice of these learned men, he chose Saurin's sermons as models of manner and arrangement ; but with the view of convey-

ing his sentiments so as to produce the greatest effect upon his audience, adopted the more inflated language of Klopstock and of Bodmer.

As his reputation stood high at college, and as his society was coveted for the power which he displayed in conversation, and for his deep knowledge in the classics and in sacred and profane history; so, a great degree of curiosity was excited among his friends, as to the success of his probationary sermon, which he knowing, with characteristic humour, took his text from the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, 18th verse, "What will this babbler say?" and preached against the passion of curiosity.

The new mode of preaching which Fuseli adopted and carried into many of the pulpits of Zurich; the novelty of the style, the originality of the ideas, and the nervous language which he used, pleased "the judicious few;" but it was "caviare to the general;" and hence the youthful preacher gained no great degree of popular applause. His friends, and Bodmer in particular, prompted him to persevere in the course which he had commenced, assuring him, that, in the end, it would be crowned with success; but at this time an incident happened, which gave a turn to his pursuits in life.

The works of Rousseau, Voltaire, and others,

who were then endeavouring by their writings to bring about a reform in the political and moral conditions of society, warmed his imagination, and he, Lavater, Jacob and Felix Hess, (who were not less influenced,) were determined to exert themselves, to benefit those of their native city. An opportunity was soon presented to their active minds. Rumour had been for some time busy with the character of a ruling magistrate, the high land-bailiff Grebel, ascribing to him various acts of tyranny and oppression, and among others, that of appropriating to himself property, and bidding defiance to the rightful owners. This he considered he might do with impunity, not only by the power which he possessed from his high situation, but also from that which he derived from his father-in-law, who was the burgomaster of Zurich.

The young friends made diligent inquiries into these charges, and found that there were ample grounds to justify the reports which were current. Their indignation was aroused, and they sent an anonymous letter to the magistrate, threatening him with instant exposure if he did not restore the property. Grebel, relying too much upon the feeling of security which power creates, took no notice

of this letter. Upon which Fuseli, and Lavater in particular, excited farther by his contempt, resolved to make the cause of the injured party their own, and accordingly wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "The Unjust Magistrate, or the Complaint of a Patriot," in which they detailed, in forcible and glowing terms, the acts of oppression which had been committed, and called upon the Government to examine into the facts, and punish the offender.

This pamphlet they industriously circulated, and took care that it should fall into the hands of all the principal members of the government. The manly tone in which it was written, and the facts adduced in support of the accusation, made such an impression on the council of Zurich, that it was stated from authority, if the author would avow himself, all the circumstances should be inquired into, and the facts carefully examined.

Upon this, Fuseli and Lavater, who were the ostensible persons, boldly stepped forward, and acknowledged themselves the authors. Evidence was taken, and the truth of the accusation established to its utmost extent. An upright judgment was awarded; the property restored; and the guilty magistrate then absconded, to avoid the personal punishment so justly due to his crimes.

Of this incident, which perhaps was the most important of Fuseli's life, as it was the cause of his quitting his native country, and changing his profession, he very seldom spoke; and during the whole term of our acquaintance, never mentioned the particulars but once, and then remarked, "Although I cannot but reflect with some degree of satisfaction upon the correctness of our feeling, and the courage which we displayed, yet, situated as we and our families then were, it evinced precipitation on our part, and a want of knowledge of the world."

This spirited act, on the part of Fuseli and his friends, was for some time the theme of public conversation at Zurich, and their patriotism was greatly applauded. But the disgrace which had fallen, by their means, on the accused, was felt by his powerful family, who considered, that, from their connexion with him, a part of the ignominy fell upon themselves. The tendency and natural consequences of such feelings were properly appreciated by the respective families of the young men, and they considered it prudent to recommend them to withdraw for a time from the city.

## CHAPTER II.

The friends are accompanied in their journey by Professor Sulzer. — They visit Augsburg and Leipsic. — Arrive at Berlin. — Fuseli furnishes some designs for Bodmer's work. — Baron Arnheim. — Fuseli visits Barth, in Pomerania, where he pursues his studies for six months under Professor Spalding. — Motives which induce him to visit England, where he arrives in 1703, under the protection of Sir Andrew Mitchell. — Lord Scarsdale: Mr. Coutts: Mr. Andrew Millar: Mr. Joseph Johnson. — Fuseli receives engagements from the booksellers. — His first residence in London: becomes acquainted with Smollet: Falconer: A. Kauffman: Mrs. Lloyd: Mr. Cadell: Garrick. — Fuseli accepts, and shortly after relinquishes the charge of travelling tutor to the son of the Earl of Waldegrave. — His first interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds. — His earliest production in oil painting. — He visits Liverpool. — Takes part in Rousseau's quarrel with Hume and Voltaire, (1767) and exerts his pen in the cause of his countryman.

It was fortunate for Fuseli and his friends, that the learned Sulzer, who held the situation of professor of mathematics in the Joachimsthal College, at Berlin, was at Zurich at this time, having obtained leave from the King of Prussia to visit his native country, to endeavour to dissipate his grief for the loss of a beloved wife. Sulzer, who had taken a lively interest in the

cause which these young men had advocated, was about to return to Berlin, and offered to take them with him; this opportunity was not to be neglected; and he, Fuseli, Lavater, Jacob and Felix Hess, set out on their journey, early in the year 1763, accompanied by a numerous train of friends and admirers, who attended them as far as Winterthur, at which place they were welcomed with fervour, as the enemies of oppression.

Sulzer justly and properly appreciated what would probably be felt by young men who, for the first time, leave home and those connexions which make home dear to them; and he therefore, in order to dissipate any unpleasant feelings, determined to remain for some days at those cities or towns on the road, where there was any thing to be seen worthy of attention. The change, however, was less felt by Fuseli than by his companions; the profession in which he had been employed was not one of his choice; he had always entertained a strong desire to travel, and he had lost, a few years previously, an affectionate mother\* to whom he was tenderly attached.

\* Mrs. Fuseli died at Zurich, 11 April, 1759, aged 44 years. She was a woman of a most amiable disposition, and respected by all who knew her.

The first city of note at which they tarried was Augsburgh: here Fuseli showed his predilection for art, in giving, by letter to his friends at Zurich, a florid description of the sensations which he experienced on seeing the colossal figure of St. Michael over the gateway of the arsenal, the work of a Bavarian sculptor, Reichel. In the churches and senate-house of this city, the paintings of Tintoretto, Schönfeld, and Rothenhamer, attracted his particular attention; and he expressed his regret at the neglect which appeared to attend the works of the last-named master, (whom he eulogizes as "one of the most able painters of Germany,") as his pictures were then falling into rapid decay.

At Leipsic, they were introduced by Sulzer to Ernesti, Gellert, Weisse, and other literati. From the description which Fuseli gave of the two former, it is evident that he, as well as Lavater, had paid early in life a sedulous attention to physiognomy. Of Ernesti, he says, "although he spoke of the liberality of all classes in Saxony, his countenance did not agree with his words; on the contrary, he seems to be growing intolerant from knowledge and from authorship." Of Gellert, he remarks, "he has an expressive mouth, it turns on one side with

a sensible easy smile; he is so gentle, so accustomed to express simplicity in his very countenance, and yet so quick-sighted, that he was disturbed by being looked at, and inquired whether I was displeased with him; he has certainly a tendency to hypochondria."

On their arrival at Berlin, Sulzer commenced (according to a promise made at Zurich) arrangements for publishing a splendid and improved edition of his friend Bodmer's "Noachide," which was to be embellished with engravings. B. Rhode, of Berlin, was employed to make the designs for the first four cantos; those for the remaining eight were furnished by Fuseli, who, not only to raise his own credit, but to show his gratitude to Bodmer, exerted his utmost ability upon that work. Comparing these with his former drawings, it is evident that the St. Michael, at Augsburgh, was the standard for the stupendous forms which he introduced against a murky sky, in the terrible scenes of the destruction of the primeval inhabitants of the earth. In these subjects he succeeded beyond expectation. In the more lovely scenes of the poem he was not equally happy; for, "instead of repose and cheerfulness, his female figures had a degree of wantonness bordering somewhat upon voluptuousness."

The popularity of the cause which induced Fuseli and his companions to leave Zurich travelled before them, and they were caressed not only by the friends and acquaintances of Sulzer, at Berlin, but by all those who were enemies to oppression from whatever quarter it might spring. Among these, was the then Baron Arnheim, who was so much pleased with the recital of the transaction, and struck with the appearance and conversation of Fuseli and Lavater, that he had a picture painted, representing their first interview, which is still preserved by his family.

After remaining a short time at Berlin, Sulzer placed his young friends with Professor Spalding, who resided at Barth, in Hither Pomerania. Fuseli here pursued his classical studies with eagerness, and did not neglect the fine arts, for we find that he drew the portrait of the Professor's daughter, and also added to the decorations of her summer-house by his pencil.

During a residence of six months at Barth, he gained the highest estimation for talents with all those who knew him, and the esteem of Spalding, but he left his friends there, being recalled to Berlin by Sulzer.

The cause of Fuseli's return to the capital

was, that, at this time, some of the literati of Germany and Switzerland had it in contemplation to establish a regular channel of literary communication between those countries and England. Fuseli's tutors and friends, Bodmer, Breitenger, and Sulzer, felt a lively interest in this project, and took an active part in carrying the design into execution. These philosophers thought, that there was no person better qualified than Fuseli to conduct the business. He was possessed of great mental and bodily activity; they had the highest opinion of his talents; and they considered that his extensive knowledge of modern languages would facilitate their project. In making the proposal, Sulzer represented that it would be inconvenient, if not dangerous, for him to go back, within a limited time, to Zurich; for it was well known to the family of Grebel, that he had taken the most active part in the affair against their relation: and moreover that, although his companions might, under this circumstance, from their powerful connexions, return at no distant period with impunity, yet Fuseli, not so happily situated, would suffer from all the effects of tyranny which power could exercise. This reasoning had its due effect upon the mind

of Fuseli; he however asked the opinion of his father, which being in favour of his accepting the offer of Sulzer, made him determine to visit England.

Sir Andrew Mitchell was at this time the British minister at the court of Prussia: he was a friend of Sulzer's, who accordingly introduced Fuseli to him. At his house he improved much in English conversation, and he met several men of literary note, among whom was Dr. Armstrong, who was then physician to the British forces in Germany; and with this gentleman he became intimately acquainted.

Sir Andrew Mitchell was about to return to England; and being pleased with the society of Fuseli, and wishing to give every facility to the views of Sulzer, he liberally made the offer to the latter that his young friend should accompany him to London, and promised that he would give him his protection when there, and such introductions as should be useful in effecting the object of his mission. This offer was not to be refused: Fuseli, therefore, set out with Sir Andrew, and arrived in England at the close of the year 1763.

Before he quitted Prussia, he took leave of Lavater, his early and devoted friend, who, at parting, put into his hands a paper, which he

previously had framed and glazed, on which was written, in German, "Thue den siebenden theil von dem was du thun kannst."\* "Hang this in your bed-chamber, my dear friend," said he; "look at it occasionally, and I foresee the result."

Sir Andrew Mitchell fully performed his promise, for, on their arrival in London, he was anxious to introduce his *protégé* to men distinguished either for rank, property, or talents: among these were the late Lord Scarsdale and Mr. Coutts, the banker. Sir Andrew, knowing, however, that booksellers of respectability and probity are the best patrons of literary characters, strongly recommended him to Mr. Andrew Millar and Mr. Joseph Johnson. The former was well known as an opulent man, and an old and established publisher; the latter had but recently begun business on his own account, but he had already acquired the character which he retained during life, — that of a man of great integrity, an encourager of literary men as far as his means extended, and an excellent judge of their productions. With these persons Fuseli kept up a friendly intercourse during their lives.

\* "Do but the seventh part of what thou canst."

Fuseli took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Green, in Cranbourn Street, then called Cranbourn Alley. He lived here from prudential motives, — those of economy, as well as being near to the house of a gentleman (Mr. Coutts) to whom he had been introduced, who resided at this time in St. Martin's Lane. No sooner was he fixed in this place, than he wrote to his father, to give him an account of his voyage and journey from Berlin to London, and of the prospects which appeared to be open to him. Stranger as he was in the great metropolis of England, separated from his family, and nearly unknown to any of its inhabitants, his sensitive feelings were aroused, and in a gloomy state of mind he sallied forth, with the letter in his hand, in search of a post-office.

At this period there was much greater brutality of demeanour exercised by the lower orders of the English towards foreigners than there is at present. Meeting with a vulgar fellow, Fuseli inquired his way to the post-office, in a broad German pronunciation: this produced only a horse-laugh from the man. The forlorn situation in which he was placed burst on his mind; — he stamped with his foot, while tears trickled down his cheeks. A gentleman who saw the transaction, and felt for

Fuseli, apologised for the rudeness which he had received, explained its cause, and told him that, as a foreigner, he must expect to be so treated by the lower orders of the people: after this he shewed him where he might deposit his letter. This kindness from a stranger, in some degree, restored tranquillity to his agonised feelings.

Finding that his name was difficult of pronunciation to an Englishman, he shortly after altered the arrangement of the letters, and signed "Fusseli."

He kept up a constant correspondence with Bodmer and Sulzer. This was not, however, conducted in those terms of respectful diffidence in which a pupil generally addresses his tutors; but with that manly independence of spirit which he inherited from his father, and with that originality of thought so peculiar to himself; which, although he frequently differed in opinion with them, and expressed his notions with asperity, was somewhat pleasing to these eminent men, particularly to Bodmer, whose constant advice to his pupils was, "Think and act for yourselves."

The independent spirit of Fuseli would not allow him to be under the pecuniary obligations which his friends offered; he therefore laboured

hard, and fortunately got ample employment from the booksellers, in translating works from the French, Italian, and German languages into English; and some popular works from the English into German,—among others the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

In 1765, he published (with his name affixed) a translation of the Abbé Winkelmann's "Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks," which was dedicated to his friend and patron, Lord Scarsdale. The dedication is dated the 10th April, 1765. Much to the credit of Mr. Millar, he took every opportunity of forwarding the sale of this work, and gave Fuseli the whole proceeds, after deducting only the expenses of paper and printing.

At this time he visited very frequently Smollet, and also Falconer, the author of "the Shipwreck," and other works. The latter then was allowed to occupy apartments in old Somerset House, and Fuseli always represented him as a man of mild and inoffensive manners, although far from being happy, in consequence of the pressure of his pecuniary circumstances. For Doctor Smollet he made several drawings of scenes in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*, which were engraved and published in an early edition

of that well-known work. This edition is now very scarce.

Mr. Cadell having, in the year 1766, succeeded to the business of Mr. Millar, as a bookseller and publisher, he also kept up the connexion with Fuseli, and gave him constant employment.

A taste for the fine arts had been recently awakened in England, and some of the principal painters, sculptors, and architects, had formed themselves into a society for promoting them; from which circumstance, high expectations were raised of the encouragement likely to be afforded to artists by the public. Fuseli was stimulated by these to fresh exertions of his pencil, and all his leisure hours were devoted to drawing or etching historical subjects.

About this period he became acquainted with two artists his countrymen, Mr. Moser, who on the establishment of the Royal Academy was appointed Keeper, and Mr. Kauffman, chiefly known, at present, as the father of the more celebrated Angelica Kauffman, who, considered as a female artist, even now ranks high as an historical painter.

With Miss Kauffman, it appears, Fuseli was much enamoured; and although he did not at

any time hold her professional talents in high esteem, yet he always spoke of her in terms of regard, and considered her as a handsome, lively, and engaging woman.

The youth, fine manly countenance and conversational talents of Fuseli made a deep impression upon most female hearts and minds: hence, Miss Mary Moser (now better known as Mrs. Lloyd), the daughter of Mr. Moser, who was in almost the daily habit of seeing and conversing with him, also experienced their influence; and she flattered herself that the feelings which she had were mutual.

If Fuseli ever had any affection for this lady while he was in England, it was soon dissipated by change of scene and the pleasures which he pursued when in Italy. The two following letters, which are extracted from Mr. J. T. Smith's *Life of Nollekens*, tend to show the disposition of both parties towards each other.

“IF you have not forgotten at Rome those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world, which flourishes in ruins: tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers; say if Old Tiber droops

with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, and his swans look as white, as those of Father Thames; or write me your own thoughts and reflections, which will be more acceptable than any description of any thing Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years.

“I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our Exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit; and Zoffany superior to every body, in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle half an hour after offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the Knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the Lord, and the emolument to his brother artist. (He is a gentleman!) Angelica made a very great addition to the show; and Mr. Hamilton’s picture of Brisëis parting from Achilles, was very much admired; the Brisëis in taste, *à l’antique*, elegant and simple. Coates, Dance, Wil-

son, &c. as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine, that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping, you may burn the letter, so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the Secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the Preface to his Travels: the Professor of History is comforted by the success of his "Deserted Village," which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua, a few days ago, entertained the Council and Visitors with calipash and calipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-lees, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone: many a tear will drop on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. (*Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*) My mamma declares that you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your mother did High-German. Mr. Meyer laughed

aloud at your letter, and desired to be remembered. My father and his daughter long to know the progress you will make, particularly

MARY MOSER,

Who remains sincerely your friend, and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself, ‘*Why did she send this d--d nonsense to me?*’”

Henry Fuseli, Esq. à Roma.

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“ Rome, April 27, 1771.

“ MADAM,

“ I AM inexcusable. I know your letter by heart, and have never answered it; but I am often so very unhappy within, that I hold it matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries; —they may be fancied evils, but to him who has fancy, real evils are unnecessary, though I have them too. All I can say is, that I am approaching the period which commonly decides a man’s life with regard to fame or infamy; if I am distracted by the thought, those who have passed the Rubicon will excuse me, and you are amongst the number.

“ Mr. Runciman, who does me the favour to carry these lines, my friend, and, in my opinion, the best *Painter* of *us* in Rome, has desired me

to introduce him to your family ; but he wants no other introduction than his merit. I beg my warmest compliments to papa and mamma, and am unaltered,

“ Madam,

“ Your most obliged servant and friend,

“ FUSELI.”

“ To Miss Moser,

Craven Buildings, Drury Lane.”

Mrs. Lloyd was a painter of flowers, which she grouped with taste, and coloured with truth and brilliancy ; in this department of the art she experienced patronage from her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, who employed her pencil not only on pictures, but also to decorate a room in the palace at Frogmore. This lady always held the talents of Fuseli in the highest respect. Being invited by the late Mr. Angerstein to view the superb collection of pictures in his house in Pall Mall, then belonging to him, but subsequently sold by his heirs to the Nation, she left him by expressing her gratitude for the treat which his kindness had afforded her, but she added, “ In my opinion, Sir, your finest pictures are on the staircase,” alluding to those which he purchased of Fuseli,

and which had formed a part of the Milton Gallery.

At this time, Garrick was in the height of his reputation; and as Fuseli considered the theatre the best school for a foreigner to acquire the pronunciation of the English language, and Garrick's performance an excellent imitation of the passions, which would give him a lesson essential to historical designs; he never missed the opportunity of seeing him act, and he was generally to be found in the front row of the pit: to obtain which, he often used much personal exertion, and put himself in situations of hazard and inconvenience. And he has often dwelt with delight upon the performances of the man who represented so well the stormy passions of Richard, or the easy libertinism of Ranger; and then could descend to the credulous Abel Druggier, and, in the character of the silly tobacconist, so alter the expression of his countenance as scarcely to be recognised as the person who had delineated the higher character in the histrionic art. As a proof of the strong impression which Garrick's acting made at this period upon Fuseli, there are now in the possession of the Countess of Guilford, two drawings, which he presented

to the late Alderman Cadell; the one representing Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, from the passage,

“ I have done the deed;”

the other, Garrick as Richard the Third, making love to Lady Anne, over the corse of her father-in-law, Henry the Sixth. These, according to an inscription on the second, were made in London, in 1766. And although they have the faults of most of his early productions, yet they are drawn with characteristic truth and spirit.

At the end of the year (1766) an advantageous offer was made to Fuseli, to undertake the situation of travelling tutor to Viscount Chewton, the eldest son of Earl Waldegrave, which, after consulting Professor Sulzer, he accepted. For this charge, it was considered, his extensive knowledge of languages and eminent literary talents fully qualified him. His lordship was young, and, when in France, showed an impatience of control common to a youth of his age and rank in life, the latter of which he thought should exempt him from the authority and constraint which his tutor considered it his duty to exert. This disposition, on the part of the pupil, naturally

excited the irritable feelings of Fuseli, and on a second refusal to obey, a severe blow was given. Considering that, after this, his services would be of no avail to a youth by whom they were not properly appreciated, he, to use his own words, "determining to be a bear-leader no longer," wrote in nearly those terms to Earl Waldegrave, and returned to England. He left, however, some written instructions with Lord Chewton, showing how he might profit by travelling. On his return to this country, Earl Waldegrave, so far from condemning (as Fuseli expected) his conduct, told him that he had acted with a proper degree of spirit; but Fuseli's family, and most of his friends, blamed him in the strongest terms for his impetuosity, as they considered that a want of forbearance on his part had ruined those prospects in life which naturally would arise from forming a connexion with a family of such consequence as that of Earl Waldegrave. To Bodmer he explained all the circumstances of the case, with the state of his feelings; and his venerable tutor wrote him a letter of consolation. In reply to this, Fuseli spoke in florid terms of the agonies which he had felt while residing in that noble family, when he considered himself obliged to say Yes, when No

“stuck in the throat;” — and thus showed, that he was not framed to live with courtiers. In after-life he used to remark jocosely to his friends, “The noble family of Waldegrave took me for a bear-leader, but they found me the bear.”

On Fuseli's return to England, in 1767, there was every prospect that the society which had been formed for the promotion of the fine arts would receive royal protection and patronage, and become a chartered body.\* And it was then the general opinion, that great public encouragement would be given to artists. This still increased his wish to become a painter. He sought for and obtained an introduction to Mr. (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds, to whom he showed a portfolio of drawings, and some small etchings, which he had recently made from subjects in the Bible, and an etching on a large scale from Plutarch,—“Dion seeing a female spectre sweep his hall.” Sir Jo-

\* This charter, however, was never granted; the artists received the patronage of the King, and were by his command associated under the title of “The Royal Academy.” Among its early members we find the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, who for talent in the several departments of the art in which they practised, have rendered their names immortal.

shua, who was much struck with the style, grandeur, and original conception of his works, asked him how long he had been from Italy? Fuseli answered, "he had never seen that favoured country;" at which the former expressed much surprise; and, to mark how highly he estimated his talents, requested permission to have some of the drawings copied for himself. This was readily granted, and he was induced, by the solicitations of Fuseli, to accept some of the etchings. The interview ended by Reynolds assuring him, that "were he at his age, and endowed with the ability of producing such works, if any one were to offer him an estate of a thousand pounds a-year, on condition of being any thing but a painter, he would, without the least hesitation, reject the offer."

Having received such encouragement and flattering encomiums from the greatest painter of the age, Fuseli directed nearly the whole of his attention to drawing; and at the recommendation of Reynolds, afterwards tried oil colours. The first picture he produced was "Joseph interpreting the dreams of the butler and baker of Pharaoh." On showing this to Reynolds, he encouraged him to proceed, remarking, "that he might, if he would, be a colourist as well as a draughtsman." This picture,

now in the possession of the Countess of Guilford, fully justifies the opinion of Sir Joshua, as it is remarkably well coloured, and, as a first attempt in oil colours, may be considered a surprising production.

From the time of Fuseli's first arrival in England, he had been a constant visitor at Mr. Johnson's house, and, in common with all those who were acquainted with him, was a great admirer of his steady, upright character. In the summer of 1767, he was prevailed upon to accompany him to Liverpool, which was Johnson's native town. From this, and subsequent visits, Fuseli became acquainted with men who, in after-life, were the greatest patrons of his pencil.

The attention of the public was at this time much engaged by the constant attacks made by Hume and Voltaire on the works of Rousseau. Fuseli advocated the cause of his countryman, and published anonymously, during the year 1767, a thin duodecimo volume, entitled "Remarks on the Writings and Conduct of J. J. Rousseau." But he never wished it to be considered that he was the author of this work. To speak of it as a literary production, it abounds with wit and sarcasm; and although, in style, it cannot be considered strictly English, yet there is novelty in the remarks, and great power of

language throughout the book. It also shows him to be well read in the works of Rousseau, whom at this time he idolized, and to be perfectly acquainted with the nature of the disputes in all their bearings. Perhaps the reasons for not wishing it to be considered a work of his, although he never denied it, were, that there are in several instances coarseness of language and indelicacies of expression which disfigure the pages of the book, and that in more advanced life the high opinion which he had formed of Rousseau, was in a degree abated. Fuseli gave the design for the frontispiece, which represents in the foreground, Voltaire booted and spurred, riding upon man, who is crawling upon the earth: in the back of the picture, Justice and Liberty are gibbeted. Rousseau is witnessing Voltaire's pranks, and by his attitude seems to threaten disclosure. This work is rarely to be met with, as the greater part of the impression was destroyed shortly after it was printed, by an accidental fire which took place in Mr. Johnson's house, who then resided in Paternoster Row.

## CHAPTER III.

Fuseli leaves England for Italy in the society of Dr. Armstrong.—They quarrel, and separate at Genoa.—Fuseli arrives at Rome (1770).—His principle of study there.—He suffers through a fever, and repairs to Venice for his health.—Visits Naples.—Quits Rome (1778) for Switzerland.—Letter to Mr. Northcote.—Fuseli renews his classical studies.—Visits his family at Zurich.—Engages in an unsuccessful love-affair.—Arrives again in London.

FUSELI had now determined to relinquish the pen for the pencil, and to devote his life to painting; his wishes were therefore directed to Rome, the seat of the fine arts.

Having at Mr. Coutts' table renewed the intimacy with Dr. Armstrong, which formerly subsisted at Berlin, and as the Doctor considered it necessary to pass the winter in the milder climate of Italy, to relieve a catarrhal complaint, under which he was then labouring, Fuseli was tempted to accompany him thither, and they left London the end of November 1769, with the intention of going to Leghorn by sea.

Their voyage, from adverse winds and tempestuous weather, was long and tedious; the monotony of a life at sea, and the qualms which generally affect landsmen in such a situation, were not fitted to allay the naturally irritable tempers of Armstrong and his companion: they at first became dissatisfied with their situation, then with each other, and finally quarrelled about the pronunciation of an English word; Fuseli pertinaciously maintaining that a Swiss had as great a right to judge of the correct pronunciation of English as a Scotsman.

After a tedious passage of twenty-eight days, the ship was driven by a gale of wind into Genoa, where Fuseli and Armstrong parted in a mood far from friendly. Armstrong took the direct road to Florence, where he intended to reside. Fuseli went first to Milan; here he remained a few days to examine the works of art, and then passed a short time at Florence, on his way to Rome, where he arrived on the 9th of February 1770.

Shortly after he had taken up his abode in "the eternal city," he again changed the spelling of his name; this he did to accommodate it to the Italian pronunciation; and always afterwards signed, "*Fuseli*."

His views now were to see the stores of art, which had been collected in, or executed at

Rome; and subsequently, to examine with care each particular specimen, for his future improvement. He did not spend his time in measuring the proportion of the several antique statues, or in copying the fresco or oil pictures of the great masters of modern times; but in studying intensely the principles upon which they had worked, in order to infuse some of their power and spirit into his own productions.

Although he paid minute attention to the works of Raphael, Coreggio, Titian, and the other great men whom Italy has produced, yet, he considered the antique and Michael Angelo as his masters, and formed his style upon their principles.

To augment his knowledge, he examined living models, sometimes attended the schools of anatomy, and used the dissecting knife, in order to trace the origin and insertion of the outer layer of muscles of the human body. But he was always averse to dissecting, believing the current story, that his idol, Michael Angelo, had nearly lost his life from a fever got by an anatomical examination of a human body in a state of putrefaction.

By such well-directed studies, and by great exertion, his improvement was rapid, and he

soon acquired a boldness and grandeur of drawing which surprised the Italian artists, one of whom was so struck with some of his compositions, that, in reference to their invention, he immediately exclaimed, "Michael Angelo has come again!"

In the year 1772, his progress was impeded by a fever, which enfeebled his nervous system. This illness he attributed to the heat of the climate, and to having, in a degree, departed from those regular and very abstemious habits which marked the early part of his life. The fever changed his hair, originally of a flaxen, to a perfectly white colour, and caused a tremulous motion in the hands, which never left him, but increased with age. He has more than once told me, that this indisposition drove his mind into that state, which Armstrong so forcibly describes in "The Art of preserving Health:"

" Such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,  
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend."

Being advised to change the air and scene, he went to Venice, and remained there until he had thoroughly examined the works of art in that city, and regained sufficient strength of

body and mind to resume with effect his studies and labours at Rome.

Although he got much employment from those Englishmen who resided at or visited Rome, yet he saved no money, being always negligent of pecuniary concerns. His friends in England were unacquainted with his progress in the arts until the year 1774, when he sent a drawing to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, the subject of which was, "The death of Cardinal Beaufort," from Shakspeare.

In 1775, he visited Naples, studied the works of art in that city, and examined the excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In 1777, he sent from Rome to England a picture in oil, representing a scene in "Macbeth," for the annual exhibition at the Royal Academy.

In 1778, he took a farewell of Rome, and left his friends there with regret. As a nation, however, he was not very partial to the modern Italians, who, he said, "were lively and entertaining, but there was the slight drawback of never feeling one's life safe in their presence." This he exemplified by the following fact: "When I was one day preparing to draw from a woman selected by artists for a model, on account of her fine figure, on altering the

arrangement of her dress, I saw the hilt of a dagger in her bosom, and on inquiring, with astonishment, what it meant, she drew it, and quaintly answered, ‘Contro gl’ impertinenti.’”

On his way to Switzerland, he stayed some time at Bologna, Parma, Mantua, Milan, Lugano, and Belanzona. At Bologna, he remained with Sir Robert Smyth, Bart. who, while at Rome, had given him considerable employment. Thence he proceeded to Lugano, from which place he wrote the following letter to Mr. Northcote, who was then studying at Rome:—

“Lugano, 29th Sept. 1778.

“DEAR NORTHCOTE,

“YOU may, and must think it unfriendly for me to have advanced to the borders of Switzerland without writing to you; but what would have been friendly to you was death to me; and self-preservation is the first duty of the eighteenth century. Madness lies on the road I must think over to come at you; and at the sound of Rome, my heart swells, my eye kindles, and frenzy seizes me.

“I have lived at Bologna as agreeably and as happily as my lacerated heart and boiling brains would let me, with Sir Robert and his lady.

“ You, whose eye diverges not, will make the use of Bologna I have not, or at least but very imperfectly: much more than what is thought of, may be made of that place. What I admire, and what I frequented most,—what indeed suited my melancholy best, are the cloisters of St. Michael, in Bosco, near the city. The fragments of painting there are by Ludovico Caracci and his school, and, in my opinion, superior for realities to the Farnese gallery. There is a figure\* in one of the pictures which my soul has set her seal upon: 'tis to no purpose to tell you what figure—if you find it not, or doubt, it was not painted for you; and if you find it, you will be obliged for the pleasure to yourself only. Still in that, and all I have seen since my departure, Hesiod's paradox gains more and more ground with me,—‘ that the half is fuller than the whole,’ or, if you will, full of the whole.

“ At Mantua I have had emotions which I had not apprehended from Julio Romano, at Rome: but the post going, I have not time to enter into so contradictory a character.

\* Fuseli wrote in pencil, under this figure, “ Fuseli amor mio.”—Mr. Ottley saw this still remaining in the year 1792, when he was at Bologna, and added “ anche amor mio.”—W. Y. Ottley.

“ The enclosed\* I shall re-demand at your hands in England. *Take heed of the mice.* Of Rome, you may tell me what you please. Those I should wish to know something about, you know not. I have written to Navina in the Bolognese palace; pray give her my best compliments *e dille che quando sarò in Inghilterra troverò qualche opportunità di provare, prima del mio ritorno in Italia, che non sono capace di scordarmi dell' amicizia sua.* To Mr. Hoare I shall write next post.

“ Love me,

“ FUSELI.

“ P.S. I have been here (at Lugano) these eight days, at the house of an old schoolfellow of mine, who is governor of this place.

“ À Mons. Mons. James Northcote, à Roma.”

In Italy he became acquainted with David and other artists of note, as well as with several Englishmen distinguished either for rank or talents. With the Hon. George Pitt (the late Lord Rivers,) he there became very intimate, and he was flattered by his friendship and patronage, which he enjoyed during the whole of his life.

\* This was a satirical drawing of the Painters in England at that time.

The necessary employment of his time in painting, and studying works of art, during several of the first years of his residence in Italy, was such as to leave little opportunity for other occupations, and he found, to his regret, that he had either lost a great deal of his knowledge of the Greek language, or, what is more probable, that he had never possessed it in that degree which he flattered himself he had attained while at college. Determined, however, to regain or acquire this, he now studied sedulously the Grecian poets, made copious extracts of fine passages from their works, and thus gained, in the opinion of the best judges, what may be called, at least, a competent knowledge of that language.

Although Fuseli's professional talents were much admired, and highly appreciated in Italy, yet, as he did not court it, he never obtained a diploma, or other honour, from any academy in those cities in which he resided, or occasionally visited. Indeed, he refused all overtures which were made to him on this subject; for he considered that the institution of academies "were symptoms of art in distress."

Having arrived at Zurich the end of October 1778, after an absence of sixteen years, his father, who had taken great pains, in early life, to

check his love for the fine arts, and to prevent his being an artist, was now gratified by witnessing the great proficiency he had attained: and he knew enough of the state of the arts in Europe to feel that his son did then rank, or would shortly, among the first painters of his time. During a residence of six months with his family, he painted some pictures; among them "The Confederacy of the Founders of Helvetian liberty," which he presented to, and which is still preserved in, the Senate-house at Zurich. Lavater, however, did not consider this picture a good specimen of his friend's powers, particularly as to colouring, and expressed his distaste to this in such strong terms, as were by no means gratifying to him.

Fuseli was always very susceptible of the passion of love. But when at Zurich, in the year 1779, his affections were gained in an extraordinary degree by the attractions of a young lady, then in her twenty-first year, the daughter of a magistrate, who resided in the "Rech" house of Zurich. This lady, whom he calls in his correspondence, "Nanna," had a fine person, lively wit, and great accomplishments, and among the latter, her proficiency in music was considerable, which is celebrated in a poem by Göethe. It appears that she was not indifferent

to him ; but her father, who was opulent, considered that her marriage with a man dependent upon the caprice of the public for his support, was not a suitable connexion for his daughter, and he therefore withheld his consent to their union. This disappointment drove Fuseli from Zurich earlier than he intended ; and it would appear by his letters, that his mind, even after his arrival in England, was almost in a state of phrenzy. He, some time after, however, received the intelligence that “ Nanna ” had given her hand to a gentleman who had long solicited it, Mons. le Consieller Schinz, the son of a brother of Madame Lavater ; and thus his hopes in that quarter terminated.

In April 1779, he took a last farewell of his native country and family, and returned to settle again in London. On his way to England, in order to improve his knowledge in art, he travelled leisurely through France, Holland, and the Low Countries, examining in his route whatever was worthy of notice.

## CHAPTER IV.

Fuseli settles in London. — Interview with Mr. Coutts. — Reconciliation with Dr. Armstrong. — Professor Bonycastle. — Society at Mr. Lock's. — Mr. James Carrick Moore and Admiral Sir Graham Moore. — Sir Joshua Reynolds. — Mr. West. — Anecdote of Fuseli and West. — The popular picture of "The Nightmare." — Death of Fuseli's Father. — Visit to Mr. Roscoe at Liverpool. — Fuseli's singular engagement to revise Cowper's Iliad. — Three Letters from Mr. Cowper. — Anecdotes of Fuseli and Dr. Geddes.

WHEN Fuseli arrived in London, he took apartments in the house of an artist, Mr. Cartwright, whom he had known at Rome. This Gentleman then resided at No. 100, St. Martin's Lane, and practised chiefly as a portrait painter; he sometimes attempted historical subjects, in which, however, he did not excel. The kindness and simplicity of Mr. Cartwright's disposition and manners were appreciated by Fuseli, who afforded him many useful hints, and

sometimes assistance, in his professional pursuits. When we look at the historical pictures which he painted, it is easy to perceive what figures owe their production to Fuseli's mind; but it must be confessed that they appear to hang to the subject

“ Like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief.”

When settled in London, his first object was to renew an acquaintance with those whose friendship he had cultivated, and, as he considered, secured before he went to Italy. On calling, for this purpose, upon Mr. Coutts, that gentleman frankly said, he was not pleased with him for the quarrel which he had with Dr. Armstrong while on board ship. Fuseli attempted to remove the impression which had been made on Mr. Coutts' mind; but that gentleman replied, “ I consider that the age and talents of the Doctor should have commanded a sufficient degree of respect from you, to have prevented any rudeness on your part; and I am very sorry to tell you, that he is now labouring under a severe, and what is considered an incurable malady.” This account disarmed Fuseli, who had always entertained a high opinion of the talents of Armstrong, and considered his poems, particularly that on “ The Art of preserving Health,”

productions of great merit. He therefore determined to suppress every hostile feeling, and to call upon the Doctor without delay.

On sending up his name, he was admitted almost immediately into Armstrong's bed-chamber. The poet, however, could not restrain his naturally sarcastic humour, and the following dialogue took place:—Armstrong: “So, you have come back?” Fuseli: “Yes; I have come home.” Armstrong: “Come, you mean, to London! ‘the needy villain’s gen’ral home;’ however,” (putting out his hand) “I thank you for this visit: you find me in bad plight; but I am glad to see you again.” After this salutation they conversed amicably; but the Doctor did not long survive the interview.\*

About this time, the intimacy between Fuseli and Professor Bonnycastle commenced, which was kept up during their lives. The introduction took place at Mr. Johnson's house. Fuseli's voice being heard as he ascended the staircase, Mr. Johnson said to Bonnycastle, “I will now introduce you to a most ingenious foreigner, whom I think you will like; but, if you wish to enjoy his conversation, you will not attempt to stop the torrent of his words by contradicting him.”

\* Doctor Armstrong died in September 1779.

The genius and acquirements of Fuseli soon attracted the notice of men who were distinguished for learning and talents, and more especially those who possessed also a taste for the fine arts; among whom may be particularly noticed Lord Orford, and Mr. Lock of Norbury Park, with whom, and with his eldest son in particular, he kept up a constant friendly intercourse. Fuseli not only regarded Mr. William Lock junior, for the amiability of his character and his extensive knowledge, but also for his taste and critical judgment in the fine arts, as well as for the power which he displays in historical painting, whenever he condescends to employ his pencil thereon. In this particular, he considered that Mr. W. Lock ranked as high, or higher, than any historic painter in England. The society at the house of Mr. Lock was well chosen and very select; and here he occasionally met Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Moore, author of *Zeluco* and other popular works. Dr. Moore being highly entertained with his conversation, took an early opportunity of introducing him to his family, with the whole of whom Fuseli kept up the most uninterrupted intercourse and friendship during life.

I may, I hope, here be allowed to digress by stating, that after the marriage of Mr. James

Carrick Moore and that of his brother, Admiral Sir Graham Moore, Fuseli in a manner became domesticated in their respective families. In their houses he was always a welcome and highly-favoured guest : there he was unrestrained ; and his wit and gibes were allowed to sally forth sometimes upon contemporary artists, and often upon popular men, or passing events. The freedom which he enjoyed in their society, encouraged him to give utterance to the wild and unpremeditated flights of his fancy. It was with these favoured friends that he displayed the depth of his learning, his fine taste in poetry, and critical judgment in painting. By their indulgence, his intemperate expressions usually passed unnoticed, and the ebullitions of a naturally impatient temper were soothed.

Gratitude makes me acknowledge the uniform kindness which I have also experienced from Mr. Carrick Moore and his family ; and that I am indebted to them for much valuable assistance in compiling the particulars of Fuseli's life, and for some of those characteristic anecdotes and reminiscences which will be found in the sequel. Fuseli has more than once said to me, after we had partaken of their hospitality, " Moore's is the most pleasant house to visit that I know," and coupled the observation with

such encomiums on the sound sense, knowledge, and accomplishments of that family, (known certainly to those who have the pleasure of their acquaintance,) which, if repeated in this place, might be considered by some as flattery on my part.

When Fuseli returned to England, Sir Joshua Reynolds was in the zenith of popularity as a portrait painter; but his powers in historical painting were not then sufficiently appreciated: hence, some of his best works remained on his hands until his death; for example, the "Dido," the series of designs for the painted window at Oxford, the "Cymon and Iphigenia," and several others. West, as an historical painter, was held, at this time, in equal, if not in higher esteem by the public, than Sir Joshua. Fuseli was astonished at this, and accordingly was not backward in expressing his opinion thereon, both in writing and in conversation, for he was at no time of his life an admirer of West. He however always gave to him the merit of much skill in composing;—of a thorough knowledge of the art which he professed, and a perfect mastery over the materials which he employed; and he spoke in terms of qualified praise of his pictures of "Regulus,"—"Death of Wolfe," and "Paul shaking the viper from his hand."—But he con-

sidered that West was wanting in those qualities of the art which give value to historical design,—invention, and boldness of drawing; and being determined to show what he could do in these particulars, in 1780, Fuseli exhibited at the Royal Academy the following pictures :

“Ezzlin musing over Meduna, slain by him, for disloyalty, during his absence in the Holy Land.” — “Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel’s lance.” — “Jason appearing before Pelias, to whom the sight of a man with a single sandal had been predicted fatal.”

These paintings raised him, in the opinion of the best judges, to the highest rank in the art; and the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, considered that they possessed so much merit, that he had them placed in prominent situations in the Exhibition.

The following anecdote has been told of Fuseli, with regard to West, which is certainly characteristic of the man, and if true, shows his feelings towards that painter in a very pointed manner. At the election of West to the chair of the Royal Academy, in the year 1803, after a secession of twelve months, the votes for his return to the office of President were unanimous, except one, which was in favour of Mrs. Lloyd, then an academician. Fuseli was taxed by some

of the members with having given this vote, and answered, " Well, suppose I did, she is eligible to the office—and is not one old woman as good as another ?"

The next year, 1781, he painted his most popular picture, " The Nightmare," which was considered to be unequalled for originality of conception. The drawing first made, which is now in my possession, had the words, " St. Martin's Lane, March 1781," written by him in the margin; it is a masterly performance, chiefly in black chalk, and is composed without the head of the mare. This subsequent thought is added in the picture, which, when placed in the annual exhibition of 1782, excited, as it naturally would, an uncommon degree of interest. This picture was sold by him for twenty guineas; it was subsequently engraved by Burke, and published by J. R. Smith; and so popular was the subject, that the publisher acknowledged to have gained upwards of five hundred pounds by the sale of the prints, although vended at a small price.

The conception of the subject of " The Nightmare" has been thus beautifully described by one of the most popular poets of his time,—Dr. Darwin.

“ So on his NIGHTMARE, through the evening fog,  
 Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;  
 Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress'd  
 Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast —  
 Such as of late, amid the murky sky,  
 Was marked by FUSELI's poetic eye;  
 Whose daring tints, with Shakspeare's happiest grace,  
 Gave to the airy phantom form and place —  
 Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,  
 Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;  
 While with quick sighs and suffocative breath,  
 Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.”

Fuseli painted at different periods several pictures of “the Nightmare:” but in each of them there are variations from, or additions to, the first drawing of that subject. His fame was about this time further raised by two pictures, “The Weird Sisters,” and “Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep,” of which excellent prints in mezzotinto were made; these also became popular, and tended to advance the merit of the artist in the opinion of connoisseurs.

In 1781, he received intelligence of the death of his father,\* who was esteemed both as a writer and a painter, and had not only acquired a name for his talents, but for the assistance which he was at all times ready to give in fur-

\* Mr. Fuessli died at Zurich the 6th of May, 1781.

therance of literature and the fine arts. At his decease, he had arrived at the advanced age of seventy-five years. Fuseli this year painted a picture, representing an interview, which took place in 1778, between him and his aged tutor, Bodmer. In this, Fuseli is sitting in an attitude of great attention, and Bodmer apparently speaking: the subject of the conversation may be supposed to relate to philosophy or literature, from the bust of a sage which is placed upon the mantel of the room. This picture he sent to Zurich, as a present to Solomon Escher, a friend of his, and a near relation of Bodmer. About this period, in paying a visit to Lord Orford, with whom he kept up the most familiar intercourse, he had the misfortune to fall from a horse, and, among other injuries which he received dislocated his shoulder.

In 1785, he again visited Liverpool, having received an invitation from Mr. Roscoe,\* whose

\* I beg here to acknowledge my gratitude to Mr. Roscoe for having allowed me to peruse the letters which he had received from Fuseli during a period of more than forty years, from which I have gleaned much useful information, and have only to regret, I am sure, in common with every reader of this memoir, that he did not accede to my wishes of being the biographer of his friend.

acquaintance he had made shortly after his return to this country from Italy. This visit cemented that friendship which remained unabated during his life. Of the virtues and talents of this friend, Fuseli always spoke in the highest terms of praise. Mr. Roscoe, who saw Fuseli's works with the eye of a poet, as well as with that of a connoisseur, patronized him, not only by giving him commissions at different times to paint ten pictures for himself, but by recommending his works to his numerous friends.

In January 1786, Cowper issued a prospectus for publishing a translation of Homer into English blank verse. To give the public some notion of his powers, and ability to execute the task, he sent to Mr. Johnson, his publisher, a manuscript translation of 107 lines of the 24th book of the Iliad, being part of the interview of Priam and Achilles, and also proposals for publishing the work by subscription. This specimen was shown to Fuseli, who, without hesitation, made several alterations in it, which appeared to Mr. Johnson to be so judicious, that he sent it back to Cowper for his opinion before the manuscript was printed, without, however, mentioning the name of the critic. Cowper immediately saw that these alterations were

improvements, and had been made by a scholar and a man of taste ; and expressed his readiness, not only to adopt them, but to attend to any suggestions, if the same person would overlook his translation. Fuseli readily agreed to do this, without the notion of any reward ; and he accordingly made observations on the translation of the Iliad, and alterations therein, before the several books passed through the press.

Hayley, in his *Life of Cowper*, and the latter in the preface to his translation of Homer, and also in his published letters, have given many testimonials of their opinion of Fuseli, not only as a Greek scholar, but for his taste and judgment in English poetry. The former (Hayley) remarks, “ It is a singular spectacle for those who love to contemplate the progress of social arts, to observe a foreigner, who has raised himself to high rank in the arduous profession of a painter, correcting, and thanked for correcting, the chief poet of England, in his English version of Homer.”

The following letters, hitherto unpublished, which I have obtained through the kindness of Mr. Hunter, one of the executors to the will of the late Mr. Johnson, are additional evidence how highly Cowper estimated the assistance which he received from Fuseli.

“ Olney, March 5th, 1786.

“ SIR,

“ I OUGHT sooner to have acknowledged the receipt of Mr. Fuseli's strictures; and, had I been at leisure to consult my own gratification, should have done so. The work will be greatly indebted to him; and I cannot help adding, though I believe I said it before, that I account myself singularly happy in the advantages that I shall derive to my translation from his fine taste and accurate acquaintance with the original.

“ I much wish for an answer to my question concerning my subscribers' payments at Bristol. Have you a correspondent there who can negotiate it? Again I remind you, though perhaps unnecessarily, of the second volume for Richard Howard, Esq.

“ I have this day sent to Lady Hesketh the remaining half of book 2, and the whole of books 3, 4, and 5. From her they will pass to General Cowper, and from him, I suppose, to Mr. Fuseli, in a short time. In the interview which he had with that gentleman, he was highly pleased with him.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ WILLIAM COWPER.”

“ Mr. Joseph Johnson.”

“ Olney, March 8th, 1786.

“ SIR,

“ You are very happy in being so intimately connected with Mr. Fuseli, a gentleman of such exquisite taste and learning; and I also account myself very happy, that by your means my work has found its way into the hands of a person in all respects so perfectly well qualified to revise it. I am only sorry, that my distance from town permits me not (at least for the present) the pleasure of an introduction to one to whom I am to be so much indebted. I very sincerely thank you for interesting yourself so much in my comfort, as to write to me principally with a view to inform me of his approbation. You may take my word for it, that I find your intelligence on that head a great and effectual encouragement. I have had some anxious thoughts upon the matter, as you may suppose, and they are guests I am always glad to dismiss when I can; and immediately after reading your letter, accordingly dismissed them.

“ Mr. Fuseli will assuredly find room for animadversion. There are some objectionable lines, and others that are improvable, of which I am myself aware. When I receive the manuscript again, I will give it a close examination, both that I may avail myself of Mr. Fuseli's remarks

to the utmost, and give to the whole of it the best finishing that I can.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ WILLIAM COWPER.”

“ Mr. Joseph Johnson.”

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“ Olney, Sept. 2d, 1786.

“ SIR,

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Present, Sir, if you please, my compliments to your friend Mr. Fuseli, and tell him, that I shall be obliged to him if, when he has finished the revisal of the 8th book, he will be so good as to send it to General Cowper’s, in Charles Street, together with his strictures. Assure him, likewise, that I will endeavour, by the closest attention to all the peculiarities of my original, to save him as much trouble as I can hereafter. I now perfectly understand what it is that he requires in a translation of Homer; and being convinced of the justness of his demands, will attempt at least to conform to

\* The omissions in this and the succeeding letter, where asterisks are placed, relate only to the names of subscribers to the translation of Homer.

them. Some escapes will happen in so long a work, which he will know how to account for and to pardon.

“ I have been employed a considerable time in the correction of the first seven books, and have not yet begun the ninth ; but I shall in a day or two, and will send it as soon as finished.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ WILLIAM COWPER.”

“ Mr. Joseph Johnson.”

Fuseli grew tired of the labour which he had imposed upon himself, before the Iliad was finished ; but yet he went through the task of correcting the translation of that poem until its conclusion. The following extract of a letter to Mr. Roscoe, dated 25th November, 1789, shows his feelings upon the subject :—

“ You are not surely serious when you desire to have your remarks on Cowper’s Iliad burnt ; whatever they contain upon the specific turn of language is just ; many observations are acute, most elegant : though, perhaps, I cannot agree to all ; for instance, the word rendered murky is not that which, in other passages, expresses the negative transparency of water : it means, I believe, in the text,

a misty appearance : this depended on a knowledge of the Greek.

“ I heartily wish with you, that Cowper had trusted to his own legs, instead of a pair of stilts, to lift him to fame.”

When Cowper began the *Odyssey*, Fuseli pleaded, and, as will be shown, justly pleaded, that his numerous avocations would not allow him time to correct the translation ; this the poet states, and regrets the circumstance in his preface. He however saw parts of the poem as it was passing through the press, and made some observations thereon : these are given in notes, to which the initial letter F. is affixed.

It is a singular fact that Fuseli never saw Cowper, nor did he ever write to him or receive a letter from him ; all communications being carried on either through General Cowper, the relation of the poet, or Mr. Joseph Johnson.

The late Doctor Geddes frequently visited at Mr. Johnson's, and often met Fuseli there ; both, from their natural temperament, were impatient of contradiction, and each had an opinion of his own powers, and depreciated those of the other. It was only to meet in order to dispute, and the ready wit of Fuseli usually

raised the irritable temper of the doctor, who, when provoked, would burst out of the room and walk once or twice round St. Paul's Churchyard before he returned to the company; to the great amusement of Fuseli. One day he indulged himself at Johnson's table, to plague Geddes with uttering a string of truisms: Geddes at length became impatient, and said, "I wonder that you, Mr. Fuseli, who have so much ready wit, should be uttering dogmas by the hour together." Fuseli immediately answered, "You, Doctor, to find fault with dogmas,—you, who are the son of a dog—ma." The pause between the syllables instantly raised a tumult in the doctor's mind, and he replied, "Son of a b—h I suppose you mean;" and, as usual, left the room to cool himself by his accustomed round.

Dr. Geddes had a great love for horticultural pursuits. Dilating one day on the evils of fanaticism, Fuseli stopped him, by, "You, Doctor, to speak against fanaticism, when you are a fanatic."—"In what?" asked Geddes impatiently.—"In raising cucumbers," said the other.

When Cowper's translation of Homer appeared, Geddes, who was a great admirer of Pope, was irritated beyond measure at the work, but chiefly by the praises bestowed in

the preface upon Fuseli; and he had not sufficient prudence even to hide what he felt, but a detail of this will be given best in the words of his intimate friend, admirer, and biographer, the late Doctor I. Mason Good.

“Pope was the idol of Geddes, and estimated by him as highly above Cowper, as Cowper was above his contemporaries: and he could not but look with a jealous eye upon any one who attempted to rival the poet of his heart. Geddes was disgusted with Cowper from the very first page, and in a fit of undue exasperation declared he would translate Homer himself, and show that it was possible to make as good versification, while he preserved not only all the epithets and phraseologies of the original, which Mr. Cowper has not done, but the very order itself. Yet what appears principally to have irritated him, was Mr. Cowper’s declaration, towards the close of his preface, of acknowledgments ‘to the learned and ingenious Mr. Fuseli,’ whom he styles in the same place ‘the best critic in Homer I have ever met with.’

“Accident had frequently thrown Dr. Geddes and Mr. Fuseli into the same company, and much learned dust had as frequently been excited between the two critical combatants, not at all times to the amusement

of the rest of the respective parties. Whatever opinion Mr. Fuseli may have entertained of the powers of his antagonist, it is certain that Doctor Geddes was not very deeply impressed with those of Mr. Fuseli, and that he scarcely allowed him the merit to which he is actually entitled. When, therefore, he found in Mr. Cowper's preface, that instead of consulting the profound erudition and sterling authorities of Stephens, Clarke, Ernesti, and Velloison, he had turned to Mr. Fuseli as his only oracle, and had gloried in submitting to the whole of his corrections and emendations: to his disappointment at the inadequacy of the version, was added a contempt of the quarter to which he had fled for assistance.

“Geddes resolved to translate Homer, and in the beginning of 1792, published a translation of the first book as a specimen. In the preface he says, ‘I beg leave to assure my readers that neither *Fuseli* nor any other *profound critic* in Homer, has given me the smallest assistance; the whole merit or demerit of my version rests solely with myself.’ The attempt failed, and he never succeeded beyond the first book.”

## CHAPTER V.

Subjects painted by Fuseli for Boydell's "Shakspeare Gallery."—His assistance towards the splendid Edition of "Lavater's Physiognomy."—His picture for Macklin's "Poets' Gallery."—His contributions to the Analytical Review.—His critique on Cowper's Homer.

IN the year 1786, Mr. Alderman Boydell, at the suggestion of Mr. George Nicol, began to form his splendid collection of modern historical pictures, the subjects being from Shakspeare's plays, and which was called "The Shakspeare Gallery." This liberal and well-timed speculation gave great energy to this branch of the art, as well as employment to many of our best artists and engravers, and among the former, to Fuseli, who executed eight large and one small picture for the gallery. The following were the subjects :

Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, and Ariel — from the *Tempest*. Titania in raptures with Bottom, who wears the ass's head, attendant fairies, &c. Titania awaking, discovers Oberon at her side; Puck is removing the ass's head from Bottom — *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Henry the Vth with the Conspirators — *King Henry V*. Lear dismissing Cordelia from his Court — *King Lear*. Ghost of Hamlet's Father — *Hamlet*. Falstaff and Doll — *King Henry IV*. 2d part. Macbeth meeting the Witches on the Heath — *Macbeth*. Robin Goodfellow — *Midsummer Night's Dream*. — This gallery gave the public an opportunity of judging of Fuseli's versatile powers.

The stately majesty of the ghost of Hamlet's father, contrasted with the expressive energy of his son, and the sublimity brought about by the light, shadow, and general tone, strike the mind with awe. In the picture of Lear is admirably pourtrayed the stubborn rashness of the father, the filial piety of the discarded daughter, and the wicked determination of Regan and Goneril. The fairy scenes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* amuse the fancy, and show the vast inventive powers of the painter: and Falstaff with Doll is exquisitely ludicrous.

The example set by Boydell was a stimulus to other speculations of a similar nature, and within a few years appeared the Macklin and Woodmason galleries; and it may be said with great truth, that Fuseli's pictures were among the most striking, if not the best in either collection.

The splendid edition of Lavater's physiognomy was announced this year (1786) for publication. Fuseli wrote the preface, or, as he modestly called it, the "advertisement;" corrected the translation by Hunter; made several drawings to illustrate the work; and superintended the execution of the engravings. Lavater had prepared many of his drawings, illustrative of the system, on a folio size, wishing the treatise to be brought out in that form; and it was his desire, that his lines should be rather traced than imitated by the engraver. Fuseli entered into an animated correspondence on this subject; gave him to understand, that the quarto size best pleased the British public; and expressed his own decided opinion against "ponderous folios." He at length succeeded in getting Lavater's slow consent to the work appearing in quarto; but so particular was the author as to a proper exemplification, that he made his drawings anew to suit the quarto size.

In 1787, he painted a picture for Macklin's Poet's Gallery, "the Vision of Prince Arthur."

In May 1788, the Analytical Review was commenced by Mr. Johnson, and he entered into engagements with most of the authors whose works he published, to write criticisms for it. Fuseli, of course, was among the number; and he wrote, during the progress of that work, which continued until December 1798, upwards of eighty articles, some of which were long and laboured criticisms, while others were only brief notices of the contents of the books. As his knowledge was general and extensive, so he was employed in several departments of literature, and reviewed works on the classics, history, the *belles lettres*, physiology, geography, and the fine arts. Fuseli not only took an interest in his own criticisms in this Review, but frequently defended those of others. When the authenticity of the Parian Chronicle was doubted by the Rev. Joseph Robertson, in a work which he published, it was reviewed and confuted by the Rev. John Hewlett. Robertson replied to this very angrily; and on Mr. Hewlett's being urged, in the hearing of Fuseli, not to let this reply pass without observation, he immediately said, "Answer it! no, by G--d,

the subject is as dead as hell: a lion does not feed upon carrion."

The following criticisms on "Cowper's Homer," and "Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici," will give some idea of his powers in this department of literature.

### COWPER'S HOMER.

Translators of poetry may be arranged into two classes: those who, without invention, but an ardent ambition for its honours, with powers of embellishment, harmony of diction, and elegance of taste, attempt to graft their own scions on a solid stem; and those who, from real or imagined sympathy with the production of another, unable to perceive excellence through any other medium but that of their idol, renounce all individual consequence, swear to his words, and rank themselves under his banner. The first sacrifice their model to themselves and their age; the second sacrifice both to their darling original. Of both kinds of translation, the muses of this country have produced specimens: Mr. Pope ranks foremost in the former; whether that of Mr. Cowper claims the same eminence in the latter class, we are now to inquire.

Though the ultimate end of poetry be to please, and the best include both instruction and pleasure at once, it will easily be perceived that the laws which are to rule two species of translation so different, cannot be the same. The laws which the first imposes, are of its own creation and choice; the laws of the second resemble

somewhat those which a master prescribes to his servant ; —they have little to gratify vanity, they are related to resignation,—they are fidelity and simplicity, with as much harmony and vivacity as is compatible with both ; for the translator of Homer, indeed, the difficulty will not be —how much he shall sacrifice of these two last requisites, but how much he shall be able to obtain, or to preserve.

By *fidelity*, some will understand the mere substitution of one language for another, with the entire sacrifice of idiom and metre, which belongs only to the literal translation of school-books. Fidelity, as Mr. C. himself has with equal happiness and precision defined it in his preface, is that quality which neither omits nor adds any thing to an author's stock. "I have invented nothing," says he ; "I have omitted nothing." When we consider the magnificent end of epic poetry,—to write for all times and all races,—to treat of what will always exist and always be understood, the puny laws of local decorum and fluctuating fashions by which the omission or modification of certain habits and customs, natural but obsolete, is prescribed, cannot come into consideration. Such laws may bind the meaner race of writers. He who translates Homer knows, that when Patroclus administers at table, or Achilles slays the sheep himself for Priam, a chief and a prince honour the chieftains and king who visit them, and disdain to leave to meaner hands these pledges of hospitality ; and he translates faithfully and minutely, nor fears that any will sneer at such a custom, but those who sneer at the principle that established it. He neither "attempts to soften or refine away" the energy of passages relative to the theology of

primitive ages, or fraught with allegoric images of the phenomena of nature, though they might provoke the smile of the effeminate, and of the sophists of his day. This is the first and most essential part of the fidelity prescribed to a translator; and this Mr. C. has so far scrupulously observed, that he must be allowed to have given us more of Homer, and added less of his own, than all his predecessors; and this he has done with that simplicity, that purity of manner, which we consider as the second requisite of translation.

By *simplicity*, we mean, what flows from the heart; and there is no instance of any translator known to us, who has so entirely transfused the primitive spirit of an ancient work into a modern language; whose own individual habits and bent, if we may be allowed the expression, seem to be so totally annihilated, or to have coalesced so imperceptibly with his model. He is so lost in the contemplation of his author's narrative, that, in reading, we no more think of *him* than we do of Homer, when he hurls us along by the torrent of his plan: no quaintness, no antithesis, no epigrammatic flourish, beckons our attention from its track, bids us admire or rather indignantly spurn the intruding dexterity of the writer. To have leisure to think of the author when we read, or of the artist when we behold, proves that the work of either is of an inferior class: we have neither time to inquire after Homer's birth-place or rank, when Andromache departs from her husband, nor stoop to look for the inscription of the artist's name, when we stand before the Apollo.

Considering next the *harmony* of numbers prescribed to the translator of a poet, Mr. C. himself allows that

he has many a line 'with an ugly hitch in its gait;' and perhaps to those he acknowledges as such, and the copious list of others called forth in battle array against him, no trifling file of equally feeble, harsh, or halting ones might be added. Still we do not hesitate to give it as our opinion, founded on a careful perusal of the whole, that the style and the flow of his numbers are in general consonance with the spirit of the poem. In particular lines, he may be inferior to many; we even venture to say, that he has as often adopted or imitated the discords of Milton, as his flow of verse. The English Jupiter perhaps shakes his ambrosial curls not with the full majesty of the Greek; the plaintive tones of Andromache do not perhaps melt, or the reverberated bursts of Hector's voice break, on our ear with their native melody or strength; the stone of modern Sisyphus oppresses not with equal weight, or rebounds with equal rapidity as that of old; the hoarseness of Northern language bound in pebbly monosyllables, and almost always destitute of decided quantities, must frequently baffle the most vigorous attempt, if even no allowance were made for the terror that invests a celebrated passage, and dashes the courage of the translator with anxiety and fear. Still, if Mr. C. be not always equally successful in the detail, his work possesses that harmony which consists in the variety of well-poised periods,—periods that may be pursued without satiety, and dismiss the ear uncloyed by that monotony which attends the roundest and most fortunate rhyme, the rhyme of Dryden himself.

The chief trespass of our translator's style,—and it will be found to imply a trespass against his fidelity and

simplicity, — is no doubt the intemperate use of inversion, ungraceful in itself, contrary to the idiom of his language, and, what is still worse, subversive of perspicuity, than which no quality distinguishes Homer more from all other writers: for Homer, though fraught with every element of wisdom, even in the opinion of a critic\* to no heresy more adverse than that of acknowledging faultless merit, whether ancient or modern, — Homer, with all this fund of useful doctrine, remains to this day the most perspicuous of poets, the writer least perplexed with ambiguity of style. His tale is so clearly told, that even now, as of yore, he is or may be the companion of every age, and almost every capacity, at almost every hour. This perspicuity is perhaps not to be attained by the scantiness of modern grammar; it is perhaps not to be fully expected from the inferior powers of the most attentive translator, wearied with labour, and fancying that to be clear to others which is luminous to him: but this we cannot allow to be pleaded every where in excuse of our translator's ambiguities, after the ample testimony he bore in his preface to the perspicuity of his author. Such palliation, indeed, will not be offered by him who tells us, that not one line before us escaped his attention. We decline entering into particulars on this head, partly because Mr. C. cannot be ignorant of the passages alluded to, partly because sufficient, and even exuberant, pains have been taken by others to point them out to the public.

But if the translator often deviate from his model in so essential a requisite, he scrupulously adheres to an-

\* Samuel Johnson.

other of much less consequence,—the observance of those customary epithets with which Homer distinguishes his gods and heroes from each other. As most of these are frequently no more than harmonious expletives of the verse, often serve only as a ceremonious introduction to his speakers, we are of opinion, that he might at least have sometimes varied them with advantage to his verse, and for the greater gratification of his reader. He who thought it a venial licence to deviate in the first line of his work from the text, who cries—‘woe to the land of dwarfs,’\*—who makes his hero often ‘the swiftest of the swift,’ tinges the locks of Menelaus with ‘amber,’ and varies Eumæus from plain swineherd to ‘the illustrious steward or noble pastor of the sties,’ he surely might have saved us from the ‘archer-god,’ ‘the cloud-assembler Jove,’ the ‘city-spoiler chief,’ the ‘cloud-assembler deity,’ &c. &c. &c. or, in mercy to our debauched ears, have meditated combinations more consonant to verse and language. Their casual omission would not have proved a greater infidelity than that which made him disregard names and epithets, expressly repeated in the original, of which that of Asius the Hyrtacide in the catalogue† is a striking instance.

Homer is ample, and the translator studies to be so, and generally with success; but Homer is likewise concise, where Mr. C. is often verbose, and where, by more careful meditation, or more frequent turning of line

\* Ἀνδρασι πυγμαίοισι φονον καὶ κηρα φερῆσαι

Iliad, iii. v. 6.

† Των αὐτῷ Ὑρτακίδης ἡρχ' Ἄσιος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν

Ἄσιος Ὑρτακίδης. ————— Iliad, ii. v. 837-8.

and period, he might have approached his master. Homer finishes; but, like Nature, without losing the whole in the parts. The observations which the translator offers on this in the Preface we are tempted to transcribe. Pref. p. xv.

“The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. Homer, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.”

To this remark, founded on truth, we could have wished Mr. C. had added the reason why Homer contrived to be minute without being tedious,—to appear finished without growing languid,—to accumulate details without losing the whole; defects which have invariably attended the descriptions of his finished followers, from Virgil and Apollonius, down to Ariosto, and from him to the poets of our days, Milton alone excepted. It is, because he never suffered the descriptions that branched out of his subject to become too heavy for the trunk that supported them; because he never admitted any image calculated to reflect more honour on his knowledge than on his judgment; because he did not seek,

but find, not serve, but rule detail, absorbed by his great end ; and chiefly, because he, and he alone, contrived to create the image he described, limb by limb, part by part, before our eyes, connecting it with his plot, and making it the offspring of action and time, the two great mediums of poetry. The chariot of Juno is to be described : \* it is not brought forth as from a repository, tamely to wait before the celestial portico, and subjected to finical examination, the action all the while dormant : on the spur of the moment, Hebe is ordered to put its various parts together before our eyes ; the goddess arranges her coursers, mounts, shakes the golden reins, and flies off with Minerva, and our anticipating expectation, to the battle. Agamemnon is to appear in panoply : † we are not introduced to enumerate greaves, helmet, sword, belt, corslet, spear ; they become important by the action only that applies them to the hero's limbs. We are admitted to the toilet of Juno : ‡ no idle *étalage* of ornaments ready laid out, of boxes, capsules, and cosmetics ; the ringlets rise under her fingers, the pendants wave in her ears, the zone embraces her breast, perfumes rise in clouds round her body, her vest is animated with charms. Achilles is to be the great object of our attention : his shield a wonder : § heaven, earth, sea, gods, and men, are to occupy its orb ; yet, even here he deviates not from his great rule, we see its august texture rise beneath the hammer of Vulcan, and the action proceeds with the strokes of the celestial

\* Iliad, v. v. 722—31.

† Iliad, xi. v. 15, seq. Conf. Iliad, ii. v. 42. seq.

‡ Iliad, xiv. v. 170, seq. § Iliad, xviii. v. 478—607.

artist. Where description must have stagnated or suspended action, it is confined to a word, 'the sable ship,' 'the hollow ship;' or despatched with a compound, 'the red-prowed ship,' 'the shadow-stretching spear.' If the instrument be too important to be passed over lightly, he, with a dexterity next to miraculous, makes it contribute to raise the character of the owner. The bow of Pandarus is traced \* to the enormous horns of the mountain ram, and its acquisition proves the sly intrepidity of the archer, who bends it now. The sceptre of Agamemnon † becomes the pedigree of its wearer: it is the elaborate work of Vulcan for Jupiter, his gift to Hermes, his present to Pelops, the inheritance of Atreus, the shepherd-staff of Thyestes, the badge of command for Agamemnon. Thus Homer describes; this is the mystery, without which the most exquisite description becomes an excrescence, and only clogs and wearies the indignant and disappointed reader. Poetic imitation, we repeat it, is progressive, and less occupied with the *surface* of the object than its *action*; hence all comparisons between the poet's and the painter's manners, ought to be made with an eye to the respective end and limits of either art: nor can these observations be deemed superfluous, except by those who are most in want of them, the descriptive tribe, who imagine they paint what they only perplex, and fondly dream of enriching the realms of fancy by silly excursions into the province of the florist, chemist, or painter of still life.

Proceeding now to lay before the reader specimens of the translation itself, we shall select passages which,

\* Iliad, iv. v. 105—111.

† Iliad, ii. v. 101—8.

by their contrast, may enable him to estimate the variety of our author's powers, to poise his blemishes and beauties, and to form an idea of what he is to expect from a perusal of the whole. To exhibit only the splendid, would have been insidious; it would have been unfair to expose languor alone;—we have pursued a middle course; and when he has consulted the volumes themselves, the reader, we trust, will pronounce us equally impartial to the author and himself.

Juno, entering her apartment to array herself for her visit to Jupiter on Gargarus, is thus described — *Iliad*, B. XIV. p. 365.

“She sought her chamber; Vulcan, her own son,  
That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,  
And to the posts fast closed them with a key  
Mysterious, which, herself except, in heav'n  
None understood. Entering, she secured  
The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er  
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,  
Then, polish'd it with richest oil divine  
Of boundless fragrance; oil that, in the courts  
Eternal only shaken, through the skies  
Breathed odours, and through all the distant earth.  
Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,  
She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,  
And braided her bright locks, streaming profuse  
From her immortal brows; with golden studs  
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,  
Ethereal texture, labour of the hands  
Of Pallas, beautified with various art,  
And braced it with a zone fringed all round  
An hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd

Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,  
 And cov'ring all her glories with a veil,  
 Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet  
 Her sandals elegant. Thus, full attired  
 In all her ornaments, she issued forth,  
 And beck'ning Venus from the other pow'rs  
 Of Heav'n apart, the Goddess thus bespoke:  
 'Daughter, beloved! Shall I obtain my suit?  
 Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid  
 The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?'

"To whom Jove's daughter, Venus, thus replied.  
 'What would majestic Juno, daughter dread  
 Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind  
 Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask  
 Things possible, and possible to me.'

"Then thus, with wiles veiling her deep design,  
 Imperial Juno. 'Give me those desires,  
 That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st  
 Immortal hearts, and mortal, all alike.  
 For to the green Earth's utmost bounds I go,  
 To visit there the parent of the Gods,  
 Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,  
 Mother of all. They kindly from the hands  
 Of Rhea took, and with parental care  
 Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heav'n  
 The Thund'rer howl'd down Saturn, and beneath  
 The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.  
 Them, go I now to visit, and their feuds  
 Innumerable to compose; for long  
 They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd  
 Through mutual wrath; whom by persuasive speech  
 Might I restore into each other's arms,  
 They would for ever love me and revere.

“ Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,  
 Thus answer'd. ‘ Thy request, who in the arms  
 Of Jove reposest the Omnipotent,  
 Nor just it were, nor seemly, to refuse.’

“ So saying, the cincture from her breast she loos'd  
 Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.  
 It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete  
 With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,  
 And music of resistless whisper'd sounds  
 That from the wisest steal their best resolves ;  
 She placed it in her hands and thus she said.  
 ‘ Take this—this girdle fraught with ev'ry charm.  
 Hide this within thy bosom, and return,  
 Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.’  
 She spake ; imperial Juno smiled, and still  
 Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.”

Euphorbus falls thus under the spear of Menelaus :  
 Iliad, B. XVII. p. 452. v. 60.

“ Sounding he fell ; loud rang his batter'd arms.  
 His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,  
 Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about  
 With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.  
 As the luxuriant olive, by a swain  
 Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,  
 Puts forth her buds, and, fann'd by genial airs  
 On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flow'rs,  
 But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench  
 Uptorn, it lies extended on the field,  
 Such, Panthus' warlike son, Euphorbus seem'd,  
 By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain

Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.  
 But as the lion on the mountains bred,  
 Glorious in strength, when he hath seiz'd the best  
 And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs  
 First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch  
 Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,  
 Dogs stand and swains clamouring, yet by fear  
 Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach;  
 So there, all wanted courage to oppose  
 The force of Menelaus, glorious chief."

The beauty of this passage will no doubt prompt Mr. C. to revise the words descriptive of the olive's gender. He cannot possibly have had an eye to the passage in the XIth B. of the Odyssey, relating to the spirit of Tiresias; the licence there, and the beauty obtained by it, are founded on very different principles.

With the following ample scene between Achilles, Lycaon, and Asteropæus, we conclude our extracts from the Iliad, B. XXI. p. 553. v. 119.

"Such supplication the illustrious son  
 Of Priam made, but answer harsh received.  
 'Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.  
 For till my friend his miserable fate  
 Accomplish'd, I was somewhat giv'n to spare,  
 And num'rous; whom I seized alive, I sold;  
 But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods  
 Deliver to me, none shall death escape,  
 'Specially of the house of Priam, none.  
 Die, therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean  
 Thy tears, unreasonably shed, and vain?"

Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou?  
 And look on me—see'st not to what an height  
 My stature tow'rs, and what a bulk I boast?  
 A king begat me, and a Goddess bore.  
 What then! A death by violence awaits  
 Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon  
 I perish, whensoever the destin'd spear  
 Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.'

“ He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel, he died.  
 Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad  
 He sat; but swift Achilles with his sword  
 'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade  
 Of double edge sank all into the wound.  
 He prone extended on the champion lay,  
 Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,  
 'Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far  
 Into the stream, and as he floated down,  
 Thus in wing'd accents, glorying exclaim'd.

‘ Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick  
 Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place  
 Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep,  
 But swift Scamander on his giddy tide  
 Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.  
 There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood  
 Ascending to the rippled surface, find  
 Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.  
 Die Trojans! till we reach your city, you  
 Fleeing, and slaughtering, I. This pleasant stream  
 Of dimpling silver, which ye worship oft  
 With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds  
 His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought,  
 But ye shall die, die terribly till all  
 Shall have requited me with just amends

For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks  
Slain at the ships, while I declined the war.'

“ He ended, at whose words still more incensed  
Scamander means devised, thenceforth, to check  
Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.  
Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear  
Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus, son  
Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life.  
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born  
Of Accessamenus, his father bore  
To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph  
In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.  
He, newly risen from the river, stood  
Arm'd with two lances opposite, for him  
Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed  
Of many a youth whom, mercy none vouchsafed,  
Achilles had in all his current slain.  
And now, small distance interposed, they faced  
Each other, when Achilles thus began.

‘ Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me ?  
Hapless, the sires whose sons my force defy.’

“ To whom the noble son of Pelegon,  
Pelides, mighty chief. ‘ Why hast thou ask'd  
My derivation ? From the land I come  
Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia, far remote,  
Chief-leader of Pœonia's host spear-arm'd ;  
This day hath also the eleventh ris'n  
Since I at Troy arriv'd. For my descent,  
It is from Axius' river, wide-diffused,  
From Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,  
Sire of bold Pelegon, whom men report  
My sire. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles !’

“ So spake he threat'ning, and Achilles rais'd

Dauntless the Pelian ash. At once two spears  
 The hero bold, Asteropæus threw,  
 With both hands apt for battle. One his shield  
 Struck but pierced not, impeded by the gold,  
 Gift of a God ; the other as it flew  
 Grazed his right elbow ; sprang the sable blood ;  
 But, overflying him, the spear in earth  
 Stood planted deep, still hung'ring for the prey.  
 Then, full at the Pœonian Peleus' son  
 Hurl'd forth his weapon with unsparing force,  
 But vain ; he struck the sloping river-bank,  
 And mid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.  
 Then, with his faulchion drawn, Achilles flew  
 To smite him ; he in vain, meantime, essay'd  
 To pluck the rooted spear forth from the bank ;  
 Thrice with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,  
 Although reluctant, left it ; at his fourth  
 Last effort, bending it, he sought to break  
 The ashen spear-beam of Æacides,  
 But perish'd by his keen-edg'd faulchion first ;  
 For on the belly, at his navel's side,  
 He smote him ; to the ground effused fell all  
 His bowels, Death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes,  
 Achilles ardent on his bosom fix'd  
 His foot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried.

‘ Lie there ; though river-sprung thou find'st it hard  
 To cope with sons of Jove omnipotent.  
 Thou said'st, a mighty river is my sire—  
 But my descent from mightier Jove I boast ;  
 My father, whom the myrmidons obey,  
 Is son of Æacus, and he, of Jove.  
 As Jove all streams excels that seek the sea,  
 So, Jove's descendants nobler are than theirs.

Behold a River at thy side—Let Him  
 Afford thee, if he can, some succour—No,  
 He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.  
 Therefore, not kingly Achelous,  
 Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,  
 Although from him all rivers and all seas,  
 All fountains, and all wells proceed, may boast  
 Comparison with Jove, but even He  
 Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,  
 And his dread thunders rattling in the sky."

On opening the *Odyssey*, we present the reader with the interview of Ulysses and his mother in the Shades, and the description of Tyro's amour with Neptune.—*Odys. B. XI. p. 254.*

"She said; I ardent wish'd to clasp the shade  
 Of my departed mother; thrice I sprang  
 Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,  
 And thrice she flitted from between my arms,  
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream.  
 Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd  
 With filial earnestness, I thus replied:—  
 'My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt  
 To clasp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,  
 We might to full satiety indulge  
 Our grief, enfolded in each other's arms?  
 Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd  
 A shadow to me, to augment my woe?"

"Then, instant, thus the venerable form.  
 'Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!  
 On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes  
 No airy semblance vain; but such the state  
 And nature is of mortals once deceased.

For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone ;  
 All those, (the spirit from the body once  
 Divorced) the violence of fire consumes,  
 And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away.  
 But haste thou back to light, and, taught thyself  
 These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse.'

"Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,  
 Encouraged forth by royal Proserpine,  
 Shades female num'rous, all who consorts, erst,  
 Or daughters were of mighty chiefs renown'd.  
 About the sable blood frequent they swarm'd,  
 But I consid'ring sat, how I might each  
 Interrogate, and thus resolv'd. My sword  
 Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,  
 Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink  
 The blood together ; they successive came ;  
 Each told her own distress ; I question'd all.

"There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld ;  
 She claim'd Salmoneus as her sire, and wife  
 Was once of Cretheus, son of Æolus,  
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, stream divine.  
 Loveliest of all that water earth, beside  
 His limpid current she was wont to stray,  
 When Ocean's God (Enipeus' form assumed)  
 Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth  
 Embraced her ; there, while the o'er-arching flood,  
 Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God  
 And his fair human bride, her virgin zone  
 He loos'd, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffused.  
 His am'rous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd  
 Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said.

'Rejoice in this, my love, and when the year  
 Shall tend to consummation of its course,  
 Thou shalt produce illustrious twins, for love

Immortal never is unfruitful love.  
 Rear them with all a mother's care ; meantime,  
 Hence to thy home. Be silent. Name it not,  
 For I am Neptune, shaker of the shores.'

“ So saying, he plunged into the billowy deep.  
 She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,  
 Both valiant ministers of mighty Jove.”

The visit of Hermes to Calypso and her abode, are thus described.—Odys. B. V. p. 110.

“ He ended, nor the Argicide refused,  
 Messenger of the skies ; his sandals fair,  
 Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,  
 Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,  
 Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth,  
 Then took his rod, with which, at will, all eyes  
 He closes soft, or opes them wide again.  
 So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.  
 Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd  
 To ocean, and the billows lightly skimm'd  
 In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays  
 Tremendous of the barren deep her food  
 Seeking dips oft in brine her ample wing.  
 In such disguise, o'er many a wave he rode,  
 But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook  
 The azure deep, and at the spacious grot  
 Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph arrived,  
 Found her within. A fire on all the hearth  
 Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent  
 Of smooth split cedar and of cyprus-wood  
 Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.  
 She, busied at the loom, and plying fast  
 Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice

Sat chaunting there ; a grove on either side,  
Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch  
Wide-spread of cypress, skirted dark the cave.  
There many a bird of broadest pinion built  
Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw  
Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.  
A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides  
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung  
Profuse ; four fountains of serenest lymph  
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,  
Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd  
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er  
With violets ; it was a scene to fill  
A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.  
Hermes, heav'n's messenger, admiring stood  
That sight, and having all survey'd, at length  
Enter'd the grotto ; nor the lovely nymph  
Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown  
Each to the other the immortals are,  
How far soever sep'rate their abodes.  
Yet found he not within the mighty chief  
Ulysses ; he sat weeping on the shore,  
Forlorn, for there his custom was with groans  
Of sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,  
Looking continual o'er the barren deep.  
Then thus Calypso, nymph divine, the God  
Question'd from her resplendent throne august."

With the subsequent passage of Ulysses' stratagem in the cave of Polypheme, we shall dismiss the Odyssey, and add a few observations.—*Odys. B. IX. p. 207.*

“ ‘Cyclops ! thou hast my noble name inquired,  
Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,

The promised boon, some hospitable pledge.  
 My name is\* Outis ; Outis I am call'd,  
 At home, abroad, wherever I am known.'

“ So I ; to whom he, savage, thus replied :  
 ‘ Outis, when I have eaten all his friends,  
 Shall be my last regale. Be that thy boon.’

“ He spake, and, downward sway'd, fell resupine,  
 With his huge neck aslant. All conqu'ring sleep  
 Soon seized him. From his gullet gush'd the wine  
 With human morsels mingled, many a blast  
 Sonorous issuing from his gluttred maw.  
 Then, thrusting far the spike of olive-wood  
 Into the embers glowing on the hearth,  
 I heated it, and cheer'd my friends the while,  
 Lest any should, through fear, shrink from his part.  
 But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,  
 Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,  
 I bore it to his side. Then all my aids  
 Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused  
 Heroic fortitude into our hearts.”

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\* Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated ; and in a passage which he quotes from the *Acta Eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer, for having translated it. It is certain that, in Homer, the word is declined, not as *ετις-τινος*, which signifies no man, but as *ετις-τιδος*, making *ετιν* in the accusative, consequently, as a proper name. It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses, on account of his having larger ears than common.

They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,  
 Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced  
 To a superior stand, twirl'd it about.  
 As when a shipwright with his wimble bores  
 Tough oaken timber, placed on either side  
 Below, his fellow artists strain the thong  
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins ;  
 So grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,  
 We twirl'd it in his eye ; the bubbling blood  
 Boil'd round about the brand ; his pupil sent  
 A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,  
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.  
 As when the smith an hatchet or large axe  
 Temp'ring with skill, plunges the hissing blade  
 Deep in cold water, (whence the strength of steel,)  
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.  
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd  
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,  
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike  
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast  
 The implement, all bloody, far away.  
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name  
 Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves  
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain tops ;  
 They, at his cry flocking from ev'ry part,  
 Circled his den, and of his ail enquired.

' What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme !  
 Thus yelling, to alarm the peaceful ear  
 Of Night, and break our slumbers ? Fear'st thou lest  
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks ? or fear'st  
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force ?

" Them answer'd, then, Polypheme from his cave,  
 ' Oh, friends ! I die, and Outis gives the blow.'

“To whom with accents wing’d his friends without.  
 ‘If no \* man harm thee, but thou art alone,  
 And sickness feel’st, it is the stroke of Jove,  
 And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid  
 Thy father Neptune, sov’reign of the floods.’

“So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh’d;  
 That by the fiction only of a name,  
 Slight stratagem! I had deceived them all.”

If translation be chiefly written for those who cannot read the original, it is, we apprehend, self-evident, that Polypheme’s charging *Outis* with an attempt on his life, and the departure of his associates in consequence of this information, must remain a problem to those who do not understand the Greek. To them, *Outis* is the name of somebody, and why that should pacify the giants who came to assist the Cyclops, appears unsatisfactory, if not inconceivable. Clarke, when he adduces the passage from the *Acta Eruditorum*, which censures Gyphanius for having translated *Outis*, *nemo*, would have done well if he had adduced other reasons in support of his opinion (if indeed he coincided in opinion with that passage) than grammatical futilities. The separation of *ου-δε* can be no reason why the brethren of Polypheme should depart; his destruction remained a call equally urgent for their assistance, whether it was carrying on by fraud or force. In Homer, whenever a man is asked after his name, he replies, they call me so,

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\* ‘*Outis* as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it signifies, *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.’

or my mother has given me such a name; and this is always in the accusative. Ulysses, to deceive Polypheme, consults probability, and the customary reply to a question after a name, and therefore calls him *Outin*, not *Outina*, to escape the suspicion of the Cyclops; but well surmised, or Homer at least for him, that his enemy would pronounce his name in the nominative, if he should be asked who was his destroyer. If the deception be puerile, it is to be considered, that no sense can be obtained without it; and on whom is it practised? on something worse than a solitary barbarian not trained up in social craft; it is exerted on a monster of mixed nature, unacquainted with other ideas than the immediate ones of self-preservation, brutal force, and greedy appetite. The whole fiction is indeed one of those which Longinus calls dreams, but the dreams of Jupiter; and the improbabilities of the component parts vanish in the pathos, and the restless anguish of curiosity which overwhelms us in the conduct of the tale.\*

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\* *Vos*, the admirable translator of the *Odyss.* in German hexameters, well aware that the question here lay not between grammar and licence, puerility of conceit, or dignity of fiction, but between sense and nonsense, without deigning to notice the contest of commentators, has rendered *στis*, by “Niemand,” in the first instance, and afterwards varies it with “Keiner.”

“Niemand ist mein Name; denn Niemand nennen mich alle.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

Niemand würgt mich, ihr Freund', arglistig! und Keiner gewaltsam!

Wenn dir denn keiner gewalt anthut.”—

That the translation of the word *Κραταις*, in the celebrated passage of Sisyphus, should have met with indulgence from those who insist on the preservation of *Outis*, may not be matter of surprise, because, as Mr. C. observes, 'it is now perhaps impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word *κραταις*, which he only uses here and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.' We give it up too, though not willingly, because the ancients appear to have been as ignorant of the being so called as ourselves; some of whom, by cutting the word into two, attempted to make it rather an attribute of the stone itself, than the effect of some external power: but from *him*, we are more surprised at the observation on the word '*ἀναιδης*,' in the same passage, as 'also of very doubtful explication.' Is it not the constant practice of Homer to diffuse energy by animating the inanimate? has he forgotten the maddening lances, the greedy arrows, the roaring shores, the groaning earth, the winged words, the cruel brass, and a thousand other metaphors from life? and if these occurred not to his memory, the observation of *Aristotle* on the passage in question, as quoted by Clarke, might have removed all doubts about the true sense of the word *ἀναιδης*, when applied to a rock.

Mr. Cowper, in his interpretation of many words and expressions of dubious explication, has generally chosen that sense which seemed most to contribute to the perspicuity of the passage: thus in *Iliad*, iv. v. 306, seq. when Nestor instructs his troops before the battle, he has, in our opinion, adopted the best and only sense, though rejected by Clarke, with more subtilty than

reason. Thus he has substituted the word 'monster' for the epithet *ἀμαιμακετος*, Iliad, xvi. 329, with sufficient propriety, whether that word be expressive of enormity of dimension, or untameableness of disposition; in both which senses it occurs in Pindar.\* We might enlarge on the terms *ἀμητροχιτωνας*; *τροπαι Ἑλαιοιο*; *ορσοθυρη*, and a variety of others equally disputed or obscure; but as they will be sufficiently recognized by the scholar, whilst the unlearned reader is enabled to pass smoothly over them, we shall just observe, that the interpretation of the proverbial passage in Odyss. viii. v. 351,

Δειλαι τοι δειλων γε και ἐγγυαι ἐγγυασθαι  
'Lame suitor, lame security,'

is the happiest instance of the superiority of plain sense over learning merely intricate.

When, in Odyss. iv. v. 73, Telemachus describes the mansion of Menelaus, Mr. C., with all the translators, renders *Ἡλεκτρον* 'amber,' contrary to the explanation

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\* The first, in ΠΥΘ. A. v. 28.

*γαν τε και ποντον κατ' ἀμαιμακετον.*

The second, in ΠΥΘ. P. v. 57-8.

*Πεμψε κασιγνηταν μενει;*

*Θυοισαν ἀμαιμακετω:*

where the scholiast explains it by *ἀκαταμαχηλος*, and the notes deduce it from a compound of the *Α* *ἐπιτατικη* and *μαιμαω*: a derivation more probable than that of our translator from *άμα*, and the Doric *μακος*; unless we suppose that Homer made use for his substantives, of the Ionic, and for his compound adjectives, of the Doric dialects!

of Pliny, who defines electrum to be gold, containing a fifth part of silver, and quotes the Homeric passage.\* Amber ornaments, we believe, are not mentioned by Homer in the singular. Thus, in *Odyss.* xviii. 294-5, the golden necklace presented by Euryinachus, is called Ἡλεκτροισιν ἐεργμενον, inlaid with amber drops.

Homer, *Odyss.* xi. v. 579, seq., places two vultures by the sides of Tityus, who entered his entrails, and tore his liver by turns, and adds, to enhance the terror of the image,

ὁ δ' ἐκ ἀπαμυνετο χερσι,

‘he had not hands to rescue him;’ entranced, no doubt, or chained to the ground. This Mr. C. translates—

“ — Two vultures on his liver prey'd,  
Scooping his entrails; nor suffic'd his hands  
To fray them thence.” —

Why not, if he had a hand for each vulture, unless we suppose him chained or entranced?

*Odyss.* xix. 389, Ulysses removes from the light of the hearth into the shade, lest the nurse, who had already discovered a striking resemblance in his shape, voice, and limbs, to those of her lost master, by handling his thigh, and seeing all at once the scar on it, should be convinced that he could be no other, and betray him. This Mr. C. translates thus: p. 453.

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\* Plin. L. xxxiii. c. 4. ‘Electro auctoritas, Homero teste qui Menelai regiam, auró, electro, argento, ebore fulgere tradit.’ Helen, he continues, consecrated a cup of electrum at Lindos, ‘mammæ suæ mensura,’ and adds, ‘electrici natura ad lucernarum lumina clarius argento splendere.’

“ Ulysses (for beside the hearth he sat)  
 Turn'd quick *his face* into the shade, alarm'd  
 Lest, handling him, she should at once remark  
 His scar, and all his stratagem unveil.”

He who, unacquainted with the rest, should read these lines, would either conclude that the nurse had not looked at the face before, or that the scar was in the face. Minerva had taken care that Ulysses should not be discovered by his countenance, making identity vanish into mere resemblance; but as the scar in such a place, without a miracle, could belong only to Ulysses, he attempted to elude the farther guesses of the nurse, by having his thigh washed in the dark.

Odyss. viii. 400, Euryalus, eager to appease Ulysses for the affront offered to him, addressed Alcinous his chief—

Τον δ' αὐτ' Ἐυρυαλος ἀπαμειβειλο, φωνησεν τε  
 Ἄλκινοε κρείοι.——

But Mr. C. turns Alcinous into his father;

“ When thus Euryalus his *sire* addressed,”

The sons of Alcinous were Laodamus, Halius, and Clytoneus.

When Mr. C., Odyss. xi. v. 317, seq. tells us that Alcmena bore Megara to Creon, he says surely what Homer has not said,\* who mentions Megara as the

\* Την δε μετ' Ἀλκμηνην ἸΔΟΝ——

Και Μεγαρην (sc. ἸΔΟΝ) κρειοντος ὑπερθυμοιο θυγατρα  
 Την εχεν Αμφιτρυωνος υιος.——

daughter of Creon, and one of the women Ulysses *saw*, and not as the sister and wife of Hercules together.

But enough. Of similar observations, perhaps more might be added. These at least will show the attention with which we have compared copy and original. If, among the emendations of a future edition, they be not passed over as cavils, or treated as nugatory, our purpose will be fully answered. It would be difficult to determine in which of the two poems Mr. C. has succeeded best. We however incline to decide in favour of the *Odyssey*. The prevalent mixture of social intercourse, domestic manners, and rural images, with the scenes of terror and sublimity, as upon the whole it renders that poem more pleasing, though not more interesting than the *Iliad*, and what we would call a poem for all hours, appears to us to have been more adapted to the mild tones of our translator, than the uninterrupted sublimity and pathos of the *Iliad*. In parting from both, we congratulate the author on the production, and the public on the acquisition of so much excellence. We contemplate the whole in its mass as an immense fabric reared for some noble purpose: on too near an approach, not perhaps of equal beauty, with parts left rough that might have been smoothed to neatness, and others only neat that might have been polished into elegance; blemishes that vanish at a proper distance: by uniform grandeur of style, the whole strikes with awe and delight, attracts now the eyes of the race who saw it rise, and, secure of duration from the firmness of its base and the solidity of its materials, will command the admiration of posterity.

## CHAPTER VI.

Fuseli's proficiency in Italian History, Literature, and the Fine Arts, exemplified in his Criticism on Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici.

THE following review of Roscoe's Lorenzo de' Medici, will shew Fuseli's critical knowledge of Italian history.

## ROSCOE'S LORENZO DE MEDICI.

“The close of the fifteenth, (says Mr.R. Pref. p. i.) and the beginning of the sixteenth century, comprehend one of those periods of history which are entitled to our minutest study and enquiry. Almost all the great events from which Europe derives its present advantages are to be traced up to those times. The invention of the art of printing, the discovery of the great Western Continent, the schism from the Church of Rome, which ended in the reformation of many of its abuses, and established the precedent of reform; the degree of perfection attained in the fine arts, compose such an illustrious as-

semblage of luminous points, as cannot fail of attracting for ages the curiosity and admiration of mankind.

“A complete history of these times has long been a great desideratum in literature; and whoever considers the magnitude of the undertaking will not think it likely to be soon supplied. Indeed, from the nature of the transactions that then took place, they can only be exhibited in detail, and under separate and particular views. That the author of the following pages has frequently turned his eye towards this interesting period is true; but he has felt himself rather dazzled than informed by the survey. A mind of greater compass, and the possession of uninterrupted leisure, would be requisite to comprehend, to select, and to arrange the immense varieties of circumstances which a full narrative of those times would involve, when almost every city of Italy was a new Athens, and that favoured country could boast its historians, its poets, its orators, and its artists, who may contend with the great names of antiquity for the palm of mental excellence: when Venice, Milan, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Ferrara, and several other places, vied with each other, not in arms, but in science and in genius, and the splendour of a court was estimated by the number and talents of learned men, who illustrated it by their presence, each of whose lives and productions would, in a work of this nature, merit a full and separate discussion.”

“From this full blaze of talents, the author has turned towards a period when its first faint gleams afford a subject, if not more interesting, at least more suitable to his powers; when, after a night of unexpected dark-

ness, Florence again saw the sun break forth with a lustre more permanent, though perhaps not so bright. The days of Dante, Boccaccio, and of Petrarch, were indeed past; but under the auspices of the House of Medici, and particularly through the ardour and example of Lorenzo, the empire of science and taste was again restored."

Having thus, with great modesty, stated the motives for his choice of subject, the author presents us with a rapid sketch of the Medician family, the literary and political character of Lorenzo, and his undeserved fate as statesman and writer in the succeeding century: he then proceeds to a critical enumeration of the narratives composed of his life, from the contemporary one of Niccolò Valori to the recent volumes of Fabroni, the mass of whose valuable documents, together with the communications of a learned friend, admitted to the printed and manuscript treasure of the Laurentian library, and the acquisition of a number of scarce tracts, procured from the sales of the Crevenna and Pinelli books, arranged and concentrated by indefatigable assiduity, he considers as the basis on which he was enabled to erect his own system, and to fill up the chasm that had hitherto separated from legitimate history, the period elapsed between the last stage of decay and final dissolution of the Byzantine empire by Mahommed II. and the brilliant epoch that rose with the accession of Charles the Fifth to the German throne.

The first chapter opens with Florence, its origin, its tempestuous though not improsperous liberty during the political schism of its citizens into the two factions

of Ghibelines and Guelphs, or Bianchi and Neri, subsiding at length under the levelling preponderance of the Medicean family, whose annals our author traces from the real or romantic date of Charlemagne to the accession of Cosmo, emphatically decorated with the appellation of *Pater Patriæ*, and the height of its commercial and political influence.

‘The authority,’ observes our author, p. 13, ‘which Cosmo and his descendants exercised in Florence during the fifteenth century, was of a very peculiar nature; and consisted rather in a tacit influence on their part, and a voluntary acquiescence on that of the people, than in any prescribed or definite compact between them. The form of government was ostensibly a republic, and was directed by a counsel of ten citizens, and a chief executive officer, called the *Gonfaloniere*, or standard-bearer, who was chosen every two months. Under this establishment, the citizens imagined they enjoyed the full exercise of their liberties; but such was the power of the Medici, that they generally either assumed to themselves the first offices of the state, or nominated such persons as they thought proper to those employments. In this, however, they paid great respect to popular opinion. That opposition of interests so generally apparent between the people and their rulers, was, at this time, scarcely perceived at Florence, where superior qualifications and industry were the surest recommendations to public authority and favour. Convinced of the benefits constantly received from this family, and satisfied that they could, at any time, withdraw themselves from a connexion that exacted no engagements, and

required only a temporary acquiescence, the Florentines considered the Medici as the fathers, and not as the rulers of the republic. On the other hand, the chiefs of this house, by appearing rather to decline than to court the honours bestowed on them, and by a singular moderation of the use of them when obtained, were careful to maintain the character of simple citizens of Florence, and servants of the state. An interchange of reciprocal good offices was the only tie by which the Florentines and the Medici were bound ; and, perhaps, the long continuance of this connexion may be attributed to the very circumstance, of its being in the power of either of the parties, at any time, to have dissolved it.

The temporary interruption of Cosmo's power by the successful struggle of an opposite party, headed by families eclipsed in his blaze, his exile, and his banishment to the Venetian state, tended only, from the resignation and magnanimity of his conduct, to rivet, at his recall, the voluntary chains of his fellow-citizens ;—and he continued the unrivalled arbiter of Florence and its dependencies, the primary restorer of Greek and Latin literature, and the most enlightened patron of the arts, to the advanced age of seventy-five, and the hour of his death, gratified with the prospect of the continuation of family power, from the character of his son Piero, and that of his two grandsons, Lorenzo and Juliano. The ample and varied detail of this assemblage of important subjects we leave, as preliminary, to the curiosity of our readers, and hasten to the second chapter, and the appearance of Lorenzo.

‘Lorenzo de’ Medici,’ says, Mr. R., p. 69, ‘was about sixteen years of age when Cosmo died, and had at that

time given striking indications of extraordinary talents. From his earliest years he had exhibited proofs of a retentive and vigorous mind, which was cultivated not only by all the attention which his father's infirmities would permit him to bestow, but by a frequent intercourse with his venerable grandfather. He owed also great obligations, in this respect, to his mother, Lucretia, who was one of the most accomplished women of the age, and distinguished herself not only as a patroness of learning, but by her own writings. Of these some specimens yet remain, which are the more entitled to approbation, as they were produced at a time when poetry was at its lowest ebb in Italy. The disposition of Lorenzo, which afterwards gave him a peculiar claim to the title of *magnificent*, was apparent in his childhood. Having received as a present a horse from Sicily, he sent the donor, in return, a gift of much greater value, and on being reproved for his profuseness, he remarked that there was nothing more glorious than to overcome others in acts of generosity. Of his proficiency in classical learning, and the different branches of that philosophy which was then in repute, he has left indisputable proofs. Born to restore the lustre of his native tongue, he had rendered himself conspicuous by his poetical talents, before he arrived at manhood. To these accomplishments he united a considerable share of strong, natural penetration and good sense, which enabled him, amidst the many difficulties that he was involved in, to act with a promptitude and decision which surprised those who were witnesses of his conduct; whilst the endowments which entitled him to admiration and respect, were

accompanied by others that conciliated, in an eminent degree, the esteem and affections of his fellow-citizens.

‘In his person, Lorenzo was tall and athletic, and had more the appearance of strength than of elegance. From his birth, he laboured under some peculiar disadvantages—his sight was weak, his voice harsh and unpleasing, and he was totally deprived of the sense of smell. With all these defects his countenance was dignified, and gave an idea of the magnanimity of his character; and the effects of his eloquence were conspicuous on many important occasions. In his youth, he was much addicted to active and laborious exercises, to hawking, horsemanship, and country sports. Though not born to support a military character, he gave sufficient proofs of his courage, not only in public tournaments, which were then not unfrequent in Italy, but also upon more trying occasions. Such was the versatility of his talents, that it is difficult to discover any department of business, or of amusement, of art, or of science, to which they were not at some time applied; and in whatever he undertook, he arrived at a proficiency which would seem to have required the labour of a life much longer than that which he was permitted to enjoy.

‘The native energy and versatility of his character were invigorated by a suitable education: to the notions of piety, imbibed from Gentile d’Urbino, and perhaps from his mother, he added the accomplishments of a scholar, under the tuition of Landino, and received the elements of the Aristotelian and Platonic philosophy from Argropyllus and Ficino; but that exquisite taste in poe-

try, in music, and in every department of the fine arts, which enabled him to contribute so powerfully towards their restoration, was an endowment of nature, the want of which no education could have supplied.

Such were the qualifications with which Lorenzo entered on the stage of public life, and which enabled him, with the political experience he had acquired on his travels through the most powerful states of Italy, and the connexions he had then formed, to defeat, at his return, the conspiracy framed by Luca Pitti against his father Piero, and probably to frustrate the war raised against Florence by its exiles, without the loss of much blood or treasure.

Delivered by these successes from external and domestic strife, the Medici were at leisure again to attend to their darling object, the promotion of learning. Several literary characters are here delineated; principally those of Cristoforo Landino, and Leo Battista Alberti, the Crichton of Italy, of whose unlimited powers the greatest was perhaps that, which he, if we believe Vasari, possessed over his horse; and our author proceeds to the giostra, or tournament, celebrated by Luca Pulci and Agnolo of Monte Pulciano, in which Lorenzo and Giuliano appear to have been the principal actors, though the candidates were eighteen in number.

‘The steed upon which Lorenzo made his first appearance,’ says our historian, p. 96, ‘was presented to him by Ferdinand King of Naples. That on which he relied in the combat, by Borso Marquis of Ferrara. The Duke of Milan had furnished him with his suit of armour. His motto was, *Le tems revient*; his device, the

*fleurs de lys*; the privilege of using the arms of France having shortly before been conceded to the Medici by Louis XI., by a solemn act. His first conflict was with Carlo Borromei; his next with Braccio de' Medici, who attacked him with such strength and courage, that if the stroke had taken place, Orlando himself, as the poet assures us, could not have withstood the shock. Lorenzo took speedy vengeance, but his spear breaking into a hundred pieces, his adversary was preserved from total overthrow. He then assailed Carlo de Forme, whose helmet he split, and whom he nearly unhorsed; Lorenzo then changing his steed, made a violent attack upon Benedetto Salutati, who had just couched his lance ready for the combat.'

Some specimens of the two panegyrics, with the plan of that composed by Politiano, are annexed, and translated with our author's own felicity.

The philosophical amusements of the two brothers follow next, in a pertinent descant on the *disputationes Camaldulenses* of Landino; and after these, Lorenzo is presented to us as a lover. The materials are furnished by his own sonnets, and the comment he composed on them, and, though the dead and the surviving beauties he celebrates are left nameless, there is reason to suppose, that they were Simonetta, the deceased mistress of his brother, and Lucretia Donati.

'The sonnets of Lorenzo,' says Mr. R., p. 116, 'rise and fall through every degree of the thermometer of love; he exults and he despairs; he freezes and he burns; he sings of raptures too great for mortal sense,

and he applauds a severity of virtue that no solicitations can move. From such contradictory testimony, what are we to conclude? Lorenzo has himself presented us with the key that unlocks this mystery. From the relation which he has before given, we find that Lucretia was the mistress of the poet, and not of the man. Lorenzo sought for an object to concentrate his ideas, to give them strength, and effect, and he found in Lucretia a subject that suited his purpose and deserved his praise. But having so far realized his mistress, he has dressed and ornamented her according to his own imagination. Every action of her person, every emotion of her mind, is subject to his control. She smiles or she frowns; she refuses or relents; she is absent or present; she intrudes upon his solitude by day, or visits him in his nightly dreams, just as his presiding fancy directs.

‘In the midst of these delightful visions, Lorenzo was called upon to attend to the dull realities of life. He had now attained his twenty-first year, and his father conceived that it was time for him to enter into the conjugal state. To this end, he had negotiated a marriage between Lorenzo and Clarice, the daughter of Giacomo Orsini, of the noble and powerful Roman family of that name, which had so long contended for superiority with that of the Colonna. Whether Lorenzo despaired of success in his youthful passion, or whether he subdued his feelings at the voice of paternal authority, is left to conjecture only. Certain, however, it is, that in the month of December 1468, he was betrothed to a person whom, it is probable, he had never seen, and the mar-

riage ceremony was performed on the 4th day of June, 1469.\* That the heart of Lorenzo had little share in this engagement, is marked by a striking circumstance. In adverting to his marriage in his Ricordi, he bluntly remarks, that he took this lady to wife; *or rather*, says he, *she was given to me*, on the day before-mentioned. Notwithstanding this apparent indifference, it appears, from indisputable documents, that a real affection subsisted between them; and there is reason to presume that Lorenzo always treated her with particular respect and kindness. Their nuptials were celebrated with great splendour. Two military spectacles were exhibited, one of which represented a field battle of horsemen, and the other the attack and storming of a fortified citadel.

Lorenzo's second journey to Milan, and the death of his father, Piero, take up the remainder of this chapter.

The variety of the materials that compose the third chapter, which opens with the political state of Italy at the time of Lorenzo's succession to the direction of the republic, is too great, perhaps the incidents too minute, and the transition from event to event too rapid, to admit of extracts. The riches of the Medici, their commercial

\* Bayle is mistaken in supposing that the marriage of Lorenzo took place in 1471. Speaking of Machiavelli, he says, *Il ne marque pas l'année de ce mariage, ce qui est un grand défaut dans un écrivain d'histoire; mais on peut recueillir de sa narration que ce fut l'an 1471. Dict. Hist. art. Politien.* In correcting Bayle, Menckenius falls into a greater error, and places this event in 1472. *Menk. in vitâ Pol. p. 48.*

concerns, and other sources of revenue—the character of Giuliano de' Medici, that of Angelo Politiano—the league between the Duke of Milan, the Venetians, and the Florentines—the establishment of the academy of Pisa—an account of Lorenzo's Poem, entitled *Altercatione*, with specimens and translations, constitute the most prominent features of the chapter.

The fourth chapter, whether we consider the importance of the events related, or the perspicuity and energy with which they are developed and told, contains, in our opinion, the most interesting period in the life of Lorenzo, the annals of Florence, and the general history of that time. 'The conspiracy of the Pazzi,' says our author, p. 176, was 'a transaction in which a pope, a cardinal, an archbishop, and several other ecclesiastics, associated themselves with a band of ruffians, to destroy two men who were an honour to their age and country; and purposed to perpetrate their crime at a season of hospitality, in the sanctuary of a Christian church, and at the very moment of the elevation of the host, when the audience bowed down before it, and the assassins were presumed to be in the immediate presence of their God.'

Having traced the origin of the conspiracy to Rome, and the ambition and inveterate enmity of Sixtus the Fourth, and his nephew, Count Girolamo Riario, to Lorenzo, Mr. R. proceeds to their Florentine accomplices, the family of the Pazzi, whom, though allied by intermarriages to that of the Medici, envy, intolerance of superiority, penury, and profligacy, had rendered their irreconcilable enemies. The young Cardinal Riario our

author considers more as an instrument in the hands of his uncle Girolamo, than as an accomplice in the scheme ; and proceeds :

P. 180. ‘ This conspiracy, of which Sixtus and his nephew were the real instigators, was first agitated at Rome, where the intercourse between the Count Girolamo Riario and Francesco de’ Pazzi, in consequence of the office held by the latter, afforded them an opportunity of communicating to each other their mutual jealousy of the power of the Medici, and their desire of depriving them of their influence in Florence ; in which event it is highly probable that the Pazzi were to have exercised the chief authority in the city, under the patronage, if not under the avowed dominion, of the papal see. The principal agent engaged in the undertaking was Francesco Salviati, archbishop of Pisa, to which rank he had lately been promoted by Sixtus, in opposition to the Medici, who had for some time endeavoured to prevent him from exercising his episcopal functions. If it be allowed that the unfavourable character given of him by Politiano is exaggerated, it is generally agreed that his qualities were the reverse of those which ought to have been the recommendations to such high preferment. The other conspirators were, Giacompo Salviati, brother of the archbishop ; Giacompo Poggio, one of the sons of the celebrated Poggio Bracciolini, and who, like all the other sons of that eminent scholar, had obtained no small share of literary reputation ; Bernardo Bandini, a daring libertine, rendered desperate by the consequences of his excesses ; Giovan Battista Montesicco, who had distinguished himself by his military talents, as

one of the *condottieri* of the armies of the pope; Antonio Maffei, a priest of Volterra; and Stephano da Bagnone, one of the apostolic scribes, with several others of inferior note.

‘ In the arrangement of their plan, which appears to have been concerted with great precaution and secrecy, the conspirators soon discovered, that the dangers which they had to encounter were not so likely to arise from the difficulty of the attempt, as from the subsequent resentment of the Florentines, a great majority of whom were strongly attached to the Medici. Hence it became necessary to provide a military force, the assistance of which might be equally requisite, whether the enterprise proved abortive or successful. By the influence of the Pope, the King of Naples, who was then in alliance with him, and on one of whose sons he had recently bestowed a cardinal’s hat, was also induced to countenance the attempt.

‘ These preliminaries being adjusted, Girolamo wrote to his nephew, Cardinal Riario, then at Pisa, ordering him to obey whatever directions he might receive from the Archbishop. A body of two thousand men were destined to approach by different routes towards Florence, so as to be in readiness at the time appointed for striking the blow.

‘ Shortly afterwards the Archbishop requested the presence of the Cardinal at Florence, where he immediately repaired, and took up his residence at a seat of the Pazzi, about a mile from the city. It seems to have been the intention of the conspirators to have effected their purpose at Fiesole, where Lorenzo then had his country

residence, to which they supposed he would invite the Cardinal and his attendants. Nor were they deceived in this conjecture, for Lorenzo prepared a magnificent entertainment on this occasion; but the absence of Giuliano, on account of indisposition, obliged the conspirators to postpone the attempt. Disappointed in their hopes, another plan was now to be adopted; and, on further deliberation, it was resolved, that the assassination should take place on the succeeding Sunday, in the Church of the Reparata, since called Santa Maria del Fiore, and that the signal for execution should be the elevation of the host. At the same moment, the Archbishop and others of the conspirators were to seize upon the palace or residence of the magistrates, whilst the office of Giacompo de Pazzi was to endeavour, by the cry of liberty, to incite the citizens to revolt.

‘The immediate assassination of Giuliano was committed to Francesco de’ Pazzi and Bernardo Bandini, and that of Lorenzo had been entrusted to the sole hand of Montesicco. This office he had willingly undertaken, whilst he understood it was to be executed in a private dwelling, but he shrunk from the idea of polluting the House of God with so heinous a crime. Two ecclesiastics were, therefore, selected for the commission of a deed, from which the soldier was deterred by conscientious motives. These were, Stefano da Bagnone, the apostolic scribe, and Antonio Maffei.

‘The young Cardinal having expressed a desire to attend divine service in the church of the Reparata, on the ensuing Sunday, being the 26th day of April, 1478, Lorenzo invited him and his suite to his house in Flo-

rence. He accordingly came with a large retinue, supporting the united characters of cardinal and apostolic legate, and was received by Lorenzo with that splendour and hospitality with which he was always accustomed to entertain men of high rank and consequence. Giuliano did not appear, a circumstance that alarmed the conspirators, whose arrangements would not admit of longer delay. They soon, however, learnt that he intended to be present at the church.—The service was already begun, and the cardinal had taken his seat, when Francesco de' Pazzi and Bandini, observing that Giuliano was not yet arrived, left the church and went to his house, in order to insure and hasten his attendance. Giuliano accompanied them, and as he walked between them, they threw their arms round him with the familiarity of intimate friends, but in fact to discover whether he had any armour under his dress; possibly conjecturing from his long delay, that he had suspected their purpose. At the same time, by their freedom and jocularity, they endeavoured to obviate any apprehensions which he might entertain from such a proceeding. The conspirators having taken their stations near their intended victims, waited with impatience for the appointed signal. The bell rang—the priest raised the consecrated wafer—the people bowed before it,—and, at the same instant, Bandini plunged a short dagger into the breast of Giuliano.—On receiving the wound, he took a few hasty steps and fell, when Francesco de' Pazzi rushed upon him with incredible fury, and stabbed him in different parts of his body, continuing to repeat his strokes even after he was apparently dead. Such was the violence of

his rage, that he wounded himself deeply in the thigh. The priests who had undertaken the murder of Lorenzo were not equally successful. An ill-directed blow from Maffei, which was aimed at the throat, but took place behind the neck, rather roused him to his defence than disabled him. He immediately threw off his cloak, and holding it up as a shield in his left hand, with his right he drew his sword and repelled his assailants. Perceiving that their purpose was defeated, the two ecclesiastics, after having wounded one of Lorenzo's attendants, who had interposed to defend him, endeavoured to save themselves by flight. At the same moment Bandini, with his dagger streaming with the blood of Giuliano, rushed towards Lorenzo; but meeting in his way with Francesco Nori, a person in the service of the Medici, and in whom they placed great confidence, he stabbed him with a wound instantaneously mortal. At the approach of Bandini, the friends of Lorenzo encircled him and hurried him into the sacristy, where Politiano and others closed the doors, which were of brass. Apprehensions being entertained that the weapon which had wounded him was poisoned, a young man attached to Lorenzo sucked the wound. A general alarm and consternation took place in the church; and such was the tumult which ensued, that it was at first believed by the audience that the building was falling in; but no sooner was it understood that Lorenzo was in danger, than several of the youth of Florence formed themselves into a body, and receiving him into the midst of them, conducted him to his house, making a circuitous turn from the church, lest he should meet with the dead body of his brother.'

Through the subsequent scenes of this atrocious drama as our limits forbid to follow the author, and an abbreviated account would do little justice to his copiousness or pathos, let it suffice to say, that the immediate punishment inflicted on the conspirators, was such as might be expected from the revenge of an infuriate people. Even the Archbishop was hung from the windows of the palace, without being suffered to divest himself from his prelatical robes; nor ought it to be considered as a small aggravation of their punishment, to have after death been gibbeted for lasting infamy, by the pencil of such a villain as Andrea dal Castagno Happy Julian! happier Lorenzo, whom the contemporary genius of Politiano has rescued from the equivocal memorial of Pollajuoli.

It is with regret, we must refer the reader to the work itself for the consequences that attended the defeat of this execrable attempt—the storm raised by the enraged Pontiff, who now launched excommunication on the quondam treasurer of the Holy See, as a son of iniquity and nursling of perdition;—the war which, at his instigation, the court of Naples commenced against the Republic, on their refusal to deliver up Lorenzo;—it's various success; with the result of that bold expedient by which Lorenzo at once put an end to the miseries of his country, and completely triumphed over all his enemies, we mean his visit to Ferdinand himself! At that moment his genius had attained the summit of his powers.

The fifth chapter treats of the studies of Lorenzo, and is executed with a degree of *amore* which developes to

us the favourite studies of his historian, though from the penetration displayed in the management of all the other topics of his hero's character, it would be unjust to apply to him the motto of '*tractant fabrilia fabri,*' or as Johnson has since expressed it, on talking of the political disputes of Milton with Salmasius and More, 'that let the subject of dispute be the rights of princes and of nations, it will, if treated by grammarians, end in grammatic squabbles.' The author is perfectly in place and time: if we be to consider Lorenzo as a poet, his right to that title was to be examined and established, and the chapter became, with great propriety, part of a treatise on poetry. After noticing the rise of Italian literature in the fourteenth century, it's subsequent degradation, it's revival in the fifteenth, and the rude attempts at restoring it, by Burchiello, Matteo Franco, and the three Pulci, that honour is conferred on Lorenzo: he is shown to have first, among his contemporaries, discriminated the true object, and expressed the real characteristics of poetry, in description, poetic comparison, and personification of material objects, of passions and affections; to have treated with success the *prosopopœia*. The sonnet, that favourite of Italy, is next discussed, and his claims to it's honours compared with those of Dante and Petrarca; his "*Selve d'Amore,*" a poem in *ottava rima*; his new discovered poem of "*Ambra;*" of the *Caccia col Falcone*, his moral pieces, his sacred poems or orations, and *Laude*, or *Lodi*, are reviewed, and specimens admirably translated, or, to speak with more propriety, excelled, are annexed. We then proceed to his "*Beoni,*"

a piece of jocose satire in terza rima on drunkenness, of which the fragment produced and translated does at least as much honour to our author's vein of humour, as to his hero's; and after expatiating on the expedition with which he wrote, and many pertinent remarks on the "Improvvisatori" of Italy, its drama, opera, and carnival songs, the chapter concludes with the opinion of the best contemporary critics, on the poetic powers of Lorenzo.

As the mutual limits of poetry and painting are so frequently confounded, it may not be improper to extract what our author says on the objects and characteristics of poetry. Vol. 1. p. 255.

' The great end and object of poetry, and consequently the proper aim of the poet, is to communicate to us a clear and perfect idea of his proposed subject. What the painter exhibits by variety of colour, by light and shade, the poet expresses in appropriate language. The former seizes only the external form, and that only in a given attitude. The other surrounds his object, pierces it, and discloses its most hidden qualities. With the former, it is inert and motionless; with the latter, it lives and moves; it is expanded or compressed; it glares upon the imagination, or vanishes into air, and is as various as Nature herself.

' The simple description of natural objects is perhaps to a young mind the most delightful species of poetry, and was probably the first employment of the poet. It may be compared to melody in music, which is relished even by the most uncultivated ear. In this de-

partment Virgil is an exquisite master.\* Still more lively are the conceptions of Dante, still more precise the language in which they are expressed. As we follow him, his wildest excursions take the appearance of reality. Compared with his vivid hues, how faint, how delicate, is the colouring of Petrarca! yet the harmony of the tints almost compensate for their want of force. With accurate descriptions of the face of Nature the works of Lorenzo abound; and these are often heightened by those minute but striking characteristics, which though open to all observers, the eye of the poet can alone select. Thus the description of an Italian winter, with which he opens his poem of *Ambra*†, is marked by several appropriate and striking images.

‘The foliage of the olive appears of a dark green, but is nearly white beneath.

“L’uliva in qualche dolce piaggia aprica  
Secondo il vento par or verde or bianca.”

“On some sweet sunny slope the olive grows,  
Its hues still changing as the zephyr blows.”

‘The flight of the cranes, though frequently noticed in poetry, was perhaps never described in language

\* ‘How grateful to our sensations, how distinct to our imagination appear the

“Speluncæ, vivique lacus, ac frigida Tempe,  
Mugitusque boûm, mollesque sub arbore somni.”’

† ‘Published for the first time at the close of the present work.’

more picturesque than the following, from the same poem.

“ Stridendo in ciel, i gru veggonsi a lunge  
L'aere stampar di varie e belle forme ;  
E l'ultima col collo steso aggiunge  
Ov' è quella dinanzi alle vane orme.”

“ Marking the tracks of air, the clamorous cranes  
Wheel their due flight, in varied lines descried ;  
And each with outstretched neck his rank maintains,  
In marshal'd order, through th' ethereal void.”

The following picture from his *Selve d'amore* is also drawn with great truth and simplicity.

“ Al dolce tempo il bon pastore informa  
Lasciar le mandre, ove nel verno giacque :  
E 'l lieto gregge, che ballando in torma,  
Torna all'alte montagne, alle fresche acque.  
L'agnel, trottando pur la materna orma  
Segue ; ed alcun, che pur or ora nacque  
L' amorevol pastore in braccio porta :  
Il fido cane a tutti fa la scorta.”

“ Sweet Spring returns ; the shepherd from the fold  
Brings forth his flock, nor dreads the wintry cold ;  
Delighted once again their steps to lead  
To the green hill, clear spring, and flow'ry mead.  
True to their mother's track the sportive young  
Trip light. The careful hind slow moves along,  
Pleased in his arms the new-dropt lamb to bear :  
His dog, a faithful guard, brings up the rear.”

‘ In the same poem is a description of the golden age, in which the author seems to have exerted all his powers, in selecting such images as are supposed to have been peculiar to that happy state of life.’

Mr. R., with great propriety, places the essence of poetic diction,—not of poesy itself, for that consists in invention,—in representing its object in motion, to impress us with it’s variety of action and attitudes; in short, in following *time*, avoiding a minute anatomy of motionless surfaces, to which words, it’s vehicle, are totally inadequate. Surface can only be distinctly discriminated by line and colour. Hence it is evident that poetry cannot in this respect be either put in comparison with, or be elevated above painting; the province of their expression, and effect, must be for ever separate, though they perfectly coincide in their aim, which is to charm and convince the senses. Thus, when poetry attempts to describe an object, it must confine itself to one, or a very few words, in whatever merely relates to the shape or surface of that object, and it’s more profuse description is *only then* in it’s place, when that object begins to move. Such is the rule of Nature and of Homer, from which no ancient or modern poet has deviated with impunity; and *Ariosto*, who has described the shape, figure, and colour of Alcina, in five stanzas, has laboured as much in vain to acquaint us with the ingredients of his witch-beauty, as *Constantinus Manasses* to give us a clear idea of Helen by his agglomeration of epithets, or as Haller of the *Genziana*, by a description of nineteen lines. The images which Mr. R. adduces from Lorenzo confirm this; they attain their effect merely by hasten-

ing from the body of the object to it's motion. Not the most expressive words of the most expressive language ever given to man, arranged by Homer or Milton, or a power still superior to their's, could produce a sensation equal to that which is instantaneously received by one glance on the face of the Venus de' Medici, or in that of the Apollo in Belvedere; and if the spark, which Phidias caught from the Zeus of Homer, were shot by his *waving* locks and the *nod* of his brow, will it be denied that *Ctesilas* in his expiring warrior, from whose expression might be collected how much remained of life, or *Aristides* in the wounded mother, who, in the pangs of death, struggled to remove her child from her palsied nipple, 'surrounded, pierced, and disclosed the most hidden qualities of their objects?'

From what Mr. R. with great acuteness remarks on poetic comparison, we have extracted the following sonnet of Lorenzo, with the translation, 'not only,' as he adds, 'as an instance of the illustration of one sensible object by another, but of the comparison of an abstract sentiment with a beautiful natural image.' P. 260.

## SONETTO.

" Oimè, che belle lagrime fur quelle

Che 'l nembò di disio stillando mosse!

Quando il giusto dolor che'l cor percosse,

Salì poi su nell' amorose stelle!

Rigavon per la delicata pelle

Le bianche guancie dolcemente rosse,

Come chiar rio faria, che'n prato fosse,

Fier bianchi, e rossi, le lagrime belle;

Lieto amor stava in l' amorosa pioggia,  
 Com' uccel dopo il sol, bramate tanto,  
 Lieto riceve rugiadose stille.  
 Poi piangendo in quelli occhi ov'egli alloggia,  
 Facea del bello e doloroso pianto,  
 Visibilmente uscir dolce faville."

" Ah ! pearly drops, that pouring from those eyes,  
 Spoke the dissolving cloud of soft desire !  
 What time cold sorrow chill'd the genial fire,  
 ' Struck the fair urns, and bade the waters rise.'  
 Soft down those cheeks, where native crimson vies  
 With ivory whiteness, see the crystals throng ;  
 As some clear river winds its stream along,  
 Bathing the flowers of pale and purple dyes,  
 Whilst Love rejoicing in the amorous shower,  
 Stands like some bird, that, after sultry heats,  
 Enjoys the drops, and shakes his glittering wings :  
 Then grasps his bolt, and, conscious of his power,  
 Midst those bright orbs assumes his wonted seat,  
 And thro' the lucid shower his living lightning flings."

The wing, the harp, the hatchet, the altar of *Simmi*, were the dregs of a degraded nation's worn-out taste ; but it is matter of surprise, that a race celebrated for susceptibility of sentiment should have submitted to lisp their first accents, and continued to breathe their full raptures of love, in the trammels of a sonnet. If, as may reasonably be supposed, the first twister of a sonnet were a being of a versatile head and frozen heart, the beauties thronged into this little labyrinth, it's glowing words,

and thoughts that burn, whether we consider the original, or it's more than equal translation, equally challenge our admiration and sympathy.

We must yet be allowed to make a few observations on what our author, perhaps with greater ingenuity than impartiality, pronounces on the comparative excellence of the ancients and moderns in the use of the *prosopopœia*.

P. 266.—‘ If the moderns excel the ancients in any department of poetry, it is in that now under consideration. It must not indeed be supposed, that the ancients were insensible of the effects produced by this powerful charm, which, more peculiarly than any other, may be said

*To give to airy nothing,  
A local habitation and a name.*

But it may safely be asserted, that they have availed themselves of this creative faculty much more sparingly, and with much less success, than their modern competitors. The attribution of sense to inert objects, is indeed common to both; but that still bolder exertion, which embodies abstract existence, and renders it susceptible of ocular representation, is almost exclusively the boast of the moderns.\*

\* If Virgil has given us a highly-finished personification of Rumour, if Horace speaks of his *atra Cura*, if Lucretius present us with an awful picture of Superstition, their portraits are so vague as scarcely to communicate any discriminate idea, and are characterized by their operation and effects, rather than by their poetical insignia. Of the ancient

‘ If, however, we advert to the few authors who preceded Lorenzo de’ Medici, we shall not trace in their writings many striking instances of those embodied pictures of ideal existence, which are so conspicuous in the works of Ariosto, Spenser, Milton, and subsequent writers of the higher class, who are either natives of Italy, or have formed their taste upon the poets of that nation.’

To enforce his premises, the author produces a variety of tableaux from the writings of his hero, and not without appearance of success, to show his superiority in this species of composition.

To invalidate the claim of the moderns, with their fragments of personification, it might, perhaps, be sufficient to call to the reader’s mind that immense mass of prosopopœia, on which the ancients established the ostensible fabric of their religion. What were the divinities that filled their temples, but images of things, personifi-

Roman authors, perhaps there is no one that abounds in these personifications more than the tragedian Seneca ; yet what idea do we form of Labour, when we are told that

“ Labor exoritur durus, et omnes  
Agitat curas, aperitque domos :”

‘ Or, of Hope or Fear, from the following passage :

“ Turbine magni, spes sollicitæ  
Urbibus errant, trepidique metus.”

‘ The personification of Hope, by Tibullus, (Lib. II. Eleg. 6.) is scarcely worthy of that charming author ; and if he has been happier in his description of Sleep, (Lib. I. Eleg. 1.) it is still liable to the objections before mentioned.’

cations of the powers of nature? and were not these the auxiliaries of their poets? Discriminated by characteristics so appropriate and so decisive, that no observation of succeeding ages has been able to add any thing essential, or to subtract any thing as superfluous from their insignia. At this moment, the poet and the artist subsist on their sterling properties; and the greatest of the moderns could do no more than recompose from the birth of Minerva, the charms of Pandora, and the horrors of Scylla, the origin, the beauty, and the deformities of his Sin; and if, by the superhuman flight of his fancy, he snatched the attributes and shape of Death from a region yet unexplored by former wings, the being itself had not been unknown to the ancients; it carried off Alceste, and offered battle in it's gloom to Hercules. But will it be denied, that by personifying the *act* by which his heroes were to fall, and the *punishment* attendant on that act, Milton has, as far as in him lay, destroyed the *credibility* of his poem? Homer found the *abstractions*, which he mingled with the real actors of his poem, already personified; and to demand a belief in the existence of Minerva or Jupiter, subjected his reader to no greater exertion, than to believe in the existence of Achilles or Ulysses. Had credibility not been the great principle of Homer, had he introduced *Wisdom* seizing *Achilles* by the hair, and *Beauty* ravishing *Paris* from the combat, the *Iliad*, in what concerns the plan, would be little more than the rival of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

But if Homer *refused admittance to new-personified beings* as actors of his poem, has he contented himself

entirely with monosyllabic animation of the inanimate, with roaring shores, remorseless stones, or maddening lances? The enormous image of *Discord* in the fourth, the picturesque prosopopœia of *Prayers* and *Guilt* in the ninth, and the luxuriant episode of *Guilt* again in the nineteenth book of the "Ilias," not only prove the contrary, but establish him beyond all competition, Milton perhaps excepted, as the first master of that poetic figure. The *Liberty* of Petrarch, and the *Jealousy* and *Hope* of Lorenzo de' Medici, may with equal propriety adopt the names of *Health*, *Suspicion*, and *Curiosity*; but the *Litæ* of Homer are images discriminated from all others, and will rank as models of true prosopopœia without the assistance of Hesiod, Æschylus, or the love-embodiment of Apuleius.

The Appendix to the first volume consists of forty-two pieces, and contains the political and literary documents of the history. Of these the papers relative to the conspiracy of the Pazzi, especially the commentarium of Poliziano, the brief of excommunication of Sixtus IV, the reply of the Florentine Synod, and the deposition of Giambattista de Montesicco before his execution, are the most interesting.

One great prerogative of the author is, no doubt, that happy distribution of matter, by which the grave and the more amusing parts of the subject alternately relieve each other. Having left his reader "con la bocca dolce," at the conclusion of the first volume, Mr. R. at the beginning of the second, exhibits the rival of Petrarch, if not as the founder, at least as the first who gave action and

energy to that conciliating system of politics, since denominated the balance of power, the darling maxim of modern statesmen.

‘The situation of Italy,’ says our author, p. 4, ‘at this period, afforded an ample field for the exercise of political talents. The number of independent states of which it was composed, the inequality of their strength, the ambitious views of some, and the ever-active fears of others, kept the whole country in continual agitation and alarm. The vicinity of these states to each other, and the narrow bounds of their respective dominions, required a promptitude of decision, in cases of disagreement, unexampled in any subsequent period of modern history. Where the event of open war seemed doubtful, private treachery was without scruple resorted to; and where that failed of success, an appeal was again made to arms. The Pontifical See had itself set the example of a mode of conduct that burst asunder all the bonds of society, and operated as a convincing proof that nothing was thought unlawful which appeared to be expedient. To counterpoise all the jarring interests of these different governments, to restrain the powerful, to succour the weak, and to unite the whole in one firm body, so as to enable them on the one hand successfully to oppose the formidable power of the Turks, and on the other, to repel the incursions of the French and the Germans, both of whom were objects of terror to the less warlike inhabitants of Italy, were the important ends which Lorenzo proposed to accomplish. The effectual defence of the Florentine dominions against the encroachments of their more powerful neighbours,

though perhaps his chief inducement for engaging in so extensive a project, appeared, in the execution of it, rather as a necessary part of his system than as the principal object which he had in view. In these transactions, we may trace the first decisive instance of that political arrangement, which was more fully developed and more widely extended in the succeeding century, and which has since been denominated the balance of power. Casual alliances, arising from consanguinity, from personal attachment, from vicinity, or from interest, had indeed frequently subsisted among the Italian States; but these were only partial and temporary engagements, and rather tended to divide the country into two or more powerful parties, than to counterpoise the interests of individual governments, so as to produce in the result the general tranquillity.\*

\* 'It is commonly understood that the idea of a systematic arrangement, for securing to states, within the same sphere of political action, the possession of their respective territories, and the continuance of existing rights, is of modern origin, having arisen among the Italian States, in the fifteenth century. *Robertson's Hist. of Ch. V.* v. i. sec. 2.—But Mr. Hume has attempted to shew that this system, if not theoretically understood, was at least practically adopted by the ancient states of Greece, and the neighbouring governments. *Essays*, v. 1. part 2. *Essay 7*.—In adjusting the extent to which these opinions may be adopted, there is no great difficulty. Wherever mankind have formed themselves into societies, (and history affords no instance of their being found in any other,) the conduct of a tribe, or a nation, has been marked by a general will: and states, like individuals,

Before, however, Lorenzo could proceed to the execution of his beneficent system, he had to thank his stars for a second escape from a new conspiracy formed

have had their antipathies and predilections, their jealousies, and their fears. The powerful have endeavoured to oppress the weak, and the weak have sought refuge from the powerful, in their mutual union. Notwithstanding the great degree of civilization that obtained among the Grecian States, their political conduct seems to have been directed upon no higher principle: conquests were pursued as opportunity offered, and precautions for safety were delayed till the hour of danger arrived. The preponderating mass of the Roman Republic attracted into it's vortex whatever was opposed to it's influence: and the violent commotions of the middle ages, by which that immense body was again broken into new forms, and impelled in vague and eccentric directions, postponed to a late period the possibility of regulated action. The transactions in Italy, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, bear indeed a strong resemblance to those which took place among the Grecian States: but it was not till nearly the close of the latter century that a system of general security and pacification was clearly developed, and precautions taken for insuring its continuance. Simple as this idea may now appear, yet it must be considered, that, before the adoption of it, the minds of men, and consequently the maxims of states, must have undergone an important change: views of aggrandizement were to be repressed; war was to be prosecuted, not for the purpose of conquest, but of security; and, above all, an eye was to be found that could discern, and a mind that could comprehend, so extended an object.'

against his life, at the instigation of his old and inveterate enemies, the Riarii, by Battista Frescobaldi. This attempt, conducted with less prudence, had none of the atrocious consequences of the first, but ended in the immediate destruction of Frescobaldi and his Tuscan accomplices. Cursorily however, as it is related by our author, it appears to have made a deep impression on the mind of his hero, since he adopted, in consequence of it, a measure of safety which even the homicide Cesar had scorned, that of appearing in public guarded by a select band of armed friends.

The author now proceeds at length, and with equal perspicuity, impartiality, and diligence, to detail the progress of Lorenzo's measures to secure and establish the independence of Florence, and to compose the jarring interests of Italy. Popes, kings, petty princes, republics, appear in succession, poised, supported, checked, advised, reconciled, to cement his generous plan. Eloquence, military skill, caution, liberality, intrepidity, stamp him by turns the soul of his own, and the arbiter of the surrounding states, till at length the whole is composed and well poised,—Italy enjoys security and peace. Such is the general outline; a more minute detail, as it would exceed our limits, could in a meagre summary serve only to weary the reader: the materials vary, the contending parties are not equally important, the heroes sometimes relax; conquests give way to a leader's indisposition, and battles are fought which remind us of Virgil's winged squadrons;

“ Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.”

Chap. VII. From politics, negotiations, and war, we follow our author to his academic shades, to the improvements in classic learning made under the fostering patronage of Lorenzo; to the importation of Greek literature by Emanuel Chrysoloras, Joannes Argyropylus, Demetrius Chalcondyles; to the introduction of printing, the progress of the Laurentian library, and the establishment of a Greek academy at Florence. We are made acquainted with Politiano; his merits as a civilian, critic, translator, controvertist, and poet: Giovanni Pico, Prince of Mirandola, next excites our wonder; and after him, Linacer Landino, and the two Verini might claim our attention, were they not eclipsed by the female efforts of Alessandra Scala, and Cassandra Fidelis.

‘It might have been expected,’ says our author, p. 55, after having premised some observations on the seemingly unattainable excellence of Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio, ‘that the successful efforts of these authors to improve their native tongue, would have been more effectual than the weak, though laudable, attempts made by them to revive the study of the ancient languages; but it must be remembered, that they were all of them men of genius, and genius assimilates not with the character of the age. Homer and Shakspeare have no imitators, and are no models. The example of such talents is perhaps, upon the whole, unfavourable to the general progress of improvement; and the superlative abilities of a few, have more than once damped the ardour of a nation. But if the great Italian authors were inimitable in the productions of their native language, in their Latin writings they appeared in a subordinate character. Of the labours of the ancients, enough had been discovered

to mark the decided difference between their merits and those of their modern imitators; and the applauses bestowed upon the latter, were only in proportion to the degree in which they approached the models of ancient eloquence. This competition was, therefore, eagerly entered into; nor had the success of the first revivers of these studies deprived their followers of the hope of surpassing them. Even the early part of the fifteenth century produced scholars as much superior to Petrarca, and his coadjutors, as they were to the monkish compilers, and scholastic disputants, who immediately preceded them; and the labours of Leonardo Aretino, Gianozzo Manetti, Guarino Veronese, and Poggio Bracciolini, prepared the way for the still more correct and classical productions of Politiano, Sannazaro, Pontano, and Augurelli. The declining state of Italian literature, so far then from being inconsistent with, was rather a consequence of the proficiency made in other pursuits, which, whilst they were distinguished by a greater degree of celebrity, demanded a more continued attention, and an almost absolute devotion both of talents and of time.'

It would be injustice to suppose that, by this well turned and energetic passage, our author could mean to depreciate the benign influence of original genius, or to insinuate aught against the necessity of its periodical appearance: his aim is to assign their proper place to the literati of the epoch he describes, to trace the probable motives of their pursuits, and to show, that by a judicious choice they supplied, in some degree, their want of innate power, and even of discernment in their

objects of imitation. Who, better than our historian, knows, that, if Nature be inexhaustible in her resources and productions, and genius be merely a power seizing and representing with clearness some of her features, the appearance of one man of genius can no more check the perceptions, than preclude the existence of another? He who takes Homer or Michael Angelo for his model, adopts him merely as his medium to see Nature more distinctly or on a grander scale; he imitates without copying, like Virgil and Pelegrino Tibaldi, for whom it will be difficult to find a name, if they be refused that of imitators of the Ionian and the Tuscan genius. If the supposed inaccessible excellence of Dante and his contemporaries dispirited the Italians of the fifteenth century from the cultivation of the higher Italian poetry, it proved not that they had exhausted Nature, but that they were no longer understood; and that they were not, almost every line of their pedantic commentators proves. Machiavelli, Ariosto, Tasso, appeared after them, with the same models before their eyes, and each produced works none would wish to exchange for all the laboured lucubrations of Tuscan Latinists: the fact is, it was easier to shine before a partial public formed by themselves, with glittering compilations of classic lines, almost always dishonoured by some clumsy or gothic addition of their own, than to emulate the pace of their great predecessors before the general eye.

The domestic character of Lorenzo, the wit, the husband, father, friend, appear in the eighth chapter. The author examines and acquits him of the charge of having

been addicted to licentious amours, and exhibits him, if not as a tender, at least as a civil husband: but “in no point of view,” says he, “does the character of this extraordinary man appear more engaging than in his affection towards his children, in his care of their education, and in his solicitude for their welfare.” He accordingly, on each of these particulars, enters into very interesting details: we are introduced to the characters of his sons, Piero and Giovanni, the first known as his successor, the second celebrated as supreme pontiff under the assumed name of Leo X. From his children, we pass on to Lorenzo’s domestic concerns. His villas, Poggio Cajano, Careggi, Fiesole, and other domains, pass in review. The visits of Piero to Rome and Milan, his marriage with Alfonsina Orsini; the exaltation of Giovanni to the dignity of cardinal at the age of fourteen, his father’s admirable admonitory letter to him on that occasion; the death of Madonna Clarice, Lorenzo’s wife; his patronage of learned ecclesiastics; the assassination of G. Riario, and the tragic death of Galeotto Manfredi, Prince of Faenza, occupy the remainder.

If the subject of the ninth chapter, the progress of the plastic arts, under the patronage of the Medici, reflect a new lustre on the beneficent grandeur of that family, the judgment, perspicuity, elegance of taste, and ‘amore,’ with which it is treated by our author, reflect almost equal honour on himself. From the obscure dawn of Cimabue to the noonday splendour of M. Angelo, we are gradually led to form our ideas of art with a precision and distinctness, in vain looked for in the loqua-

cious volumes and indiscriminate panegyrics of Vasari. Among so many beauties, the choice of selection is difficult; a short extract from one or two passages will inform the reader what he is to expect from the whole. After mentioning the successful efforts of Lorenzo, Ghiberti and Donatello, the author continues :

P. 189.— ‘ Notwithstanding the exertions of these masters, which were regarded with astonishment by their contemporaries, and are yet entitled to attention and respect, it does not appear that they had raised their views to the true end of the profession. Their characters rarely excelled the daily prototypes of common life, and their forms, although at times sufficiently accurate, were mostly vulgar and heavy. In the pictures which remain of this period, the limbs are not marked with that precision which characterizes a well-informed artist. The hands and feet in particular appear soft, enervated, and delicate, without distinction of sex or character. Many practices yet remain that evince the imperfect state of the art. Ghirlandajo and Baldovineti continued to introduce the portraits of their employers in historic composition, forgetful of that *simplex duntaxat et unum* with which a just taste can never dispense. Cosimo Roselli, a painter of no inconsiderable reputation, attempted, by the assistance of gold and ultramarine, to give a factitious splendour to his performances. To every thing great and elevated, the art was yet a stranger; even the celebrated picture of Pollajuolo exhibits only a group of half-naked and vulgar wretches, discharging their arrows at a miserable fellow-creature,

who by changing places with one of his murderers, might with equal propriety become a murderer himself.\* Nor was it till the time of Michaelagnolo, that painting and sculpture rose to their true object, and instead of exciting the wonder, began to rouse the passions and interest the feelings of mankind.

Though indignant at the doating tradition which still presumes to foist the bedlam trash of Titus Andronicus among Shakspeare's pieces; and certainly as little partial to the rubric of martyrologies as our author or Mr. Tenhove; we yet believe, that their observation receives it's force rather from the insensibility, perhaps brutality, of artists, than from the subject itself. Let horror and

\* 'Objects of horror and disgust, the cold detail of deliberate barbarity, can never be proper subjects of art, because they exclude the efforts of genius. Even the powers of Shakspeare are annihilated in the butcheries of Titus Andronicus. Yet the reputation of some of the most celebrated Italian painters has been principally founded on this kind of representation. "Ici," says M. Tenhove, "c'est S. Etienne qu'on lapide, et dont je crains que la cervelle ne rejaillisse sur moi; plus loin, c'est S. Barthélémi tout sanglant, tout écorché; je compte ses muscles et ses nerfs. Vingt fleches ont criblé Sebastien. L'horrible tête du Baptiste est dans ce plat. Le gril de S. Laurent sert de pendant à la chaudière de S. Jean. Je recule d'horreur."—*Mem. Gen. lib. x.* May it not be doubted whether spectacles of this kind, so frequent in places devoted to religious purposes, may not have had a tendency rather to keep alive a spirit of ferocity and resentment, than to inculcate those mild and benevolent principles in which the essence of religion consists?'

loathsomeness be banished from the instruments of art, and the martyrdom of Stephen or Sebastian, Agnes or John, becomes as admissible as that of Marsyas or Palamedes, Virginia, or Regulus. It is the artist's fault if the right moment be missed. If you see only blood-tipt arrows, brain-dashed stones, excoriating knives, the artist, not the subject, is detestable; this furnished heroism, celestial resignation, the features of calm fortitude and beauty, helpless, but undismayed; the clown or brute alone, who handled it, pushed you down among the assassins from the hero's side. Humanity may avert our eyes with propriety from the murdered subjects of Pietro Testa, Joseph Ribera, sometimes even of Domenicho himself; but apathy, phlegm,\* effemi-

\* Our author has given ample opportunities to Mr. Tenhove, a Dutch writer on nearly the same subject with his own, to display a disparity of manner singularly contrasting with his own sober and authentic page. Mr. T. is apparently a wit and a man of feeling, but at all times ready to sacrifice matter to whim, or to substitute assertion for proof: thus, in talking of the celebrated cameo representing the punishment of Marsyas, once the property of Lorenzo, he tells us, that of old it belonged to Nero, who used it as the seal of his death-warrants, and who probably assumed the attitude of the Apollo engraved on it, whilst he assisted at the flogging of one Menedemus, a singer who had excited his jealousy; a tale partly invented, partly perverted from Suetonius, who tells something similar of Caligula and Apelles. In another place, (p. 178, note b.) after ridiculing with somewhat prolix propriety the Florentine custom of substituting, even in grave writing, the nicknames of their country-

nacy, alone would prefer an Andromeda, an Agave, or a Venus hanging over an expiring Adonis, to the "Madonna del Spasmo" of Raffaello, or M. Angelo's Crucifixion of St. Peter.

We next present the reader with the following passage on Michaelagnolo.

P. 208.—' The labours of the painter are necessarily transitory, for so are the materials that compose them. In a few years Michaelagnolo will be known like an ancient artist, only by his works in marble. Already it is difficult to determine whether his reputation be enhanced or diminished by the sombre representations of his pencil in the Pauline and Sixtine chapels, or by the few specimens of his cabinet pictures, now rarely to be met with, and exhibiting only a shadow of their original excellence. But the chief merit of this great man is not to be sought for in the remains of his pencil, nor even in his sculptures, but in the general improvement of the public taste which followed his astonishing productions. If his labours had perished with himself, the change which they effected in the opinions and the works of his contemporaries would still have entitled him to the first honours of the art. Those who from ignorance, or from envy, have endeavoured to depreciate his productions, have represented them as exceeding in their forms and attitudes the limits and the possibilities of nature, as a men to their real ones, he adds, that it is a custom laughed at and disapproved by the rest of Italian writers, though undoubtedly he had read of Cola di Rienzi, Massaniello, Titta Borghese, Giorgione, Il Tintoretto, Frà Bastiano, and Titian himself. "Pauperis esset numerare pecus."

race of beings, the mere creatures of his own imagination; but such critics would do well to consider, whether the great reform to which we have alluded could have been effected by the most accurate representations of common life, and whether any thing short of that ideal excellence which he only knew to embody could have accomplished so important a purpose. The genius of Michaelagnolo was a leaven which was to operate on an immense and heterogeneous mass, the salt intended to give a relish to insipidity itself; it was therefore active, penetrating, energetic, so as not only effectually to resist the contagious effects of a depraved taste, but to communicate a portion of its spirit to all around.'

The comprehensive conception and energy of this admirable passage prove our author to have penetrated farther into the character of Michaelagnolo, and to have found far more accurate ideas of his real prerogative, than either of his favourite biographers.\*

Before we dismiss this chapter, we state it as matter of

\* Giorgio Vasari and Ascanio Condivi. Our author, though a patient admirer of the first, is offended at the "insufferable minuteness" of the second. It would be unfair to consider Condivi as the literary competitor of Vasari, yet great respect is to be paid to a narrative composed under the immediate eye of Michaelagnolo himself. His "Otto scudi al mese poco più o meno," whether they reflect much or little honour on the liberality of Lorenzo, have at least a right to rank with the "quattro mazzi, che erano quaranti libbre da candele di sego," which, the knight of Arezzo informs us, he sent as a present to Michaelagnolo. Vasari Vita di M. A. B. tom. vi. p. 328,

surprise, that the accomplishments and gigantic powers of Lionardo da Vinci, a man nearly of Lorenzo's own age, appear to have shared in none of the favours which he showered on inferior artists.

Chap. X. We approach with regret the concluding period of this history, the last moments and death of Lorenzo. Our regret is increased by the limits prescribed to our review, as our author, if possible, rises here above the preceding chapters, in the accumulation of interesting circumstances, delineation of character, and pathetic scenery. The death of his hero involves that of the most conspicuous characters around him, of Politiano, Pico, Ermolao; the expulsion of his family, and the death of his unfortunate son soon follow; and with the reinstatement of the Medici, the extinction of the republic, after the unsuccessful struggles of Lorenzino de' Medici, and Philippo Strozzi, under the establishment of a tyranny, finishes the work. From so rich an aggregate of materials, we must content ourselves with a single extract, the character of Lorenzo and our author's review of his conduct as a statesman.

P. 239. 'In the height of his reputation, and at a premature period of life, thus died Lorenzo de' Medici; a man who may be selected from all the characters of ancient and modern history, as exhibiting the most remarkable instance of depth of penetration, versatility of talent, and comprehension of mind. Whether genius be a predominating impulse, directing the mind to some particular object, or whether it be an energy of intellect that arrives at excellence in any department in which it may be employed, it is certain that there are

few instances in which a successful exertion in any human pursuit has not occasioned a dereliction of many other objects, the attainment of which might have conferred immortality. If the powers of the mind are to bear down all obstacles that oppose their progress, it seems necessary that they should sweep along in some certain course, and in one collected mass. What then shall we think of that rich fountain, which, whilst it was poured out by so many different channels, flowed through each with a full and equal stream? To be absorbed in one pursuit, however important, is not the characteristic of the higher class of genius, which, piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances, sees all things in their just dimensions, and attributes to each its due. Of the various occupations in which Lorenzo engaged, there is not one in which he was not eminently successful; but he was most particularly distinguished in those which justly hold the first rank in human estimation. The facility with which he turned from subjects of the highest importance to those of amusement and levity, suggested to his countrymen the idea that he had two distinct souls combined in one body. Even his moral character seems to have partaken in some degree of the same diversity, and his devotional poems are as ardent as his lighter pieces are licentious. On all sides, he touched the extremes of human character, and the powers of his mind were only bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature.

‘As a statesman, Lorenzo de’ Medici appears to peculiar advantage. Uniformly employed in securing the

peace and promoting the happiness of his country, by just regulations at home, and wise precautions abroad, and teaching to the surrounding governments those important lessons of political science, on which the civilization and tranquillity of nations have since been found to depend. Though possessed of undoubted talents for military exploits, and of sagacity to avail himself of the imbecility of neighbouring powers, he was superior to that avarice of dominion, which, without improving what is already acquired, blindly aims at more extensive possession. The wars in which he engaged were for security, not for territory; and the riches produced by the fertility of the soil, and the industry and ingenuity of the inhabitants of the Florentine republic, instead of being dissipated in imposing projects and ruinous expeditions, circulated in their natural channels, giving happiness to the individual, and respectability to the state. If he was not insensible to the charms of ambition, it was the ambition to deserve rather than to enjoy; and he was always cautious not to exact from the public favour more than it might be voluntarily willing to bestow. The approximating suppression of the liberties of Florence, under the influence of his descendants, may induce suspicions unfavourable to his patriotism; but it will be difficult, not to say impossible, to discover, either in his conduct or his precepts, any thing that ought to stigmatize him as an enemy to the freedom of his country. The authority which he exercised was the same as that which his ancestors had enjoyed, without injury to the republic, for nearly a century, and had descended to him as inseparable from the wealth, the

respectability, and the powerful foreign connexions of his family. The superiority of his talents enabled him to avail himself of these advantages with irresistible effect; but history suggests not an instance in which they were devoted to any other purpose than that of promoting the honour and the independence of the Tuscan state. It is not by the continuance, but by the dereliction of the system that he had established, and to which he adhered to the close of his life, that the Florentine republic sunk under the degrading yoke of despotic power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute, not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterwards sustained.

Though we admire the author's eloquence, and in a great measure subscribe to this character, some doubts may be entertained, whether Lorenzo had not to thank a premature death for having left his political character, if not unsuspected, at least unimpeached by direct proofs. Aggrandisement by enormous accumulation of wealth, and that obtained, by cautious but unremitting grasps at power, appears to have been the leading principle of the Medicean family: hence those sacrifices of private attachments and animosities; hence that ambition of connecting themselves by intermarriage with the most powerful families of the surrounding powers; hence the indecent, though successful attempt of raising a boy to the dignity of Cardinal, against the qualms of an else willing Pontiff; steps not easily accounted for from men who professed the honour of being considered as the first citizens of Florence, to be the height of their ambition.

But let us return for a moment to our historian, whose work we cannot dismiss without adding our feeble vote to the unbounded applause which it has obtained from the best part of the public. Mr. R., in our opinion, possesses a high rank among the historians of his country. Notwithstanding the modesty of the title, the life of Lorenzo de' Medici unites the general history of the times, and the political system of the most memorable country in Europe, with the characters of the most celebrated men, and the rise and progress of science and arts. The greatest praise of the historian and biographer, impartiality, might be called its most prominent feature, were it not excelled by the humanity of the writer, who touches with a hand often too gentle, those blemishes which he scorns to disguise. It is impossible to read any part of his performance without discovering that an ardent love for the true interests of society, and a fervid attachment to virtue and real liberty, have furnished his motives of choice, and every where directed his pen. The diligence and correctness of judgment by which the matter is selected and distributed, notwithstanding the scantiness, obscurity, or partiality of the documents that were to be consulted, are equalled only by the amenity with which he has varied his subjects, and the surprising extent of his information. Simplicity, perspicuity, and copiousness, are the leading features of his style, often sententious without being abrupt, and decided without an air of dogma; that it should have been sometimes verbose, sometimes lax or minute, is less to be wondered at, than that it should never be disgraced by affectation or pretence of elegance. If we be not always led by the

nearest road, our path is always strewn with flowers; and, if it be the highest praise of writing to have made delight the effectual vehicle of instruction, our author has attained it.

The Appendix, of upwards of forty documents relative to the text, many highly interesting, is preceded by some original poems of Lorenzo, copied by Mr. Clarke, from the MSS. preserved in the Laurentian library, and now published for the first time.

## CHAPTER VII.

Fuseli's Marriage.—His inducements to associate himself with the Royal Academy. — He translates Lavater's "Aphorisms on Man."—Remarks on his own "Aphorisms on Art."—Particulars of Fuseli's acquaintance with Mrs. Woolstonecraft.

ON the 30th June, 1788, Fuseli married Miss Sophia Rawlins, of Bath Easton, near Bath, a young lady of reputable parentage and of personal attractions. She had been for some time on a visit to an aunt who resided in London. In Mrs. Fuseli he found an excellent wife, and with her he lived happily for thirty-five years. She now survives him. On his marriage he removed from St. Martin's lane, and took a house, No. 72, Queen Anne Street, East, now called Foley Street: where he painted most of the pictures which subsequently composed "The Milton Gallery."

This alteration in his condition effected, from prudential motives, some change in his mode of acting, if not of thinking. Hitherto, he had a distaste to all associated bodies for teaching the fine arts; and, in consequence, refused to belong to some foreign academies during his residence in Italy; nor would he attend to the repeated recommendations of his friends (particularly of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Alderman Boydell) to become a candidate for the Royal Academy. But being now a married man, and far from opulent, the consideration of the pension usually granted by the Royal Academy, under such circumstances, to the widows of their members, overcame his reluctance; and, having put down his name, and forced himself to undergo the penance of solicitation, which the members of this as well as several other self-elective bodies expect from candidates as a right, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy on the 3d November, 1788.

In the beginning of the year (1789), Fuseli published, in a small duodecimo volume, a translation of Lavater's "Aphorisms on Man;" which work, written in German, was dedicated to him by this early and esteemed friend. The dedication is dated October, 1787. When Fuseli gave this book in an English dress,

it was with a promise, that a corresponding volume of "aphorisms on art," (not, indeed, by the same author,) "should appear in the course of the year." In conformity to this intention, one sheet was worked off and corrected by him; but an accidental fire having taken place in the premises of the printer, the whole impression was destroyed, and Fuseli could never bring himself to undergo the task of another revision. It is, however, so far fortunate, that the aphorisms now appear not only in a more concise, correct, and, in point of number, extended form, but they are also accompanied by many corollaries; for adding the latter, he gave to me this reason,—“that an aphorism may be discussed, but ought not to contain its own explication.” These aphorisms, which are not entirely confined to art, but embrace also life and character, are certainly the master-work of Fuseli in literature: many of them, it is true, he has used by amplification in his lectures, and in the notes to "Pilkington's Dictionary of the Painters;" but what he himself wrote as an advertisement to Lavater's Aphorisms, may be fairly said of the work as a whole, that it "will be found to contain what gives their value to maxims,—verdicts of wisdom on the reports of experience. If some are truisms, let it be con-

sidered that Solomon and Hippocrates wrote truisms: if some are not new, they are recommended by an air of novelty.”

In the autumn of 1790, Fuseli became acquainted with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. Several publications having gone so far as totally to misrepresent the nature of his intercourse with this highly-gifted lady, it becomes the duty of his biographer to give a plain statement of facts.

The talents of Mrs. Wollstonecraft\* were first brought into notice by the Rev. John Hewlett, who, to forward her views in getting employment by writing on literary subjects, introduced her to Mr. Joseph Johnson, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard. The house and purse of this liberal man were always open to authors who possessed talents, and who required pecuniary assistance; and such being the case with Mrs. Wollstonecraft, she was a frequent visitor at Mr. Johnson's: there Fuseli met her; but as he was not very ready to make new acquaintances, and was not only a shy man, but had rather a repulsive manner to those he

\* This lady is called Mrs. Wollstonecraft, instead of Mary Wollstonecraft, throughout this Narrative, in conformity to the memoirs which have hitherto appeared of her.

did not know, so it was some time before they became intimately acquainted.

The eyes of all Europe were at this time fixed upon the passing events in France. That spirit of liberty inherent in the Swiss, now burst forth in Fuseli, and he considered, as did his friend and countryman Lavater, that an opportunity was then offered to mankind to assert and secure their liberties, which no previous period in the history of the world had afforded. The same feelings animated the bosom of Mrs. Wollstonecraft: this was kept up, and indeed heightened by her then daily occupation, that of translating from the French the political pamphlets of the day, which at this time met with a ready and rapid sale; and in writing criticisms on them, as well as upon other subjects, for the *Analytical Review*.

Congruity of sentiments and feelings upon points which occupied the thoughts, and engrossed the conversation of persons in all ranks and stations of life, naturally brought about a closer intimacy between Fuseli and Mrs. Wollstonecraft, the consequences of which were not foreseen by the lady; for she little thought that the attachment on her part, which proceeded from it, would be the cause of her leaving this country, and thus becoming an eye-wit-

ness of the system of Gallic liberty which she attempted to uphold, emanating, as it did, from philosophers, being destroyed by murderers and madmen.

Mrs. Wollstonecraft had the strongest desire to be useful to her connexions and friends, and she began her career in life by sacrificing her feelings and comforts to what she fancied purity of conduct, and the benefit of others. It was a favourite consideration with her, that she "was designed to rise superior to her earthly habitation," and that she "always thought, with some degree of horror, of falling a sacrifice to a passion which may have a mixture of dross in it." \*

Having a face and person which had some pretensions to beauty and comeliness, Mrs. Wollstonecraft had been frequently solicited to marry; but previously to her acquaintance with Mr. Fuseli, she had never known any man "possessed of those noble qualities, that grandeur of soul, that quickness of comprehension, and lively sympathy," which she fancied would be essential to her happiness, if she entered into the marriage state. These she found

\* This and subsequent quotations respecting Mrs. Wollstonecraft are taken from her letters to Fuseli.

in him ; but there was a bar to all her hopes in this quarter ; for he was already married to a woman whom he loved.

For some years before their acquaintance, with the view of usefulness which she had prescribed to herself, Mrs. Wollstonecraft “ read no book for mere amusement, not even poetry, but studied those works only which are addressed to the understanding ; she scarcely tasted animal food, or allowed herself the necessaries of life, that she might be able to pursue some romantic schemes of benevolence ; seldom went to any amusements (being resident chiefly at Bath, and in the midst of pleasure), and her clothes were scarcely decent in her situation of life.” The notions of privation which some of the revolutionists in France were now endeavouring to inculcate, rather increased than diminished this tendency in Mrs. Wollstonecraft, and Fuseli found in her (what he most disliked in woman) a philosophical sloven : her usual dress being a habit of coarse cloth, such as is now worn by milk-women, black worsted stockings, and a beaver hat, with her hair hanging lank about her shoulders. These notions had their influence also in regard to the conveniences of life ; for when the Prince Talleyrand was in this country, in a low condition

with regard to his pecuniary affairs, and visited her, they drank their tea, and the little wine they took, indiscriminately from tea-cups.

Fuseli had a talent for conversation peculiar to himself, and his knowledge of the classics, of literature in general, and of the fine arts, was extensive, and his memory so retentive, that he seldom forgot what he had read or seen ; these, aided by a great power and fluency of words, a poetical imagination and ready wit, enabled him at all times to put even a known subject in a new light. Talents such as these, Mrs. Wollstonecraft acknowledged she had never seen united in the same person ; and they accordingly made a strong impression on her mind. " For," said she, " I always catch something from the rich torrent of his conversation, worth treasuring up in my memory, to exercise my understanding." She falsely reasoned with herself, and expressed to some of her intimate friends, that although Mrs. Fuseli had a right to the person of her husband, she, Mrs. Wollstonecraft, might claim, and, for congeniality of sentiments and talents, hold a place in his heart ; for " she hoped," she said, " to unite herself to his mind." It was not to be supposed that this delusion could last long. From an admiration of his talents she became an ad-

mirer of his person, and then, wishing to create similar feelings in Fuseli, moulded herself upon what she thought would be most agreeable to him. Change of manners, of dress, and of habitation were the consequences; for she now paid more than ordinary attention to her person, dressed fashionably, and introduced furniture somewhat elegant into commodious apartments, which she took for that purpose.

But these advances were not met with the affection which she had hoped to inspire in Fuseli,—for he admired her chiefly for her talents; and in the warmth of her disappointed feelings she constantly vented complaints of being neglected. These availed so little, that sometimes when Fuseli received letters from her, thinking they teemed only with the usual effusions of regard, and the same complaints of neglect, he would allow them to be some days unopened in his pocket.

The tumult which was raised in her mind by conflicting feelings, having love for the object, and yet the wish that her affection should be so regulated as to be strictly within the bounds which she had assigned to love, that of “strength of feeling unalloyed by passion,” injured in a degree her health, and unfitted her for those literary pursuits which required

a more than ordinary exertion of the mind. For more than twelve months "she wrote nothing but criticisms for the Analytical Review," and even these, which required but little exertion of the talents which she possessed, would not have been written but for her daily necessities. Fuseli reasoned with her, but without any effect, upon the impropriety of indulging in a passion that took her out of common life. Her answer was, "If I thought my passion criminal, I would conquer it, or die in the attempt. For immodesty, in my eyes, is ugliness; my soul turns with disgust from pleasure tricked out in charms which shun the light of heaven."

At length Mrs. Wollstonecraft appears to have grown desperate, for she had the temerity to go to Mrs. Fuseli, and to tell her, that she wished to become an inmate in her family; and she added, as I am above deceit, it is right to say that this proposal "arises from the sincere affection which I have for your husband, for I find that I cannot live without the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with him daily." This frank avowal immediately opened the eyes of Mrs. Fuseli, who being alarmed by the declaration, not only refused her solicitation, but she instantly forbade her the house.

No resource was now left for Mrs. Wollstonecraft, but to fly from the object which she regarded: her determination was instantly fixed; she wrote a letter to Fuseli, in which she begged pardon "for having disturbed the quiet tenour of his life," and on the 8th of December, 1792, left London for France.

Shortly after her arrival in Paris, she again wrote to Fuseli, gave him her opinion of the state of public feeling at that important period of the revolution, and implored him to write to her occasionally. As this letter was not answered, all communication on her part during her residence abroad ceased.

The cause of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's protracted stay in France,—for she intended, prior to her departure from England, to have remained there only six weeks,—and the attachment which she formed while in Paris, are foreign to this memoir; besides, if they were not, it would be unnecessary now to detail them, as they have been long before the public from the able pen of him who afterwards became her husband.\*

After an absence of nearly two years and a half, Mrs. Wollstonecraft returned to London, (in April 1795,) and on her arrival called upon

\* "Memoirs of the Author of a Vindication of the Rights of Woman, by William Godwin."

Fuseli: the reception which she met with, it is presumed, was not very grateful to her feelings, for she shortly after wrote him the following letter.

“WHEN I returned from France, I visited you, Sir, but finding myself after my late journey in a very different situation, I vainly imagined you would have called upon me. I simply tell you what I thought, yet I write not, at present, to comment on your conduct or expostulate. I have long ceased to expect kindness or affection from any human creature, and would fain tear from my heart its treacherous sympathies. I am alone. The injustice, without alluding to hopes blasted in the bud, which I have endured, wounding my bosom, have set my thoughts adrift into an ocean of painful conjectures. I ask impatiently what — and where is truth? I have been treated brutally; but I daily labour to remember that I still have the duty of a mother to fulfil.

“I have written more than I intended,—for I only meant to request you to return my letters: I wish to have them, and it must be the same to you. Adieu!                   “MARY.”

“Monday Morning,—To Mr. Fuseli.”

All communication ceased between the parties from this time until after Mrs. Wollstonecraft's marriage with Mr. Godwin. Fuseli noticed this occurrence in a letter to a friend, in the following terms: "You have not, perhaps, heard that the asserter of female rights has given her hand to the *balancier* of political justice."

Fuseli saw Mrs. Godwin but seldom; he dined only once at her table. Indeed, this lady did not live long to enjoy the happiness which she had pictured to herself, in being the wife of a man of genius and talents; for she died on the 10th September 1797, after having given birth to a female child,\* who has proved herself, by works of the imagination, to be worthy of her parents. Fuseli could not but feel much regret on the occasion; but as "grief does not give utterance to words," so he barely noticed the catastrophe in the post-script of a letter to Mr. Roscoe, in these terms, — "Poor Mary!"

\* Mrs. Bysshe Shelly.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Fuseli undertakes the Illustration of Cowper's Edition of Milton.—First notion of the "Milton Gallery" hence suggested.—Letter to Mr. Roscoe from Fuseli and Mr. Johnson.—Curious circumstances attending Fuseli's Election as a Royal Academician.—Sir Joshua Reynolds's temporary secession connected with that event.—Fuseli's progress in the pictures for the "Milton Gallery."—Controversy between Fuseli and the Rev. Mr. Bromley.—Subjects painted for "Woodmason's Illustrations of Shakspeare."—Subscription towards the completion of the Milton Gallery.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Fuseli contributes to "Seward's Anecdotes."—His Visit to Windsor with Opie and Bonnycastle.—Anecdotes connected with that Visit.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Mr. Johnson's Imprisonment, and Fuseli's adherence to him.—Anecdote of Lord Erskine.—Exhibition of the "Milton Gallery," and List of the Works composing it, with incidental Comments, &c.—Letter to Fuseli from his brother Rodolph.—Letter from Fuseli to Mr. Locke.

THE Shakspeare Gallery was now (in 1790) nearly completed, and hence Fuseli's commissions for this had ceased. The success which had attended Boydell, in his edition of Shakspeare's works, induced Mr. Johnson to issue proposals for publishing one of Milton, which should not only rival this, but, in point of letterpress, designs, and engravings, surpass any work

which had previously appeared in England. Cowper had long meditated giving an edition of Milton's poetical works, with copious notes on his English poems, and translations into verse of those in Latin and Italian; and, indeed, he had made some progress in the undertaking. Johnson, who was his publisher, urged him to complete it; to which he assented, and Fuseli was engaged to paint thirty pictures, which were to be put into the hands of the ablest engravers of the time. Cowper proceeded with his part, and Fuseli laboured in putting upon canvass the sublime, the pathetic, and the playful scenes in Milton. That of "The Contest of Satan, Sin, and Death," was soon finished, and given to Sharpe to engrave. "Eve starting from seeing herself in the Water" was put into the hands of Bartolozzi. "Satan taking his flight from Chaos," and "Adam and Eve observed by Satan," were ready for the graver of Blake.

The serious mental indisposition of Cowper, which took place before he had completed his part of the work, and the opposition which Mr. Alderman Boydell offered to the progress of the scheme, thinking that it would affect the sale of his edition of Milton, made Mr. Johnson resolve to abandon it altogether. This undertaking of Fuseli's was, however, the foundation of a stupendous work by him, "The Milton

Gallery," of which I shall have occasion hereafter to speak, and which he appears to have meditated in August 1790, while at Ramsgate in company with Mr. Johnson; shortly after he began to paint for Cowper's projected edition of Milton's poetical works, as will be shewn by the following letter written by him to Mr. Roscoe, and to which Johnson added a postscript.

" Ramsgate, 17th August, 1790.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I DID indeed receive your letter, but had not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Daulby. The first time he called upon me, I happened to be at dinner with some company, and as it never entered my head the stately figure which I observed dropping from the coach should be our friend, I ordered myself to be denied. The letter was left, but no time mentioned when he would call again, or any place assigned where I might find him. Johnson knew nothing of his abode. In about eight or ten days he called again, but I was at Woolwich: the next morning, I understand, he left town. You both will easily believe that I was extremely mortified, not to have had it in my power to enjoy an hour or two in his company; but I console myself with the thought, that he spent those hours with more satisfaction to himself.

“ You may by this time have forgot the contents of your letter : it contains a comparison between your pursuits and mine ; and no doubt I make the most advantageous figure on paper. I am on a road of glory ; you are only crawling about from the white to the brown bed. I should, however, not be very uneasy if I could, without a total change of situation, obtain a little of that “ elbow-room ” for my mind, which it seems you get by moving from a large house to a smaller one. Notwithstanding the success of my election at the Academy, and of the pictures which I have painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, my situation continues to be extremely precarious. I have been and am contributing to make the public drop their gold into purses not my own ; and though I am, and probably shall be, fully employed for some time to come, the scheme is hastening with rapidity towards its conclusion. “ There are,” says Mr. West, “ but two ways of working successfully, that is, lastingly, in this country, for an artist, — the one is, to paint for the King ; the other, to meditate a scheme of your own.” The first he has monopolized ; in the second he is not idle : witness the prints from English history, and the late advertisement of allegorical prints to be published from his designs by Bartolozzi. In

imitation of *so great a man*, I am determined to lay, hatch, and crack an egg for myself too, if I can. What it shall be, I am not yet ready to tell with certainty; but the sum of it is, a series of pictures for *exhibition*, such as Boydell's and Macklin's. To obtain this, it will be necessary that I should have it in my power to work without commission or any kind of intermediate gain, for at least three years; in which time I am *certain* of producing at least twenty pictures of different dimensions. The question is, what will enable me to live in the mean time? With less than three hundred a-year *certain*, I cannot do it. My idea is, to get a set of men (twenty, perhaps, — less if possible, but not more,) to subscribe towards it. Suppose twenty pounds each annually, to be repaid either by small pictures or drawings, or the profits of the exhibition, should it succeed, of which there can be no very great doubt.

“ Such is, at present, the rude outline of my scheme: it is in this manner alone that I can exhibit that variety of picturesque ideas of which, I flatter myself, you have seen specimens amongst my productions on paper and canvass; and now, tell me your opinion with your usual openness. I am in earnest, yours truly,

“ H. FUSELI.”

“ W. Roscoe, Esq.”

“THE few pictures that have been painted for Boydell’s scheme by our friend,—and he has little more to expect, from the numbers employed,—I need not say to you, are perfectly sufficient to justify the warmest expectations from the scheme he has projected; but they are trifling, when we consider what he is capable of were he perfectly at his ease for a few years, and at perfect liberty to choose his subjects. His plan has my hearty concurrence; and I have gone so far as to say, that I would be one of six, or even of three, to support him in it; but he prefers a larger number. - You are the only one to whom it has been mentioned, and it should be spoken of with great delicacy, for it had better not be known until it is nearly ripe: think of it, and tell me your sentiments. It may be, and I am confident it is, unnecessary to tell *you*; but as such things are common in your experience, I shall say, that this is not the effort of a man whose circumstances are involved, to save himself from sinking. Our friend, though not rich, is perfectly free from incumbrances. We shall be in town in a few days.

“ Yours,

“ J. JOHNSON.”

On the 10th of February, 1790, Fuseli was elected a Royal Academician. As his election was accompanied by a circumstance which caused a great sensation at that time, (I allude to the temporary secession of Sir Joshua Reynolds from the Royal Academy,) it will not be uninteresting to give Fuseli's account of the transaction, which I have heard him frequently relate.

The Earl of Aylesford, the intimate friend of Sir Joshua, had patronized M. Bonomi, an Italian by birth, a native of Rome, and by profession an architect; and, with the view of serving this gentleman, recommended him strongly to the protection of the President of the Royal Academy. Accordingly, in the early part of 1789, M. Bonomi became a candidate for the preliminary step, an Associate of the Academy, in opposition to Mr. Gilpin, well known as a landscape painter of merit, and who, for his amiable disposition and manners, was a man much respected and esteemed. Sir Joshua exerted his influence to secure success to M. Bonomi; but as the number of votes for the two candidates, on the ballot, were found to be equal, the President asserted his privilege of the casting-vote, which he gave in favour of the architect, avowing, at the same time, that he

had done so with the intention of his being elected an Academician when a vacancy should occur, and thus becoming eligible, according to the laws of the Academy, to occupy the chair of Professor of Perspective, which was then vacant; considering it, as he said, highly desirable that this should be filled according to those laws, by an Academician, and that, in his opinion, M. Bonomi was the person best qualified for the situation. On the death of Mr. Meyer,\* which took place early in the year 1790, M. Bonomi was accordingly proposed to succeed him as a Royal Academician. Fuseli, who had always been treated with great kindness by Sir Joshua, called upon him to solicit his vote for himself. The President received him with politeness, acknowledged the claims which he had to the distinction of an Academician, from the great talents which he possessed, and which no man appreciated more than himself; but he said, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that M. Bonomi should be elected:" and he added, "on another vacancy, you shall have my support." Fuseli, in answer,

\* Mr. Meyer was a painter of reputation, both in miniature and enamel.

thanked Sir Joshua for his candour, and hoped if he tried his friends on *this* occasion, he would not be offended. To this the President said, "Certainly not."

Sir Joshua was active in taking measures to favour the views of M. Bonomi; and although he expected some opposition, from the spirit which was manifested on the former occasion, yet he was nevertheless very sanguine as to the ultimate success of this candidate. On the evening of the election, an expedient was resorted to, no doubt with the sanction of, but not acknowledged by, the President,—that of exhibiting on the table of the Academy some neatly executed drawings of M. Bonomi; which display had a contrary effect to what Sir Joshua expected. The friends of Fuseli protested against this, which they deemed an innovation, and urged with great propriety, that if drawings were to be shown, he should have the same chance as his competitor; stating at the same time, that his portfolio was as rich in these as any man's; "for the members," said they, "must be aware, that no modern artist excels Mr. Fuseli in design."

The sense of the meeting was taken; and after a warm debate, M. Bonomi's drawings were ordered to be removed.

As it was considered that Fuseli's claims had not been fairly met, those who were wavering in opinion before, now became fixed in his favour, and when the numbers were declared, there were twenty-one votes for, and only nine against him. This decision was evidently unexpected by Sir Joshua, who, on leaving the chair, shewed some degree of mortification; and on the 23d of February, 1790, thirteen days after the election had taken place, he wrote a letter to the Academicians, in which were these words: "I resign the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and also my seat as an Academician." It is unnecessary, in this place, to detail the means which the Academy took, and successfully, to recall him to the chair: suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding the chagrin which he experienced, in failing to carry the point for M. Bonomi, Sir Joshua was unaltered in his kindness to Fuseli, during the remainder of his life.

The employment which had been given to Fuseli by Mr. Alderman Boydell, for the Shakespeare Gallery, enabled him to save some money; he therefore proceeded with a degree of confidence in the great work which he had for some years meditated, and on which he was now actively employed,—the pictures which were to

form the "Milton Gallery." In aid of these means, however, he expected to be able to maintain himself, during the execution of the work, by painting occasionally small pictures for the printsellers and booksellers, on whom the historical painters of this country have principally depended for support. But in this he was in a great measure disappointed, for his competitors in the art raised a report, that his time was so much occupied in a scheme of such magnitude from Milton, that he had no leisure for any other subject,—hence their usual commissions began to decline, and at length almost ceased.

Fuseli felt this disappointment of his hopes, and in a letter to Mr. Roscoe says, "I am convinced that of all the lies Nero told, that in which he asserts art was supported by all the earth, was the most atrocious; and although *laudatur et alget* seems to be intended for my motto, and though despondence often invades my pillow, yet my head and hand still keep on steady in the prosecution of my great work. May the hope which carries me on, not prove delusive."

The monotony of painting from one author, however, was in a degree broken by the variety of subjects which Milton's poetical works afford,

for he could at will turn “from grave to gay:” this transition, Fuseli often acknowledged, afforded him considerable relief and pleasure.

In the year 1793, the Rev. R. A. Bromley, rector of St. Mildred’s in the Poultry, issued proposals for publishing by subscription, two large quarto volumes of “A Philosophical and Critical History of the Fine Arts, more especially Painting;” and at the instance of Mr. West, the Royal Academy subscribed for a copy. The first volume appeared early in 1794, and the author, after having discussed and criticised the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, thus expresses himself:—“The dignity of moral instruction is degraded whenever the pencil is employed on frivolous, whimsical, and unmeaning subjects. On this head, it is to be feared, there ever will be too much cause for complaint, because there ever will be persons incapable of solidity, although very capable of executing this art with power: strength of understanding, and ability in art or science, are very different things; they are derived from different sources, and they are perfectly independent of each other. The one can no more be instrumental to the communication of the other, than either can communicate temper or disposition. The finest art in the world may therefore be combined with

the lightest and most superficial mind. Books are written of a light and fantastic nature by those who cannot write otherwise, and yet will write something. And so it is with painting; the mind of the artist can but give such subjects as are consecutaneous to its turn.— *The Nightmare, Little Red Ridinghood, The Shepherd's Dream*, or any dream that is not marked in authentic history as combined with the important dispensations of Providence, and many other pieces of a visionary and fanciful nature, are speculations of as exalted a stretch in the contemplation of such a mind, as the finest lessons as were ever drawn from religion, or morals, or useful history; and yet the painter who should employ his time on such subjects, would certainly amuse the intelligent no more than the man who should make those subjects the topics of a serious discourse. But what good has the world, or what honour has the art, at any time derived from such light and fantastical speculations? If it be right to follow Nature, there is nothing of her here,—all that is presented to us is a reverie of the brain. If it be allowable to cultivate fancy, that which has little or nothing of nature in its composition becomes ridiculous. A man may carry the flights of imagination even within the walks of the

chastest art or science, till they become mere waking dreams, as wild as the conceits of a madman. The author of *Observations on Fresnoy de Arte* very properly calls these persons, ‘ Libertines of painting :’ as there are libertines of religion, who have no other law but the vehemence of their own inclinations, so these have no other model, he says, but a rodomontado genius, which shews us a wild or savage nature that is not of our acquaintance, but of a new creation.

“ If not in subjects altogether, yet in manner, one of the first examples of this kind, if not the very first, appeared about the latter end of the sixteenth century, in a Neapolitan, who is commonly known by the name of Giuseppe d’Arpino.”

After having thus openly condemned some of the subjects painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Fuseli, the author shortly after launches out in unqualified praise of the works of West, particularly his “ Death of Wolfe,” of which he gives an elaborate description, and concludes by considering it as “ one of the most genuiue models of historic painting in the world.” The series of pictures painted by Barry, which adorns the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, are also eulogized by him.

It was generally known to the academicians, that Mr. Bromley had assisted Mr. West in arranging and getting up the discourses which the latter delivered to the Royal Academy; and it was conjectured that Mr. West had given his friend some of the observations on modern art, even those in praise of his own works. These circumstances, and Mr. Bromley's strictures upon a living artist (Fuseli), disgusted many of the members of the Royal Academy, and they requested Fuseli not only to animadvert upon them, but to prove (what he broadly asserted) that Mr. Bromley did not understand the subject, and that he was equally ignorant of the classical authorities which he quoted in his Dissertation upon Ancient Art. Fuseli immediately undertook the task, and published in a journal, a letter addressed to Mr. Bromley, pointing out a variety of errors in his work. I regret, after having employed much industry to find this, that I have not succeeded. Mr. Bromley answered it by publishing two letters in the Morning Herald of the 12th and 18th of March 1794, in which he deeply complains of the injury he sustained, as an author, by the observations of Fuseli; admits that several of these are correct which regard classical quotations, but shields himself by stating that his

manuscript was right, and that the errors are to be attributed to the printer.

Fuseli's letter, however, made so deep an impression, that the Academy were about to reject the book altogether, as unworthy a place in their library; but after some debate, they came to the resolution to allow the first volume to remain there, but to withdraw the subscription for the second. And on the 20th of February, 1794, at a general meeting of Academicians, they came to this resolution, "That Mr. Fuseli has conducted himself properly in his remarks on Mr. Bromley's book." In consequence of the opposition of Fuseli, the second volume was never published.

In 1794, Fuseli painted for Mr. Seward "The Conspiracy of Catiline." This gentleman was so much pleased with the picture, that he wrote the following verses, which were published in the "Whitehall Evening Post," in the December that year, and copied into the "European Magazine, for January 1795."

TO HENRY FUESLI, ESQ. R.A.

ON HIS LATE PICTURE OF THE CONSPIRACY OF  
CATILINE.

Artist sublime! with every talent blest,  
That Buonarroti's great and awful mind confest;

Whose magic colours, and whose varying line  
Embody things, or human or divine ;  
Behold the effort of thy mastering hand,  
See Catilina's parricidal band,  
By the lamp's tremulous, sepulchral light,  
Profane the sacred silence of the night ;  
To Hell's stern King their curs'd libations pour,  
While the rich goblet foams with human gore.  
See how, in full and terrible array,  
Their fatal poignards they at once display,  
Direly resolving, at their Chief's behest,  
To sheath them only in their Country's breast.  
Too well pourtray'd, the scene affects our sight  
With indignation, horror, and affright.  
Then quit these orgies, and with ardent view  
Fam'd Angelo's advent'rous track pursue ;  
Let him extend thy \* terrible career  
Beyond the visible diurnal sphere,  
Burst Earth's strong barrier, seek th' abyss of Hell,  
Where sad Despair and Anguish ever dwell ;  
In glowing colours to our eyes disclose  
The monster Sin, the cause of all our woes ;  
To our appall'd and tortur'd senses bring  
Death's horrid image, Terror's baneful King ;  
And at the last, the solemn, dreadful hour,  
We all may bless thy pencil's saving power ;  
Our danger from thy pious colours see,  
And owe eternity of bliss to thee.

\* La Terribil Via, applied by Agostino Caracci to Michael Angelo.

Then to the Heaven of heavens ascend, pourtray  
 The wonders of th' effulgent realms of day ;  
 Around thy pallet glorious tints diffuse,  
 Mix'd from th' ethereal arch's vivid hues ;  
 With every grace of beauty and of form,  
 Inspire thy mind, and thy rich fancy warm.  
 Cherub and seraph, now, in " burning row,"  
 Before the throne of Heaven's high Monarch bow,  
 And, tun'd to golden wires, their voices raise  
 In everlasting strains of rapt'rous praise.  
 Blest\* commentator of our Nation's Bard,  
 Long lov'd with every reverence of regard,  
 Whose matchless Muse dares sing in strains sublime,  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme!  
 The critic's painful efforts, cold and dead,  
 Merely inform the slow and cautious head ;  
 Whilst thy effusions, like Heaven's rapid fire,  
 Dart through the heart, and kindred flames inspire,  
 And at one flash, to our astonish'd eyes,  
 Objects of horror or delight arise.  
 Proceed, my friend ; a Nation safely trust,  
 To merit splendidly and quickly just ;  
 She the due tribute to thy toils shall pay,  
 And lavishly her gratitude display ;  
 The Bard himself, from his Elysium bowers  
 Contemplating thy pencil's plastic powers,  
 Well pleas'd, shall see his fame extend with thine,  
 And gladly hail thee, as himself, divine. S.

\* This alludes to Mr. Fuseli's proposals for a gallery filled with pictures painted by him from subjects taken from Milton's Paradise Lost.

In the years 1793 and 1794, Fuseli painted four pictures for "Woodmason's Illustrations of Shakspeare,"—two from subjects in the Midsummer Night's Dream, and the other two from Macbeth. Three of these are known by engravings, namely, Oberon squeezing the juice of the flowers into Titania's eyes while she sleeps,—Titania awake, attended by fairies, and in raptures with Bottom wearing the ass's head,—and Macbeth meeting the Witches on the heath.—The fourth, Macbeth with the Witches at the cauldron, was chosen by Sharpe, and some progress made by him in the engraving of it, when the scheme was abandoned. Fuseli was much gratified by my having subsequently purchased this picture, and remarked, "You have another of my best poetical conceptions. When Macbeth meets with the witches on the heath, it is terrible, because he did not expect the supernatural visitation; but when he goes to the cave to ascertain his fate, it is no longer a subject of terror: hence I have endeavoured to supply what is deficient in the poetry. To say nothing of the general arrangement of my picture, which in composition is altogether triangular, (and the triangle is a mystical figure,) I have endeavoured to shew a colossal head rising out of the abyss, and that head Mac-

beth's likeness. What, I would ask, would be a greater object of terror to you, if, some night on going home, you were to find yourself sitting at your own table, either writing, reading, or otherwise employed? would not this make a powerful impression on your mind?" Fuseli always complained of not being able to effect all he wished in these pictures, in consequence of being limited to shape and size, as it was stipulated by Woodmason, that those painted for his gallery should be 5 feet 6 inches high, by 4 feet 6 inches broad.

It was not until his own means were exhausted that Fuseli could bring himself to solicit pecuniary assistance from others for the accomplishment of his plan of the "Milton Gallery." As soon, however, as it was understood that he must either give it up, or be supported in it, six of his intimate friends (in 1797) immediately came forward, and each agreed to advance him fifty pounds per annum, until the task was completed. It gives me pleasure to place the names of these gentlemen on record. Messrs. Coutts, Lock, Roscoe, G. Steevens, Seward, and Johnson. It was stipulated that they were to be paid out of the proceeds of the exhibition of the Milton Gallery, or take pictures or drawings to the value of their contri-

butions. Mr. Coutts, in addition to his annuity, with that characteristic spirit of true liberality which ever marked his conduct, and with that modesty which generally accompanies such feelings, made a donation of a hundred pounds, under the injunction that his name should not appear in the transaction; and Mr. Roscoe gave proofs of the sincere friendship which he entertained for the artist, by not only buying pictures to a considerable amount, but also by inducing his friends and connexions at Liverpool to make purchases. The interest which Mr. Roscoe took in Fuseli's labours is shown in the following letter:—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I AM much mortified that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you in Liverpool; but, at the same time, if your bringing your works before the public next Spring depends on your close attention to them at present, it will, I confess, in a great degree reconcile me to my disappointment. I look upon this as the period which will shew you to the public in your true light, and obtain for you that universal suffrage which will secure you a great and lasting reputation. Inclosed is a bill from Clarke's for a second hundred pounds, of which you

will be pleased to acknowledge the receipt by a line, when it comes to hand. I consider you as connected in London with friends of more liberality than are generally met with, and I esteem you as a cautious and provident man, for an artist; notwithstanding which, I may be excused in suggesting to you, that this exhibition should be wholly on your own account, and should not be connected with any subsequent plan that may be proposed for publication of prints from the pictures, &c. With respect to the mode of exhibiting the pictures, I still think the least expensive will be to stucco the room with pannels, with broad mouldings, in imitation of frames, which may be painted in a bold style, to suit the pictures. If this could be done in imitation of bronze, it would have a grave and better effect for such subjects, than if you even went to the expense of gilding, which would be enormous. I mention this, because, if you think the plan likely to answer, the work should be done some time before, that it may be sufficiently dry. Perhaps all this may be unnecessary, and you have already decided on a better plan; but I know you will attribute it to its proper motive.

“ My wife has been unwell for some time past, owing, I believe, to nursing too long.

Apropos—I have just translated a poem on this subject, in two capitoli from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo, in which he endeavours to prevail on the ladies to undertake that important duty to their children. Tansillo was contemporary with Ariosto, &c., and for purity of style is excelled by few of his countrymen. I have sent my version to Shepherd, to revise, &c.; but am yet undecided whether I should publish it.\* —Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me very truly and affectionately yours,

“W. ROSCOE.”

“Liverpool, 12th Dec. 1797.

The assistance afforded by these friends enabled Fuseli to carry on steadily the grand work on which he was engaged, and to this, most probably, the public owe many of the pictures of which the Milton Gallery was composed. After acknowledging his gratitude to one of them (Mr. Roscoe), he thus expresses himself, “I shall now endeavour to carry through a work which I consider a monument of myself; whatever I may be, *magnis tamen excido ausis*, if I do not succeed to give it excellence.”

\* This elegant translation, in verse, was published under the title of “The Nurse.”

In 1795, Fuseli assisted his friend Mr. Seward by contributing several articles to an amusing and instructive work known by the appellation of "Seward's Anecdotes."

In 1796, he painted a picture for Macklin's Gallery, "The Vision of the Candlesticks," from the Revelations of St. John. For this he chose what may be considered the most sublime moment, the sudden appearance of the apparition and the trance of the saint; but he always regretted that he was limited to size, and tied too much to biblical precision by Mr. Macklin, instead of being allowed to exercise the full range of his fancy on a canvass of larger dimensions.

In the autumn of this year (1796), Mr. and Mrs. Fuseli, with Messrs. Opie and Bonnycastle, passed a few days at Windsor; the object of the two artists was not only to have some relaxation and to see the pictures, but to examine critically the cartoons of Raphael, which were at this time in the Castle. An anecdote or two will show the disposition of the three men. In their journey down by the stage-coach, they were much annoyed by an outside passenger placing his legs over one of the windows. Opie at first gently remonstrated with him; this, however, not producing the desired effect, he pinched his legs, but yet the nuisance continued; at length the

coach stopped at an inn. Opie, being enraged, exerted his Herculean strength, and pulled the person to the ground; but this did not produce any rencontre.—When at Windsor, the two painters endeavoured to palm the Scriptural subjects of West upon Bonnycastle for the cartoons of Raphael; but although he was not a competent judge of works of art, yet he was too well read not to detect their intentions. Bonnycastle, however, wished to show his critical knowledge, and ventured upon the observation usually made on the cartoon of “The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,” that the boat was not sufficiently large for the men, much less for the lading. Fuseli instantly answered, “By G—d, Bonnycastle, that is a part of the miracle.” Being at Windsor, they went to Eton College: here the youths assembled about them, asking the usual questions; “Do you wish to see the Library, Gentlemen,” and such like. Fuseli amused himself by answering them in Latin; but Opie, in his usual gruff manner, said to the most prominent among them, “What do you want? I cannot make out to what class of beings you belong, being too little for a man, and too large for a monkey.” This was resented as an insult by the mass; and it was only by the great physical powers of Bonnycastle and Opie, that they

disengaged themselves and their companion from the crowd of boys who surrounded them. Fuseli was highly provoked, and was apprehensive also of personal violence; and when he got without the barrier, almost breathless with rage, he sat on a large stone by the side of the road and exclaimed, "I now wish I was the Grand Sultan, for I would order my vizier to cut off the heads of these urchins from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof."

By indefatigable industry, Fuseli had now made considerable progress in the pictures which were to compose the "Milton Gallery," and those friends, as well as many of the artists who had been allowed to see them as he proceeded, felt confident of the ultimate success of the exhibition. With such feelings his intimate friend Sir Thomas Lawrence offered to contribute a picture gratuitously, and Mr. Opie tendered his services, not only to paint some pictures, but to manage the concern; under the condition, however, that he was to be a sharer in the profits. These offers Fuseli politely but prudently declined, being determined not to have any assistance whatever in a work, which he wished should be a monument of himself, and feeling, perhaps, that contrarieties of style would not be beneficial to the exhibition as

a whole; for his aim was more to give the sublime, quiescent, and playful imagery of the poet in his own powerful manner, than to engage attention by colour or a brilliant execution of the pictures. These observations are not however intended to depreciate the merits of the splendid picture painted from Milton by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of "Satan calling up his Legions," which for a long period was a prominent feature in the collection of his Grace the late Duke of Norfolk, at his house in St. James's Square, and which, by the style of drawing as well as its tone of colour, abundantly prove, that this artist would have been equally distinguished for his powers in treating epic subjects as in portraits, if he had employed his pencil exclusively thereon.

As soon as the intended exhibition was announced by the daily prints, but before the doors of the "Milton Gallery" were opened, the public mind was attempted to be biassed very unfairly by paragraphs in the newspapers calumniating the subjects as well as the execution of the pictures. These critics considered that he had attempted to represent on canvass scenes adapted only to poetic imagery, and thus transgressed the limits of the imitative art, and that his figures were distorted, and his colouring

wanting both in force and brilliancy. As it was evident that these observations could have proceeded only from some persons who had seen the pictures through the kindness of the painter, Fuseli considered his confidence betrayed and interests injured by those who came under the mask of friendship; and he always held the opinion that the paragraphs in question were written by or at the instance of one or more of the then members of the Royal Academy.

As the mass of the public form their judgment of works of art more by what they are told by the diurnal prints, than by what they feel or know, there is no doubt that these unwarrantable criticisms had their effect in checking the desire of many persons to visit the exhibition. Fuseli, however, was sanguine as to the ultimate success of the "Milton Gallery," for he had yet to learn that he who had delineated the sublime and playful imagery of the poet, was like the poet himself to accomplish his design under every discountenance, and in the end to gain little or nothing by his performance. For, with feelings strongly in opposition to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that "we read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburthened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we

desert our master and seek for companions;" Fuseli wrote in large letters in the margin of a copy of the "Lives of the Poets," now in my possession, in allusion to the passage in question, "I DO NOT." Some of the judicious friends of Fuseli formed a more correct notion of the feelings of the public than himself, and were not therefore so sanguine as to the success of his exhibition; this is manifest by the following letter from Mr. Roscoe.

" Allerton, 24th May, 1799.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" MY friend and neighbour Mr. Shepherd, who is already known to you, being about to take his departure with Mrs. Shepherd and her sister on a journey to London, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords of informing you, without being questioned on the subject, that I am yet in existence, and, what I know you will be glad to hear, in better health, and consequently better spirits, than when I last wrote to you. From the experience I have hitherto had of my new residence, it promises to be productive of every advantage which I expected to find from it:—good air, opportunity or rather necessity of exercise, and a degree of retirement which is indispensably

necessary to my peace of mind. The latter you will perhaps believe when I tell you that I am a mile and a half from any neighbour; but, at that distance, I have on every side of me some of my most intimate and valuable friends. Such being the advantage I enjoy here, you will not wonder that I am exerting myself to secure the means of remaining here, without the necessity of further interference in the tumult of the town, which I hope in a short time I shall be able to do. I consider it as one great secret in the art of living, especially at a time when all the necessaries of life are so high, to obtain subsistence immediately from the earth, and, accordingly, I am surrounded with cows, hogs, turkies, geese, cocks, hens, and pigeons, which, according to the good old maxim, (take, Peter, kill and eat,) I plunder and slaughter without mercy; and shall be very angry with you if you tell me (as is not unlikely) that I am keeping up my paltry existence at the expense of the lives of a number of beings, each of which is ten times happier than myself.

“I was struck with the sight of an advertisement in the Courier, which announced to me, in common with all the world, that the Exhibition of the Pictures of Milton would be

opened in a few days. I rejoice to find your exertions so nearly brought to a conclusion, and I hope I may say, so nearly crowned with success. I have sometimes regretted that your intention of painting a series of pictures from Shakspeare was frustrated; but, after what I have seen of Milton, I am convinced that it was he alone could have afforded sufficient scope for your powers. I will not pretend to prophesy, *nor, to say the truth, have I any very high opinion of the taste of the present day*; but if the public are insensible to the feast which will now be spread before them, I shall be wholly hopeless of their amendment. That they will see with indifference is impossible; and this circumstance alone is favourable, however they may be induced to decide.

“ Believe me, my dear friend, I do not turn a deaf ear to the claims you have on my friendship and affection; and if I should be able to produce a few lines worthy of the subject, there is nothing I should do with so much pleasure as to express the opinion I have of your talents.

“ I am affectionately your’s,

“ W. ROSCOE.”

In 1798, Mr. Johnson was brought to trial for selling the Reverend Gilbert Wakefield's political works, and being found guilty was sentenced by the Court to pay a fine to the King of £50, and to be imprisoned in the King's Bench for nine months. Johnson employed Mr. Erskine (afterwards Lord Erskine) as his counsel; and Fuseli, in common with most of Mr. Johnson's friends, considered that the prosecution was an arbitrary act on the part of the Government, because every bookseller sold the works in question, and all with impunity, except Johnson; and that Erskine, in his defence, lost sight of the interest of his client, in the wish to shew his own political opinions, and to make a display of his oratorical powers.

Mr. Johnson, on his removal to the King's Bench, occupied the Marshal's house, and gave there his usual weekly dinners to literary and scientific men. Fuseli was warned by his friends of the existence of the Alien act, and advised not to visit a man in the King's Bench Prison who had been so marked by the Government. But his friendship for Johnson was greater than any prudential motives of this nature; and he therefore visited him as frequently as he had previously done in his own house.

The following anecdote respecting Lord Erskine, who subsequently was intimate with Fuseli, was told me by Mr. Bonnycastle. He and Johnson were, just previously to the trial, walking through Lincoln's Inn on their way to dine with Fuseli, and met Erskine there accidentally, who had several dogs with him, animals of which he was particularly fond. As soon as he saw them, he cried out, "Johnson, I have something particular to say to you," and then occupied him in close conversation, apart from Bonnycastle, for nearly a quarter of an hour.

At length Mr. Johnson took his leave; and when he joined Bonnycastle, said, "You cannot even guess the topic of our conversation." "Doubtless," said the latter, "your forthcoming trial." "Not a bit," said Johnson; "he never even alluded to it, and the time was wholly occupied with his opinions about Brothers the Prophet, and in asking questions respecting a book 'on the Revelations,' lately offered me for publication."

When Johnson was liberated, he, Fuseli, and Mr. Sturch, went to Liverpool together to enjoy, for three or four weeks, that relaxation which was considered necessary for Johnson's health.

On the 20th of May, 1799, the rooms in Pall Mall, formerly occupied by the Royal Academy, were opened for the exhibition of the "Milton Gallery:" these Fuseli rented at 210*l.* per annum. This exhibition consisted of forty pictures of different sizes; but, to give an idea of the extent of the undertaking, the following are the dimensions of some of the principal ones. "Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel's spear," and "Satan calling up his Legions," each 13ft. by 12.—"Satan encountering Death, Sin interposing;" "Adam and Eve first discovered by Satan;" "Satan flying up from Sin and Death in his enterprise;" and "The Vision of Noah:" each 13ft. by 10. "Death and Sin bridging the waste of Chaos," and "The Vision of the Lazar House," each 11ft. by 10. "The Creation of Eve;" "Christ on the Pinnacle of the Temple;" "The Fall of Satan;" "Adam resolved to share the Fate of Eve;" and "Eve at the Tree of Knowledge:" each 10ft. by 7.

To those who had a feeling for the highest class of art, epic subjects, treated with dramatic power, this exhibition afforded a high treat. But, that some judgment may be formed of its extent and variety, the following descriptive catalogue of the pictures drawn up by Fuseli

himself, is here given, to which is added, as far as I can ascertain them, the names of the persons in whose possession these pictures now are.

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A CATALOGUE  
OF THE  
MILTON GALLERY,

AS IT WAS OPENED THE 20TH OF MAY, 1799.

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PARADISE LOST.

PICTURE I.—A SKETCH.

SATAN risen from the Flood, BEELZEBUB  
rising.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.

———— Him follow'd his next mate,  
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood  
As Gods ————— Book I. v. 221, 238.

In the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

## PICTURE II.

## SATAN calling up his Legions.

——— On the beach  
 Of that enflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranc'd  
 Thick as autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa.—  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded.—  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung——  
 Book I. v. 299, 314, 330.

In the possession of His Grace the Duke of  
Wellington.

## PICTURE III.—A SKETCH.

## SATAN haranguing his Host.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim.— Book I. v. 663.

## PICTURE IV.

Figures from a simile in allusion to the con-  
 tracted form of the Spirits assembled in the  
 new-raised Hall of PANDÆMONIUM, illus-  
 trated by a simile from

——— Fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side

Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Book I. v. 781.

### PICTURE V.

SATAN encount'ring DEATH, SIN interposing.

——— And now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky Sorceress that sat  
 Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
 —— She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder.——

Book II. v. 722, 815.

In the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

### PICTURE VI.

The Birth of SIN.

All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung.——

Book II. v. 752.

In the possession of Samuel Cartwright, Esq.

## PICTURE VII.

## SIN pursued by DEATH.

—— I fled, and cry'd out Death ;  
 I fled, but he pursued——  
 —— And swifter far  
 Me overtook.—— Book II. v. 787.

In the possession of John Knowles, Esq.

## PICTURE VIII.

LAPLAND ORGIES, the Hell-hounds round SIN  
 compared to those that

—— follow the night-hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms.—— Book II. v. 662.

In the possession of John Knowles, Esq.

## PICTURE IX.

## SATAN'S ascent from Hell.

—— At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground.—— Book II. v. 927.

In the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

## PICTURE X.

A GRYPHON pursuing an ARIMASPIAN. A comparison of SATAN's exertions to force his way through the realm of CHAOS.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspien, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend——

Book II. v. 943.

In the possession of John Knowles, Esq.

## PICTURE XI.

SATAN bursts from CHAOS.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
But——  
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire.

Book II. v. 1010.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

## PICTURE XII.

ULYSSES between SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS.  
An exemplification of SATAN straitened in  
his passage to Light.

——— Harder beset  
Than when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd

So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.

Book II. v. 1019.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

### PICTURE XIII.

ADAM and EVE first discovered by SATAN.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down.

Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they——

—— aside the ' Spirit ' turn'd

For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance.—— Book IV. v. 325, 337, 502.

### PICTURE XIV.

SATAN surprised at the ear of EVE, starting  
 from the touch of ITHURIEL'S Spear.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly ;——

—— up he starts

Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder,——  
 —— the smutty grain

With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the air :  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd  
So sudden to behold the grisly king.

Book IV. v. 810.

In the possession of John Angerstein, Esq.

PICTURE XV.—A SKETCH.

SATAN discovering his fate in the Scale aloft,  
flying from GABRIEL and the Angelic  
Squadron.

— On th' other side Satan alarm'd  
Collecting all his might dilated stood.—

— The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Book IV. v. 985, 1013.

PICTURE XVI.

The Dream of EVE, fancying to have tasted  
the fruit from the Tree of interdicted Know-  
ledge, with

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven.

— Forthwith up to the clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld

The earth outstretch'd immense—

— Suddenly

My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,

And fell asleep;—

Book V. v. 55, 86, 90.

In the possession of Wm. Young Ottley, Esq.



— Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent.— Book IX. v. 780.

### PICTURE XX.

ADAM resolved to share the fate of EVE; the  
Guardian Angels leaving the Garden.

— if death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.  
So Adam, and thus EVE to him reply'd.  
O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high!  
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept—  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man—

Book IX. v. 953, 958, 990.—Book X. v. 17.

### PICTURE XXI.

EVE, after the Sentence and departure of the  
Judge, despairing, supported by ADAM.

— With swift ascent he up return'd.  
She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,

To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Lab'ring had raised.—— Book X. v. 224, 1007.

### PICTURE XXII.

DEATH and SIN bridging the 'waste' of CHAOS,  
 and met by SATAN on his return from Earth.

—— The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote,——  
 —— and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
 Of length prodigious. ——  
 —— when behold  
 Satan in likeness of an Angel bright ——  
 —— Sin, his fair  
 Echanting daughter, thus the silence broke:  
 O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds.  
 Book X. v. 293, 300, 326, 352.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

### PICTURE XXIII.

SATAN discovered on his Throne, after his  
 return from Earth.

—— Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd ——

——— all amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect ———  
 ——— loud was th' acclaim :  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
 Rais'd from their dark Divan.——

Book X. v. 447, 452, 455.

### PICTURE XXIV.

#### The Vision of the Lazar-house.

——— Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies.  
 Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy.  
 Marasmus ———  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.

Book XI. v. 477, 485.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

### PICTURE XXV.

#### The Vision of the Deluge.

——— the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous ———

———— Sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore ———  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring ———  
 Depopulation! Book XI. v. 742, 754.

In the possession of John Angerstein, Esq.

PICTURE XXVI.

The Vision of Noah.

———— from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends with all his train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow.  
 Book XI. v. 861.

In the Church at Luton, Bedfordshire.

PICTURE XXVII.

The dismissal of ADAM and EVE from  
 Paradise.

In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
 Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
 They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
 With dreadful faces throug'd and fiery arms:  
 Some natural tears they dropt.—Book XII. v. 637.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

## PICTURE XXVIII.

JESUS on the pinnacle of the Temple.

There on the highest pinnacle he set  
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill.—

To whom thus Jesus ; also it is written,  
Tempt not the Lord thy God : he said and stood :  
But Satan smitten with amazement fell.

Book IV. v. 549, 560.

## HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

## PICTURE XXIX.

MARY and JESUS. The ruin of Paganism.

The Oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine, &c.

The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;  
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Stanza xix. xxii-iii.

In the possession of John Knowles, Esq.

## L'ALLEGRO.

### PICTURE XXX.

Faery Mab.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

### PICTURE XXXI.

The Friar's Lanthorn.

In the possession of Watts Russell, Esq.

### PICTURE XXXII.

The Lubbar Fiend.

With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,  
 And he by friar's lanthorn led  
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength. V. 101.

Picture XXXI. receives still better light  
 from the following lines in *Paradise Lost*,  
 Book IX. v. 634, &c.

— as when a wand'ring fire,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Sp'rit attends,  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

## IL PENSIEROSO.

### PICTURE XXXIII.

Silence.

Some still removed place —  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. V. 78.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

## PICTURE XXXIV.

CHREMHILD meditating revenge over the  
Sword of SIGFRID.

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold —  
And if *aught else* great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung —————  
V. 109, 116.

## COMUS.

## PICTURE XXXV.

The Palace and the Rout of COMUS; the  
LADY set in the enchanted Chair, to whom he  
offered his Glass; the Brothers rushing in with  
Swords drawn, wrest the Glass out of his hand;  
his Rout flying.

## PICTURE XXXVI.

Orgies of COTYTTO. BAPTÆ preparing a  
Philtrum. See the Vth Epode of Horace.

Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come let us our rites begin —  
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Cotytto —

Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done.— V. 124, 128, 134.

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### LYCIDAS.

PICTURE XXXVII.

Solitude. Twilight.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn.

V. 26-8.

In the possession of the Countess of Guilford.

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PICTURE XXXVIII.

MILTON, as a Boy with his Mother.

In the possession of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

PICTURE XXXIX.

MILTON, when a Youth.

PICTURE XL.

MILTON, dictating to his Daughter.

In the possession of the Marquis of Bute.

The Vision of the Lazar-house was justly considered by the best judges in the art, to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Gallery. It is a composition of seventeen figures, and parts of figures, in which the painter creates both terror and pity in the spectator, by judiciously excluding most of those objects represented by the poet as suffering under bodily diseases calculated to create disgust, and confining himself chiefly to the representation of the maladies of the mind, which are so forcibly described by the passage,

“Demonic Phrensy, moping Melancholy,  
“And moon-struck Madness ——”

It would be a vain attempt, by words, to describe this Gallery, so as to do justice to the grandeur of the ideas and of the drawing, more particularly in the pictures of ‘Satan calling up his Legions;’ ‘Satan encountering Death, and Sin interposing;’ ‘Satan surprised at the ear of Eve;’ ‘Death and Sin bridging of Chaos,’ or, in that of ‘Sin pursued by Death;’—they must be seen to be appreciated. But Fuseli shone not only in the grand, the sublime, and pathetic scenes, but also in the playful ones. How rare a quality it is for the same mind to direct its efforts to the *Pensieroso*, and, at command, to divert its attention to the *Allegro*, and succeed

in both!—But such were the powers of the painter in question, as well as of the poet.

Unfortunately for Fuseli, some of the newspapers of the day were so inimical to this exhibition that it was difficult for him to get an advertisement inserted, and even money would not induce the editors to give a place to any paragraph which his friends wished to insert in its favour. The beautiful lines (which will be found in the Appendix) from the pen of William Roscoe, Esquire, lay in the hands of the editor of a popular paper for some weeks before he gave them insertion.

The sum charged the public for viewing this Gallery was one shilling, and for the descriptive catalogue, sixpence. The receipts of the exhibition during the first month amounted only to one hundred and seventeen pounds, and the two succeeding ones were each even less than this sum; so that when it was closed, at the end of July, the whole of the money taken at the doors was not adequate to the payment of the rent of the premises and the expenses incurred for advertisements and attendants. Fuseli was somewhat dismayed by this, and thus expressed himself: “I have dreamt of a golden land, and solicit in vain for the barge which is to carry me to its shore.”

But the consciousness of his own merit did not allow him to sink under the disappointment; he determined to try the effect of another season, and laboured diligently upon pictures to be then added to the Gallery.

Barry, who was at this time professor of painting to the Royal Academy, had for a long period made himself obnoxious to the members, first by his undeserved attacks upon the works of his earliest and best friend in the art, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and afterwards by occasionally delivering in his lectures the most severe criticisms upon the works of living artists, and among others upon those of West, the then President, and Fuseli. The latter were, however, in some degree provoked by the frequent although just sallies of wit, which Fuseli employed on Barry's pretensions to learning. The President and Council of the Academy pointed out the impolicy of such proceedings, and indeed reprimanded Barry; but this, instead of checking, had the effect of increasing the violence of his abuse. A meeting of the whole body of the Academicians was consequently summoned, and they not only dispossessed him of the Chair as Professor, but expelled him the Academy. The Chair of the Professor of Painting being by this resolution vacant, Opie inti-

mated an intention of offering himself as a candidate; but, upon being told that Fuseli intended to do the same thing, he immediately withdrew his name, paying at the same time this merited compliment to his genius and talents: "I would not," said he, "have surrendered my pretensions to any other artist but Fuseli," who was therefore elected on the 29th of June 1799. The powers which he had displayed in the pictures of "The Milton Gallery," his learning and well-known critical knowledge, were the causes which influenced the Academicians in their choice.

It has been insidiously asserted, that after Fuseli left Zurich in 1779, he was not on friendly terms with the members of his family; and that they took little or no interest in the success of his efforts in the Fine Arts. The following translation of a letter from his eldest brother, Rodolph, proves the assertion to be unfounded.

" Vienna, May 7th, 1799.

" DEAREST BROTHER,

" BENEDETTI, the engraver, brought me last year, (in *September*,) a letter from you, in which you assured me of your unchanged, brotherly affection, and invited me to write to you sometimes, and to acquaint you with an opportunity

of sending over to me some works of art. In October I answered your letter, and named at the same time two London printsellers, with whom the printsellers here, (Artaria and Co., and Mollo and Co.) are in correspondence. Half a year, however, has already elapsed, without my having heard from you. I can well understand that, pending the great work which you have undertaken, and will, I now hope, soon have finished, you may have had but little time for letter-writing; but I do not ask a formal letter of you, but only a line or two, to assure me you are well, and have not quite forgotten me. If, therefore, your fraternal love is not chilled, I hope to be gratified in this respect, before the scythe overtakes me, of which, at my time of life, when we are continually fancying we hear it behind us, one cannot be too distrustful.

“ Much as I value your works of art, you must not think that what you promised me is the occasion of my now writing. No, my dear brother, I am not so selfish; your good health, and the success of your great undertaking, are to me matters of far greater concern than any works of art you could send me; and upon these two points I beseech you to set my mind at ease, be your letter ever so short.

“ The affairs of our country wear a lamentably

gloomy aspect ; and I much fear that our fellow-countrymen will act as imprudently, and as awkwardly in the sequel, as they did at the commencement of the *Swiss Revolution*, thereby drawing a foreign power into the country. They then played a wretched part, and I only hope they will not do the same again. I do not know whether the new German books upon matters of art are to be had in London, or not ; if you should meet with the first part of my Critical Catalogue of Engravings after classical masters, peruse it with indulgence. The second part will be better managed. In characterising Rafael, Correggio, and Titian, I have made use of the writings of Mengs ; because I know that he has studied all his life after these three masters, and (in my opinion) writes philosophically on their styles of art ; but for the rest, I confess, I do not consider Mengs to be that great artist which the world makes him, as laborious study is too evident in his works, and (according to my feeling) there is a *something* in them of an undecided and timid character.

“ We have materials here for the advancement of art, which are no where to be had better — the Court spends (even now in war-time) twenty-six thousand florins yearly on the Academy ; we have casts of all ancient statues of

importance, which were to be seen in Rome, Florence, or Portici ; also of more than a hundred of the most beautiful busts; models of individuals distinguished for beauty of person, taken from the life ; skeletons; moveable anatomical figures. The great rooms, like halls, are filled with collections of these kinds ; stipends, premiums are given ; and, in short, every thing that can be desired for the encouragement of a school of art is here ; and, nevertheless, hitherto without having produced any apparent advantage ; for, where there is no susceptibility for the beautiful, every thing is to no purpose, and will probably be always to no purpose.

“ Your London publications are every where held in the highest esteem, especially on account of the elegance of their execution, and the typographical splendour of the impressions. But they are all so high in price, that a private individual of moderate means cannot buy any of them, and must content himself with looking at the best in the collections of the great and rich.

“ *Füger*, whom you may perhaps have known in Rome, is now director of the Academy of Arts here. He has exhibited a series of twenty designs from Klopstock's ‘ Messiah ;’ amongst which, some of particular interest. Our engra-

vers, with the exception of Schmüzer, who has published four good prints from Rubens, are of no importance, and are for the most part to be looked upon as mere mechanics; and even if some of them have talent, they are obliged to engrave from insignificant things, in order to earn their bread.

“ The other day, I found many people collected before the shop of my printseller, and staring at something in the window. I pressed through the crowd, and found your representation of “ Hamlet’s Ghost ” was exposed in the window, of which all present, each in his way, were expressing their admiration. Now that I have prosed on to you of different things, I will spare you any more prosing.—Farewell, and be happy, and think sometimes, when in a good humour, of your ever-loving brother,

“ RODOLPH.”

“ If it should ever come into your head to write me a line, direct, Füessli, on the Nienn Laurenzer-House, No. 34, on the first floor, in *Vienna*.

“ N. B.—The *Nienn* is a little river which flows by my house.”

The "Milton Gallery" was re-opened on the 21st of March 1800; but as it did not attract the public, and as many of the members of the Royal Academy lamented deeply the ill success which attended it, and considered the apathy which was shown towards these grand specimens of art would in the end be fatal to the progress of history painting in this country, so they induced the Academy to which they belonged to come to the resolution of patronizing the undertaking, which caused the following circular to be issued:—

" Royal Academy, May 2, 1800.

"MESSRS. Dance, Banks, and Opie, the Stewards, request the favour of your company to dine with the President, Council, and the rest of the Members of the Royal Academy, at the 'Milton Gallery,' on Saturday, the 17th of May, at five o'clock.

" Tickets, price fifteen shillings, to be had at the 'Milton Gallery,' and at the 'Freemasons' Tavern,' till Saturday, the 10th of August. Any Member desirous of introducing a friend, may be accommodated with a ticket for that purpose.

" The favour of an answer is desired as soon as possible."

This dinner was numerously attended; the seven pictures which had been added to those of the last exhibition were much admired; but all that Fuseli got on the occasion, to use his own terms, was "mouth honour." The following are the subjects of the pictures which were not in the exhibition of the former year:—

## PARADISE LOST.

### PICTURE XLI.

SIN receiving the Key of Hell.

— Down they fell,  
 Driven headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also: at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was giv'n. Book II. v. 771.

In the possession of Samuel Cartwright, Esq.

### PICTURE XLII.

SATAN'S first Address to EVE.

————— Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spy'd, so thick the rosés blushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support

Each flower of tender stalk, &c.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd, before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring —  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve ——— Book IX. v. 424, 523.

### PICTURE XLIII.

ADAM and EVE meeting after her Seduction.

——— By the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit ——  
 —— in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus addressed.

——— The Serpent wise  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become  
 Endued with human voice, and human sense.

——— I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 —— opener mine eyes,  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead ——

On the other side, Adam  
 Astonied stood and blank ——  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropt —— Book IX. v. 848.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR  
INFANT.

PICTURE XLIV.

WINTER carrying off a Maid.

O fairest flow'r, no sooner blown but blasted !  
Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly !  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;  
For he, being amorous, on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss ;  
But kill'd, alas ! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

L'ALLEGRO.

PICTURE XLV.

EUPHROSYNE, or Mirth, with FANCY and MO-  
DERATION hovering over her, tripping  
forward —

On the light fantastic toe ;

accompanied by

Wanton Wiles ;

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;

And Laughter, holding both his sides,

with the Group of FALSTAFF and DOLL in the fore-ground: the distance exhibits the Meeting of ZEPHYRUS and AURORA, allusive to the Birth of EUPHROSYNE, in the words —

Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a maying, &c.

In the possession of the Duchess of St. Alban's.

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## IL PENSIEROSO.

### PICTURE XLVI.

#### MELANCHOLY,

Reclining on her throne —

Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,

with the attendant GENII of TERROR and GRIEF at her Feet, and behind her the Shadow of UGOLINO and his dead Son.— The whole dimly illuminated by a Moon-beam.

This picture was destroyed accidentally.

## SONNET III.

## PICTURE XLVII.

The SHEPHERDESS of the ALPS watering her  
Plants.—An Evening Scene.

Qual in colle aspro, &c.

As an exhibition opened for the second time has not the charm of novelty to attract the public; so, unfortunately, at its close the Milton Gallery, notwithstanding the patronage of the Royal Academy, was found to be even less productive during this than the previous season; and after four months of anxiety and disappointment, Fuseli closed it on the 18th of July 1800. Thus terminated the exhibition of one of the greatest efforts of genius ever executed by one artist. It is lamentable to contemplate that, after the labour of so many years, the energies exerted by the painter, and the privations which he endured during the time he was executing these pictures, they should have been met with so much of neglect

from the public\*. Upon the closing of this Gallery, Fuseli thus expressed himself to a friend, "I am fed with honour, and suffered to starve, if they could starve me."

Fuseli sometimes lounged about the Milton Gallery to hear the critical and other remarks of the visitors. On one occasion, a coarse-looking man left his party, and coming up to him, said, "Pray, Sir, what is that picture?" Fuseli answered, "It is the bridging of Chaos: the subject from Milton."—"No wonder," said he, "I did not know it, for I never read Milton, but I will."—"I advise you not," said Fuseli, "for you will find it a d—d tough job."

His friends felt in how embarrassed a situation Fuseli must be placed by these unsuccessful exhibitions; and they determined to relieve him by becoming purchasers of some of the pictures. The Countess of Guilford bought the "Lycidas;" Lord Rivers, "Satan calling up his Legions;" Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., "The Lubbar Fiend;" Thomas Coutts, Esq., "The

\* Sir Thomas Lawrence, in a discourse which he delivered as President of the Royal Academy, on the 10th December 1823, says, in reference to the Milton Gallery, "the many sublime designs by the great author of this, whose unapproached invention and high attainments enforce this tribute to living genius."

Lazar House;” John Julius Angerstein, Esq. (at the recommendation of W. Lock, Esq.) “Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel’s spear;” “The Vision of the Deluge,” and “Eve, newly created, led to Adam;” William Young Ottley, Esq., “Sin pursued by Death,” and “The Dream of Eve;” and William Roscoe, Esq. with that friendship and liberality which he always exercised towards Fuseli, purchased pictures to the amount of £300; which, however, did not form a part of this exhibition.

Prior to the purchase of the picture of “The Deluge,” by Mr. Angerstein, Fuseli wrote the following letter to Mr. William Lock.

“London, 11th August, 1800.

“As it may be expected, and indeed necessary, that I should inspect, and perhaps correct the pictures sent under Mr. Wyall’s direction to Mr. Angerstein’s, I take the liberty of applying through you to Mr. Lock, to be informed when my admission for that purpose may be attended with the least inconvenience to Mr. Angerstein’s arrangements.

“The greater part of my exhibition, the rejected family of a silly father, are now again

rolled up, or packed together against the walls of my study to be seasoned for dust, the worm, and oblivion. *Τὶ γάρ μοι καὶ μακροῖς αὐλοῖς,\** said Otho when in possession of his wish; I have been punished by obtaining mine. It cannot be supposed, however, that I should be quite indifferent to the fate of my bantlings; and as ‘the expectations of ignorance are indefinite,’ I venture to ask, whether you think it quite impracticable to persuade Mr. Angerstein to find a place for ‘The Deluge?’ It is not quite so wide as the smaller picture in his possession; and though, if placed on the other side of the Satan, it would be less honourable to me than the company of Rubens; it would be more in tune with the rest.

“ It would be presumption in me, without authority from you, to congratulate you on what more than rumour has told me, of your intended change of state: of this, however, you are sure, that nothing conducive to the happiness of William Lock can be more interesting to any man than his

“ Respects.

“ FUSELI.”

“ To William Lock, Jun. Esq.  
Norbury Park.”

\* For an elucidation of this passage, refer to Suetonius, edit. Burmanni, v. 2. p. 171.

## CHAPTER IX.

Fuseli's Lectures at the Royal Academy.—Letters respecting them from Mr. Farington.—Letter from Sir Henry Englefield, on the subject of the ancient Vases.—Death of Fuseli's friend, Lavater.—Fuseli's Visit to Paris in 1802.—His Letter from thence to Mr. James Moore.—His acquaintance with the French Painters David and Gerard.—Results of his Visit.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Fuseli's Remarks on some of the Paintings in the Louvre.—Letter from Mr. Smirke.—Fuseli elected Keeper of the Royal Academy.—Incidental Anecdote.—Letter to Mr. Joseph Johnson.

IN March 1801, Fuseli delivered three lectures on painting, at the Royal Academy, which were numerously attended, and he gained much applause.

The feelings of the Academicians, the students, and the public, with respect to the lectures, will be shewn by the following letters from Joseph Farington, Esq. R. A. the friend of Fuseli, and a gentleman who at this time took a lead in all the affairs of the Royal Academy.

“ Tuesday, March 17, 1801.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ THOUGH I did not attend your lecture last night, I was not the less interested for you, and, before the evening closed, had the satisfaction to receive, from one who was present, an account that was equal to my wishes. Be assured that you have made a due impression on the minds of the members, and have added to the credit of the Academy, and to your own reputation.

“ I shall hope to see you soon.

“ Believe me to be, dear Sir,

“ Your’s most sincerely,

“ JOS. FARINGTON.”

“ To Henry Fuseli, Esq.”

“ Tuesday, March 24, 1801.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE still more reason to congratulate you on the effect of your last night’s discourse, which made a still stronger impression in your favour. Go on, for the honour of the Academy, your own credit, and, I hope, interest.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your’s truly,

“ JOS. FARINGTON.”

“ To Henry Fuseli, Esq.”

“ March 31, 1801.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ LAST night I saw Mr. Daniell, and this morning another person who was at the Academy last night. The room, I am informed, was more crowded; a proof of spreading reputation, and the satisfaction general.

“ More encouragement to succeed cannot be required.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your's very sincerely,

“ JOS. FARINGTON.”

“ To Henry Fuseli, Esq.”

These lectures Fuseli published in the month of May 1801, in a quarto volume, which was dedicated to his friend, William Lock, Esq. of Norbury Park. As they have been long before the Public, it is unnecessary now to speak of their merit; suffice it to say, that they have been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages.

The publication of Fuseli's lectures having made a great sensation among artists, and that on ancient art in particular having been much canvassed by them as well as by antiquaries, he wished to gain, and, if he saw fit, to embody in future editions, as much information

as could be obtained on this subject; he therefore made application to his friend the late Sir Henry Englefield, Bart. for his observations upon the Vases of the ancients, commonly called Etruscan, which that gentleman gave him in the following letter :

“ Tilney Street, August 24, 1803.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ AT your desire, I communicate to you such observations on the ancient Vases, commonly called Etruscan, as a minute examination of many of the finest specimens in the magnificent collection of Mr. Thomas Hope, and the select and very beautiful one belonging to Mr. Edwards, have enabled me to make, particularly with respect to the mechanical process used in the decoration of them.

“ The material of these vases is clay of a very fine and close quality, extremely light, and of a colour nearly the same in all, a light and agreeable orange red.

“ They all, without exception, are covered with a varnish or glazing of a dark colour, but not in all of the same tint; in some, it has a greenish hue, and a lustre of a metallic appearance; this is most striking in those found near

Nola. In many, the varnish is of a brown black, like asphaltum.

“ The vases may be ranked in four classes.

“ 1. Those covered with varnish without ornament or painting of any kind.

“ 2. Those which bear on the natural ground of the ware, figures in black varnish.

“ 3. Those whose figures are left in red, the vase being covered with varnish.

“ 4. Vases covered entirely with varnish, on which ornaments are painted in colours.

“ Of the first sort it will be necessary to say but little. Many of the most exquisitely formed Nolan vases are of this sort. The varnish appears to have been laid on while the vase was on the lathe. The parallel strokes visible on the surface of the varnish, and its extreme equality of tint, prove this. No better mode can be devised for varnishing, except dipping the ware into the liquid varnish; and this was not done in these vases, as the varnish never covers the hollow of the foot, nor descends deep within the neck. I cannot at all say whether the vase was varnished while yet wet, or first suffered to dry, or even baked a first time, as is the process in much of our common modern glazed earthenware.

“ The second sort bear in general marks of

the most remote antiquity. The figures are universally of a stiff and meagre form, the drapery close, and the folds few and hard. Yet in many the composition is good, and the action of the figures vigorous. They exactly resemble in style the bronzes still remaining of Etruscan work.

“The mode pursued in painting them was this :

“The intended figure was painted without any previous discoverable outline in varnish, and then resembled exactly those figures so common under the name of Silhouettes. When the varnish was quite dry and hard, the features, the limbs, and the folds of the drapery, &c. were scratched through it with a pointed tool, which was applied with such force as to cut some depth into the clay of the vase. This sort of outlining was sometimes carried round parts of the contour, which appeared to the artist not sufficiently distinct without it. The hands and fingers are often thus partially scratched out. Parts of the drapery and ornaments on the heads of the figures were then covered with a coat of coloured paint. Violet occurs most frequently; often a green, and sometimes white. In some vases of the most

ancient and rudest appearances, animals, particularly birds, are coloured not only with these colours, but also red and yellow; and the appearance and style of these vases have a great resemblance to the Egyptian paintings on their mummy chests. The vases of this sort are said to be universally found in the deepest graves, so deep indeed, that over them sepulchral chambers of a later date, with vases of a totally different character are often found. That the colours above-mentioned were put on after the outline was scratched in, is ascertained by the circumstance of the colours having in many instances run into, and partially filled up, the strokes engraved in the vases. This species of painting is evidently the first improvement on the simple Skiagrams.

“The vases of the third description, namely those whose figures are left in red, on a ground of dark varnish, are by much the most common of any, and are found of all degrees of excellence, from the most careless and slight finishing, to the most exquisite work; but in all, the style of design is essentially different from those described above, with the figures in black. In the red figures, however negligently executed, there is a fulness of form,

and a freedom of drapery perfectly similar to the remains of Greek art which have reached us, whether in sculpture or coins.

“The process also of this execution is entirely different from the second sort, and will be now minutely described from repeated observations of many of the most exquisite of them, made not only with the naked eye, but with glasses of high magnifying power.

“The first thing painted on these vases was an outline of the figures, not only of their contour, but the markings of the features, muscles, folds of the drapery, ornaments, &c. This outline, in those vases which are of fine execution, was made with an instrument which carried a very fine and equal point, and at the same time left a very full body of the colour used on the vase. The colour itself appears to have been of a thick consistence; for if the strokes, even the finest, (which are as fine as could be made by a good pen,) are carefully examined with a magnifier in a side light, it will be distinctly perceived that there is a slight hollow in the middle of each, owing to the colour having flowed round the point which traced it, and met behind it,—just as we see in a road where the mud is of a semi-fluid consistence, that the track of a wheel is filled

in with the pasty mire, leaving a depressed line in the centre of the rut.

“It is impossible to say whether the instrument used for these outlines was of the nature of a pen or a brush; yet I am inclined to think from the flowing appearance of the lines, that a firm and finely pointed brush or pencil was used. Whichever it was, the hands which guided it possessed a steadiness and freedom of execution, almost incredible. Lines of a great length and difficult curvatures are carried over the convex surface of the vases, without the least wavering or indecision, or any lifting the point from the vase, or any repetition, or filling up of the stroke. An attentive examination of the outline will ascertain this fact beyond a doubt, and a further proof of it may be drawn from the few instances in which strokes of very great length have been done at twice, particularly in a vase of great size and admirable execution in the collection of Mr. Hope, representing probably the story of Triptolemus, where the long parallel lines marking the feathers of the wing of a Genius have been suspended about half way; and no particular care has been taken to conceal the junction of the lines.

“This vase also furnishes a very rare and instructive instance of what, by artists, are called

*pentimenti*, or changes of design. The wheel of a chariot and part of the arms of a figure, with a patera or cup in the hand, have been considerably varied ; and the first outline is still visible like a faint red chalk stroke, but without any appearance of enlargement or smearing, so that it should seem that the false stroke was scraped off by a sharp edge, carefully applied to the surface of the vase when the varnish or paint was nearly dry.

“ That the outline was performed with this freedom and celerity, and scarcely ever altered, may be further inferred, from the great inaccuracies of drawing so frequent even in those vases whose design and execution are of the very highest class. Perhaps an absolutely unerring precision of hand has never been the lot of any artist, however excellent. The drawings of the greatest masters prove that they found many things to alter in their most careful first lines ; and the union of excellence and defect on the vases can, I think, only be accounted for in the supposition of an unaltered line.

“ What has been hitherto said of the mode of outlining this sort of vases is applicable only to the finish of them. In those of inferior finish, the outlines are much thicker, and laid on with a less body of colour ; and in many of

the coarsest, there is reason to think that no outline at all was made, but that the figures were merely left red in the general wash of the vase, with the dark-coloured varnish, and the outlines of the features, folds of the drapery, &c. were put in with a large brush, and in a very careless manner. Indeed, on the very finest of the vases, the subordinate decorations, such as the honeysuckle (as it is called) ornament so frequent under the handles, were simply left red in the general wash of varnish over the body of the vase; at least no outline of them is now discoverable. To return to the painting of the finest vases. The outline already described being perfectly dry, the artist with a brush or other similar instrument which bore a full body of colour and made a stroke of about a quarter of an inch in breadth, went carefully round the contours of the outlined figures. In this operation, an opportunity was given to make slight alterations in the design, and in some degree to amend the contour. This seems to have been often done; for the original outline is often covered in parts by this wash, and appears projecting from the surface of the vase under it; affording also a proof that the outline was dry and hard before this wash was laid on. Frequently, also, this wash does not come

quite up to the original outline ; but in general the wash follows the outline in a most steady and masterly manner. Probably at this time the hair of the figures was put in with a thin wash of the same varnish or colour, managed with peculiar freedom and dexterity, and so washed out to nothing at the extremities of the flowing curls of the tresses, as to have the lightest and at the same time the most finished effect. It is to be observed that the hair, which in some parts is as dark as the ground of the vase, is not carried quite to the ground, but that a small space is left red round the hair, in order to relieve it from the ground of the vase.

“The truth of the contour being thus secured by this narrow border of ground carefully laid on the covering, the remaining surface of the vase with its varnish, might be safely entrusted to an inferior hand. That the varnish was laid on at twice, is evident by inspection of any well-finished vase, where the first narrow line of varnish is distinctly visible under the general wash.

“This process finished the greater part of the vases, even the finest; but on some, particularly those of the largest size, when every thing else was quite dry, some parts of the design were coloured with washes of two different tints.

The horses and parts of the armour are painted with white, which when dry is opaque, but when wetted becomes nearly transparent. Parts of the drapery and ornaments round the necks and on the heads of the figures, and some of the shields, are painted yellow, and several small flowers and ornaments of foliage, which are interspersed among the figures, are painted in white and yellow. The internal outlines and muscles of the horses are painted with lines of a light orange on the white; and the white shields are ornamented in the same manner. That the white horses were painted after the original black outline of the human figures was dry, is evidently seen in the magnificent vase in the possession of Mr. Edwards. In that vase a leg of one of the horses comes across the thigh and drapery of a figure, and the original outline of that figure is visible under the white colour which forms the horse's leg. All these colours are so fixed on the vases, probably by fire, that they resist the action of aquafortis.

“ The vases of the last sort, namely, those which have ornaments in white and other colours painted on a black ground, which covered the whole surface of the vase, are very rarely to be met with. Mr. Hope possesses several,

which Sir William Hamilton told me were all found in one sepulchral chamber, in which none of any other sort were placed. The cause of this singularity it were vain to enquire. No figures are represented on these vases, but the ornaments are light wreathes of ivy, or vine-leaves, with masks and other bacchanalian symbols. The execution is careless, but spirited; the paint used seems of the same quality with that above described as covering the horses, &c. in vases of the third sort; and the mode of applying it appears in no wise to differ from what would be now pursued. It is not, therefore, necessary to say any thing further on this subject.

“It is singular that on vases so profusely adorned with painting, scarcely an instance of any thing like bas-relief or sculpture of any kind occurs; on the handles of Mr. Edwards’s great Vase, two full faces in very flat relief are seen; but, *con rispetto parlando*, is it quite certain that these handles are entirely ancient?

“These are the observations which a very careful examination has enabled me to make on the mechanical process used in adorning the ancient earthen Vases called Etruscan. To your judgment, Dear Sir, I submit them, confident

that you will, *Si quid novisti rectius istis, Candidus*—rectify my errors.

“I am, with sincere regard,

“Your obliged and faithful,

“H. ENGLEFIELD.”

“To Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A.”

Early in the year (1801) Fuseli was much dejected by the intelligence of the death of his old and esteemed friend and fellow-student, Lavater. This singular man fell a sacrifice to what he considered his clerical duty; for, when Zurich was occupied by the French, in an attempt to afford consolation and alleviation to the sufferings of his townsmen, which usually accompany the presence of an invading army, he was stabbed by the bayonet of a soldier, under which wound he languished for some months, and closed a valuable and useful life on the 2nd of January, 1801.

The treaty of peace which was signed at Amiens in 1802, afforded the English an opportunity of visiting France, and examining those treasures of art which Buonaparte had torn by violence from Italy, Germany, and Holland, when those countries were subjected to him, in consequence of the conquests of the French armies. Fuseli being determined to

view them, went to Paris, accompanied by some friends, with the intention also of collecting materials for publishing, for the information of travellers, a critical account of the principal pictures and statues which then adorned the Louvre. The party consisted of Mr. Farrington, R. A. Mr. James Carrick Moore, Mr. Halls a young artist, and himself.

Urgent business compelled Mr. Moore to return to London earlier than he had anticipated; but the remainder of the party passed six weeks in Paris, during the months of September and October, whence Fuseli wrote to Mr. Moore the following letter:—

“ DEAR MOORE,

“ I HAD once a valuable friend in the Rev. Mr. Whalley, who took great pains to improve me by his correspondence; he was able at all times to write faster than he could think; from which you probably might be led to surmise that his epistles would have been fuller of news than observations—you would be mistaken; they were essays crammed with trite observations, such as delight in a magazine;—news I never heard from him. If I except *you*, I must own that all my correspondents on your side of the water are very like him. Your letter from

Dieppe gave me some useful information, such as might preserve my knee from another *synovia*,\* or my neck from a crick ; and if you took more delight to penetrate my character than to fit me for a trip across the water, in your last, you have at least convinced me that you thought more of *me* when you wrote, than of *yourself*,—a phenomenon that at once decides your character in my mind, and furnishes me with a master-key for *your* heart ; in any other way you would have found poor Harry

‘ Too shallow, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of his Jemmy’s mind.’

“ I am, I hope, in the last week of my stay in this paradise of mud, and fricandeaus. God ! what additional ecstasies you have lost by your precipitate flight ! So many pictures, which would have exercised your critical faculty ; the *Apotheosis of St. Petronilla*, by Guercino, in which a colossal dowdy on this side of the grave is transformed to a celestial beauty on the other ; the *Fontana d’ Amore*, by Titian, a picture which transports you to the plains of Arcadia, or the vale of Enna ; the whole-length of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, by Vandyck—a soul

\* A name which Fuseli gave to a sprained knee.

personified—a male soul, I mean: for the mirror of all female spirit, soul, mind, and graces, would have been held up to you by Titian again, in the portrait of *his Mistress* untwining her ringlets, or, as Petrarch would have called them, her

‘*Crespe chiome d’or puro lucenti.*’

“*Madame, dont je baise les mains*, will explain this to you: and so much for what you have lost at the Museum.

“Since your departure, we have been joined by Mr. Robert Smirke, than whom no young man I ever liked more, and only wish and fondly hope he will say the same of me, when he talks of old men. I have been with him to see the house of Madame Ricamier, the ultimate standard of Parisian taste, whose enchanting bedchamber he has not only measured, but drawn with a taste which improves it. As Harriet loves Latin as well as Italian, I will gratify you both with the inscription on the pedestal of a small marble figure of Silence at the head of the bed. ‘*Tutatur amores et somnos conscia jecti.*’ Halls, who sees, observes, says little, laughs more, is frequently indisposed, and looks forward to England, requests to be remembered to you, and may be sure of his request. The inquisitive traveller, my other companion and

manager, does the same, but has not forgotten that you would not let him stretch his legs on one of the beds at St. Juste.\* He and I have been presented to the "*Section des belles lettres et des beaux arts*" of the Institute at the Louvre, where we were equally tired, I by understanding, and he by not understanding, what we heard. — My love to Graham — adieu, till you see me in Grosvenor-street.

"HENRY FUSELI."

"10 Vendemiaire, in Christian,  
2d October, 1802."

"I have not yet heard from my wife: if you should be led by your calls into the neighbourhood of Queen Anne-street, and would tell them I am coming, you will do a kind thing."

The society of Fuseli, while he was in Paris, was courted by the principal painters of the French school. David, whom he had known at Rome, paid him much attention, and wished to introduce him to the First Consul; this he how-

\* This alludes to a contest which occurred on the way to Paris: the "inquisitive traveller," Mr. Farington, was disposed to sleep at St. Juste; the rest of the party desired to push on. Mr. Moore, who had the regulation of the journey, decided the question by ordering out the horses.

ever declined, as well as many other civilities which this eminent painter offered, for he frequently said, "When he looked at David, he could never divest his mind of the atrocities of the French Revolution, nor separate them from the part which he had then acted, for they were stamped upon his countenance."\* Gerard also showed Fuseli great respect, and on every occasion expressed a high admiration of his genius.

Every one who visits the galleries of the Louvre to examine its pictures and statues critically and with care, is convinced that much of their effect is lost (particularly that of the pictures) in consequence of its being generally lighted on each side by windows, and only a small proportion of the picture-gallery by skylights. Fuseli, who had seen and recollected most, if not all, of the celebrated pictures, of the Italian schools in particular, in the churches or palaces for which they were painted, and to which the artists had accommodated their light and shadow, was particularly struck with the difference in their effect, and deplored their removal. He likewise perceived with great regret, the injury which they had sustained and

\* Fuseli made this observation not only in reference to the physiognomic cast of David's countenance, but his face was also disfigured by a hare-lip.

were sustaining from the hands of the French picture-cleaners, or, as they are generally called, picture-restorers; and that, among others, the celebrated "Transfiguration," by Raphael, although it had suffered less than most, was in some degree impaired.

As the peace between England and France was of short duration, one of the objects of Fuseli's visit was lost, and his observations on the works of art then in the Louvre were not therefore published. The memoranda which he made were afterwards incorporated either in his "Lectures on Painting," in his "Fragment of a History of Art," or in the observations on the works of artists, in his editions of "Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters."

In the year 1803, he gave a picture to "The Union" Society at Liverpool: which he presented to the members, to use his own words, "as a trifling pledge of gratitude to a country which has reared the humble talents which I possess." Mr. Roscoe acknowledged the receipt of this picture by the following letter:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I HAVE waited, day by day, for the last month, in expectation of either seeing you or hearing from you; and my patience being now

quite exhausted, I can no longer refrain from enquiring what can be the reason of this alteration, or, at least, long protraction, of your intended visit to this place.

“In my last, I endeavoured to express the pleasure I felt in the hope of seeing you so soon, and only requested that I might have a line before you left London, that I might arrange matters (being now a man of business) so as to enjoy as much of your company as possible. We are now near the middle of November; the fine weather leaving us, and winter fast approaching; yet I still flatter myself that I may see you, and shall do so, till I hear from you to the contrary. Why not spend your Christmas with us, when days are short, and little professional time can be lost by it? At all events, let me *hear* from you, that I may either continue to enjoy the hope of seeing you, or reconcile myself as well as I can to my disappointment.

“It is now two or three weeks since the large case of pictures came safe to hand; “*The Union*” is placed in its proper station, where it has an uncommonly fine light, and looks extremely well. The printer of one of our papers wants to say something fine about it, and has called upon me for a description. Can you suggest

what I shall say as to the *allegorical* part of it, or shall I try to do the best I can, both with respect to that and the execution? which could not have been more suitable, or had a better effect, if you had seen the place. I know no method that would have so direct a tendency to encourage the high style of painting in this country, as the introduction of good pictures into public buildings, and even churches; on which last subject, I hope to show you some remarks, which will appear in my *Life of Leo X.* now almost ready for the press. I allow this would be little satisfaction to the artist, if he was to give his time, talents, canvass, and paint, as some people do. You and I will, however, settle this point, I doubt not, to our mutual satisfaction,

“ Having read thus far, take up your pen without delay, and let me at least once more see your *magnanimous pothooks* on the back of a letter, addressed to your ever faithful and affectionate friend,

“ W. ROSCOE.”

“ Liverpool, 12th Nov. 1803.”

“ P. S. The *Allegro* and *Penseroso* are safe at Liverpool, but are much too large for any situation I can give them at Allerton.”

In order to give some notion of Fuseli's projected work, for which chiefly he went to Paris, the following criticisms upon some of the pictures then in the Gallery of the Louvre may be acceptable: these he was kind enough to offer to me when I was about to visit France in the year 1814.

#### JULIO ROMANO—THE CIRCUMCISION.

This picture, which is known from the print published in Crozat, deserves rather to be considered as a curiosity than as the work of a great master; its composition bears some resemblance to the cartoon of "Peter and John healing the Lame Man," of Raphael; but the simplicity and dignity of the master are lost in the crowd with which the pupil surrounded the ceremony. Though the columns occupy full as much space, and are as prominent and as full of ornament in the cartoon as in the picture, and although the principal actors are placed in both between them, they are not perceived in the work of Raphael, till we have witnessed the miracle, whilst in that of Julio, they lead us to the ceremony, which eclipses the actors in its turn.

## PAOLO VERONESE.

1. The Nuptials of Cana.
2. The Feast of Levi the Publican.
3. The Madonna, St. Jerome, &c.
4. The Martyrdom of St. George.
5. Jupiter launching his Thunder on the Crimes.
6. Christ carrying his Cross.
7. The Crucifixion.
8. The Pilgrims of Emaus.

The two first, the third, and last of these pictures, are perhaps the fullest models of that ornamental style by which a great critic has discriminated the Venetian from the rest of Italian styles,—“ monsters to the man of native taste, who looks for the story, for propriety, for national, unartificial costume,—mines of information to the student and the masters of art.” The most technic comprehension of a magnificent whole, and supreme command over the infinite variety of its parts, equal suavity, energy, and ease of execution, go hand in hand with the most chaotic caprice in the disposition and the most callous tyranny over the character of the subject. Whatever relates to the theory of colours, of solid, middle, and aërial tints, to

the opposition of hues warm or cold, and the contrast of light and dark masses, is poised here with prismatic truth; the whole is a scale of music. It is more by following the order of nature and of light in the disposition of the whole, that Paolo attained that illusion, which approaches to deception, than by the attempt of making *fac similes* of the parts. He knew that dark, juicy, and absorbent colours come forward, that white recedes, and that the middle parts partake of both, and hence, uniting the two extremes by the intermediate tint, he obtained that superior harmony on which the Venetian school rests its superiority of colour, and which Rubens sought with unequal success in the capricious disposition of a nosegay or a bunch of flowers.

#### THE MADONNA OF FOLIGNO—RAPHAEL.

None who has seen this picture at Foligno, will recognize it here. Whatever praise the ingenious and complicated process of restoration may deserve, that of having restored to the picture its original and primitive tone makes certainly no part of it: as well might the ingredients of a dish ready-dressed by a *restaurateur* of the *Palais Royal*, be said to resemble the unprepared viands of which it is composed. I

am far from ascribing the want of resemblance to the restoration; it could only give what remained—the bleak crudity of its aspect. The comparative imbecility of some of its parts accuse another hand that succeeded.\* Pictures *ex voto* can claim little merit from composition. “The Madonna” of Foligno, and the “St. Cecilia” of Raphael; the “St. Sebastian” of Titian, &c. are discriminated from each other by little else than by a more or less picturesque conception of the ground on, or before which the figures are placed: it is expression, therefore, which makes their chief merit, and this is the great loss which we have suffered in the “Madonna of Foligno.” Neither the “St. John,” the “St. Jerome,” nor the head of “St. Francis,” acknowledge the hand, the eye, or the feelings of Raphael. The “St. John,” though perhaps not even in its original state sufficiently dignified, is become a savage, and what is worse, a French one. The “St. Francis,” and “St. Jerome,” have been tinted into insipidity; but the head of “Sigismond Conti,” the “Madonna and Child,” appear to have suffered less, and the angelic countenance of “The Cherub with

\* The writer of this saw the picture in the year 1779, and made observations on the spot.

the Tablet," beams with its primitive radiance the impasto of Raphael.

RAPHAEL WITH HIS MAITRE D'ARMES.

Tradition has persevered to give this admirable picture, known from the print in Crozat, to Raphael. It does not, however, require more than a comparison with his other portraits, from the first to that of Leo the Tenth, to see that the donation is gratuitous; if it were to be given to any other master, Giorgione has undoubtedly the first claim upon it, and there is no known work of his which can dispute its precedence, though it agrees with them in style. That conscious purity of touch which, exclusively, scorns all repetition, visible chiefly in the nose and nostrils of the Maitre d'Armes, the unity of tone in the whole of the colour, and that breadth, which, without impairing the peculiarity of character or the detail, presents the whole at once,—qualities never attained by the dry and punctiliory Roman principles, speak a Venetian pencil. The forefinger of the right arm is perhaps not designed, or foreshortened, with the energy or correctness which might be expected from the boldness of the conception, or from the power of either Raphael or Giorgione: but the character of the hand as well as its co-

lour, is in unison with the head. Why the principal figure should be called a Maitre d'Armes is not easily conceived; it is certainly the most important of the two, and the leading figure of the picture. The second, although full-faced, is subordinate, and can by no courtesy of physiognomy be construed into the head of Raphael, unless the heads in the Tribuna at Florence, in this gallery, in Vasari, in the school of Athens, &c.; as well as the head of the figure wrapped in a *Ferrajuolo*, and sitting in a painter's study, as meditating, by M. Antonio, be spurious. It bears indeed some resemblance to a head etched by W. Hollar, and subscribed with his name; but the authority on which that appellation rests, is too futile to be admitted.

## JOHN AB EYCK.

If these be the works of John ab Eyck, there is not only an additional proof, that he could not be the inventor of oil-painting, but likewise that, for near a century after him, the colour of the Flemings continued in the same retrograde taste which checked the Italian design, from the time of Lorenzo Ghiberti to that of Leonardo da Vinci. The pictures here exhibited as the works of Hemelinck, Metsis, Lucas of Holland, Albert Durer, and even Hol-

bein, are inferior to those which are ascribed to Eyck, in colour, execution, and taste. Compared with their composition, the pictures of Andrea Mantegna are nearly reduced to apposition; and the draperies of the three figures on a gold ground, especially that of the middle figure, could not be improved in simplicity or elegance by the taste of Raphael himself. These three figures, indeed, are in a style far superior to the rest; but even these, whether we consider each figure individually, or relatively with each other, their masses, depth, and relief, cannot be surpassed by those which are ascribed to the German, Dutch, and Flemish masters of the succeeding century. The three heads of God the Father, the Virgin, and St. John the Baptist, are not inferior in roundness, force, or sweetness, to the heads of Leonardo da Vinci, and possess a more positive principle of colour; the harmony of *chiar' oscuro*, at which Leonardo aimed, admitted of no variety of tints than what might be obtained by the gradation of two colours. His carnations appear to have been added by glazing; such is the head of Mona Lisa.

PHILIPP DE CAMPAGNE—THE VISION OF  
ST. AMBROSE.

The title of this picture is not accurate. It is an intermediate figure of Apostolic gait, and in garments of legendary colours, that shews the saints arrayed in white, who themselves seem less occupied by the errand for which they came, than by the place which they had left. Whatever in this picture is not vision is admirably toned, solemn, dim, and yet rich, the colours of a sacred place, and cloistered, devout meditation. Of these, St. Ambrose himself partakes; but the Apostle who addresses the Bishop, and the two Saints themselves, are by far too ponderous, and their outlines far too much defined for celestial beings, and for the clouds on which they are placed: their drapery, although admirably folded, recalls in the saints too strongly marble, and in the Apostle too palpably reality.

## A DEAD CHRIST.

This figure, which has much of the genuine stern Italian colour, resembles the Dead Christ, as he is called, in the library at Basle by Holbein, in attitude perhaps,—is inferior to it in truth, but certainly much superior in style:

it has much of Carravaggio; the head in shade has a mysterious effect, but the fore-part of the arm with the hand wants the rigid truth of the Italian master whom he seems to have imitated.

LE BRUN—THE DEATH OF CATO.

The countenance of this figure is as unlike Cato, as the style of colour is to all other works of Le Brun: it is a common man with a beard, powerfully drawn, and painted in an austere Italian tone.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

From the extensive list exhibited, we shall select four to make a few characteristic observations—"The Martyrdom of St. Erasmus," formerly an altar-piece at St. Peter's in Rome; "The Philistines struck by the Plague;" "The Death of Saphira;" and "Winter, or the Deluge."

The actual martyrdom of St. Erasmus is one of those subjects which ought not to be told to the eye—because it is equally loathsome and horrible; we can neither pity nor shudder; we are seized by qualms, and detest. Poussin and Pietro Testa are here more or less objects of aversion, in proportion to the greater or less energy they exerted. This is the only picture of Poussin in which he has attempted to rival his Italian competitors on a scale of equal mag-

nitide in figures of the size of life; and here he was no longer in his sphere; his drawing has no longer its usual precision of form, it is loose and Cortonesque; his colour on this scale has neither the breadth of fresco, nor the glow, finish, or impasto of oil.

In "The Plague of the Philistines," he has again laid too great a stress on objects of aversion;—instead of the effects of infection, he has personified the effluvia of putrefaction; he has indeed discriminated his story from all others of the same species, by the introduction of the mice, the temple of Dagon, the arch, and the fall and fragments of the Idol: and the variegated bustle of the colours is covered by that frowning tone, which ought to preside where "Jove hangs his planetary plague into the murky air."

In "The Death of Saphira" it is unnecessary to treat here what has been observed in another place,\* that it is neither told with perspicuity nor adequate dignity. We shall only observe, that if the drawing and drapery of his figures be in his best style, the colour is in his worst. It presents to the eye neither light nor shade, and might furnish a definition of tints that never ought to approach each other. That

\* In my Lectures.

austerity of unbroken colour which has been considered as a characteristic of the Roman school to which Poussin properly belonged, and of which the best specimen is given in the Transfiguration, admits of an euphony unattainable by the dim crudity adopted by Poussin in this picture.

For all the foregoing defects, the last picture to be noticed, "The Winter, or Deluge," makes up twenty degrees, which, in every requisite of real painting, places Poussin in the first rank of art. It is easier to feel than to describe its powers; it is, compared with the former, the most palpable part of the astonishing difference of effect between the works of the same man when inspired by sentiment or suggested by cold reasoning. What we see before us is the element itself, and not its image; its reign is established, and by calm degrees ingulphs the whole; it "mocks the food it feeds on." Its lucid haze has shorn the sun of his beams; Hope is shut out, and Nature expires.

A. VANDYCK.—LA MÈRE DE PITIÉ.—  
ST. MARTIN, &c.

"The Mother of Pity" appears to me the most impressive of Vandyck's pictures in point of

expression. The face of the mother, though not ideal, has elegance, and grief tempered by dignity. The Christ, extended from her lap, has less of attitude than his other Christs, and a truer colour. The bodies of the dead Christs of Vandyck, in general, appear rather transparent, silver leaf over some dark substance, and sometimes, especially in the legs, resemble some stained marble more than a body: but here we see real substance, a frame of flesh forsaken by circulation: it seems an imitation of the Christ of Caravagio, but handled with greater delicacy. The whole would, in my opinion, have possessed greater pathos, and perhaps produced a stronger effect, had he sacrificed the Angel and St. John to the solitary group of the Mother and Son.

The composition of St. Martin resembles that of Albert Durer. The countenance of St. Martin is not that of a man who will readily part with his own comforts to alleviate the sufferings of others. That of his companion has more mind, more dignity, and better forms. The paupers are excrescences of deformity; but in colouring, the picture unites every power of Vandyck and of Rubens, in a very high degree.

“Charles the First, &c.” This picture may be considered in two different lights; as a picturesque composition, and as a representation of character. In the first, there cannot perhaps be conceived a more happy combination of the different materials, whose concurrence is required to constitute a harmonious whole. Nothing can surpass the comprehension which balances its masses of light and shade, equally lucid and juicy, deep and ærial, various and united; its colour at once soothes and invigorates our eye; but when we recover from the enamoured trance of technic enjoyment, we look for the character and the sentiment embodied by such art; we find, instead of Charles, a cold, flimsy, shuffling figure, with pretension to importance, but without dignity,—a man absorbed by his garment.

“La Kermesse, ou fête de Village—Kermis, or Village Gambols.”—Rubens.

This is rustic mirth personified. Rapidity of conception and equality of execution equally surprise in this composition; variety and unity separate and combine its numerous groups; the canvass reels; the satiated eye might perhaps wish for a little more subordination, for a mass more eminently distinguished by white or black, to give a zest to the clogging sweetness of the

general form. But Rubens worked under influence, and his pencil roamed through the whole without predilection: he was not here a painter; he was the instrument of untameable mirth. There is a group in this picture which seems to have been suggested by the struggling group of two soldiers in the cartoon of the horsemen, by Leonardo da Vinci. This may be judged a cold observation; but artists must judge coldly.

Zustris. — “Venus on her bed waiting for Mars, playing with Cupid and her Doves.”

This wanton conceit is a singular phænomenon on the Dutch horizon of art. We know no more of Zustris than what the catalogue chooses to inform us; but his work proves, that if he could conceive amorously, or what might be better styled, libidiously, he grew cold in the progress of execution. The face of Venus does not assist her action. The picture wants shade, and glow, and keeping; but there is an idea of elegance in the lines, and the flesh wants only shade to become Venetian.

TITIAN—PORTRAIT OF TITIAN AND HIS  
MISTRESS.

The full value of this picture cannot perhaps be appreciated better than when it is considered

after the examination of a portrait by Rubens. The unaffected breadth, the modest, unambitious reflexes, an air of suffusion rather than penciling, a certain resignation even in the touch, shew us Nature, rather than its image. This charming female displays a mind superior to the cares of the toilet she is engaged with, sees beyond the mirror which her lover holds, and at which her lover, if it be her lover, assists. The great merit of Titian, and perhaps his exclusive merit as to execution, is to be totally free from all pretence, from all affectation. His vehicle conveys the idea of the thing, and passes unobserved. To Tintoret, to Paolo—the thing in general served to convey the vehicle. The Miracle of St. Marc derives all its merit from that whirlpool of execution, which sweeps undistinguished all individual merit into one mighty mass. As a whole, of equal comprehension, energy, and suavity, it astonishes the common man of organs, and the artist who enters into the process of this amalgama, equally; but when the first charm is over, and we begin to examine the parts, we shall not find they were drawn forward, distanced, or excluded by propriety and character.”

The intimacy which commenced in Paris, in the year 1801, between Fuseli and Mr. Robert

Smirke, the celebrated architect, was kept up ; and when he left England for Italy, the former gave him letters of introduction for Rome, which he found very useful. This kindness on the part of Fuseli, was acknowledged by Mr. R. Smirke in the following letter :

“ Rome, March 20, 1803.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE, you see, a second time availed myself of your permission to write to you ; but as it is now above two months since I sent my last letter, you will not find the intrusion, I hope, troublesome. There is, I always feel, a sort of pleasure in communications of this kind with a distant friend, which is extremely agreeable ; when writing, at the moment, I forget the distance of 1500 miles, and am talking with him. You desired I would endeavour to write to you in Italian ; I must confess, however, that as yet I feel such a deficiency in my knowledge of that language as to make me afraid of venturing upon so bold a task ; and as I have been so neglectful as not to attend regularly to instructions in it, I am afraid it will be yet some time before I can venture. In justification, nevertheless, I have to say that I never avoid the opportunity of being obliged to make

use of it ; and in the house I live, no language but Italian is spoken.

“ It was a considerable time after my arrival in Rome that I succeeded in finding Signor Ven. Gambini, though doubtless only from want of more proper application. I found that his memory of you and your friendship with him had not failed in the slightest degree ; he enquired with much kindness after you, and showed me immediately a book, in which he has preserved with care a sketch you made upon one of the leaves ; the only memorial, he told me, that he had of your work. He has a bust of you, which he has placed in his principal room, between those of Clio and Melpomene ; it gave me really much pleasure to see the remembrance of a friend, absent between twenty and thirty years, so warmly preserved. His reception of me was, as you may suppose, extremely kind and civil ; but as I find him surrounded with books, probably in a busy employment, and that so different to mine, I have not seen much of him, nor cannot but be afraid always of being troublesome.

“ It is now nearly two months since I arrived in Rome, having scarcely stopt on the road after leaving Pisa, whence my last letter to you was dated, except for two or three days at Sienna.

Florence pleased me very much, from the slight view I had of it. I was there but a day, as I purpose spending a month there, at least, on my return from the southern parts of the country. The Gallery, I suppose, must be much less interesting since the French have taken so much from it; but as it is, it struck me particularly. I was much pleased with the arrangement; for though it has nothing of the astonishing *coup d'œil* of the Louvre, I should think it was better calculated to shew the statues and pictures, and still more, to assist the artist who studies from them.

“ I have been very highly gratified with what I have seen in Rome. The numerous remains of excellent Roman art, both in sculpture and architecture; the magnificent appearance of many of the modern buildings; the splendour of the churches, and many collections of paintings, cannot fail to make it always a most interesting place even to those who at other times have felt but slightly the excellencies of art. It has, I imagine, suffered a good deal during the last eight years. What the French have taken, (though perhaps the finest works,) is not the only loss, for the distress and poverty attending the confusions of the country have caused the sale of the best pictures in many of the collections, and a sad neglect in general of their pa-

laces. St. Peter's did not quite equal my expectations. I never anticipated *much* from the architecture; but it was in the general appearance to the eye that I was in some degree disappointed. The grandeur of the approach (the circular portico, fountains, and vestibule,) is certainly most striking; but in the interior particularly, there appears to me a great want of proportion, and from the colossal boys and decorations crowding about it, the just scale much destroyed; neither do I think the richness of the finishings, or the strong glare of light admitted into the building, quite appropriate to the solemnity of its character. In the Vatican adjoining, I believe but little alteration has taken place since you were here, except in the rooms containing the statues. They are chiefly small, but have been fitted up with much elegance. The wonderful picture of Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina is quite uninjured. Those in the ceiling will not, I am afraid, (as they ought,) resist for ever the injuries of weather. One small piece affected by damp on the outside has fallen. What a pity it is they did not observe the precaution made use of by the ancients, by which many of their fresco works remain as perfect as when first painted!

A space of two or three inches was left between the wall and tile on which the stucco was laid, so that it was completely defended from all exterior damps. I was disappointed in the Arabesque paintings of Raphael in the Galleries; of course not in the design, but in the present condition; they are so injured by being exposed to the open air, as to be much obliterated. His fresco paintings in the same palace are in good preservation. Of Michael Angelo and Raphael, though I had seen but very few of their works, and certainly among the least able to appreciate their merits till I came here; I had no idea of what painters they were, nor how they could so represent Nature in all its actions.

“I have seen most of the modern artists of Rome—they are chiefly young. They have many large, bold undertakings in hand; several subjects I have seen, twenty-five feet long, either for churches, or for the Earl of Bristol, an old nobleman here of singular character, who gives sometimes much encouragement, and often beyond, I believe, even his power. The manner of painting is very like what I think I have observed among the French: much attention and minuteness in detail, while the great principal object of the story is perhaps failed in. There

is not however, I think, so much extravagance in the representation of action, as I often observed in the modern French pictures. Among the best historical painters here are Camuccini, Landi, and Benvenuti. Of the sculptors, Canova, of course, holds by far the highest rank; many of his works are certainly very beautifully designed and executed. Next to him, one of the name of Maximilian is placed as the best. With respect to the modern architecture, both in its churches and palaces, I must confess myself somewhat surprised that the excellent models of ancient art constantly before them have not been more successfully studied. In general, I think the taste is of rather a heavy, disagreeable kind, but often a sort of magnificence in the whole effect which is imposing. I purpose now leaving Rome for a time, intending on my return to devote some time to more attentive and diligent study. My time hitherto has been employed, for a great part, in seeing all the different antiquities and buildings contained within the extensive walls of the city and in its suburbs. You may not perhaps have heard of my intention of spending two or three months in Greece, as it is within so short a time that I have determined upon it, and consequently since I com-

municated it to my family at home. I have been making many inquiries here, and find it a journey practicable, and as little subject to difficulties as one can expect; I think too that one may derive more advantage from a study of the ancient works there, which are less known, and which have perhaps been the models of the finest here, than from any in this country. When writing my last letter home, in which I mentioned my intention, I thought of going by way of Ancona, where I should embark in a vessel that went to any part of Greece; since then, I have somewhat changed my plan, purposing now to go by way of Naples and Otranto, and there embarking for Corfu. It may still be nearly a fortnight before I set out, as some preparation is necessary. Greece, it appears, does not afford the little conveniences found in this country for travellers. I am very well provided with letters there from the kindness of some English I have met with here. There is one family from whom I have received much kindness, (the Earl of Mount Cashell's,) with whom I believe you are acquainted, as I have often heard you spoken of in it.

“ My paper leaves me no more room than to say, if you should ever have leisure to write me

a few lines, they will be received with the greatest pleasure; and wishing you the best health,

“ Believe me, your very sincere friend,  
“ ROBERT SMIRKE.”

“ Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A.”

“ My direction will be at Mr. Fagan’s, Piazza Colonna, Rome.”

In the year 1803, Fuseli left Queen-Anne-Street, and took the lease of a commodious house, No. 13, Berners’ Street, which had been built by Sir William Chambers for his own residence; here he remained until December 1804, when he was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy, Mr. Rigaud being then his competitor. The salary and commodious apartments allotted to this office placed him in such circumstances as to render him, in a degree, independent of fortuitous commissions. Although now in his sixty-fourth year, he retained great mental and bodily activity, and from his taste and extensive knowledge in the higher branches of the fine arts, a more judicious choice could not have been made by the Members of the Royal Academy; this opinion was expressed by his late Majesty, George the Third, when the Pre-

sident, Mr. West, laid before him the resolution of the Academicians for his approval.

The following anecdote connected with his election has been told, but not correctly. When Fuseli tendered himself for the office of Keeper of the Royal Academy, Northcote and Opie voted against him; but being conscience-stricken, not only on account of his abilities, but from having received favours at his hands, they considered it right to call upon him the day after the election to explain their motives. After having heard them, and in their explanation they in some degree blamed each other; he answered, in his usual sarcastic manner, "I am sorry you have taken this trouble, because I shall lose my character in the neighbourhood. When you entered my house, the one must have been taken for a little Jew creditor, the other for a bum-bailiff; so, good morning."

This year (1804) Fuseli visited Liverpool for the last time, and passed a great deal of his time while there with Mr. Roscoe: on his return to London, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Joseph Johnson, the nephew of his much respected friend of that name:—

“ London, June 21, 1804.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Give me leave to return you my warmest thanks for your kindness. Though my circumstances did not permit me to spend as many hours as I could have wished under your hospitable roof, every moment I passed with you and Mrs. Johnson, added some new obligation to those which you had already heaped on me and mine, and it will be one of my warmest wishes to be able to shew, at some time or other, that my gratitude lies deeper than my lips.

“ I have spent a day or two at Purser’s Cross, which is the name of your Uncle’s place; though in the neighbourhood of London, it is a sweet retired and healthful spot, and if he could be persuaded to spend more of his time at it, must be eminently conducive to his health. I hope Mrs. Johnson has not forgot her promise, to come and reside and nurse him there, as soon as it is in her power.

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“ Please to present my best compliments to all the friends I saw at your house, or in your company.

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Your obedient friend and servant,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

“ Joseph Johnson, Esq.”

## CHAPTER X.

The Biographer's Introduction to Fuseli.—New Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, superintended by Fuseli.—Establishment of the British Institution, and Fuseli's limited Contributions to the Exhibition there.—Subject from Dante.—Fuseli's Remarks on Blake's Designs.—His Lectures on Painting renewed.—Tribute of esteem from the Students of the Academy.—Letter.—Death of Mr. Johnson, and Fuseli's sympathy on the occasion.—Fuseli re-elected to the Professorship of Painting at the Royal Academy.

IN JUNE 1825, Mr. Bonnycastle, late Professor of Mathematics to the Royal Military College at Woolwich, who had then been the intimate friend of Fuseli for twenty-five years, introduced me to him, having observed previously to this introduction, that I should find him a man of the most extensive knowledge, quickness of perception, ready wit, and acuteness of remark, that I had ever met with. This introduction was soon followed by daily intercourse between Fuseli and myself, which ripened into the sincerest friendship, and was

the cause of my passing with him many of the happiest hours of my life.

In the year 1805, some of the booksellers wishing to publish an improved edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, applied to Fuseli, through Mr. Johnson, to be the editor. In consequence of the solicitation of this friend, he accepted the task, but with reluctance, as he had a mean opinion of the work, and constantly designated its author a driveller. To the original he added a great number of names, and either re-wrote the lives, or inserted in notes the characters of most of the principal painters of the several schools.

At this period, a number of noblemen and gentlemen, zealous for the encouragement of the fine arts in England, especially historical painting, established the British Institution, and Fuseli was solicited to send thither some pictures for exhibition and sale. He, however, had no high opinion of the scheme; for although, in common with other artists, he wished it to succeed—for he held that “the man who purchases one picture from a living artist, which may have some pretensions to the highest class of art, does more real service to the fine arts than he who spends thousands upon the works of the old masters;” yet he thought, to use his

own words, "from the colour of the egg, it was more likely to produce an ichneumon than a sphynx;" and expressed reluctance to be a contributor. Mr. Coutts, who used every endeavour to promote the establishment and the prosperity of the British Institution, advised him to become an exhibitor, and to send, among other pictures, "The Lazar-house," observing, "I never intended to deprive you of this, it is yours, and therefore sell it, if you can." In addition to this picture, the price of which was fixed at 300 guineas, Fuseli sent "The Nursery of Shakspeare," for which he asked 150 guineas; and "Christ disappearing at Emaus:" the price he put upon this was 100 guineas. The leading members of the Institution hesitated to admit that admirable production of his pencil, "The Lazar-house," considering the subject too terrible for the public eye; and they had three meetings before they came to the resolution of exhibiting it. This hesitation on their part, a slight degree of damage which "The Nursery of Shakspeare" sustained in its removal from the rooms, and the not finding a purchaser for either of the pictures, made Fuseli resolve never to exhibit there again, to which resolution he pertinaciously adhered.\*

\* The British Institution was opened for the first exhibition, on the 18th of January, 1806.

In 1806, he painted from Dante, Count Ugolino being starved to death with his four sons in the Tower, which, from that circumstance, was afterwards called, "Torre della Fame;" this picture, as it came in competition with that well known subject from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was admired and censured more than any other he had previously produced. Fuseli took the moment when Ugolino is petrified by his situation,—“bereft of tears, his heart is turned to stone;” he has represented him in a sitting posture with his youngest son stretched dead over his knees, while the other three are either writhing under the agonies of hunger, dying, or given up to despair. This picture (now in my possession) is as superior in drawing, in truth to nature placed under such circumstances, and to the story, as Sir Joshua’s soars above it in colour, in manual dexterity, and in chiaroscuro.

Mr. Blake, who was not only a celebrated engraver, but known also for his original designs, distributed this year (1805) a prospectus for publishing an edition of the poem of “The Grave” of William Blair, to be illustrated with fifteen plates designed and engraved by himself. This work was patronized by the names of the principal artists of the day; but

before he entered upon its publication, he submitted his drawings to the judgment of the then President of the Royal Academy (Mr. West), and also to Fuseli. The latter, in particular, being pleased with the wildness of the invention, wrote his opinion thereon in the following words:

“The moral series here submitted to the public, from its object and method of execution, has a double claim on general attention.

“In an age of equal refinement and corruption of manners, when systems of education and seduction go hand in hand; when Religion itself compounds with fashion; when, in the pursuit of present enjoyment, all consideration of futurity vanishes, and the real object of life is lost—in such an age, every exertion confers a benefit on society which tends to impress Man with his destiny, to hold the mirror up to life, less indeed to discriminate its characters, than those situations which shew what all are born for, what all ought to act for, and what all must inevitably come to.

“The importance of this object has been so well understood at every period of time, from the earliest and most innocent to the latest and most depraved, that reason and fancy have exhausted their stores of argument and imagery,

to impress it on the mind: animate and inanimate Nature, the seasons, the forest and the field, the bee and ant, the larva, chrysalis and moth, have lent their real or supposed analogies with the origin, pursuits, and end, of the human race, so often to emblematical purposes, that instruction is become stale, and attention callous. The Serpent with its tail in its mouth, from a type of Eternity, is become an infant's bauble; even the nobler idea of Hercules pausing between virtue and vice, and the varied imagery of Death leading his patients to the Grave, owe their effect upon us more to technic excellence than allegoric utility.

“Aware of this, but conscious that affectation of originality and trite repetition would equally impede his success, the Author of the moral series before us has endeavoured to wake sensibility by touching our sympathies with nearer, less ambiguous, and less ludicrous imagery, than what mythology, Gothic superstition, or symbols as far-fetched as inadequate could supply. His invention has been chiefly employed to spread a familiar and domestic atmosphere round the most important of all subjects, to connect the visible and the invisible World, without provoking probability, and to

lead the eye from the milder light of time to the radiations of Eternity.

“Such is the plan and the moral part of the Author’s invention; the technic part, and the execution of the artist, though to be examined by other principles, and addressed to a narrower circle, equally claim approbation, sometimes excite our wonder, and not seldom our fears, when we see him play on the very verge of legitimate invention; but wildness so picturesque in itself, so often redeemed by taste, simplicity, and elegance, what child of fancy, what artist would wish to discharge? The groups and single figures on their own bases, abstracted from the general composition, and considered without attention to the plan, frequently exhibit those genuine and unaffected attitudes, those simple graces which Nature and the heart alone can dictate, and only an eye inspired by both, discover. Every class of artists, in every stage of their progress or attainments, from the student to the finished master, and from the contriver of ornament to the painter of history, will find here materials of art and hints of improvement!”

This opinion he allowed Blake to publish as recommendatory of his work.

In the early part of the year 1806, the Council of the Royal Academy requested that Fuseli would again deliver a course of lectures on painting, which he accordingly did, as Mr. Opie had not prepared his. This course he pre-faced by the following address :

“ Gentlemen,

“ I once more have the unexpected honour of addressing you in this place, at the request of the President and Council, with the concurrence, and at the express desire of the Gentleman whom the Academy has appointed my successor, and whose superior ability, whenever he shall think proper to lay his materials before you, will, I trust, make ample amends for the defects which your indulgence has, for several years, connived at in my recital of these fragments on our art.”

Fuseli had now been more than two years Keeper of the Academy, which had afforded the students sufficient time to appreciate the value of his instructions, particularly in the antique school. And in order to mark their sense of the advantages which they had derived from his talents, they presented him, by the hands of Mr. Haydon, then a student, with

an elegant silver Vase, the design for which, at their solicitation, was given by that eminent artist Flaxman; it bears the following inscription:—

TO  
HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.  
KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,  
FROM  
THE STUDENTS.  
1807.

The Vase, by the desire of Fuseli and the kindness of his widow, is now in my possession; and I not only value it as a beautiful work of art, but regard it as a tribute paid to the genius and talents of my honoured friend, whose memory will ever be held most dear in my recollection.

In the summer of 1809, Fuseli wished me to accompany him into the country for a short time; but as I had promised to pass three or four weeks with a relation and friend (who was much esteemed by him), the Reverend Thomas Rackett, at Spettisbury, in Dorsetshire, I could not accede to his solicitations. The following letter written to me while there, as it shews the disposition of his mind, and gives some

account of his pursuits, may not be uninteresting in this place.

“Somerset House, 31st August, 1809.

“DEAR SIR,

“YOUR letter of the 26th, which I found on my desk at my return from Fulham, gave me equal surprise and pleasure; nothing but yourself could have been more welcome, and I should not have waited till now, to present you in answer with a scrawl of mine, had I not been desirous of obliging Mr. Cavallo by adding a specimen of Lavater’s hand-writing: several old parcels of letters did I turn over, but that which contains the chirognomic characters of my departed friend, I have not yet been able to light on, and am afraid it is in some bundle of papers at Purser’s Cross, to which place I shall probably return on Saturday, and on finding what I want, take care to remit it to you for Don Tiberio.\*

“The spirit in which you wrote your letter,

\* A name by which he generally designated the amiable and ingenious Tiberius Cavallo, a gentleman well known for his numerous and able works on Natural Philosophy, who was also on a visit to Mr. Rackett at this time: at whose hospitable house he usually passed three or four of the summer months.

makes me happy; a mind like yours, fraught with all the requisites for genuine pleasure, is sure to find it or to make it in every place; how much must you enjoy then in the friendly mansion which separates you from me and those real friends you have left here!

“Your account of the Nunneries you have visited, confirms Hamlet’s verdict: ‘Frailty, thy name is woman!’ How self-contradictory, that the ‘animal of beauty,’ as Dante calls woman, should exchange her claims to social admiration and pleasure, and the substantial charms of life, for the sterile embraces of a crucifix or some withered sister, by the dim glimmer of cloistered light,—lost to hope, and marked by oblivion for her own! Tyranny, deception, and most of all, that substitute for every other want, ‘the undistinguished space of woman’s will,’ can alone account for such phenomena.

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“September 1st.

“So far I went yesterday, when luckily some one prevented the process of my letter, and opening to-day a parcel I had not thought of before, I found some letters, &c. of Lavater’s: what I have enclosed, is the address of one written to me when I lived in St. Martin’s Lane; be so kind to present it to your friend.

“What you say of Mr. Rackett’s politeness, is extremely flattering, and I beg you will return my respects and best wishes to him and the ladies. As the weather has been so unpropitious, I do not expect to hear of many entomological captures or discoveries: I beg to inform him, that of some pupæ of *Sphinx euphorbiæ*, found on the spurge of the Devonshire sands, I have reared, perhaps for the first time in England, two beautiful moths.

“My wife is still at Woolwich. Mr. Haughton’s respects attend you: and I,

“My dear Sir, remain

“Affectionately and sincerely yours,

“HENRY FUSELI.”

“To John Knowles, Esq.”

I have already noticed the social intimacy which subsisted for so long a time between Fuseli and Mr. Johnson the bookseller; the latter had been afflicted with an asthma for many years. In the month of December, 1809, he had an alarming attack of this disorder, which increasing rapidly, a message was sent to Fuseli, intimating that if he wished again to see Mr. Johnson, he must come without delay. A carriage was instantly ordered, and as it drew

up, Mr. Carrick Moore the Surgeon, of whose abilities, Fuseli had the highest opinion, accidentally arrived at the Academy. Fuseli, who was in tears and in violent agitation, cried out, "Come with me, I beseech you, Moore, and save, if possible, my valued friend, Johnson." On their arrival at Mr. Johnson's house, in St. Paul's Church-yard, they found him breathing with difficulty, his countenance ghastly, his limbs cold, and his quivering pulse hardly perceptible; he, however, recognised Fuseli, and expressed pleasure at seeing him. But no means which were tried could restore the sinking energies of the vital functions, and the patient in a short time ceased to live.

As Fuseli had been on terms of intimacy and of the strictest friendship with Johnson for nearly forty years, this sad event shocked his sensitive heart. He wrote the day after to Mr. Joseph Johnson, the nephew, in the following terms:—

"London, Somerset House, 21st Dec. 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"As the present melancholy occasion must bring you, and perhaps Mrs. Johnson, to London, permit me to request the favour of your

remaining with us, and taking a bed at our house during your stay.

“ If my grief for the loss of my first and best friend were less excessive, I might endeavour to moderate your’s ; but I want consolation too much myself to offer it to others.

“ My wife joins in my request to you and Mrs. Johnson, and we both remain ever your faithful but disconsolate friends,

“ SOPHIA AND HENRY FUSELI.”

“ Joseph Johnson, Esq.”

Mr. Johnson was regretted not only by a numerous circle of private friends, but by the literary world in general. Many authors now living, and others who have paid the debt of nature, were fostered by his bounty, and but for his encouragement the world would have been deprived of most of the beautiful poems of Cowper ; for, when “ The Task,” not being appreciated by the public, met with a very tardy sale, its author had made up his mind to write no more. Mr. Johnson, who was well aware of the merits of this poem, urged him to proceed, stating, that he had no doubt it would finally receive that favour from the public which it so justly merited. This expecta-

tion was afterwards realized to its utmost extent, and the author received from his publisher a handsome but unexpected gratuity.\*

Mr. Johnson was a man of probity, liberality, and sound sense, with an acute judgment. The author of this memoir, who witnessed the urbanity of his manners, and partook of the hospitality of his table at least once a-week for some years, can bear testimony to these, as well as to the good sense which he exercised, and the prudence with which he allayed the occasional contests of his irritable guests, many of whom were distinguished men of letters, of various characters, and conflicting opinions. And although the conversation took a free range, yet the placid equanimity of their host regulated in some degree its freedom, and kept it within due bounds. Fuseli was always a favoured guest at this table; when absent, which rarely happened, a gloom for the time pervaded the company: but, when present, his acute taste in poetry, oratory, and the fine arts; his original opinions, singular ideas, and poignant wit, enlivened the conversation, and rendered him a

\* Mr. Johnson made Cowper a present of one thousand pounds over and above their agreement.

delightful companion. On these occasions, however, Johnson was rather a listener than a contributor; but he enjoyed the animated remarks and retorts of his amusing friend, and in his will left him a handsome legacy.

Fuseli wrote the following epitaph, which gives a just and unvarnished character of this amiable man, and which is placed on his tomb in the church-yard of Fulham:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF  
JOSEPH JOHNSON, LATE OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 20TH DAY OF  
DECEMBER, 1809, AGED 72 YEARS.

A MAN  
EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED BY PROBITY, INDUSTRY,  
AND DISINTERESTEDNESS IN HIS INTERCOURSE  
WITH THE PUBLIC, AND EVERY DOMESTIC AND SO-  
CIAL VIRTUE IN LIFE; BENEFICENT WITHOUT  
OSTENTATION, EVER READY TO PRODUCE MERIT  
AND TO RELIEVE DISTRESS; UNASSUMING IN PROS-  
PERITY, NOT APPALLED BY MISFORTUNE; INEX-  
ORABLE TO HIS OWN, INDULGENT TO THE WANTS  
OF OTHERS; RESIGNED AND CHEERFUL UNDER THE  
TORTURE OF A MALADY WHICH HE SAW GRA-  
DUALY DESTROY HIS LIFE.

The death of Opie, which took place rather unexpectedly, in 1807, after he had delivered only four lectures at the Royal Academy, in which he availed himself of several remarks of Fuseli in his unpublished discourses, caused a vacancy in the Professorship, which was filled by the election of Mr. Tresham. This appointment he held until the early part of the year 1810, and then tendered his resignation, declining to lecture under the plea of indisposition. The Academicians met for the purpose of electing a Professor of Painting; but no one offering himself, all being aware of the great talents of Fuseli in this particular, they came to a resolution, that a law which forbids the same person to hold two situations, should be dormant in his case; he was therefore re-elected Professor of Painting on the 10th of February, 1810, and was allowed to retain the joint offices of Keeper of the Academy and Professor of Painting during the remainder of his life. A higher compliment than this could not have been paid to any man, and it marked in an extraordinary manner the estimation in which his talents were held.

## CHAPTER XI.

Fuseli's prefatory Address to his resumed Lectures.—His second Edition of Pilkington.—He suffers from a nervous fever, and visits Hastings in company with the Biographer.—His Picture of Marcus Curius, and Letter relative to it.—Letter from Mr. Roscoe.—Canova's Intercourse with Fuseli.—Anecdotes of Fuseli and Harlow.—Letters from Fuseli to the Biographer.—Republication of his Lectures, with additions.—Death of Professor Bonnycastle, and Anecdote concerning him.—Death of Fuseli's friend and patron, Mr. Coutts.—An agreeable party at Fuseli's house.

ON the 26th of February 1810, Fuseli resumed his course of lectures, and prefaced them by the following address:—

“ Mr. President, and Gentlemen,

“ Sincere as my gratitude and pleasing as my emotions must be on being, by the indulgence of the Academy, appointed to address you again, I should feel myself unworthy of this honour were I not to regret the infirm

state of health, the unfortunate cause which occasioned the resignation of the Professor of Painting, and disappointed the expectation you had a right to form from the display of his brilliant talents. Severely, however, as this disappointment may be felt by you, it is a consolation to reflect that we still possess him, and that the Academy may still profit by his advice and practical abilities: but what can I offer to mitigate our grief on the awful decree which snatched from us his predecessor, your late lecturer, my departed friend? In him society has lost one of its best members, our Art one of its firmest supporters, the Academy one of its brightest ornaments, and you a solid, experienced, forcible, and lucid instructor. The innate vigour of his mind supplied every want of education; his persevering energy ruled circumstances, and made necessity the handmaid of the art; his judgment, at a very early period, discriminated the art itself from those vehicles of which he possessed, in a very high degree, the most splendid; add to these, that insatiable curiosity, which not only stimulated him to examine every system, and to collect every observation on art, but to court all relative knowledge, and whatever, though more distant, might tend to illustrate his argument,

enforce his proofs, or assist his researches; and you have an aggregate of qualities, which, if he had been suffered to complete his course, would have enabled him to present you with a more connected series of instructions for your studies than perhaps ever fell to the lot of any other school, and might have conferred on England the honour of having produced the best combined, least prejudiced, if not the most lofty or extensive system of art.

“Such was your teacher:—to expatiate on the artist before his companions, admirers, rivals, and scholars, within these walls, which have so often borne testimony to the splendour and versatility of his powers, would be equally presumption and waste of time: that characteristic truth, that unaffected simplicity and air of life which discriminate his portraits; the decision, the passion, the colour, the effects that animate his history; the solidity of his method, his breadth and mellowness of touch, now fresh before us, with his writings, will survive and consecrate to memory the name of OPIE.”

Fuseli, this year (1810), gave a second edition of his “Pilkington’s Dictionary of the Painters;” to this he added more than three hundred names and characters of artists, chiefly of the Spanish school, enlarged the notes given

in the previous edition, corrected some mistakes in dates, and gave in an appendix a few names which had been omitted in the alphabetical order, and also many particulars of the great masters of the Italian school; the last he considered as too prolix for the body of the work.

In the summer of 1813, Fuseli was attacked with a considerable degree of fever on the nerves, attended with great depression of spirits: this he considered a similar disease, but much milder in its effects than that with which he had been afflicted in 1772, at Rome. This indisposition he felt the more, from having enjoyed for the last forty-three years, an uninterrupted state of good health. His medical friends advised change of air, and more particularly for that of the sea-side. He accordingly determined to pass a month at Hastings, and prevailed upon the writer of this memoir to accompany him thither. The frequenters of this salubrious bathing-place, called by some the *Montpelier* of England, will hardly recognise, from its present improved state, the description given of it by Fuseli in a letter to a friend; but it was a true picture of the town at that time. "Hastings appears to me to have been constructed by a conspiracy of bone-setters, surgeons, and dissectors, as the most

commodious theatre of all possible accidents in contusions, falls, dislocations, sprains, and fractures. The houses of one side of the High-street, *i. e.* the most inhabited part of the town, are built on what they misname a terrace; but, in fact, it is a mass of stony fragments gathered from the shore, without any other polish than what the wave had left behind; raised four or five feet above the road, unguarded on the edge, and consequently, without the perpetual interference of miracles, fatal to every stranger who approaches them at night, in winter thaws, when spangled with ice, or flooded from the tremendous ridge that beetles o'er the house-tops."

To form an adequate and correct opinion of the extent of Fuseli's talents and information, and a proper notion of his feelings, it was necessary to be an inmate of the same house: from the experience of this and a subsequent opportunity, I can, with truth, assert, that he was not only a most intellectual, but a pleasant and accommodating companion. After a month had been spent at this pleasant watering-place, I had the satisfaction of returning to London with him, he being restored to perfect health.

This year (1813) he painted a picture for Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Liverpool, "Marcus Cu-

rius preparing his frugal repast." When Mr. Johnson gave the commission, he said, "I wish the subject to be some mentally heroic action, taken either from the English or Roman History." When this picture was finished, Fuseli addressed the following letter to his friend:—

" London, Oct. 8, 1813."

" DEAR SIR,

" I HAVE not been unmindful of what you so kindly commissioned me to undertake for you, and the picture which I have painted now only waits your commands. The *subject*, though not English, is congenial with your own mind, and selected from the most virtuous period of Rome. If I remember rightly, you approved of it when we discussed the subjects here; but as you may not perhaps have since had leisure to reconsider it, you will permit me to repeat it as concisely to you as I can, and nearly in the words of Valerius Maximus. ' Marcus Curius, who had repeatedly smitten the Samnites, seated in his rustic chair, preparing his simple meal in a wooden bowl, exhibited to the admiring Legates of the Samnites at once, with the proof of the most rigid frugality, his own superiority. Commissioned by the state, they spread before him treasure, and humbly solicited his accept-

ance. With a smile of disdain, scarcely deigning to look at it, Curius replied—Take back these baubles to those who sent you, and tell them that Marcus Curius prefers subduing the rich to being rich himself, and that you found him as impregnable by bribes as irresistible in arms.’

“Such is the subject, my dear Sir, which I have endeavoured to compose and execute for you, as well as my capacity and practice permitted; I wish they had been greater. I remain, with my wife’s and my own warmest wishes for your own, dear Mrs. Johnson’s, and son’s health and happiness, dear Sir,

“Your obliged and sincere friend,

“HENRY FUSELI.”

“Joseph Johnson, Esq.”

Fuseli kept up a constant intercourse with his friends at Liverpool, and particularly with Mr. Roscoe. The correspondence which passed between this gentleman and him sometimes had relation to literature, but more frequently to the fine arts; the following is a specimen of the latter:—

“Liverpool, 24th May, 1814.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“WHEN my son Robert left us, about ten days since, I sent by him a slight outline of a

frieze, under a picture of a Holy Family, by Ghirlandajo, desiring him to give it you, and to enquire whether you agree with me in thinking it likely to be the production of Michelagnolo, who is said to have painted in the pictures of Ghirlandajo, whilst a student with him. Slight as it is, being, in fact, only the copy of a copy, you will be able to form an opinion of it at first sight. The picture is in distemper as well as the frieze, which is executed in *chiar' oscuro*, in a sort of oblong broken touches, producing on the whole a good effect. The superiority of the style of the frieze to that of the picture is evident, and demonstrates to a certainty that they are the work of different hands.

“ I think I also told you, some time since, that I had a picture of Leo X., with the Cardinals de' Medici and Rossi, which I have reason to believe is the copy made by Andrea del Sarto, from that of Raffaele, and which was first sent to Mantua, afterwards went to Parma, and thence to Capo di Monte, where it is now no longer to be found. Many persons who had seen it there, assure me this is undoubtedly the same picture. I have had it some years, and having been frequently asked whether I had taken it out of the frame to look for the mark

mentioned by Vasari, I determined, a few months since, to examine it, and sending for two or three friends, we took it out, and on the *edge of the pannel*, near the shoulder of the Cardinal de' Medici, found the remains of an inscription, in large letters, which I conjecture to mean, "*Andrea Florentinus Pinxit,*" with the date, which is so far obliterated as to be wholly illegible. At all events, there undoubtedly has been an inscription on the edge of the pannel, a circumstance in itself highly favourable to its being the very picture which Vasari has described. This picture is most highly finished, has an indescribable force of colouring, and is in as fine a state of preservation as the day it was painted. Those who have seen the picture of Raffaello in the Louvre, assure me that this is in every respect equal to it. I long to have your decision on these two pictures, but hope it will be on the spot.

" I lately got a fine picture by Bernardino Lovini, which confirms in every point the account which Lanzi and you have given of him. It is a Holy Family, with two attendant pilgrims, saints, small life. I think you will admire it for its simplicity, pathos, and beautiful colouring.

" I have a friend in Liverpool, who is a good

chymist, and prepares colours, which I believe to be of a superior quality. His name is Strahan, and his agent for the sale of them in London, is *Mr. Thos. Clay, No. 18, Ludgate-hill*. I shall esteem it a favour if you will make a trial of them, and if they should be found to answer better than those you are already supplied with, would recommend them to your friends. I believe they are already in some degree known amongst the artists; but Mr. Strahan is very desirous that you should make a trial of them; and I have promised him *all my interest with you* for the accomplishment of his wishes.

“ I hope Robert will have called on you before you receive this: for your kindness and friendship both to him and Richard accept my best thanks, and believe me, my dear friend, unalterably yours,

“ W. ROSCOE.”

Canova visited England in the summer of 1816, and was then very much struck with the pictures, as well as pleased with Fuseli's society. This eminent sculptor remarked, that he not only showed the brilliancy of genius in his conversation, but that he spoke Italian with the purity of a well-educated native of Rome.

And on his return, the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, at his request, sent a diploma, constituting Fuseli a member of the first class, an honour which was conferred also, by the like recommendation, upon Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Flaxman.

In the year 1817, Fuseli sat, at my request, to Harlow for his portrait, which is on pannel, of a cabinet size. This eminent painter was highly gratified by the compliment, and exerted every faculty to do his best. Fuseli obliged him and me by giving for this picture twelve sittings of two hours each; and a more perfect resemblance, or characteristic portrait, has seldom been painted. I attended Fuseli at each sitting, and during the progress of this portrait. Harlow commenced and finished his best and most esteemed work, "The trial of Queen Katherine," in which he has introduced many portraits; but more particularly those of the Kemble family; in the performance of this work, he owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks; for when he first saw the picture (chiefly in dead colouring), he said, "I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here

a composition of more than twenty figures, or I should rather say parts of figures; because you have not shewn one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will shew you;" and taking up a crayon, drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these remarks, and the next time we saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. Fuseli then said, "So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture;" and then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion; that which shews the back, is altogether due to Fuseli, and is certainly the best drawn figure in the picture. Fuseli afterwards attempted to get him to improve the drawing of the arms of the principal object (Mrs. Siddons), who is represented as Queen Katherine, but without much effect, particularly the left; and after having witnessed many ineffectual attempts of the painter to accomplish this, he desisted, and remarked, "It is pity that you never attended the Antique Academy."

Harlow proved himself, on many occasions, to be among the vainest of men, and generally wished it to be believed that he possessed information to which he was a stranger. On one occasion he said to me, "It is extraordinary that Fuseli, who is so fine a scholar, should suffer engravers to place translations under the plates taken from the classical subjects painted by him;" and remarked, "I was educated a scholar, having been at Westminster school, and therefore wish to see the subjects given in the original languages," and then imprudently instanced the print taken from his picture of the death of *Ædipus*. When Fuseli appointed the next sitting, on our way to Harlow's house, I mentioned this conversation to him, and added, I really think he does not understand one word of Greek or Latin, to which he gave his assent, and remarked, "He has made, I think, an unfortunate choice; for, if I recollect rightly, the Greek passage, as well as my translation of it, are scratched in under the mezzotinto. But before we part, I will bring his knowledge to the test. After he had sat the usual time, he asked for a piece of chalk, and wrote in large letters, on the wainscot, the following passage:—

“ κτύπησε μὲν ζεὺς χθόνιος, αἱ δὲ παρθένοι  
 ῥίγησαν ὡς ἤκουσαν· ἐς δὲ γουνάτα  
 πατρὸς πεσοῦσαι, κλαῖον.” \*

After having done so, he said to Harlow, “ Read that,” and finding by his hesitation that he did not understand a letter, he resumed, “ On our way hither, Knowles told me you had said that I ought not to permit engravers to put translations under the prints taken from me, and that you had instanced the *Œdipus*; now that is the Greek quotation whence the subject is taken, and I find you cannot read a letter of it. Let me give you this advice: you are undoubtedly a good portrait painter, and I think in small pictures, such as you are painting of me, stand unrivalled; this is sufficient merit; do not then pretend to be that which you are not, and probably from your avocations never can be—a scholar.”

Unfortunately for Harlow, he was very un-

\* The passage is thus translated by Franklin:—

——— “ A dreadful clap  
 Of thunder shook the ground; the virgins trembled,  
 And clinging fearful round their father’s knees,  
 Beat their sad breasts and wept.”

Sophocles *Œdipus Coloneus*, Act. 5, Scene 1.

popular with the Royal Academicians, and when he offered himself as a candidate for an Associate of the Academy, there was but one vote in his favour. On the evening of the election, Fuseli was taxed by some of his friends with having given it, and he answered, "It is true, I did,—I voted for the talent, and not for the man." This was not a solitary instance in which Fuseli exercised his judgment as to the fitness of men to fill offices in the Academy; and accordingly voted for them, distinct from any private consideration. On a vacancy happening for the Professorship of Anatomy, Mr. Charles Bell was among the candidates: this gentleman was unknown to Fuseli, except by his works: his vote was requested by one of his best and most intimate of friends (Mr. Coutts) for another person: "I cannot," said he, "oblige you; I know of no man in England who is a better demonstrator than Bell; and for a surgeon, he is a good artist; such a man therefore the Academy wants for their Professor, and, as such, I *must* vote for him."

The month of September 1817, I passed with my relation and friend, Richard Wilson, Esq. of the Cliff-house, at Scarborough; on this occasion, as was always the case when out of London, Fuseli corresponded with me; two of

his letters are preserved, and I cannot refrain from giving them to the public, as they shew the kindness of his disposition, and the terms of friendship which subsisted between us. Understanding that my apartments were about to be repainted, he wrote as follows:—

“ To any other person an apology might be necessary; to you, whose friendship can neither be heated or cooled by correspondence or silence, I despise offering any: if by remaining mute, I have deprived myself of one source of pleasure, it has reserved to me another, when we meet: your letter made *me* happy, because you could not have written it, had you not been so *yourself*.

“ Hammond has perhaps told you that I went to Luton with him and Roscoe: I spent some happy hours there; and, of course, but few. Since my return, I have been riding or crawling in a kind of daylight-somnambulism between this place, Brompton, and Putney-hill: Whether I shall continue so to do the remainder of the month, or go to snuff in some sea air, will depend upon my wife's success or disappointment at Cheltenham.

“ The chief reason why I send you this scrawl, is to offer you a bed here at your return, on

the same floor with myself, and a chamber as pleasant and as well furnished as my own, viz. with demigods and beauties. I earnestly request you to accept of it, and not to persist in the foolhardy resolution of sleeping in a newly painted room. If Hammond is obliged to have his house painted, pray oblige me with your compliance, and, in giving me the preference, you will be at home, and your brother can surely not except against it, considering the distance at which he lives. I will not take a refusal.

“I feel my head so stupid, my hand so disobedient, my pen so execrable, my ink such a mudpond, that I ought in mercy to save you the trouble of deciphering more. Adieu, love me as I do you, neither more nor less, and hasten your return.

“ Ever,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

“ Somerset House, September 12, 1817.

To John Knowles, Esq.”

I accepted of his kind offer, and in my letter doing this, gave him a transcript of an epitaph in Latin, inscribed on a brass plate which is affixed to a pillar in the north aisle of Scarborough Church, and which is not only

admired there for the expression of feeling which it contains, but for its Latinity. This epitaph is as follows:—

“ Dum te, chara Uxor, gelido sub marmore pono,  
 Illustret vigili lampade funus amor ;  
 Heu ! periit pietas dulcissima, casta cupido,  
 Teque omnis virtus quæ negat esse meam.—  
 Oh ! quàm felicem nuperrima Sponsa beâsti !  
 Nunc pariter miserum reddis amata Virum.  
 Iste dolor levis est charos ubi casus amicos,  
 Mors ubi disjungit, sola tremenda venit.”

“ In piam Memoriam Annæ charissimæ Uxoris, hæc  
 dedicavit mœstissimus Maritus J. North : Obit die x<sup>mo</sup>  
 4to Augusti, Anno Dom. 1695, Ætatis suæ 22.”

In answer to this letter, he wrote to me as follows:—

“ Putney-hill, September 20, 1817.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ You have given me the greatest pleasure in accepting the offer which I took the freedom of making to you ; and my wife, the moment she hears of it, will as much be flattered by your kindness as myself,—for, before she went off, she earnestly desired me to make the request.

“Thanks for the epitaph,—but with all possible respect for Mr. J. North’s Latinity and feelings, and notwithstanding the very free, correct, and scholastic manner in which you have transcribed his effusion; bowing likewise to the taste and discrimination of the “Learned” where you are; I must own that the sense of the fourth, and construction of the seventh and eight lines are not very clear to me.

“I am rambling about here in the charming thickets of this villa, deliciously asleep, if fancy wake me not now and then with the thunder of the wave beneath your feet. You cannot now stay long from

“Yours, ever,

“HENRY FUSELI.”

“John Knowles, Esq.”

The month of September 1818, was passed by me with Fuseli and Mrs. Fuseli at Ramsgate; he was then in excellent health and spirits, and although in his seventy-eighth year, had considerable bodily strength and activity. Our constant practice was, to leave the house about five o’clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier, to walk until eight, breakfast, and employ ourselves during the middle of the day in reading or writing. We walked for an

hour before dinner, and did the same in the evening before we retired to rest, the usual hour for which was about ten o'clock. It was at this place that I collated his aphorisms in their present form, under his inspection, and then made a fair copy of them for the press.

In the year 1820, he published a quarto volume, containing three additional lectures, reprinted the three which appeared in the year 1801, with some alterations and additions, and wrote an introduction, which he called "A Characteristic Sketch of the Principal Technic Instruction, Ancient and Modern, which we possess." This work was purchased by Mr. Cadell the bookseller, for three hundred pounds.

Mr. Bonnycastle, the Professor of Mathematics to the Royal Military College at Woolwich, died this year (1821), in the seventieth year of his age; \* he had been for more than forty years the intimate friend, occasional companion, and always a great admirer of the talents of Fuseli. Bonnycastle was a mathematician of celebrity, independently of which he had a fine taste for poetry and English litera-

\* Professor Bonnycastle was born at Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in January 1752, and died at Woolwich, 15th of May, 1821.

ture in general ; his memory was retentive, his knowledge extensive, and he was ever ready to communicate what he knew. His conversational talents were of the first order, and he occasionally enlivened his remarks with apposite anecdotes. As he was the friend of my youth, I feel much satisfaction in recording here my gratitude for instruction and many acts of kindness received from this amiable man.

The following anecdote will afford a proof of the delicacy and feeling of Bonnycastle's mind, and also of his excellent disposition. When his "Introduction to Astronomy" was published, it was reviewed with a considerable degree of asperity in a popular work of the day. Several of his scientific friends, and Reuben Burrow in particular, considered that it had not been fairly dealt with by the reviewer, and they determined to discover the writer : they at length found out that it was Mr. Wales, Mathematical Master of the School of Christ's Church Hospital. Burrow, who was a man of quick sensibility, and an excellent mathematician, was determined to avenge the cause of his friend, and constantly expressed anxiety for the appearance of some new book by Wales ; at length one was published, upon "The Method of Finding the Longitude at Sea by Chronome-

ters." Burrow procured a copy of this work, had it interleaved, and wrote numerous remarks on, and confutations of many parts of it, which he carried to Bonnycastle, and said, "As you have a more polished pen than myself, use these observations of mine, and make up a sharp review of this paltry book for the public." Bonnycastle lost no time in doing this, and was on his road to London, with the review in his pocket for publication, when he accidentally met Wales, who was then in so bad a state of health that he appeared to be in the last stage of a consumption. This affected the mind of Bonnycastle so strongly that, on his arrival in London, he immediately burnt the manuscript review, being determined not to hurt the feelings of a man labouring under disease, and thus perhaps to accelerate his death.

In the year 1822, Fuseli was bereft of another old and valued friend, Mr. Coutts, the opulent banker, with whom he had been acquainted nearly sixty years. This gentleman had on many occasions afforded him valuable proofs of his sincere friendship. With him, and with his family during the latter period of his life, in particular, Fuseli was almost domesticated. By them, his very wishes were anticipated, and he received from their hands, such attentions as

can arise only from feelings of respect and regard, accompanied by those comforts and elegancies which wealth alone can bestow. And I cannot refrain from expressing my conviction, that these attentions, which were afforded without the least ostentation, not only contributed to make the winter of his life pleasant, but really prolonged the existence of a man to whom the public are so much indebted as an artist, critic, and teacher of the Fine Arts.

It has been often remarked, that old men do not feel so acutely the loss of relations and friends, as those who are of a less advanced age. But this was not the case with Fuseli; for, although now in his eighty-first year, his faculties were unimpaired, and he still possessed a great degree of sensibility. As one friend dropped into the grave after another, he felt the loss of each, and constantly exclaimed, "It is my turn next," advising me at the same time, as I advanced in life, to cultivate the friendship of men younger than myself, that I might not be left without friends in old age. Although when a younger man he appeared to his acquaintances to cling much to life, yet now when he spoke of death, it was without fearful forebodings. "Death," he used to say, "is nothing; it is the pain and feebleness of

body under a lingering disease, which often precedes death, that I dread; for, at my time of life, I can look forward but to a day, and that passes quickly." The following extract of a letter to the Countess of Guilford, dated the 17th of November 1821, and written on his return to London with Mrs. Fuseli, after they had passed some time at Brighton, will further show his feelings on this subject.

" Taciti, soli, e senza compagnia.

" We jogged on, though at a swifter pace than Dante and his guides, sympathising (one at least,) with autumn's deciduous beauty, and whispering to every leaf the eye caught falling, *Soon* shall I follow thee!

" Indeed, were it not for those I should leave behind, I would not care *if now*."

Mr. Roscoe this year (1821) visited London. From Fuseli's advanced age, and Mr. Roscoe's weakness of body, the former anticipated that it would be the last time they should meet—which anticipation, I believe, was realized. A day or two after Mr. Roscoe's arrival. I received the following note from Fuseli.

“ Sunday, 11th February, 1821.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ OLD Mr. Roscoe is in town for a few days at his son Robert’s house, No. 6, Dyer’s Buildings, Holborn : I am to dine with them on *Tuesday*, at five : Robert came to invite you to the party, but finding you were out of town to-day, requested me to do it for him. You cannot do a thing more agreeable to them or me than comply with our request, if disengaged ; and as it probably may be the last time you will see Mr. Roscoe in London, I hope you will suffer no trifling engagement to deprive us of you.

“ Ever,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

“ We may go together.”

“ To John Knowles, Esq.”

A few days afterwards I had again the pleasure to meet Mr. Roscoe at Fuseli’s table ; there were also present, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Lock, Mr. Howard, R. A., Mr. J. Symmons, and Mr. Robert Roscoe. The conversation was desultory, sometimes upon literature, at others upon art ; and at two more intellectual dinner-parties I have seldom been present. Fuseli was animated and energetic, and shewed that he then possessed a mind of the greatest vigour, with an unimpaired memory.

## CHAPTER XII.

Decline of Fuseli's Health.—Letter from Mr. James C. Moore.—Fuseli's Bust by Baily, and Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His last Academical Lectures.—Particulars of his Illness and Death.—Proceedings relative to his interment, with an account of the ceremony.—Copy of his Will.

THE intimates of Fuseli had observed, with much concern, that for two or three years, although his general health did not appear to be materially affected by age, yet there was a predisposition to water in the chest, which usually manifested itself when he took cold, by his being occasionally affected with some difficulty in breathing, irregularity of pulse, and also by the swelling, in a slight degree, of his feet and ancles. These symptoms were repeatedly removed, in a few days, by the appropriate reme-

dies, but after intervals they recurred. On the 23d August, 1823, he sent a note to my house, early in the morning, expressing a wish to see me immediately, which summons I promptly obeyed. On my arrival, he said, that although when we parted at ten o'clock the preceding evening, he did not feel at all indisposed; yet, shortly after he had retired to bed, he found a difficulty in breathing, such as he had never before experienced, and that his legs were much swollen, and wished therefore to consult a friend of mine, Dr. Maton. I told him that the Doctor was absent from London, and therefore advised him to send for a physician with whom he and I were well acquainted, (Sir Alexander Crichton,) to meet his friend and usual medical adviser, Mr. Richard Cartwright; to which proposal he assented. Mrs. Fuseli was at this time at Brighton, for the benefit of her health; and he gave me strict injunctions not to inform her of his indisposition. But as his medical advisers told me the disease was water in the chest, and that the symptoms were alarming, I wrote to Mrs. Fuseli, informing her in some degree of the facts; and, although much indisposed herself, she came immediately to London.

His case, for some time, was considered to

be almost hopeless; and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in anxious solicitude for the safety of his friend, advised that Dr. Holland should also be consulted. This gentleman was fully aware of his danger, but coincided in every respect in the propriety of the previous treatment, and said that nothing more could be done. After three weeks of suffering, which Fuseli bore with patience and fortitude, his spirits never having forsaken him, nature made a great effort, and he, contrary to the expectations of his medical attendants, rallied, and in a few weeks more was restored to a state of comparative health.

During this illness, he received the visits of his particular friends in the evening, and conversed with his usual energy; and it must have been highly gratifying to his feelings to see the anxiety which they manifested for his safety; more particularly the Countess of Guilford and her two amiable daughters, the Ladies North, and also Sir Thomas Lawrence,\* who, with the

\* While these pages were passing through the press, Europe and the fine arts have been bereaved of the splendid talents of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This gentleman died, after an illness of a few days continuance, on the 7th of January, 1830, in the sixty-first year of his age.

writer of this account, allowed no engagement to interfere, and were his constant companions

Shortly after Sir Thomas's arrival in London, Fuseli saw "the future promise" in the youth, and was therefore gratified in making remarks upon his portraits for his improvement. This kind notice, from a man whom Sir Thomas held in the highest esteem for talents and various acquirements, made a deep impression on his mind: he sought an intimacy with him, which, upon more mature knowledge of the individual, ripened into the closest friendship. The world is now deprived of these two great artists, and there can be no other than feelings of deep regret for their loss. These, however, with regard to myself, are not unmingled with those of satisfaction, when I consider the many happy hours passed in their society, and that this pleasure was enjoyed for more than twenty years.

At the death of Mr. West, in the year 1820, Fuseli was among the most forward of the Academicians to propose that his friend, Sir Thomas, who was then on the Continent of Europe, should fill the chair. This honour he felt due to him, not only for his unrivalled powers as a portrait painter, but for the elegance of his mind and the urbanity of his manners. Few men had so pleasing an address, and fewer the happy method of making this acceptable to the particular persons with whom he conversed.

Although Sir Thomas Lawrence was not, in the usual acception of the word, a scholar, being unskilled in the dead languages; yet he was well versed in English literature, had a fine taste for poetry, and I have heard him recite some lines of his own composition, (full of merit) with great taste, feeling, and judgment.

Sir Thomas is known to the public chiefly as a portrait painter,—the only lucrative branch of the art in England.

every evening. His friends who were absent from London amused him with their letters, one of which is here transcribed.

In this, his style was truly English. In the countenances of his men we see faithful likenesses; sometimes certainly given with some degree of flattery; but he was always the more intent in shewing "the mind's construction in the face." In his portraits of heroes there is always dignity; in those of statesmen, depth of thought, with firmness of character. In the delineation of females, in which he chiefly shone, beauty and delicacy were combined with great taste of attitudes, and which was heightened by the elegance and disposition of their drapery. His backgrounds were always appropriate to the portraits; and when his pencil was employed on large pictures, these were introduced with great taste and power.

The drawings of the human face in black lead pencil, frequently heightened with a little colour, which he sometimes made to present to his friends, exceed all praise, for truth, delicacy, and fine finish.

Had public encouragement gone hand in hand with the powers of the man, we should, no doubt, have possessed some fine epic and dramatic subjects from his pencil. As a proof of this, I may again be permitted to advert to the sublime picture of "Satan calling up his Legions," which was purchased by the late Duke of Norfolk, and came again into the possession of Sir Thomas, when his Grace's effects were sold: here we see an epic subject of the highest class treated with invention, great power of drawing, and brilliancy of colouring. This, with "Homer reciting his Verses to the Greeks," are the only historical pictures from his pencil that I am acquainted with, and perhaps the only ones known.

In

“ Stranraer, Aug. 10, 1823.

“ DEAR FUSELI,

“ I WROTE you a few days ago ; but as you’ve got a new doctor, I’ll scribble again. Dr. Holland seems to be Lady Guilford’s,\* and every Lady thinks her’s the best. Besides, she may deduce from high authority, ‘ that when two or three are gathered together,’ the curer may be amongst them. Independently of their instructions, communicate to her Ladyship, that, from my knowledge of your constitution, I am sure that a glass of hock and soda will be both salutary and agreeable. Half a dozen of the best from Hochheim will then be transmitted to you.

“ I say nothing of physic, of which plenty will be prescribed : but, however nauseous, swallow it all. Pour out execrations on the

In this advanced stage of my work, I may be excused for giving only a brief sketch of my friend, whose loss every admirer of the fine arts in Europe deeply deplures ;—a man whose name will go down to posterity coupled with those of the great masters who have preceded him in the pictorial art ; and as the present high appreciation of his merits does not rest upon adventitious circumstances, time will rather add to than detract from his fame.

\* In this particular, the writer is in error, as Dr. Holland was kind enough to give his gratuitous attendance, at the earnest request of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

d—d drugs, rail with wit and spleen on the ignorance of your doctors, and obey them implicitly ; by all which you will obtain all the relief from physic and physicians that is possible.

“ Mr. Knowles sends us frequent bulletins, for which we are most grateful. He acts like your warm and constant friend.

“ Friendship was a quality you often extolled : the affection of relations you used to hold cheap, as a mere instinctive sensation ; whereas friendship is a rational selection. It was that quality which humanised Achilles, who without it would have been a brute. Bestow some of it, then, upon me, and dictate a few words of comfort ; for I have long been, before you knew Knowles, your faithful friend,

“ JAMES CARRICK MOORE.”

After his recovery, it was evident that this severe illness had made an inroad on his constitution ; for, although it had no apparent effect upon his mental energies, yet it was apparent that his bodily exertions were enfeebled ; for, when he was enabled to resume his accustomed exercise of walking, it was not performed with that long stride and firm step for which he had been before remarkable.

In the year 1824, Fuseli sat to Mr. Baily for

a bust, which was executed in marble: he had always a high opinion of the talents of the sculptor, and on this occasion said to me, “I assure you, as an artist, that there is much more of truth, expression, and feeling, in Baily’s work than in that of his competitors, however much they may enjoy the public favour.” On this bust he had the following line chiselled:—

ΥΠΕΡΙΔΩΝ ‘Α ΝΥΝ ΕΊΝΑΙ ΦΑΜΕΝ.

Sir Thomas Lawrence also entertained a high opinion of Mr. Baily’s talents as a sculptor; and, in addition to the bust of Fuseli, had those of Flaxman, Smirke, and Stothard chiselled by him. These were placed among the exquisite specimens of ancient and modern art which adorned his dining-room.

In the early part of 1825, he sat for a half-length portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, which this great artist executed admirably. At this time the Earl of Eldon was also sitting for his likeness, and Fuseli, not recognizing the countenance, asked Sir Thomas who it was? who answered, “It is the Chancellor.” Fuseli took a piece of chalk, and immediately wrote on the picture—

———— \* “ Quia me vestigia terrent  
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.”

When Lord Eldon saw this, he was much amused; and on being told that it was written by Fuseli, laughed heartily.

In the spring of 1824, I persuaded him not to lecture, which it was his intention then to do, being apprehensive that the exertion which he must employ would be too great for his diminished strength; in the early part of 1825, he however delivered his last course of lectures, with certainly less of energy of manner, but without much apparent fatigue: he had also prepared some pictures for the ensuing exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Notwithstanding these proofs of remaining powers, on Sunday, the 10th of April 1825,

\* The passage is as follows:—

“ Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni  
Respondit, referam: quia me vestigia terrent  
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.”  
Horatii Flacci Epistolarum, l. i.

It is thus imitated by Pope:—

“ Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave;  
I cannot like, dread Sir, your royal cave;  
Because I see, by all the tracks about,  
Full many a beast goes in, but none comes out.”

Fuseli, being then on a visit to the Countess of Guilford at Putney Hill, complained of indisposition, while walking in the pleasure-grounds. He was engaged on that day to dine in St. James's Place, with Mr. Samuel Rogers; and Lady Guilford had ordered her carriage to convey him thither; but as his illness continued, Mrs. Fuseli prevailed upon him (with difficulty) to remain in the house, and he gave up the engagement. It was an affecting coincidence, that on the evening before, being out on the lawn with the Ladies North, and looking at the stars, which shone with great brightness, he said, (possibly from the consciousness of symptoms which he considered dangerous,) "I shall soon be amongst them." On the Monday, it was evident to all about him that he was much worse, and he expressed a strong desire to see me; being informed of his illness, I immediately went to Putney, and from his altered appearance had great fears of what would be the issue. The opinions of Sir Alexander Crichton and Dr. Holland, who arrived there shortly after, confirmed my apprehensions, for they said, when questioned by me, that "they could not give any specific name to the complaint; for it appeared to them, that all the functions of

nature had given way, and, in their opinion, he could not last many days."

The attentions of the Countess of Guilford and her family to Fuseli were unremitting; every thing was done by them to promote his comfort, and even to anticipate his wishes; the question constantly asked was, "Can nothing further be done to keep him a little longer with us?" but it was too apparent, notwithstanding these kindnesses, and the skill and attention of his physicians, that life was fast ebbing. I saw him every day, and I have reason to believe that, from the commencement of his illness, he did not expect to recover; for, on the Wednesday, he put his hand into mine, and said, "My friend, I am fast going to that bourne whence no traveller returns." But he neither expressed regret at his state, nor, during his illness, shewed any despondency, or impatience. I left him at a late hour on the Friday (the evening before he died); he was then perfectly collected, and his mind apparently not at all impaired, but his articulation was feeble, and the last words which he addressed to his physicians, the death guggles being then in his throat, were in Latin: so perfect was his mind at this time, that he said to me, "What can this

mean? when I attempt to speak, I croak like a toad."

On Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, he was told that Mr. Cartwright was in the house: as he knew two gentlemen of that name, he was uncertain which it was. On Mr. Cartwright approaching his bedside, he put out his hand, and exclaimed, "Is it you, Samuel?" This gentleman raised him in his bed, and moistened his mouth and lips with liquid, by means of a feather, for which he feebly thanked him.\*

On Mr. Cartwright's arrival in London, he immediately wrote to me, saying, "he feared ere I received his communication that Fuseli would be no more;" this apprehension of his was shortly afterwards confirmed by a letter from Lady Guilford, informing me that he had breathed his last that morning, (Saturday, the 16th of April, 1825,) at half-past ten o'clock, without much apparent pain, and in complete possession of his faculties; and that, in consequence, my presence, as an intimate friend and executor, being immediately required, both by

\* Among the more recent acquaintances of Fuseli, there was no one for whom he entertained a higher regard than for Mr. Samuel Cartwright; he has said to me, "Cartwright is a friendly, liberal man, and has the mind of a gentleman."

Mrs. Fuseli and herself, at Putney, she had sent her carriage to enable me to come down without delay.

On my arrival at Putney Hill, I found the Countess of Guilford and the Ladies Susan and Georgina North in deep grief. Fuseli was highly esteemed by these ladies, and reciprocally felt towards them the warmest friendship. He entertained for Lady Susan great regard; but he had for Lady Georgina, that affection which a master usually feels towards an amiable, accomplished, and highly promising pupil. This young lady had devoted much time to the study of the Fine Arts, and, assisted by the occasional hints and instructions of Fuseli, has arrived at eminence in the highest branch, that of historical design. After some preliminary observations, Lady Guilford observed, that she considered it a duty to act upon this melancholy occasion as she was sure her father (Mr. Coutts) would have acted were he alive; and she said, "As to arrangements, I give you, Mr. Knowles, a *carte blanche*; but observe, it is my wish, as Mr. Fuseli has died here, that his remains should be so placed as will not disgrace a public funeral; for I feel convinced that the Royal Academy will pay that tribute to his memory." Her Ladyship added, (with her usual

feelings of generosity,) “but if they fail to do so, then I request you will order such a funeral as is due to the high merits of the deceased; and any additional expense which may be incurred by my wishes, I will gladly reimburse. Remember, my desire is, to have every respect shewn to his remains.” A few hours after I had returned to London, Lady Guilford sent me in writing her instructions to the above effect; and said in her note, that “she was induced to do so, that her wishes and intentions might not be misunderstood.”

Early on the Sunday morning, I called upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, not only as a friend of the deceased, but in his official capacity as President of the Royal Academy, to inform him of Fuseli's death, and to ask what he considered would be the notions of the Members of the Academy with respect to his funeral. Sir Thomas, who had been for many years the friend and companion of Fuseli, and an admirer of his talents, met this question with feeling and great candour, and remarked that, he knew of no precedent for any public honours being paid to the remains of a Keeper of the Royal Academy. I urged that there could not be a precedent to operate in this case, for, on account

of the great talents of the deceased, the Royal Academy had rendered an existing law of theirs nugatory, by allowing him to hold the situation not only of Keeper, but also of Professor of Painting, a compliment which had fallen to the lot of no other man, nor was such an occurrence likely again to take place. Sir Thomas acknowledged that he had strong claims to some distinguished attention being paid to his remains, and promised, under this view of the case, to convene a meeting of the Council immediately, to take the matter into consideration.

After this interview, I went to Putney Hill, for the purpose of removing the corpse to Somerset House; and in the evening, followed the remains of Fuseli there, where Mr. Balmanno, the other executor named in the will, was ready to receive the body. It was, at our desire, placed in a room, around the walls of which were arranged "The Lazar-house," "The Bridging of Chaos," and other sublime productions of his pencil, the subjects being chiefly from Milton.

The Council of the Royal Academy met, in conformity to the summons of their President, and came to the resolution,—to "recommend

to the Academicians, at their general assembly about to be called for the purpose, that the President, the Secretary, and Council, should be desired to attend the funeral of Mr. Fuseli." The feeling, however, of many of the Academicians at this general meeting is said to have been, that this recommendation was not a sufficient honour to the memory of so distinguished an artist and professor; for "the remembrance of his gibes and his quilllets," which had annoyed many while he lived, was now sunk in death. But as the Members did not wish to disturb the resolution of their Council, it was confirmed.

A curious coincidence took place at this meeting, with that convened in the year 1792 for the purpose of considering how the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds should be conducted. I allude to an objection of one member only, in each case, to the honours proposed. With respect to the funeral of Sir Joshua, an architect of considerable abilities and great celebrity, (Sir William Chambers) considered it a *matter of duty* to object to the body lying in state, and a public funeral taking place from Somerset House, without the sanction of the King; for, said he, "My instructions, as surveyor of the

building, are, that the Academy cannot let or lend any part thereof, for any other purpose than that for which it is appropriated." This objection, it is well known, was referred to and overruled by the King. In the case of Fuseli, an Academician, a portrait painter, objected both in the council and at the general assembly to any honour being paid by the Academy, as a body, to the remains of Fuseli. But the observations of this person, I have been credibly informed, created feelings little short of disgust in many of the Academicians present.

As the funeral was, by this resolution, to be considered a private one, measures were immediately taken by the executors, to meet the wishes of the relative and a friend of the deceased, by ordering such preparations to be made at their expense as they considered due to his merits; and invitations were accordingly sent, by their desire, to the President, Secretary, and other members of the Council of the Academy, and to several of his private friends, to attend the solemnity.

The funeral of Fuseli took place on Monday the 25th of April: it moved from Somerset House at eleven o'clock in the morning, for St. Paul's Cathedral, in the following order:—

Pages bearing funeral feathers, with attendants.

Four Porters in silk dresses.

THE HEARSE,

(Drawn by six horses decorated with velvet  
and feathers)

Containing the Body enclosed in a leaden coffin; the outer wooden one was covered with black velvet, ornamented with gilt furniture, and bore the following inscription :

HENRY FUSELI, ESQ.

A. M. R. A.

KEEPER AND PROFESSOR OF PAINTING TO

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF LONDON,

DIED THE 16TH APRIL, 1825,

AGED 86 YEARS.\*

The hearse was followed by eight mourning coaches drawn each by four horses, the first with the two Executors, Mr. Knowles and Mr. Balmanno. In the others were the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Council of the Academy, and the private friends of the deceased, in the following order :— Sir Thomas Lawrence,

\* At this time, his age could not be accurately ascertained : he was in his eighty-fifth year, having completed his eighty-fourth on the 7th of February preceding his death.

President; Henry Howard, Esq. Secretary; Robert Smirke, Jun. Esq. Treasurer. Sir William Beechy, R. A.; T. Phillips, Esq, R. A.; A. Chalon, Esq. R. A.; William Mulready, Esq. R. A.; G. Jones, Esq. R. A.; R. R. Reinagle, Esq. R. A.; J. Wyatville, Esq. R. A.

Lord James Stuart, M. P.; Vice Admiral Sir Graham Moore, K. C. B.; The Hon. Colonel Howard, M. P.; Sir E. Antrobus, Bart.; The Very Reverend Dr. Charles Symmons; William Lock; Samuel Cartwright; Samuel Rogers; Henry Rogers; William Young Ottley; William Roscoe, Jun.; Henry Roscoe; M. Haughton; T. G. Wainewright, and R. B. Haydon, Esqrs.

The procession was closed by the private carriages of the following persons, the intimate friends of the deceased. Mrs. Coutts (now Duchess of St. Alban's), Marquis of Bute, Countess of Guilford; each drawn by four horses, with the servants in state liveries. Lord Rivers; Lord James Stuart; Honorable Colonel Howard; Sir Edmond Antrobus, Bart.; Rear Admiral Sir Graham Moore; Sir Thomas Lawrence; Dr. Symmons; Mr. Lock; Mr. Richard Cartwright; Mr. Smirke, and Mr. Wyatville.

The body was deposited in a small vault formed for the purpose, in the crypt of St.

Paul's Cathedral, between those which contain the remains of his friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Opie.

On our return to the Royal Academy, the will was opened, with the contents of which I was previously acquainted, as Fuseli consulted me when he made it; and the following is a copy :—

“ I, Henry Fuseli, Keeper of the Royal Academy, of London, being in health and of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament. I do hereby leave and bequeath unto my wife, Sophia Fuseli, all money and every other description of property that I may be possessed of at the time of my decease, to be for her own and sole use. And I do hereby constitute and appoint, John Knowles of the Navy Office, and Robert Balmanno, of Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, Esquires, as Executors to this my last Will and Testament, revoking all other Wills and Testaments. Given under my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of November, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two.

“ HENRY FUSELI,” (L. S.)

“ JAMES JONES,  
WILLIAM CHURCH, } Witnesses.”

In carrying this Will into execution, a difference of opinion arose between Mr. Balmanno and myself respecting the propriety of disposing of some of the property by private contract; and the matter was accordingly referred to Mrs. Fuseli. As this lady gave her assent to the view which I had taken of the affair, Mr. Balmanno, in consequence, renounced the trust. The Will was therefore proved by me, solely, in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on the 7th September 1825.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Fuseli's personal appearance and habits.—Existing Memorials of him in Pictures and Busts.—His method of dividing his time.—Anecdotes exemplifying his irritability.—His attainments in classical and in modern Languages.—Instances of his Powers of Memory.—His intimate knowledge of English Poetry and Literature.—His admiration of Dante.—His Passion for Entomology.—His opinions of some contemporary Artists.—His conversational powers.—Anecdotes.—His deficient acquaintance with the pure Physical Sciences.

IT may now be proper to give some description of Fuseli's person and habits. He was rather short in stature, about five feet two inches in height, his limbs were well proportioned, his shoulders broad, and his chest capacious. His complexion was fair; his forehead broad; his eyes were large, blue, and peculiarly expressive and penetrating; his nose large, and somewhat aquiline; his mouth was rather wide; and although his features were not strictly regular, yet his countenance was, in the highest degree, intelligent and energetic; the expres-

sion of his face varied in a remarkable manner with the quick impressions of his mind. He was clean and neat in his person and dress, and very particular with his hair, which was carefully dressed every day with powder.

In youth, Fuseli was exceedingly temperate in all his habits: until the age of twenty-one years he had never tasted fermented liquors; and in more advanced age, his usual beverage was Port wine, in a moderate quantity, or Port wine mixed with water; and during the whole of his life he had never even tasted beer. He was habitually an early riser. In London, during the summer months, he usually left his bed-room between six and seven o'clock; but when in the country, he arose between four and five. To these, and to the practice of standing while he painted, he attributed the more than usual good state of health which he had enjoyed. He possessed his faculties in an extraordinary degree to the last period of his life: his fancy was vivid, his memory unimpaired, and his eye-sight so good, that he could read the smallest print without the aid of glasses: if any one of them had failed, it was his hearing; but this, if impaired at all, was only so in a slight degree; and, in my opinion, his complaint of this proceeded rather from inattention,

on his part, to any discourse which did not interest him, than from a defect in the organ ; for, when his attention was drawn to a subject, or excited, this was in no degree apparent.

Although Fuseli had a great dislike to sit for his portrait, there are the following busts and pictures of him :—A bust in marble, chiselled when he was in Italy ; of the merits of this he always spoke in high terms, and it is supposed to be now in Rome. A portrait in profile, by Northcote, taken at Rome in 1778, in the possession of James Carrick Moore, Esq. A drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1787, made for the translation of Lavater's physiognomy. A portrait by Williamson, of Liverpool, in 1789, in the possession of William Roscoe, Esq. A picture by Opie, in 1800, which Mrs. Fuseli now has. A very characteristic miniature, by Haughton, taken in 1808, in the collection of the Countess of Guilford ; and there are two or three subsequent miniatures by the same artist. An elaborate portrait in oil colours, by Harlow, painted in 1817, in the possession of the writer of this memoir ; and one less wrought, by the same artist, for Mr. Balmanno. A bust in marble, executed by Baily, in 1824, for Sir Thomas Lawrence. A portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, taken in 1825,

a few weeks before Fuseli's death, is now in the possession of that gentleman's executor. And a bust in clay, modelled from a cast of the face, taken after death, by Mr. Baily, for the Countess of Guilford.

Notwithstanding some eccentricities, Fuseli was a man of method: his daily occupations, which were almost unalterable, will give some notion of this. If the weather were favourable, he usually walked for an hour or two before breakfast; if otherwise, he read some classic author. At breakfast (which generally occupied an hour), he was engaged in looking over drawings of entomology, or in reading some book on that science. After he had breakfasted, and while under the hands of the hair-dresser, he read Homer in Greek. At half-past ten o'clock he went to his study, and engaged himself in painting until four; then dressed, and walked till the time appointed for dinner. In the evening, if not in society, he amused himself in examining prints, executing drawings, or reading the popular works of the time. When out of London, the middle of each day was spent either in drawing, writing, or reading.

From infancy, Fuseli possessed very impetuous passions, which required, when a boy, some degree of coercion, on the part of his parents,

to control. This irritability, in one instance, nearly cost him his life. At Lyons, when a young man, he had a dispute with a person, which aroused his feelings to such a height, that in a momentary fit of passion he made use of that agility which he possessed in a considerable degree, and kicked his antagonist in the face. The man coolly drew his sword, and immediately inflicted a very severe wound upon the offending leg. Notwithstanding this violence of disposition, when his anger was aroused even to a high pitch, a kind word or look appeased him in a moment. In the several relations of husband, friend, and master, he was most affectionate and kind; but he required to be sought: if neglected, he ceased to think of the objects whom he had before loved or esteemed; and his constant theme was on such occasions, "I can live without them who can do without me."

He possessed such a degree of pride and self-love in this particular, that if he thought himself slighted, he would resent it, whatever might be the rank or condition of the man: this has been witnessed on several occasions, one of which now recurs to my memory. I accompanied him to a private view of a picture, "The Trial of Queen Caroline;" after we had

been in the room a few minutes, he pointed out a clergyman, and said, "That is Howley, the Bishop of London; he and I were very intimate. Before he became a dignitary of the church, he used to come to my house frequently, and sit there for hours together; but for some years he seems to forget even my person." Shortly after, Lord Rivers came into the apartment, and accosted Fuseli in his usual jocular manner, and perhaps not knowing that he had been acquainted with the Bishop, took an opportunity of introducing him. Fuseli immediately said, "I have seen his Lordship before now," and turned upon his heel.

It has been shewn, that Fuseli was educated for the clerical profession, and as a requisite for this, he studied the classics in early life, in order to attain a knowledge of what are called the learned languages: taste led him to continue this study, in which he afterwards proved so eminent; he wrote Latin and Greek accurately, and has often puzzled learned Professors in their attempts to discover whence the passages were derived, when he clothed his own original thoughts in classical language. He was not ignorant of Hebrew; but in this, when compared with Greek and Latin, his knowledge was superficial. In modern languages

he was deeply skilled; for he wrote French, Italian, German, and English, with equal facility. On one occasion, when I saw him writing a letter in French, I made the remark, "With what ease, Sir, you appear to write that language!" he answered, "I always think in the language in which I write, and it is a matter of indifference to me whether it be in English, French, or Italian; I know each equally well; but if I wish to express myself with power, it must be in German;"—in which he has left several pieces of poetry. For the pleasure of reading Sepp's work on insects, he gained, late in life, a competent knowledge of Dutch: indeed, he had a peculiar facility of acquiring languages; for in this particular his capacity was most extraordinary. He has told me, that, with his knowledge of general grammar, and with his memory, six weeks of arduous study was quite sufficient time to acquire any language with which he was previously unacquainted. This capacity was evidently owing, in a great degree, to his quickness of perception, and to his possessing a most retentive memory; not of that kind, however, that easily commits to it particular passages for *vivá voce* repetition, and are lost as soon as the object for which they were gotten is passed by; on the contrary, what he once attained was

seldom or never forgotten. It was a recollection of words as well as things: one or two examples of this will suffice. His friend Bonnycastle also possessed great powers of memory, and he, at Mr. Johnson's table, challenged Fuseli to compete with him: this was immediately accepted. The best mode of trial was submitted to Johnson, who proposed that each should endeavour to learn by heart, in the shortest time, that part of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost which describes a vision shewn to Adam by Michael. Fuseli read this description of the cities of the earth, which is long, and, from the words having little apparent connexion, difficult to be remembered, only three times over, and he then repeated it without an omission or error. Bonnycastle immediately acknowledged himself to be vanquished. When "The Pursuits of Literature" were published, the public were anxious to discover the author, and a friend said to Fuseli, "You ought to know who it is, because he quotes you as authority for one or two of his remarks," and mentioned the passages. Fuseli instantly answered, "It must be Mathias; for I recollect that particular conversation;" and stated the time, the place, and the occasion which drew it forth, although many years had elapsed.

Fuseli's acquaintance with English poetry and literature was very extensive; few men recollected more of the text, or understood better the works of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden. In Shakspeare and Milton he was deeply read, and he had gained some knowledge of the merits of the former in early life from the translations into German of some of the plays of Shakspeare, by his tutor Bodmer, who was well read in English poetry, and who subsequently gave a translated "Paradise Lost." Notwithstanding the predilection which Fuseli had for the ancients, particularly Homer, yet he considered the three first acts of "Hamlet," and the second book of "Paradise Lost," to be the highest flights of human genius. Indeed, he had a decided preference for poetry and works of imagination. "England," he once said, "has produced only three genuine poets, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden." A friend asked, "What do you say of Pope?"—"Ay, ay," he interrupted, "with Broome, Cawthorne, Yalden, Churchill, Dyer, Sprat, and a long list of contemptibles. These are favourites, I know, and they may be poets to you; but, by Heaven, they are none to me." Another gentleman who was present, maintained the genius of Pope, and thought the "Dunciad" his best

production. Fuseli denied this, and added, "Pope never shewed poetic genius but once, and that, in the 'Rape of the Lock.'—A poet is an inventor; and what has Pope invented, except the Sylphs? In the *Dunciad*, he flings dirt in your face every minute. Such a performance may be as witty as you please, but can never be esteemed a first-rate poem."—He then called his "Eloisa to Abelard," "hot ice."

For Gray, however, he had a high admiration; and when his opinion was asked by one who imagined that he held him cheap, he said, "How! do you think I condemn myself so much as not to admire Gray? Although he has written but little, that little is done well."

When Addison was mentioned, he exclaimed, "Addison translated the fourth *Georgic* of Virgil, except the story of Aristæus; you may thence know what his taste was. How can you ask me about a man who could translate that *Georgic*, and omit the most beautiful part?"

Of the more modern poets, Lord Byron was his favourite; and he always read his writings as soon as they were published, with great avidity. When pressed to read the works of those writers in verse who are admired merely for the beauty of language and smoothness of versification, he exclaimed, "I cannot find time,

for I do not yet know every word in Shakspeare and Milton.”

He was well versed also in the works of foreign poets; but of these, Dante was his favourite, for his imagery made the deepest impression on his mind, and afforded many subjects for his daring pencil. “There was but one instance,” he said, “in which Dante betrayed a failure in moral feeling. It is when Frate Alberigo, lying in misery in Antenora, implores him to remove the ice from his face. Dante promises to do so, on this condition—that the sinner shall first inform him who he is, and for what crime he is punished. But after Alberigo has fulfilled the conditions, the poet refuses to render him the service he had promised. That is bad, you know; faith should be kept, even with a poor devil in Antenora.” After a pause, he burst out with Dante’s description of the Hypocrite’s Punishment—

“O in eterno faticoso manto!”

“How well this is! I feel the weight, though I’m no hypocrite.”

He did not accord with the feelings of Rousseau, in an epithet bestowed on Metastasio, “*Le bouillant Metastasio!*”—“I do not know where he discovered this fire; I am sure Metastasio

never burnt my fingers, yet he is sometimes beautiful." Fuseli continued, "*I tuoi strali terror de' mortali, &c.* (the Coro in the Olimpiade.) These are grand lines."

His knowledge of history and its attendant chronology, was accurate and extensive, and few men understood and remembered better the heathen mythology, and ancient and modern geography.

He was not ignorant of natural history; but that branch which was cultivated by him with the greatest ardour, was entomology, in which he was deeply informed, particularly in the classes *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*, but in the former he took the greatest delight; and in acquiring a knowledge of the habits of insects, he was naturally led into the consideration of their food; hence he was not unlearned in botany. By skill and care, he sometimes reared in his house some of the rarer English insects, among them, the *Sphinx atropos*, *Sphinx uphorbiæ*, and others. His great love for entomology induced him occasionally to introduce moths into his pictures, which he painted with great care and fidelity, and when much taken with the subject, he made them frequently incongruous. Thus, in a picture of Lycidas, from the passage in Milton,

“ Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn,”

which is in the possession of James Carrick Moore, Esq., where the shepherd and shepherdess, (exercising the licence of a painter, he has introduced the latter,) are only ten inches in length, happening to find in Mr. Johnson's garden at Fulham, a beautiful moth, he was so delighted with the insect, that in spite of all propriety and his better knowledge, he painted it the size of nature, hovering above the figures, with expanded wings. This singular appearance in the picture attracted the notice of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, who was skilled also in entomology; and being invited to dinner to meet Fuseli, he consequently enquired the subject. Mr. Moore informed him, that it was from Milton's Lycidas, and from the line,

“ What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn.”

“ No, no,” replied the Doctor, “this is no grey-fly, but a moth, and winds no horn; it is a mute.” Fuseli, who heard this remark, knew well its accuracy, and therefore said nothing; and the respect which he had already entertained for Dr. Jenner, in consequence of his well-known discovery, which has been so useful

to mankind, was heightened, by finding that he possessed also a knowledge of his favourite study; and each was amused during the evening by the other's singularities.

It must be acknowledged that Fuseli was fully sensible of his various acquirements, and never underrated his own powers; although apt to undervalue those of others, particularly of some of his brother artists, and also to speak of them slightly, because they were unacquainted with literature and even deficient in orthography: after talking with them, he has said, "I feel humbled, as if I were one of them." Mrs. Wollstonecraft was alive to this weakness in Fuseli's character, and on one occasion emphatically exclaimed, "I hate to see that reptile Vanity sliming over the noble qualities of your heart." This feeling with regard to several of the artists,—for he esteemed the acquirements of others,—was not given in reference to their powers as painters, for he had a high opinion of the English school of art in some of its branches. Of Sir Thomas Lawrence he has said to me, "The portraits of Lawrence are as well if not better drawn, and his women in a finer taste, than the best of Vandyck's; and he is so far above the competition of any painter

in this way in Europe, that he should put over his study, to deter others, who practise this art, from entering,

‘Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’ entrate.’”

Of Turner, he has observed, “he is the only landscape-painter of genius in Europe.” Wilkie, he considered “to have most of the qualities of the best painters of the Dutch school, with much more of feeling and truth;” and that “some of the fanciful pictures of Howard have poetic feeling with fine colouring.”

Fuseli seldom or never concealed his sentiment with regard to men, even to their faces. Calling upon him one evening, I found Mr. Marchant and Mr. Nollekens in his room: although I was well-known to these gentlemen, he formally took me up to them, and said, “This, Mr. Knowles, is Mr. Marchant, that, Mr. Nollekens, two of the cleverest artists in their way, I believe, in Europe, but in every thing else, two old daddies.” Every one knows, who is acquainted with art, the powers which Northcote displays when he paints animals of the brute creation. When his picture of “Balaam and the Ass” was exhibited at the “Macklin Gallery,” Northcote asked Fuseli’s opinion of its merits, who instantly said, “My

friend, you are an Angel at an ass, but an ass at an Angel.”

The conversational powers of Fuseli were extraordinarily great, and it was his constant aim to shine in company. He was, however, very averse to protracted discussions, and for a short period would sometimes take the weaker side of the argument, in order to shew his powers; but if he then found his antagonist too strong for him, he often resorted to some witty retort, and dropped the conversation. In society he could not bear a rival; and was dissatisfied if he were prevented from taking a part in the conversation. Shortly after Mrs. Godwin's marriage, she invited him to dinner to meet Horne Tooke, Curran, Grattan, and two or three other men of that stamp; he had no objection to their political opinions, but as they engrossed the whole conversation, and that chiefly on politics, he suddenly retired from their company, and, joining Mrs. Godwin in the drawing-room, petulantly said to her, “I wonder you invited me to meet such wretched company.”

His sentiments in society were delivered with an extraordinary rapidity; his language was nervous, and his words well chosen. He possessed much wit, sometimes of the playful

but more frequently of the caustic kind; and his ideas were often uncommon, and generally amusing, which being poured forth with an enunciation and energy peculiar to himself, very much increased their effect. Fuseli was quite aware that he expressed himself sometimes too acrimoniously, and, after due consideration, he frequently regretted it. In a letter to his friend Roscoe, he thus expresses himself:—

“It was not necessary that I should be informed by our mutual friend, that your affection for me continues unabated, although, perhaps, you were a little startled by the *ferocity* of my conversation during your last visit in town. Affection built on the base which I flatter myself ours is founded on, cannot be brushed away by the roughness or petulance of a few unguarded words.”

Again, to Mr. Ottley, he writes:—

“MY DEAR OTTLEY,

“MY wife tells me I behaved ill to you last night, and insists upon my making an apology for it: as I suspect she may be right, accept my thanks for your forbearance and good-humour, and grant me the benefit of Hamlet’s excuse for his rashness to Laertes.

“ Let us see you as soon as possible again.  
Respects to Mrs. Ottley.

“ Ever yours,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

“ Tuesday, July 27th, 1813.”

Some anecdotes, in addition to those already given, will illustrate better the nature and force of his conversational talents, than any farther description. Discoursing one day with a gentleman at Mr. Johnson's table upon the powers and merit of Phocion; a stranger, who had apparently listened with attention to the conversation, interrupted him by putting this question, “ Pray, Sir, who was Mr. Phocion?” Fuseli immediately answered, “ From your dialect, Sir, I presume you are from Yorkshire; and if so, I wonder you do not recollect Mr. Phocion's name, as he was Member for your County in the Long Parliament;” and he then resumed the discourse. Bonnycastle and another mathematician were conversing upon the infinite extension of space, a subject in which Fuseli could take no part, so as to shew his powers: he instantly cut it short, by asking, “ Pray, Gentlemen, can either of you tell me how much broad cloth it will take to make Orion a pair of breeches?” Calling one morn-

ing upon Mr. Johnson, he found him engaged in bargaining with an author for the copyright of a book; after a time, the gentleman took leave; when he was gone, Mr. Johnson said, "That is Mr. Kett, and his work is to be called the 'Elements of Useful Knowledge.'" "In how many volumes?" said Fuseli. "In two octavos," was the answer. "No, no, Johnson," said he, "you cannot be serious; the Ocean is not to be emptied with a tea-spoon." Meeting with a gentleman in society, who piqued himself upon his knowledge of poetry, and boasted of being thoroughly versed in Shakespeare, he exclaimed, in a sonorous tone,

"O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest Heaven of invention!"

"Pray, Sir, do you happen to recollect where these lines are to be found?" He took some time to consider, and then answered, "Somewhere in Pope." — "I find you are well read in the Poets," said Fuseli.—Discoursing with a lady upon sculpture, who, however, was too well read in the classics to be a subject of his mischievous pleasantry, he pretended to inform her of a fine bas-relief which had been received by the Royal Academy from Rome. "What is the subject?" she asked.—"Hector and Andro-

mache," said he, "dashing out against a wall, the little Astyanax's brains." "Poh! why do you tell me such stuff?" said she. "Ay! *you* may laugh," replied Fuseli, "but it would go down with many a one. I have often said such things in company without detection; only try it yourself at the next lord's house you may visit, and see how many fine ladies and dandies will detect you."

His powers in conversation were usually greater than those displayed in his writings, for in the latter he was always hesitating, and generally aiming at terseness, to convey his meaning in the fewest possible words; hence he was sometimes ambiguous, and often obscure. I ventured once to hint this to him, and he answered, "I endeavour to put as much information into a page, as some authors scatter through a chapter; and you know, 'that words are the daughters of earth, and things, the sons of heaven;' and by this sentiment I am guided."

Little can now be gathered, after such a lapse of years, of his oratorical powers in the pulpit. But his friend Lavater says, "Nature designed him for a great orator:" we must then bow to the authority of a man of his eminence, who had frequently heard Fuseli preach. He, however,

delivered the powerful language in which his lectures are written in a strong voice, with proper emphasis, and with precision. Their effect, however, was in some degree lost to those who were not accustomed to his German pronunciation.

His want of taste for mathematics and the pure physical sciences, and consequent ignorance of them, has been noticed, and this led him into some incongruities in his paintings. In a picture of Lycidas, which he was executing for Mr. Carrick Moore, he introduced the sun just rising above the horizon, with a full moon, not in opposition to the sun, but upon the same side. Mr. Moore attempted to convince Fuseli that the moon never appeared full but when she was diametrically opposite to the sun: but failing in this, he advised him to consult his friend Bonnycastle, the Astronomer, upon the point. Some time after, Mr. Moore saw the picture again, and found that the full moon was changed to a crescent.—“Ho! ho!” said he, “so, Bonnycastle has convinced you of your error?” “No such thing,” answered Fuseli. “He did not say the full moon was wrong; but, as she appears inclined to her quadrature, that it was as well to paint her so; and I have done it.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

Fuseli's inherent shyness of disposition. — His opinions of various noted individuals, viz. Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, Horne Tooke, and Thomas Paine. — His cultivation of English notions and habits. — His attachment to civil and religious liberty. — His intimacy with theatrical matters. — His adventure at a Masquerade. — His powers as a Critic, both in Literature and Art, with various illustrative examples. — His impressions of Religion. — One of his Letters on Literature.

THE professional excellence, ready wit, great learning and acquirements in the classics and general literature, which Fuseli possessed, made his society coveted; and he might have associated with men of the highest rank and greatest talents of his time. But from childhood, he was of a very shy disposition, and not apt to make new acquaintances. When a boy, if a stranger happened to visit at his father's house, he would run away and hide himself; and with a similar feeling, through

life, he contented himself with the association and attentions of old and tried friends, without attempting to make new acquaintances; and has often refused a pleasant dinner-party to meet some known friends, if he understood that one or two strangers were invited to be of the party. This shyness gave to many the notion that he was a man of morose disposition, of severity of conduct, and of uncouth manners. But they who enjoyed his friendship, witnessed his domestic habits and happiness, and thus had opportunities of forming an accurate opinion of the good qualities of his heart and mind, know well the erroneusness of these opinions.

Fuseli would often be very amusing by giving anecdotes, and sometimes his opinion, of the merits of several of the literary characters whom he had met in company, or with whom he had associated. A few of his remarks, in addition to those already given, recur to memory. Of Dr. Johnson, whom he sometimes saw at Sir Joshua Reynolds' table, he said, "Johnson had to a physiognomist a good face, but he was singular in all his movements; he was not so uncouth in appearance and manners as has been represented by some; he sat at table in a large bushy wig and brown coat, and behaved decently enough.

On one occasion, the conversation turned upon ghosts and witches, in the existence of which he believed, and his only argument was, "that great and good men in all times had believed in them." My fingers itched to be at him, but I knew, if I got the better of the argument, that his celebrity was so great, it would not be credited."—"You know," he continued, "that I hate superstition. When I was in Switzerland, speaking with Lavater upon the appearance of the spirit after death, it was agreed between us, that if it were allowed by the Deity to visit earth, the first who died should appear to the other; my friend was the most scrupulous man in existence, with regard to his word; he is dead, and I have not seen him."—Of Sterne he said, that "he was a good man, knew what was right, and had excellent qualities, but was weak in practice. When I was invited to meet him at Johnson's, I expected to hear from the author of 'The Sentimental Journey,' (which I esteem the most original of books,) either wit, or pathos, or both; when I saw him, he was certainly nearly worn out, and I was miserably disappointed, as nothing then seemed to please him but talking obscenely."—The description which he gave of Sir Joshua Reynolds was, "that

he had an insignificant face, but he possessed quickness of apprehension; he was no scholar, and a bad speaker. In his art, he took infinite pains at first to finish his work; but afterwards, when he had acquired a greater readiness of hand, he dashed on with his brush. There is a degree of arrogance," said he, "in Sir Joshua's portraits, for all his boys are men, his girls women. Sir Joshua, unassisted with a sitter, had no idea of a face; he copied nature, and yet there is a perfect degree of originality in his paintings; he had the affectation to deny genius." Of Gibbon he remarked, "that he had a good forehead, but a measured way of studying whatever he said." Of Horne Tooke, — "Tooke is undoubtedly a man of talents; but he is the greatest chatterer I ever sat down with; one cannot, in his company, put in a word edgewise; he, however, wishes to be thought a good German scholar, but in this he is very superficial." He sometimes met Thomas Paine in society, and has remarked to me, "that he was far from being energetic in company; to appreciate his powers, you must read his works, and form your opinion from them, and not from his conversation. Paine knew less of the common concerns of life than I do, who know little; for when he has had occasion to remove from lodgings, he hardly knew

how to procure or make an agreement for others, and our friend Johnson \* latterly managed these concerns for him. When the popular cry was much against Paine, it was thought prudent by his friends, that he should remove from his apartments; and others were taken for him by Johnson, about four miles distant from those which he inhabited. They went there in a hackney-coach, for such a vehicle could contain them, with all the moveables which Paine possessed. On their arrival at the new abode, Paine discovered that half a bottle of brandy was left behind; now brandy being an important thing to Paine, he urged Johnson to drive back to fetch it. 'No, Mr. Paine,' said he, 'it would not be right to spend eight shillings in coach-hire, to regain one shilling's-worth of brandy.' Paine was an excellent mechanic; when Sharpe was about to

\* The intimacy between Mr. Johnson and Paine arose from this circumstance. Before the latter was well known to the English public as a politician or as a writer, he took his manuscript of "The Second Part of the Rights of Man" to Johnson, and requested him to publish it. Johnson retained the manuscript, and was much struck with the originality of the ideas, and asked Professor Bonnycastle to peruse it, and give his opinion of its merits. In a day or two, Bonnycastle returned it with the remark, "If you wish to be hanged, or inmured in a prison all your life, publish this book." Johnson profited by this.

engrave my picture of 'The Contest of Satan, Sin, and Death,' he employed a carpenter to construct a roller to raise or fall it at pleasure; in this, after several ineffectual attempts, he did not succeed to the expectations of Sharpe, who mentioned the circumstance in the hearing of Paine; he instantly offered his services, and set to work upon it, and soon accomplished all, and indeed more than the engraver had anticipated."

In his notions and habits, Fuseli was completely an Englishman; and although, when he spoke, no one could take him for such, yet he disliked to be thought a foreigner; and he has sometimes said to me, "When I speak in any of the established languages of Europe, I am every where considered a foreigner, even when I discourse in German, our language at Zurich being a *Patois*; but I can assure you that this is nervous, and not without its beauties." No man was a greater stickler for civil and religious liberty than Fuseli, and no man had a deeper horror of the-slave trade, or a greater dislike to impressing seamen. Paying a visit to his friend Roscoe, at Liverpool, in the year 1804, this gentleman pointed out to him all the improvements which had been made in the town since he was there last, which was within

a few years. He observed, "I do not wonder that you look upon these with some degree of self-complacency; for they may be considered as the work of your hands, and as such I view them with interest; but methinks I every where smell the blood of slaves."\*

Fuseli esteemed the English character more highly than that of any other country, and was much pleased with their amusements. The theatre was a constant source of gratification, and his criticisms on plays and players were usually severe, but generally acute and just. Meeting Macklin at Johnson's table, he shewed such deep knowledge in the art in which that celebrated man was so successful, not only as a writer, but as an actor, that when Fuseli took his leave, Macklin exclaimed, "I could sit all night to discourse with that learned Theban." Of Miss O'Neill he always spoke favourably, and consi-

\* Fuseli made this remark in reference to the capital employed, and the encouragement given to the Slave Trade by some of the merchants of Liverpool, and the consequent wealth which was derived by many from this traffic. Every one who is acquainted with the parliamentary history of this country knows the arduous struggle made for its abolition, and the part which Mr. Roscoe took, when member of parliament for Liverpool, to effect this measure. In these efforts he was cordially joined by many of his intelligent and liberal townsmen.

dered that her merits as an actress, however highly they were esteemed, had been undervalued rather than overrated. Of Mr. Betty, in 1822, he said, "If his face, on the whole, do not sanction a prophecy of unrivalled excellence, it does not exclude him from attaining eminence. Mrs. Pritchard was the allowed Lady Macbeth of her day, without one tragic feature, or one elegant limb. It is indeed a little provoking, that he who in Dublin inthralled the general female eye, when his golden locks inundated his neck,—he whose kerchief the *ladies* at Bath of late cut out into a thousand amulets of love, should be less than the theatric sun of London; —but still

‘Principibus placuisse *Feminis*  
Non ultima laus est.’—

If I have murdered Horace's verse, I have improved the sense. As to former actors, the pupils of Betterton and Booth would probably have turned up their noses at Barry and Garrick — ‘But to praise the past,’ has always been a characteristic of age.” He was an admirer of Kean in some characters which he played, particularly in his Shylock. But he considered that this actor took too wide a range. In writing to a friend, he says, “I

have seen Kean and Mrs. West in Orestes and Hermione, and desire to see *them* no more. What could excite the public rapture at his first appearance in this part, I am at a loss to guess: if his figure is not absolutely irreconcilable with the character, his action and expression are balanced between the declamation of Talma, the ravings of a bedlamite, and sometimes the barking of a dog. Mrs. West is something of a slender Grecian figure, tall, not ungraceful, and a face something like Mrs. Madyn's: she was well dressed, and has a good voice, but no rule of it, and tore her part to tatters in one uninterrupted fit of raving." In the Italian opera, and in operas in general, he did not take much delight; for in music his ear was certainly imperfect; but notwithstanding this, some few simple airs affected him strongly. In speaking of music, he said, "All your complicated harmonies of Haydn and Beethoven are fine, I know; because they are esteemed to be so by the best judges; but I am ignorant, and they say nothing to me. They give to me no more pleasure than a fine anatomical foreshortened drawing by Michael Angelo would to an unpractised eye. But the song, 'How imperfect is expression,' is the key to my heart. How could a Frenchman write

it? Lady Guilford once sang it to me so exquisitely, that I only wished to hear it over and over again, and to die when it ceased." He always held an opinion, that the English and French, as nations, possessed no genius or taste for music, and that their apparent attachment to this science was assumed, and not natural. Of masquerades, he considered that Englishmen neither possess the animal spirits nor quickness of repartee requisite for this amusement, but are apt to drop the fictitious character they assume, and take up their real one. He instanced this by the following anecdote:—"At the request of young Lavater, when he was in England, I went to a masquerade at the Opera House: we were accompanied by my wife, Mrs. Wollstonecraft, and some others, and were endeavouring to be amused by the masks, when a devil came howling about us, and tormented some of the party to such a degree, that I exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Go to hell!' but the dull devil, instead of answering in character, 'Then I will drag you down with me,' or making some bitter retort, put himself into a real passion, and began to abuse me roundly. So I, to avoid him, retired from the place, and left the others of the party to battle it out."

As a critic, Fuseli's powers can be best estimated by his writings. In art—his "Lectures," "Notes to Pilkington's Dictionary," his "Aphorisms," and "The Fragment of a History of Art," may be instanced. In the classics—but more particularly in Greek,—by the written opinions of Cowper, and the oral testimony given in society, by Porson, Parr, Burney, Symmons, and others. In consequence of his extensive knowledge in the dead languages, the situation of "Professor of Ancient Literature" to the Royal Academy became nearly a sinecure, as he afforded information upon all classical subjects, and furnished the mottoes for the annual catalogues of the exhibition, which were usually in Greek, but sometimes in Latin. He, however, kept up the most friendly intercourse with the Professor of the time, and frequently corresponded with him, particularly so with Dr. Charles Burney, upon disputed points or doubtful passages. I am favoured by Dr. Charles Parr Burney with the following letter, which Fuseli wrote to his father:—

"Somerset House, July 7, 1805.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"YOU have so often answered my questions, whether pertinent or idle, that I hope you will do the same now.

“ At what period of Greek literature did the word ‘*Πεεθρον*, ‘*fluentum*,’ change its gender, and from a neuter become a masculine? In Homer, I believe, it is uniformly neuter, *καλα, ἐρατεινα ῥεεθρα*: what then do you say to the following metamorphosis?

*Παρ κελαδοντα ῥεεθρον  
ὁ μελαγχλαινος ανηρ, &c. ?*

page 250, of an Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste, by *Richard Payne, Knight*; which is so much the more puzzling, as in a preceding page, 144, he seems to allow, or to know that it is neuter, by talking of *ἀγραφικον* ‘*Πεεθρον*? I am afraid the ‘*Πεεθρα* of the Scamander were not the only ones to boil an eel in.

“ I am, with great sincerity,

“ My dear Sir,

“ Devoutly yours,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

Fuseli corrected many editions of Clarke’s Homer, for the use of students, as they passed through the press, and gave some notes in Latin, to which the initial letter F. is affixed. An instance may be offered, not only of his knowledge of this language, but of his power in recalling words to his recollection.

In a Greek Lexicon which he had, several leaves were wanting, and as an exercise to his memory, he endeavoured to supply these in his own hand-writing, without reference to another work.

In general literature, his critical knowledge may be estimated by the numerous articles which he wrote for the *Analytical Review*, which are easily to be distinguished by the peculiarity of their style; and they generally have the initials Z. Z. affixed; but if it be necessary to point out any in particular, for the guidance of the reader, the reviews which have been inserted, page 81, of Cowper's *Homer*, and Roscoe's *Lorenzo de' Medici*, may be instanced. He was not less powerful in *vivá voce* criticisms than in his written ones; one or two instances of this, with regard to works of art, will suffice. In Northcote's picture of *Hubert and Arthur*, painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, Hubert is represented with one hand on his brow, undetermined, and apparently melted with the touching supplications of Arthur, who, kneeling at his feet, is shewn clasping his knees.

Fuseli on seeing this picture, said, "He has taken the wrong moment, for whoever looks at that hesitating Hubert must see that the boy is safe, the danger past, and the interest gone.

He should have chosen the moment when Hubert stamps with his foot, and cries, 'Come forth; do as I bid you;' and two ruffians should have appeared rushing in with red-hot irons; then the scene would have been such as it ought to be,—terrible." Condemning in general terms a large historical picture, which a person at table had admired; he was asked for some specific fault: "Why," said he, "the fellow has crammed into his canvass fifteen figures, besides a horse, and, by G—d! he has given only three legs among them." "Why, where has he hidden the others?" was asked. "How should I know?" he answered, "I did not paint the picture; but I wonder how any one can talk of a painter and praise him, who has given fifteen men and a horse only three legs."

Shortly after the first exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the British Institution, he wrote the following criticisms,\* among others, upon his pictures of Ugolino, of Dido, and the Infant Hercules, which may

\* This and other remarks on the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, were written at Hastings, in the year 1813, shortly after the first exhibition of Sir Joshua's works at the British Institution, and sent thence by Fuseli in letters to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

probably be perused with interest, as they have not appeared in print.

## UGOLINO.

“ Δαιμόνι’ οὐτ’ ἄρ τι μεγαλίζομαι οὐδ’ ἀθερίζω  
Οὐδὲ λήην ἄγαμαι μάλα δ’ εἴ οἶδ’ οἷος ἔησθα.”\*

Od. p. [23.] 174.

“From whatever cause this face became that of Ugolino,—whether its original were that of a noble or a pauper, it is a standard of grief;—but, more habitual than sudden, the grief of one whom “sharp misery had long worn to the bones,”—not of him whom fortune’s quick reverse dashed headlong on to despair. The manner in which he is grouped with his infant son, as it increases the contrast, adds to our sympathy,—which is however obtained not only at the expense of the story, but of nature. The whole family were shut up together in the cage; and when the vigorous partners of the father in arms writhe in the agonies of hunger, or, unable to support themselves, droop in languor, is it natural to see a blooming stripling, unaffected by either, at his ease console the petrified father?”

\* The passage is thus rendered by Cowper:

“My temper, Sir, inclines not me t’ extol  
Or to depreciate much, or much admire, —  
Full well I recollect thee as thou wert.”

## THE DIDO.

“This is one of the few historic compositions any where, and perhaps a solitary one in this collection, of which the principal figure is the best and occupies the most conspicuous place. Riveted to supreme beauty in the jaws of death, we pay little attention to the subordinate parts, and scorn, when recovered from sympathy and anguish, to expatiate in cold criticisms on their unfitness or impotence. He who could conceive this Dido, could not be at a loss for a better Anna, had he had a wish, or given himself time to consult his own heart, rather than to adopt a precedent of clamorous grief from Daniel di Volterra. That Iris was admitted at all, without adequate room to display her, as the arbitress of the moment, may be regretted; for if she could not be contrived to add sublimity to pathos, she could be no more than what she actually became, a tool of mean conception.

“The writer of these observations has seen the progress of this work,—if not daily, weekly,—and knows the throes which it cost its author before it emerged into the beauty, assumed the shape, or was divided into the powerful masses of *chiar’ oscuro* which strike us now; of colour

it never had, nor wants, more than what it possesses now,—a negative share.

————— ‘ Non rem Colori

Sed colorem Rei submittere ausus.’

“The painter has proved the success of a great principle, less understood than pertinaciously opposed.”

#### THE INFANT HERCULES.

“No eminent work of art that we are acquainted with ever proved with more irresistible evidence, the truth of Hesiod’s axiom, that “the half excels the whole,” than the infant Demigod before us; whose tremendous superiority of conception and style not only scorns all alliance with the motley mob of whom the painter condemned him to make a part, but cannot, with any degree of justice, be degraded into a comparison with any figure which has reached us, of an Infant Hercules on ancient or modern monuments of art. Whatever homage conjecture may pay to the powers of Xeuxis, whose “Jupiter Enthroned,” and “Infant Hercules,” tradition joins as works of equal magnificence, it will be difficult for fancy to seek an image of loftier or more appropriate conception than that of the heroic child before us, whose magnitude of form, irresistibility of grasp, indig-

nant disdain, and sportive ease of action, equally retain his divine origin, and disclose the germ of the future power destined to clear society and rid the earth of monsters.

“This infant, like the infants of Michael Angelo, and of what we possess of the ancients, teems with the man, but without that sacrifice of puerility observable in them. Modern art has allotted the province of children to Fiammingo; it seems to belong, with a less disputable title, to Reynolds, who inspired the pulpy cheeks and milky limbs of the Fleming with the manners, (HΘH) habits, and the mind of infancy, when first emerging form, instinct to will, sprouts to puerility, displays the dawn of character, and the varied symptoms of imitation; but above all, that unpremeditated grace, the innate gift and privilege of childhood, in countenance, attitude, and action.”

Notwithstanding his great acquirements in the classics, acuteness of mind, and knowledge of some of the branches of natural philosophy, Fuseli neither solicited nor was offered any literary or other honours (except those of the Royal Academy) in this country. Expressing one day my surprise at this, he answered, “What are such things worth? for I have known men on whom the honorary degree of

Doctor of Laws has been conferred by the University of Oxford, which prides itself for classical knowledge, who cannot read correctly a line in the classics; and you know those who are Fellows of the Royal Society, who do not possess a philosophical knowledge even of the material on which they work."

Fuseli was seldom induced to speak on religion; but, as he attached himself to no particular form or sect, which is frequently the case with foreigners, it would be difficult to give a precise idea of his tenets. In religion, however, as well as on all other concerns, he thought for himself, unshackled by those restraints which forms, ceremonies, or opinions, often impose on the mind. No man that I have ever conversed with had a higher or more sublime notion of the attributes and benevolence of the Deity, and no one a better knowledge of the Bible. In this book he was deeply read, and recollected, when in conversation, not only those parts which, for historical facts, sublimity, pathos, or poetic beauty, are impressed on most minds, but also the minor circumstances, for he could from memory trace the several tribes, and tell you accurately the genealogy of any particular person. He seldom took up the Bible, which he frequently did, without shedding tears. One evening, when talking in a serious

mood to a young lady, he related to her, in his own peculiar and forcible manner, the story of "Joseph and his Brethren," and with the greatest pathos; and at that part where Joseph falls on Benjamin's neck and wept, he burst out, while tears trembled in his eyes, "How finely that is expressed, there are beautiful things in that book! It's an exquisite book!" He had a perfect reliance on a future state of existence. "If I had not hope in this," he said, "I should hang myself, for I have lived and still live for nothing. I am certain I shall exist hereafter, for I feel that I have had powers given to me by the Deity, which time has not allowed me to exert or even to develop. I am capable of doing ten times more than I have done."

This prevailing impression broke forth on many occasions. He had accompanied Sir Thomas Lawrence to see a collection of fine casts from the antique, which had recently been formed by Jens Wolff, Esq. then Consul to his Danish Majesty, and which were arranged in a gallery built for the purpose by Mr. Smirke, at Sherwood Lodge, Battersea.

In a niche, at the end of the gallery, was placed the colossal statue of the Farnese Hercules, and by a novel arrangement of the lamps (the rest of the gallery being in total darkness),

a very powerful effect was given to the statue, which had been turned with its back to the spectator, and thus presented a vast mass of shadow, defined only by its grand outline and the strength of the light beyond it; the source of which was concealed by the pedestal. Its appearance being singularly striking, in the course of the evening, Mr. Fuseli was taken down to see it. Sir Thomas Lawrence attended him, and for a few moments was disappointed by the silence of his friend; but on a servant bringing a light into the entrance-room, he perceived Fuseli excited even to tears, as he exclaimed with deep tremulous energy, "No man shall persuade me, that these emotions which I now feel are not immortal."

In farther corroboration of his opinions on this point, I may give the following conversation which I heard. Fuseli was maintaining the immortality of the soul; a gentleman present said, "I could make you or any man of sense disbelieve this in half an hour's conversation." Fuseli immediately answered, "That I am sure you could not, and I will take care you shan't."

Being pressed one day by his friend, the Reverend John Hewlett, upon his belief in the resurrection of Christ, that gentleman informs me, he answered, "I believe in a resur-

rection; and the resurrection of Christ is as well authenticated as any other historical fact." Although he was averse to religious controversy, and seldom entered into it, yet, if his forbearance made others press the subject, he soon shewed that he was not ignorant of the respective merits of the polemics in the Christian Church, who have in all times broached and supported contrary opinions upon disputed points. He has more than once said to me, "There are now no real Christians, for the religion of Christ died with its great Author; for where do we witness in those who bear his name, the humility, self-abasement, and charity of their master, which qualities he not only taught, but practised?"

A detection of parallel passages in authors, or of similar figures in the pictures of painters, was a favourite amusement of Fuseli's, and he would sometimes indulge in these to the gratification and instruction of the company by the hour together, for no man was more acute in discovering plagiarism. I have been indulged by the kindness of a lady of great literary attainments with the following letter, which will give some notion of his power in this respect, as far as literature is concerned.

“ Norbury Park.

“ SOME one, who had a right to write what he liked, even nonsense ;—Tiberius, I believe, began a letter to the Roman senate thus : ‘ Conscript Fathers, you expect a letter from me; but may all the gods and goddesses confound me, if I know on what to write, how to begin, how to go on, or what to leave out :’ his perplexity arose certainly from a cause very different from that which occasions mine, though the result appears to be nearly the same. Had I brought my eyes and mind with me, I might perhaps offer some tolerable observations on the charms that surround me, to one who is all eye and all mind ; but she who is really possessed by one great object, is blind to all others ; and though Milton could never have been the poet of ‘ Paradise Lost,’ had he been born blind, blindness was of service to him when he composed it.

“ When I saw you last, you wished me to point out the passage in Tasso, which appeared to me copied from the Homeric description of the Cestus of Venus, in the Fourteenth Book of the Ilias ; I have transcribed it from one which I found here in the library :—

“ Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille  
Repulse, cari vezzi, e liete paci,  
Sorrisi, parolette, e dolci stille

Di pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci :  
 Fuse tai cose tutte, e poscia unille,  
 Ed al foco temprò di lente faci ;  
 E ne formò quel sì mirabil cinto,  
 Di ch' ella aveva il bel fianco succincto. '

“ These ingredients have been tried, they have been tasted, they are the fruits of a lover's paradise ; yet, here they are nothing but an empty catalogue ; and if they have a charm, it lies in the melting genius of the language : compare them with the following lines from the Vision of Arthur, in Spenser.

“ Caresses sweet, and lovely blandishment,  
 She to me made, and bade me love her dear,  
 For dearly sure her love to me was bent,  
 As when meet time approached, should appear ;  
 But whether dreams delude, or true it were,  
 Was never heart so ravished with delight.

“ When I awoke and found her place devoid,  
 And nought but pressed grass, where she had lyen,  
 I sorrowed as much as erst I joyed,  
 And washed all the place with watery eyn ;  
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind,  
 To seek her out——

“ Thus, as he spoke, his visage waxed pale.

Here is soul, action, passion.

“ Adieu,

“ HENRY FUSELI.”

## CHAPTER XV.

Character of Fuseli as an Artist.—His early style.—His ardent pursuit of excellence in design.—His neglect of mechanical means, particularly as regards Colours.—His professional independence, unmixed with obstinacy.—His preeminent faculty of invention, and success in the portraiture of the ideal.—His deficiencies as to correctness, and disinclination to laborious finish.—Causes of his limited popularity as a Painter.—His felicity in Likenesses.—His colour and *chiar' oscuro*.—His qualities as a Teacher of the Fine Arts.—His ardent love of Art.—Arrangements as to the disposal of his Works, &c.—List of his Subjects exhibited at the Royal Academy, from 1774 to 1825.

IT now remains to speak of Fuseli as an artist, and on this subject it is not necessary to be very diffuse, having been favoured with the able article, to be found in the Appendix, from the pen of William Young Ottley, Esq., a gentleman who was for many years the intimate friend of Fuseli, whose talents as an *amateur* artist, whose knowledge, taste, and judgment in the Fine Arts are so eminently conspicuous, and whose claims to distinction are so well known to the public by his various works.

It has been shewn throughout this memoir, that the Fine Arts was the ruling passion of Fuseli, but that his father took more than ordinary pains to prevent his becoming an artist, and even checked his wishes to practise in the Fine Arts as an amusement; hence, the benefits which are considered to arise from that early education which artists usually receive, were altogether withheld from him. His style of drawing in early life was formed from those prints, which he could only consult by stealth, in his father's collection, and these were chiefly from the German school. From this circumstance, his early works have figures short in stature, with muscular, but clumsy limbs. But in the invention of the subject, even in his youth, he took the most striking moment, and impressed it with novelty and grandeur; hence some of his early productions tell the stories which they are intended to represent, with a wonderful felicity, and, in this respect, are little inferior to his later works; a circumstance which he himself was not backward to acknowledge. Fuseli always aimed to arrive at the highest point of excellence, particularly in design, and constantly avowed it. When young, he wrote in the Album of a friend, "I do not wish to build a cottage, but to erect a pyramid;" and to

this precept he adhered during life, scorning to be less than the greatest. Until he was twenty-five years of age, he had never used oil colours; and he was so inattentive to these materials, that during life he took no pains in their choice or manipulation. To set a palette, as artists usually do, was with him out of the question; he used many of his colours in a dry, powdered state, and rubbed them up with his pencil only, sometimes in oil alone, which he used largely, at others, with an addition of a little spirit of turpentine, and not unfrequently in gold size; regardless of the quantity of either, or their general smoothness when laid on, and depending, as it would appear to a spectator, more on accident for the effect which they were intended to produce, than on any nice distinction of tints in the admixture or application of the materials. It appears doubtful whether this deficiency in his early education, and his neglect also of mechanical means, will be detrimental to his fame as an artist, particularly in the minds of those who can penetrate beyond the surface; for if he had been subjected to the trammels of a school, his genius would have been fettered; and it is then probable that we should have lost those daring inventions, that boldness and grandeur of drawing, (incorrect, certainly, sometimes in anatomi-

cal precision,) so fitting to his subjects, and that mystic *chiar' oscuro*, which create our wonder and raise him to the first rank as an artist. He was always proud of having it believed that, in the Fine Arts in particular, in some of the languages, and in many branches of literature, he had arrived at celebrity and eminence, more by his own unassisted endeavours than from the instructions of others. And, in reference to this, he on one occasion exclaimed, in the words of Glendower, with a considerable degree of self-complacency —

“ Where is he living, clipped in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil !” \*

After quitting his paternal roof, the first work of art which, as I have before stated, appeared to impress his mind with the grandeur of its proportions, was Reïchel's colossal figure of St. Michael, over the gateway of the Arsenal at Augsburg; and he afterwards, from having seen this, altered in some degree the proportions of his figures. But still, most of the faults of the German school, in this particular,

\* First part of Shakspeare's “ King Henry the Fourth,” Act 3rd.

remained, until after he had visited Italy. The works of the ancients in sculpture, the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and the oil paintings of the great masters of the Italian school which he studied there, particularly the two first, produced a still greater change in the proportions of his figures, and he founded his future works upon them; if, however, any figure or group of figures may be quoted to have had a greater influence in this, or to have impressed his mind with more than ordinary notions of grandeur, the two colossal marble statues \* by Phidias and Praxiteles upon Monte Cavallo, may be instanced; these chiefly regulated his proportions and influenced his style, although it must be acknowledged that, in the length of limbs, he frequently exceeded them. I have heard him dilate upon the sensations which were produced upon his mind when he has sometimes contemplated these grand works of art, on an evening,

\* These statues, which have been named Castor and Pollux by some, (and by an absurd anachronism, Alexander, by others,) were considered by Fuseli to be the work of Phidias, and designed for a monument. He was of opinion that they are duplicate figures; and the subject, "Achilles curbing and addressing his steed, and astonished at the answer of his prophetic courser."

when the sky was murky for some distance above the horizon, and they were illuminated by occasional flashes of vivid lightning.

Fuseli paid much attention, and gave due consideration to the suggestions of others, respecting his own performances, particularly with regard to the proportions of his figures, and indeed courted the observations not only of the learned, but of those also who are unskilled in the art, and usually profited by their remarks. When Mr. Ottley, then a very young man, and always an admirer of the Fine Arts, was introduced to him by Mr. Seward, in the year 1789, he was painting the picture of "Wolfram introducing Bertram of Navarre to the place where he had confined his wife with the skeleton of her Lover,"\* which was exhibited the following year, this gentleman observed, "I like your composition much, but I think the proportions of the figures in the back-ground, those, I mean, of the Baron and his friend, too long in the lower limbs." Fuseli paused for a time, and then answered, "You are right," and immediately reduced them in height.

In invention, which is not within the rules of

\* This picture is lost: his celebrated work of "Sin pursued by Death," being painted over it. On this canvass there are no less than three finished pictures.

art, and therefore may be considered the highest quality of a poet or a painter; no man has gone beyond him, and perhaps he possessed this quality in a higher degree than any other artist, since the restoration of the Fine Arts in Europe. The *portfolios* of drawings which he left, fully establish his claim, in this respect, to his being considered a genius of the first class, and as such place him in the highest rank of artists, Michael Angelo and Raphael not excepted. These drawings were made with wonderful felicity and facility; and a spectator would be astonished to see with what ease and power he invented and executed them. In telling the story of the subject, he was never deficient; and the designs made by him would be enough to occupy the lives of many painters to put them upon canvass; for there was no very striking incident in the poets in particular, or in the historians, from Hesiod down to our own times, which, at some period of his long life, had not been the subject of his pencil. On his drawings, he usually put the time when, and place where made; but I know of no instance of his having placed either his name or a monogram upon a picture.

No artist had a more vivid fancy than Fuseli, or was more happy in pourtraying superhuman

and ideal beings : thus, the visions of Dante and Spenser, and the poetic flights of Shakspeare and Milton, were stamped even with originality by his pencil ; and those scenes which, from their difficulty to be represented on paper or on canvass, would deter most artists from attempting them, were his favourite subjects ; and in his delineation of them, he may generally be placed on a par with, and he occasionally soars above, the poet. Perhaps to no man can the following lines be more aptly applied than to Fuseli :—

“ The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the painter’s brush  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation, and a name.”

It is, therefore, in these visionary scenes in which he shone most, and which defy competition ; for “ the daring pencil of Fuseli transports us beyond the boundaries of nature, and ravishes us with the charm of the most interesting novelty.” \* In works of this nature, an occasional extravagance of drawing rather tends to encrease than to diminish their interest ; so

\* Darwin.

he was thus enabled to introduce therein those heroic and epic forms so peculiar to himself, which do not so well accord with subjects of sober history. Fuseli frequently invented the subjects of his pictures without the aid of the poet or historian, as in his composition of "Ezzelin," "Belisaire," and some others; these he denominated "philosophical ideas made intuitive, or sentiment personified." On one occasion he was much amused by the following enquiry of Lord Byron:—"I have been looking in vain, Mr. Fuseli, for some months, in the poets and historians of Italy, for the subject of your picture of Ezzelin; pray, where is it to be found?" "Only in my brain, my Lord," was the answer; "for I invented it."

In composition, which has been not inaptly termed "the painter's invention," he was very happy; for in his productions there are never "figures to let;" but there is a general link, and one and all tend to tell the story, and influence the spectator. The disposition and folding of the drapery were always appropriate and good. He had a high feeling of grandeur in his male, and of beauty in his female forms: although, in the former, strength of muscular action is often exaggerated, and in the latter there is occasionally a degree of apparent vo-

luptuousness; yet he gave to both great truth of physiognomic expression, being always intent upon the intellectual part of his art. He was well acquainted with osteology, or the form and position of the bones in the human body; in these he seldom erred, although, perhaps, they were often too strongly marked. He was also skilled in the theory of the anatomy of the muscles; but as he never painted from, and seldom consulted, living models after he quitted Italy, except when he occasionally acted as "visitor in the Life Academy;" so, when he put a figure on paper or on canvass into a position which he had never seen it assume, either in a statue or in nature, he was occasionally incorrect in its muscular action. The models in the "Life Academy" did not tend to correct him in this, he being more intent upon the progress of the pupils than his own information: they were therefore usually placed by him in attitudes to correspond with the antique figures. As no individual form has been found, in all its parts, to approach, in point of symmetry, to the celebrated works of the ancient sculptors, so, when Fuseli has been solicited to paint frequently from life, he has said, "Nature puts me out;" meaning to convey this notion, that he searched in vain in the individual

for that beauty or grandeur which he had mentally contemplated. Although he was happy in delineating playful scenes, yet those which create terror or sympathy in the mind, were his general and favourite subjects, and these he treated with great power; yet, in carrying the terrible to its utmost limits, I know of no subject from his pencil calculated to create horror or disgust. He invented and composed his pictures with great rapidity, and if he thought of a subject, and had not a canvass of a convenient size, it was frequently his practice to rub in the new idea upon a finished picture; hence some of his ablest productions are lost. As his mind was ever intent upon something new, it cost him an effort to finish a picture; which disposition, it appears, he inherited; for, in speaking of an ancestor, Matthias Füessli, who died at Zurich in the year 1665, he thus expresses himself:—"His extensive talent was checked by the freaks of an ungovernable fancy, which seldom suffered him to finish his work. His subjects, in general, were battles, towns pillaged, conflagrations, storms."\*

In painting his pictures, Fuseli used indis-

\* See Pilkington's Dictionary, by Fuseli, second edition, page 191.

criminally the right hand or the left; but as the latter was more steady, if he were executing subjects on a small scale, which required more than ordinary neatness of touch, they were usually performed with the left. And although some of his small pictures were highly finished, and touched with great neatness, yet he excelled in those where the figures were of or above the size of nature.

The subjects of his pencil were never very popular; because they were generally drawn from poetic imagery, or from classical authors, which require a poetic eye and mind in the spectator, or a deep knowledge in the classics, to appreciate properly. He gloried in never having made his pencil a pander to the public taste, and that he had lived by painting what pleased himself, and was content to trust to time for a correct appreciation of his merits. "For when," as he said, "envy shall no longer hold the balance, the next century will become just, and the master impede no more the fame of his works." In going home with him one evening, in a coach, to Somerset House, after having left Mr. Johnson's house, Bonnycastle being present, Fuseli put to him the following question:—"Pray, Bonnycastle, what do you consider the reason that I am not popular as a

painter, in a country which has produced Shakspeare and Milton?" Bonnycastle answered, "Because the public like familiar subjects, in which there may be individual beauty with fine colouring." "Is that their taste?" said Fuseli hastily: "then, if I am not their painter, they are not my critics."

He had a happy method of giving likenesses, from memory, of those persons whose physiognomic cast of countenance took his fancy; but the only portraits which he painted regularly from life, were those of Dr. Priestley, and Mrs. Neunham, a niece of Mr. Johnson's. The portrait of Dr. Priestley is very characteristic; and Fuseli always felt convinced that he should have succeeded as a portrait painter, beyond the expectations of his contemporaries, if he had turned his attention to that branch of the art.

It has been considered by some, who mistake style for manner, that Fuseli was in all respects a mannerist. That his pictures always have a marked and distinguishing character is true; but if he had a manner, it was peculiarly his own, and it belongs to no other artist. It must however, in justice, be confessed, that a sort of family-likeness runs through many of his figures. But if the pictures which composed his greatest

work, the Milton Gallery, be critically compared, one with the other, it will be found that, in the invention of them in particular, few painters have made greater deviations than he has done; no two being composed or painted upon precisely the same principles.

As a colourist, Fuseli has never ranked high; for in his works there is generally nothing of that splendour which captivates us in the Venetian and Dutch schools, as they usually have the sobriety of tone which is more peculiar to fresco than to oil-painting; he was not unaware of this, and expresses himself thus, in one of his lectures on colour:—"Of this it is not for me to speak, who have courted, and still continue to court—colour, as a lover courts a disdainful mistress." But if, by the term colouring, be meant an adaptation of hues and general tone to the nature of the subject represented, then he may be considered, in the strictest sense of the word, a colourist. Yet, if we take a wider range, we shall find many examples in his pictures which must be acknowledged by every one to possess fine colour: thus, the back figure of a female (Sin) in "The bridging of Chaos," the child in "The Lapland Witches," and the figure of Sin in the picture

of "Sin pursued by Death," may be adduced as unanswerable proofs of this fact.

When the excellence of particular pigments to produce fine colouring has been the topic of conversation, he has said, "The colours, as now prepared in England, are sufficiently good; it only requires the mind and eye to adapt, and the hand to regulate them."

In *chiar'oscuro*, or the art of giving a single figure, or a composition of figures, their true light and shadow, Fuseli was a perfect master, and deserves unmixed praise for the breadth of his masses, and for directing the eye of the spectator to the principal figures or features in his pictures. In this, perhaps, no master in the British school has gone beyond him; for in his productions we witness that union of subject and tone, brought about by a skilful adaptation and disposition of light and shadow, which we look for in vain in the works of many other painters.

As a teacher of the Fine Arts, whether Fuseli be considered in his capacity of Professor of Painting, or in that of Master in the schools of the Royal Academy, his knowledge stands unrivalled; in the first, for critical acumen; and in the second, which now more properly

comes under consideration, for the soundness of his judgment, for the accuracy of his eye, and for the extensive knowledge which he possessed of the works of the ancient and modern masters. To the students he was a sure guide and able master, ever ready to assist by his instructions modest merit, and to repress assumption; and if he felt convinced that a youth was not likely to arrive at eminence as an artist, he was the first to persuade him to relinquish that pursuit, rather than proceed in the path which would only end in ruin or disappointment. He always held the opinion, however liable to objection, that there is no such thing in the universe of mind as

———— “ a flower born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air;”

for every man, he considered, would shew what is in him, and do all that his nature has qualified him to do. To those who presumed upon a talent which they did not possess, no man was more severe. It was no uncommon thing with him, if he found in the Antique Academy a young man careless about the accuracy of his lines, and intent only upon giving a finished appearance to his drawing, to cut in, with his sharp thumb nail, a correct outline, and thus

spoil, in the opinion of the student, his elaborate work. That the English school of design gained great advantages by his appointment of Keeper of the Academy, cannot be doubted; and, to be convinced of this, it is only necessary to refer to the able works of living artists, Hilton, Etty, Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, Haydon, Briggs, and others, who were his pupils.

Notwithstanding the variety of his acquisitions, and his profound knowledge in, and love for, literature, his "ruling passion" was the Fine Arts; but he never intruded them as the subject of conversation, unless pressed to do so. He evinced this "ruling passion strong in death;" for, just before his last illness, he had sent two pictures for the then ensuing exhibition of the Royal Academy; the larger one, "A Scene from Comus," finished; the smaller, "Psyche passing the Fates," in an unfinished state, intending, as is the common practice with the Academicians, to glaze and harmonize this picture in the situation where it was to be placed. Its unfinished condition frequently occupied his thoughts during his illness, and he, but two days before his death, spoke of it with great solicitude to Sir Thomas Lawrence, wishing it either to be withdrawn, or that some painter of talents would harmonize it for him.

The last work on which his pencil was employed, and on which he painted a few days previously to his death, was a scene from Shakspeare's *King John*: in this picture, the figure of Lady Constance in particular, is finely designed, and grief is admirably depicted in her countenance; he was painting this for James Carrick Moore, Esq., and it was nearly completed when he died.

The works of art, and the library, which Fuseli left, were disposed of as follows:—His drawings and sketches were purchased at a liberal price, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.\* The Marquis of Bute, the Countess of Guilford, and other friends, bought pictures and books, at prices named by myself, to a considerable amount, and the remaining pictures, and the sketches in oil, were sold by Mr. Christie, and the prints and books by Mr. Sotheby. A large collection of beautiful drawings, of entomological subjects, chiefly by Mr. Abbot, of Georgia, in North America, a small part of which cost him two hundred guineas, were the only articles reserved, as no sum was offered which was considered as at all adequate to the value of these, which had been Fuseli's favourite study and amusement.

\* They are now the property of the Countess of Guilford.

The following is a list of the pictures and drawings exhibited by Fuseli at the Royal Academy, from 1774 to the year 1825 inclusive, making a total of sixty-nine pictures.

1774—The Death of Cardinal Beaufort (a drawing).

1777—A scene in Macbeth.

1780—Ezzelin Bracciaferro musing over Medusa, slain by him for disloyalty during his absence in the Holy Land.—Satan starting from the touch of Ithuriel's lance.—Jason appearing before Pelias, to whom the sight of a man with a single sandal had been predicted fatal.

1781—Dido, "Illa graves oculos, &c." (Æneid 4.)—Queen Katherine's Vision. (Vide Shakspeare's Henry VIII. Act 5.)—A Conversation.

1782—The Nightmare.

1783—The Weird Sisters.—Perceval delivering Balisane from the enchantment of Urma. (Vide Tale of Thyot.)—Lady Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury. (Vide Shakspeare's King John.)

1784—Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep.—Ædipus with his Daughters, receiving the Summons of his Death. (Sophocles.)

1785—The Mandrake; a charm. (Vide Ben Jonson's Witches.)—Prospero. (Vide Tempest.)

1786—Francesca and Paolo. (Vide Dante's

Inferno.)—The Shepherd's Dream. (Vide Paradise Lost, Book I. line 781.)—Ædipus devoting his Son. (Vide Ædipus Coloneus of Sophocles.)

1788—Theseus receiving the clue from Ariadne (a finished Sketch).

1789—Beatrice. (Vide Much Ado about Nothing.)

1790—Wolfram introducing Bertram of Navarre to the place where he had confined his Wife, with the Skeleton of her Lover. (Vide Contes de la Reine de Navarre.)

1792—Falstaff in the Buck-basket. (Vide Merry Wives of Windsor.)—Christ disappearing at Emaus.

1793—Macbeth; the Cauldron sinking, the Witches vanishing. (Sketch for a large picture.)—Amoret delivered from the enchantment of Busirane, by Britomart. (Vide Spenser.)

1798—Richard the Third in his Tent, the Night preceding the Battle of Bosworth, approached and addressed by the Ghosts of several whom, at different periods of his Protectorship and Usurpation, he had destroyed.

1799—The Cave of Spleen. (Vide Rape of the Lock.)

1800—The Bard. (Vide Gray.)—The Descent of Odin (ditto).—The Fatal Sisters (ditto).

1801—Celadon and Amelia. (Vide Thomson's Seasons.)

1803—Thetis and Aurora, the Mothers of Achilles and Memnon the Ethiopian, presenting themselves before the throne of Jupiter, each to beg the life of her Son, who were proceeding to single combat. Jupiter decided in favour of Achilles, and Memnon fell. (Vide Æschylus.)

1804—The Rosicrusian Cavern. (Vide Spectator.)

1805—The Corinthian Maid.

1806—Count Ugolino, Chief of the Guelphs, of Pisa, locked up by the opposite party with his four sons, and starved to death in the Tower which from that event acquired the name of *Torre della Fame*. (Vide Inferno.)—Milton dictating to his Daughter.

1807—Criemhild, the Widow of Sivril, shews to Trony, in prison, the head of Gunther, his accomplice in the assassination of her Husband.

1808—Cardinal Beaufort terrified by the supposed Apparition of Gloucester. (Vide Henry VI. Part 2d, Act 3rd, Scene 3.)

1809—Romeo contemplating Juliet in the Monument. (Vide Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.)—The encounter of Romeo and Paris in the Monument of the Capulets (ditto).

1810—Hercules, to deliver Theseus, assails and wounds Pluto on his Throne. (Vide Iliad, Book V. v. 485.)

1811—Macbeth consulting the vision of the armed Head. (Vide Shakspeare's Macbeth.)—Sarpedon slain in battle, carried home by Sleep and Death. (Iliad, Book XVII. v. 682.)—Richard the Third starting from the Apparition of those whom he had assassinated. (Vide Shakspeare.)—Dion seeing a female Spectre overturn his altars and sweep his hall. (Vide Plutarch's Life of Dion.)

1812—Lady Macbeth seizes the daggers (a sketch for a large picture).—The Witch and the Mandrake. (Vide Ben Jonson.)—Eros reviving Psyche. (Apuleius.)—Ulysses addressing the Shade of Ajax in Tartarus.

1814—Sigelind, Sifrid's mother, roused by the contest of the good and evil Genius about her infant son. (Vide Liet der Nibelunge XI.)—Queen Mab.

“She gallops night by night through lovers' brains.”

(Vide Romeo and Juliet.)—Criemhild mourning over Sifrid. (Vide Liet der Nibelungen XVII.)

1817—Perseus starting from the cave of the Gorgons. (Hesiod's Shield of Hercules.)—The-

odore in the haunted wood, deterred from rescuing a female chased by an infernal Knight. (Vide Boccaccio's Decameron.) — Criemhild throwing herself on the body of Sivril, assassinated by Trony. (Das Nibelungen Lied.)—Sivril, secretly married to Criemhild, surprised by Trony on his first interview with her after the victory over the Saxons (ditto).

1818 — Dante, in his descent to Hell, discovers amidst the flight of hapless lovers whirled about in a hurricane, the forms of Paolo and Franscesca of Rimini. (Vide Inferno, Canto 5.) — A scene of the Deluge.

1820 — An Incantation. (See the Pharmaceutria of Theocrites.)—Criemhild, the Widow of Siegfried the Swift, exposes his body, assisted by Sigmond her father, King of Belgium, in the minster at Worms, and swearing to his assassination, challenges Hagen, Lord of Trony, and Gunther, King of Burgundy, his brother, to approach the corpse, and on the wounds beginning to flow, charges them with the murder. (Lied der Nibelunge, Adventure 17. 4085, &c.)—Ariadne, Theseus, and the Minotaur in the Labyrinth. (Vide Virgil, Æn. 6.)

1821 — Amphiaraus, a chief of the Argolic league against Thebes, endowed with prescience,

to avoid his fate, withdrew to a secret place known only to Eriphyle his wife, which she, seduced by the presents of Polynices, disclosed: thus betrayed, he, on departing, commanded Alcmaeon his son, on being informed of his death, to destroy his mother. Eriphyle fell by the hand of her son, who fled, pursued by the Furies.—Jealousy (a sketch).—Prometheus delivered by Hercules (a drawing).

1823—The Dawn,

“ Under the opening eye-lids of the morn :

What time the gray-fly winds his sultry horn.”

Vide Milton's Lycidas.

1824—Amoret delivered by Britomart from the spell of Busyrane. (Vide Fairy Queen.)

1825—Comus. (Vide Milton.)—Psyche.

Such were the labours of Fuseli, for exhibition at the Royal Academy of Arts; but these are only a small part of the pictures executed by him, during a long and arduous life,—works which will shew to posterity the energies of his mind, the richness of his invention, and the profundity of his knowledge.

## APPENDIX



## APPENDIX.

THE following article upon the character of Fuseli, as an artist, is from the pen of William Young Ottley, Esq. F. S. A.

“ A very slight comparison of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds with the portraits habitually produced by the painters of this country during the first half of the last century, and whose merits, for the most part, as pictures, now fit them only for the housekeeper's room or the garret, will suffice to establish his claim as a restorer of art and a reformer of public taste. Somewhat later, Mr. West produced his ‘ Death of Wolfe,’ and some other pictures representing subjects of our national history, which much surpassed what had before been done among us in that way; and in landscape, we had the now justly admired Wilson.

“ In the highest department of painting however, which not improperly may be termed poetic or epic painting, we had still no artist of any eminence; when in the year 1779, Mr. Fuseli, after a stay of eight

years in Italy, came and settled among us. Of Mortimer, who had shortly before died young, great expectations, it is true, had been formed; and we had then also Cipriani, a Florentine, who, in his way an excellent draughtsman, long continued uninterruptedly to furnish our portfolios with pretty designs of sporting Nymphs, Cupids, and Graces. But the former, although conversant with the human figure, was too easily led to imitate the deformed and squalid in nature, and was deficient in greatness of style; and the genius of the latter wanted the nerve requisite to fit him for subjects requiring force and expression.

“ The genius of Mr. Fuseli was of a very different class. An intimate acquaintance with the learned languages had early enabled him to fill his mind from the rich storehouses of ancient poesy; he was all energy and imagination. But in his youth, not then intending to practise painting professionally, he had not subjected himself, as an artist, to the restraints of an academic education. To curb his genius afterwards was impossible; and to this circumstance we must attribute much of that fine wildness of character which distinguishes his performances; not unmixed, it is true, with a certain exaggeration of manner in the drawing and action of the figures, but which still no person of fancy would consent to exchange for the regulated but cold manner too often learned in schools. Had it been the intention of Mr. Fuseli to devote his pencil to the representation of subjects of real, sober history, the every-day occurrences of life, this peculiarity in his style, often amounting to extravagance, would have been inapplicable. But

it has ever been his aim, especially in his larger works, to soar in the sublime regions of Poetry ; and what, it may be asked, is Poetry, if entirely divested of amplification ?

“ A style founded upon ordinary nature, such as we see every day, is certainly ill-fitted to subjects of the above elevated description ; and should it be objected, as a consequence of this fact, that such subjects are therefore not the proper subjects for painting at all, may it not be asked, what is then to be said of many of the greatest works of Michelangiolo, of several of those of Raffaele, of the admired performances of Giulio Romano at Mantua, and of many of the most extensive compositions even of Rubens ? Nor can it be insisted that such cases are not in point, inasmuch as those artists did not use the same exaggeration of style in their naked figures as we see in those of Mr. Fuseli : for, although they did not exaggerate in the same manner, yet they all did exaggerate ; Michelangiolo, by giving to his figures that immensity of character, which has occasioned them to be appropriately styled ‘ a race of giants ;’ Raffaele and Giulio, amongst other things, by encreasing in thickness the limbs of their figures beyond what nature will commonly be found to justify ; and Rubens, by a mixed augmentation of muscle and obesity, which, were his figures alive, might, perhaps, be found to have given them, in most cases, the appearance of encreased strength, without the reality : to say nothing of Parmigiano, whose works, though deservedly esteemed, often display, in the outlines and proportions of the figures, a far greater degree of extravagance than can generally be detected in those of the respected Professor of Painting

to our Royal Academy. \* But enough has been said to shew that the greatest artists have not thought that a style of drawing strictly imitative of common nature, was well adapted to subjects of an ideal character. It may be proper that we should now add a few words upon the style of Mr. Fuseli in particular.

“ It is well known that the human figure, trained and disciplined by gymnastic exercises, presents to the eye an appearance very different from that which we perceive in the bodies of persons of inert habits accidentally seen naked, or stripped for the purpose of being drawn from. The frequent opportunities of viewing the human figure naked, which were afforded to the ancient Greek artists, by the public games and festivals used among them, could not fail to render this familiar to them ; and accordingly, besides the correctness of proportion which we admire in their works, we find in their statues the nicest distinctions of this kind, exactly suited to the age, dignity, and habits of life of the different personages they were intended to represent. To their figures of Gods and Heroes, it is well known they were accustomed to give proportions more or less differing from those which they commonly adopted when representing the figures of ordinary men ; and this variation from any thing like a common standard is especially observable in the celebrated colossal statue upon Monte Cavallo, of the sublime excellence of which all men may now form a judgment from the bronze cast of it lately erected in one of

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\* This character of Fuseli was written a short time previously to his death.

our parks: for, besides that the arch formed under the breast by the ribs, and the divisions of the abdominal muscles are more strongly marked in that statue than in almost all others, the lower limbs bear to the rest of the figure a greater proportionate length than we find in perhaps any other example of ancient sculpture. A figure like this, uniting in the fullest manner strength and activity with dignity, was peculiarly adapted to subjects of an elevated and energetic character, such as at all times pressed upon the imagination of Mr. Fuseli; and accordingly he made its proportions the basis of his style. If it be urged that he too constantly kept to the proportions of the above model, it may be answered that few or none of the painters of modern times have shewn a disposition to imitate the ancients in that nice discrimination of character in their naked figures, which has been noticed above; and it is well known that it has been objected, even against Michelangiolo, the greatest designer of all, that the numerous figures in his stupendous 'Last Judgment,' however varied in attitude, are all of nearly the same character of form. The fact is, that Mr. Fuseli's style of design is of the most elevated kind, and consequently best suited to subjects of a very elevated character.

"In respect of invention, composition, clair-obscur, the works of Mr. Fuseli generally merit unmixed praise; and although in the more technical parts of colouring, they have not equal pretensions, still in this also they deserve commendation; being commonly painted in that solemn tone of colouring which we admire in the works of the greatest fresco-painters, and which Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds observes to be so well adapted to the higher kind of pictorial representation. As an inventor, he equals the greatest painters that have lived since the restoration of the art. No one was ever more fully gifted with the rare faculty of at once discovering, in the writer he is perusing, the point of the story, and the moment of time, best calculated to produce a forcible effect in painting. The loftier his subject, the more easily he reaches it; and when he undertakes that at which another artist would tremble, he is the most sure of success. The truth of this was especially made manifest in the year 1799, when Mr. Fuseli exhibited publicly a large collection of his works, under the title of 'The Milton Gallery;' the subjects of by far the greater part of the pictures having been taken by him from the 'Paradise Lost.' The magnificent imagery of this poem, the beautiful, the sublime, or the terrific character of the personages represented in it, and of the actions described, all combined to fit it for the display of the artist's surprising genius in its fullest force; besides which, the style of Mr. Fuseli was here exactly suited to his subject. But although the series, as a whole, was one of the greatest works of painting ever produced, (certainly in its kind the most perfect,) elevating the painter to the same rank as the poet; it failed, as the poem itself had originally done, to ensure to its author that immediate share of public favour which was his due, and which is sure to be attendant upon successful endeavours in those inferior branches of the art which are more within the range of public capacity.

“ But the fashion or opinion of the day, in matters of

taste, is not always the judgment of posterity ; and it cannot be too much regretted that the principal pictures of the series, at least, have not been kept together for the future advantage of our artists, and the gratification of those whose studies might hereafter qualify them to appreciate their excellence. For be it remembered, by such persons as might otherwise be too readily induced to undervalue that which they do not understand, that Sir Joshua Reynolds became, in the latter part of his life, ‘ clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour, and attention.’ ”

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## VERSES

TO HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

ON HIS SERIES OF PICTURES FROM THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF MILTON.

BY WM. ROSCOE, ESQ.

SPIRIT of him who wing'd his daring flight  
Towards the pure confines of primæval light,  
Say, whilst this nether world thy powers confin'd,  
Weak child of dust, frail offspring of mankind,

Thy station'd barrier this terrestrial mound,  
Th' incumbent vault of heaven thine upward bound,  
Thy means the common energies of man,  
Thy life a shadow, and thy years a span ;  
How couldst thou, struggling with opposing Fate,  
Burst through the limits of this mortal state ?  
Thence, soaring high, pursue, with stedfast gaze,  
The opening wonders of th' empyreal blaze,  
Where countless Seraphs pour, in burning zone,  
Concentric glories round th' eternal throne ?  
Or hear, and hearing live, the dread alarms  
Of heavenly war, and Cherubim in arms ;  
See in th' abyss the proud apostate hurl'd,  
And rising into light, the infant World ?

Fav'rite of Heaven ! 'twas thine, on mortal eyes  
To pour these visions, rich with rainbow dyes,  
Peopling the void of space with forms unseen,  
Rising from being to what might have been ! —  
Nor he not breathes a portion of thy fire,  
Who “ bids the pencil answer to the lyre ;”  
Marks the bright phantoms at their proudest height,  
And with determin'd hand arrests their flight ;  
Bids shadowy forms substantial shape assume,  
And heaven's own hues in mortal labours bloom.  
For toils-like these, whate'er the meed divine,  
That glorious meed, my Fuseli, is thine,  
Who first to Truth's embodied fulness wrought  
The glowing outline of the Poet's thought.

Artist sublime ! whose pencil knows to trace  
The early wonders of the kindred race !

Not thine to search th' historian's scanty page,  
 The brief memorial of a fleeting age ;  
 Not thine to call, from Time's surrounding gloom,  
 High deeds of cultur'd Greece, or conqu'ring Rome ;  
 Not thine, with temporary themes to move,  
 Of Hope, Aversion, Pity, Rage, or Love.—  
 Beyond whate'er the Drama's powers can tell,  
 Beyond the Epic's high, impetuous swell,  
 Alike by clime and ages unconfined,  
 Thou strik'st the chords that vibrate on mankind ;  
 Op'st the dread scenes that Heaven suspensive eyed,  
 A world created, or a world destroy'd ;  
 Recall'st the joys of Eden's happier prime,  
 Whilst life was yet unconscious of a crime,  
 Whilst Virtue's self could Passion's glow approve,  
 And Beauty slumber'd in the arms of Love ;  
 Till, dread reverse ! on man's devoted race  
 Th' insidious serpent work'd the dire disgrace.

Then first, whilst Nature shudder'd with affright,  
 Of Sin and Death was held th' incestuous rite ;  
 Then first, o'er vanquish'd man, began their reign,  
 The fiends of Woe, the family of Pain :  
 Disease the poison'd cup of anguish fills,  
 And opes the Lazar-house of human ills —  
 See Frenzy rushes from his burning bed ;  
 See pining Atrophy declines his head ;  
 See mute Despair, that broods on woes unknown,  
 And Melancholy gaze herself to stone !

Then, pouring forth from Hell's detested bound,  
 Revenge, and Fraud, and Murder stalk around ;

Till opening skies declare th' avenging God,  
And Mercy sleeps, whilst Justice waves the rod.  
Yet, whilst the bursting deluge from the earth  
Sweeps the rebellious brood of giant birth,  
One proud survivor rolls his vengeful eyes,  
And with last look the living God defies.

But now the waves their silent station keep,  
And Vengeance slumbers o'er the mighty deep;  
Again, rejoicing o'er the firm fix'd land,  
The favour'd Patriarch leads his household band;  
With sacred incense bids his altars blaze,  
And pours to God the living song of praise.

Thus, as th' immortal Bard his flight explores,  
On kindred wing the daring artist soars;  
Undazzled shares with him Heaven's brightest glow,  
Or penetrates the boundless depths below;  
Or on the sloping sun-beam joys to ride,  
Or sails amidst the uncreated void;  
Imbibes a portion of his sacred flame,  
Reflects his genius, and partakes his fame.

## O D E

ADDRESSED TO HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R.A.

ON SEEING ENGRAVINGS FROM HIS DESIGNS,

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MIGHTY magician! who on Torneo's brow,  
 When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,  
 Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light,  
 That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below,  
 And listen to the distant death-shriek long,  
 From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,  
 Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,  
 While weird sisters weave the horrid song:  
 Or when along the liquid sky  
 Serenely chant the orbs on high,  
 Dost love to sit in musing trance,  
 And mark the northern meteor's dance;  
 (While far below the fitful oar  
 Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore,)  
 And list the music of the breeze,  
 That sweeps by fits the bending seas;  
 And often bears with sudden swell  
 The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,  
 By the spirits sung, who keep  
 Their night-watch on the treacherous deep,

And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye  
 To Helicé in northern sky,  
 And there, upon the rock inclined,  
 With mighty visions fill'st the mind,  
 Such as bound, in magic spell,  
 Him\* who grasp'd the gates of Hell,  
 And bursting Pluto's dark domain,  
 Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of horror and romantic awe,  
 Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,  
 Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,  
 Can force the inmost soul to own its law ;  
 Who shall now, sublimest spirit,  
 Who shall now thy wand inherit,  
 From him,† thy darling child, who best  
 Thy shuddering images express'd ?  
 Sullen of soul, and stern, and proud,  
 His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd ;  
 And now he lays his aching head  
 In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician ! long thy wand has lain  
 Buried beneath the unfathomable deep ;  
 And, oh ! for ever must its efforts sleep,  
 May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain ?  
 Oh, yes, 'tis his !—thy other son ;  
 He throws thy dark-wrought tunic on,  
 Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,  
 Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes ;

\* Dante.

† Ibid.

Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep,  
 Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung,  
 And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,  
 Woo'd the stern infant to the arms of Sleep,  
 Or on the highest top of Teneriffe  
 Seated the fearless boy, and bade him look  
 Where far below the weather-beaten skiff  
 On the gulf-bottom of the ocean strook.  
 Thou mark'dst him drink with ruthless ear  
 The death-sob, and, disdainng rest,  
 Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,  
 And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.  
 Then, Superstition, at thy call,  
 She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,  
 And set before his awe-struck sight  
 The savage feast and spectred fight ;  
 And summon'd from the mountain tomb  
 The ghastly warrior son of gloom,  
 His fabled Runic rhymes to sing,  
 While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing ;  
 Thou show'dst the trains the shepherd sees,  
 Laid on the stormy Hebrides,  
 Which on the mists of evening gleam,  
 Or crowd the foaming desert stream ;  
 Lastly, her storied hand she waves,  
 And lays him in Florentian caves ;  
 There milder fables, lovelier themes  
 Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams ;  
 There Pity's lute arrests his ear,  
 And draws the half-reluctant tear ;  
 And now at noon of night he roves  
 Along th' embowering moon-light groves,

And as from many a cavern'd dell  
 The hollow wind is heard to swell,  
 He thinks some troubled spirit sighs ;  
 And as upon the turf he lies,  
 Where sleeps the silent beam of night,  
 He sees below the gliding sprite,  
 And hears in Fancy's organs sound  
 Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes, and smooths the whole,  
 And breathes her polish o'er his soul ;  
 Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd heat,  
 The wonderous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams :—the shadow flies,  
 And fainting fast its image dies.  
 But lo ! the Painter's magic force  
 Arrests the phantom's fleeting course ;  
 It lives—it lives—the canvass glows,  
 And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.  
 The Bard beholds the work achieved,  
 And as he sees the shadow rise,  
 Sublime before his wondering eyes,  
 Starts at the image his own mind conceived.

H. K. WHITE.

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The following verses were sent to me anonymously, by the post ; as they shew the author to be well acquainted with the works of Mr. Fuseli, I trust the reader will think with me, there needs no apology for inserting them in this place. It is conjectured that

they are from the pen of a young lady, who is alike distinguished for personal attractions and amiability, as for her taste and knowledge; the daughter of a gentleman who has been frequently mentioned in this Memoir.

### A VISION.

LAST night I sunk to sleep's soft power resign'd,  
 When wizard Fancy's wand, before my mind,  
 Conjur'd in dreams a visionary shew,  
 That seem'd with vivid Truth's warm tints to glow.  
 By young Favonius' fragrant pinions fann'd,           5  
 Amidst Elysian groves I seem'd to stand;  
 Here, when th' immortal spirit quits its clay,  
 The sons of Genius dwell in endless day:  
 Not they who empires founded, or o'erthrew,  
 Who conquer'd worlds, or who discover'd new;       10  
 Not Philip's headlong son, not Scipio's foe,  
 Nor Julius, guilty of his country's woe;  
 In these fair fields the scourges of mankind  
 Reap'd not the meed to virtuous fame assign'd.  
 Here Music sweeps her lyre; her heav'nly lay       15  
 The Passions hear, enraptur'd, and obey:  
 Here dwells th' immortal Virgin Poesy,  
 A noble wildness flashing in her eye;  
 Inspired Bards around the Goddess throng,  
 And catch the accents flowing from her tongue.     20  
 Entranced, whilst gazing on the blissful scene,  
 I mark'd a Deity of matchless mien,  
 Her port majestic, in each motion grace,  
 Fairer she shone than nymphs of mortal race:  
 I recognis'd the Sov'reign of that art,           25  
 Which through the eye finds entrance to the heart;

Plac'd on an eminence, she sat alone,  
 Below her vot'ries press'd around her throne.  
 Great Vinci first, with greater Angelo,  
 Sublime expression frowning on his brow, 30  
 Led on the daring Tuscan band severe :  
 Next Raphael with calm dignity drew near,  
 Who join'd to grand conception just design,  
 Conducting the majestic Roman line ;  
 Then Titian with a gay and brilliant throng, 35  
 Sprung from the sea-born city, mov'd along ;  
 Corregio in succession next pass'd by,  
 Leading the graceful School of Lombardy.  
 A genius vast, original, and bold,  
 The numerous band of Holland's sons controll'd ; 40  
 And with his Flemish train, of pomp profuse,  
 The gorgeous Rubens dazzled e'en the Muse.  
 In order due arranged on either hand,  
 Beside the silent Queen they take their stand ;  
 Before whose throne Helvetia stood, to claim 45  
 For an aspiring votary of Fame  
 Admittance to these realms:—" O Muse," she cried,  
 " The Master's works contemplate, and decide."  
 While speaking thus, her wand on high she rear'd,  
 And lo ! a train of pictur'd groups appear'd ; 50  
 Heroic phantoms seem'd to start from night,  
 And forms of beauty floated 'fore my sight ;  
 From ages past reflected scenes arose,  
 Of human passions, and eternal woes.  
 There I beheld pourtray'd the lofty story 55  
 Of Man's first fall, and Satan's tarnish'd glory.  
 There rose the spectre Prophet from the tomb,  
 To Saul announcing his impending doom.

Of Ilion's tale a vision seem'd to speak,  
 And the long wand'rings of the prudent Greek. 60  
 There Eriphyle bleeds upon the ground,  
 While Furies fly t' avenge the impious wound.  
 In horror plunged, deplor'd Jocasta's son  
 The fated crimes he strove in vain to shun.  
 Here stalk'd the shadow of the murder'd Dane; 65  
 Appall'd, methought I saw th' astonish'd Thane,  
 Hail'd by each wither'd hag;— From Helle's tide  
 Th' enamour'd youth rush'd to his Sestian bride.  
 There, lost to hope, the lovers mourn for ever!  
 Whom not th' infernal whirlwind's rage can sever. 70  
 The traitor Guelph, too, 'midst his famish'd brood,  
 Expects in Death th' eternal feast of blood.  
 In knightly guise th' heroic Virgin's arm  
 Redeems fair Amoret from magic charm:  
 And Arthur slept; who woke but to deplore 75  
 The Beauty lov'd for ever, seen no more.  
 On the aërial portraiture, amaz'd,  
 In pleasing wonder lost, intent I gaz'd;  
 As Sorrow, Guilt, Despair, the scenes express'd,  
 Awe, Terror, Pity, sway'd by turns my breast; 80  
 When, suddenly, I saw the heaven-born Maid  
 Of sacred numbers, from a neighbouring glade,  
 'Midst the great masters of immortal song,  
 Toward the throne of Painting move along.  
 Now blind no more Mæonides, and he, 85  
 The daring Bard of Man's apostasy,  
 With buskin'd Sophocles, and lofty Gray,  
 Spenser, sweet master of the moral lay;  
 Severely grand, the Florentine sublime,  
 And Avon's Bard, unmatch'd by age or clime, 90

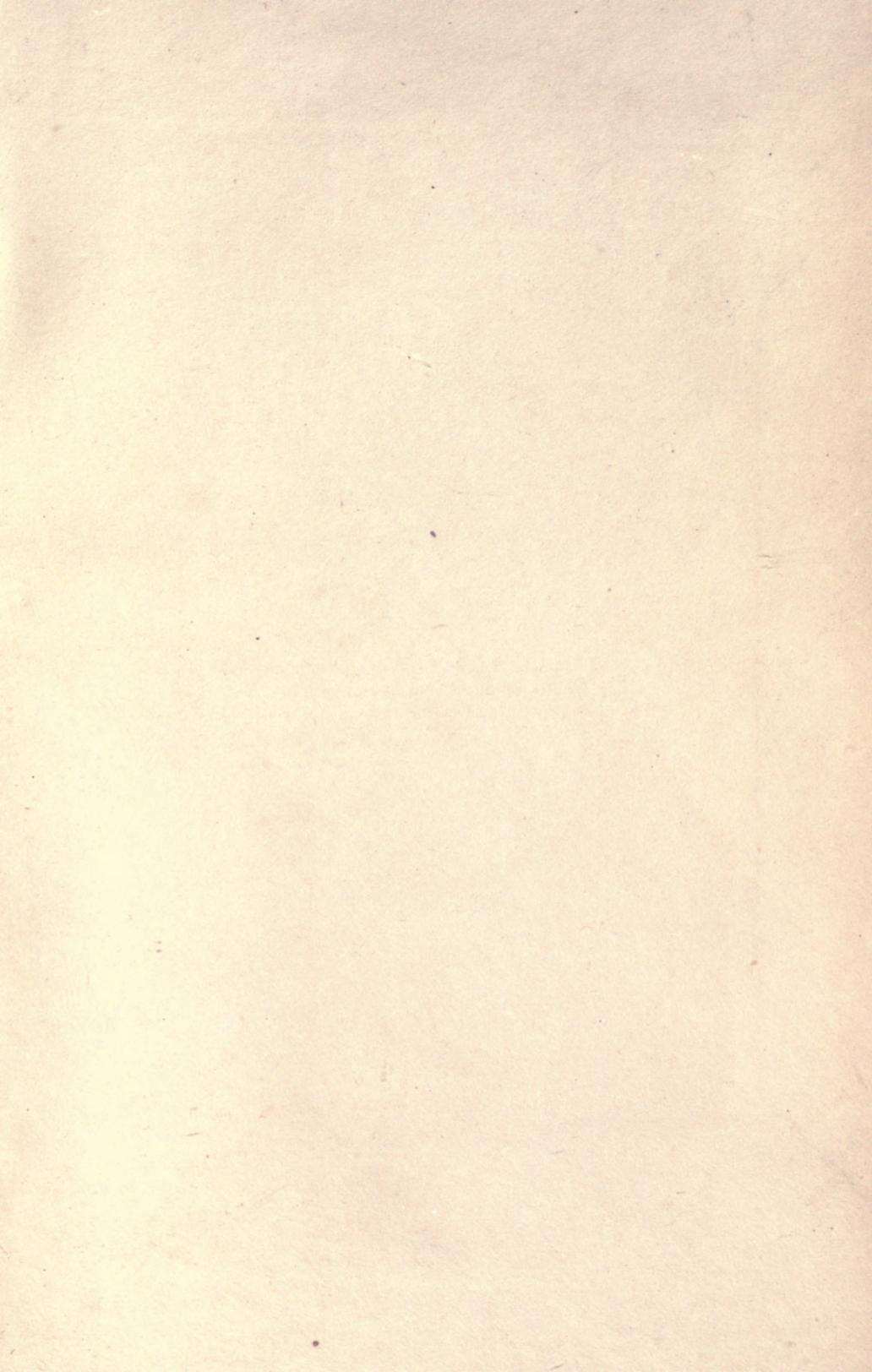
All crowd the visionary scenes t' admire,  
 Pleas'd that such scenes their genius could inspire.  
 While onward the poetic Virgin press'd,  
 And her who reign'd o'er Painting, thus address'd :—  
 “ O Muse ! who charmest silently, attend 95  
 To Poesy, thy Sister, and thy friend.  
 No vot'ry of that art o'er which you reign,  
 The nobler walks could ever yet attain,  
 Unless I urged him proudly to aspire,  
 And kindled in his breast poetic fire. 100  
 Belgia, without my aid, may tint the scene  
 With golden hues, and mimic Nature's green ;  
 immortalize the Peasant and his can,  
 Without selection, imitating Man ;  
 Or through transparent veins life's tide may gush, 105  
 Tinging Venetian canvass with the blush  
 Of glowing Nature ; uninspir'd by me,  
 The Rose of Merian may deceive the bee ;  
 At Rembrandt's touch the shining robe may flow,  
 The diamond sparkle, or the ruby glow ; 110  
 But he whom I inspire disdains such praise ;  
 The soul's emotions, ardent, he displays ;  
 Fearless he wields Invention's magic wand,  
 Sprites, fays, and spectres rise at his command ;  
 Unveil'd, the Passions at his will appear, 115  
 E'en Heavenly essences he dares t' unsphere ;  
 As, from Promethean touch each image glows,  
 And what the Poet thought the Painter shews.  
 While 'midst Helvetia's native hills, before  
 This foster-son of Britain sought her shore, 120  
 I mark'd the future promise in the child ;  
 The fire of genius, vigorous, and wild,

Sparkled in infancy, in manhood blaz'd ;  
 You won his youthful fancy, as he gaz'd,  
 Th' enthusiast strove your favour to attain,           125  
 And I propitious, smil'd, and pointed to your Fane.  
 On Leban's brow the cedar tow'ring high  
 Boasts not the lowly flow'ret's gaudy dye ;  
 Others may in the humbler parts excel,  
 But, Queen, did ever artist think so well ?           130  
 Is not the highest merit of your art,  
 T' exalt the fancy, and to touch the heart ?  
 Then welcome the poetic Painter, Muse,  
 Nor to my fav'rite deathless fame refuse !"  
 She ceased ; nor vainly pled the Heavenly fair ;   135  
 Th' assenting Muse approv'd her sister's prayer :  
 " Enter these realms," she cried ; " th' award be thine,  
 Amidst the sons of Genius here to shine,  
 Where Envy's tongue no longer shall prevail :  
 Hail Fuseli ! Immortal artist, hail !"           140  
 Resounding acclamations, as she spoke,  
 Burst on my ear, I started, and awoke.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Knowles, John

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