



No. 55.

Ecce Homo.—Guido.—B. West, Esq.

WHY is this most perfect specimen of the master in a corner; and made to give place to such trash as No. 114? Has Guido then sunk below Carlo Dolce!

No. 56.

A small whole length Portrait in Armour.—Giorgione.—B. West, Esq.

GOOD in itself; but why is it here?

END OF THE FIRST PART.

A

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

OF THE

Pictures now Exhibiting

IN

PALL MALL.

Part Second.

“ These *Pictures* and many the like, which are by no means the measures of Truths
“ and Falsehoods, these men make the standards by which they accustom their
“ understandings to judge. And thus they, falling into a habit of determining
“ of Truth and Falsehood by such wrong measures, it is no wonder they should
“ embrace error for certainty and be very positive in things they have no
“ ground for.”

Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.

1816.

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PREFACE.

INFORMATION

RELATIVE TO THE

FINE ARTS IN AFRICA.

“ Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite ; but those vices are ever changing, and the
“ antidote should be changed accordingly---should still be new.”

GOLDSMITH.

AFRICA becoming daily a subject of the deepest interest, the Editor feels the public will receive, with delight, the annexed account of the present state of the Arts in the city of Tombuctoo. Since the publication of Adams's Narrative, a young Hottentot Artist, of considerable talent, has arrived in this country from that capital, where he resided several years, employed solely in the study of his profession. His name is BUMJUT, and he is of a family of distinction. He discovered early the strongest indication of genius, in the taste with which he was accustomed to ornament his own and his sister's face with the simple materials of his country, where, with the assistance of a brush, made of the tail of a lion, and a little yellow and red ochre, he produced an effect that perfectly electrified all the Connoisseurs for miles around, who would assemble in crowds, and gaze with astonishment, on the beautiful performances of Bumjut.

His family finding his mind entirely devoted to this pursuit, acquiesced in his entreaties, and sent by a caravan, fortified with letters of introduction, to the most distinguished Patrons, Amateurs, and Professors, in that flourishing metropolis. After obtaining medals and premiums from the several Societies established for the promotion of the Fine Arts, and being considered fully bottomed and competent to defy the envenomed shafts of envy and malice, he determined on returning, loaded with honours, to the bosom of his family, and reaping the harvest of his labours in his own country, where the Arts are yet in their infancy. At this period he heard, with horror, that his sister was in London, exhibiting, like Venus, her unrivalled charms. He flew on the wings of lightning to rescue his beloved SARTJEE from such indignity. She had already disappeared; and, with a breaking heart, he ascertained, that, on her arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, she had fallen in love with, and married, a Dutch Drummer. Unhappy and dejected, he is now waiting for an opportunity to join her.

There is something so exquisitely affecting in this simple tale, that the Editor is satisfied this introduction of the interesting *Banjut* to the reader's acquaintance, needs no apology. His sensibility must be so strongly excited, and his curiosity awakened, that the information imparted shall be submitted to him without farther delay.

The late *MANSA DAISY*, founded a College for Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The direction and management of it was confided to forty of the best Artists in the kingdom. They had an Annual Exhibition of their Works in the Hall of their College, to which all, of any ability, were invited to contribute. The price of admission to the public was 250 Kowries (equal to our shilling) each person, and the sums thus collected were employed solely in support of the Establishment. This Institution succeeded in a manner, and to a degree, that justified the most sanguine wishes of the Royal Founder, and the hopes of the country. In proportion to its success were the Candidates for public encouragement; and the Students in the various Professions grew to be as numerous as the Dates on the Palm-tree.

Many were, consequently, exposed to distress, and regretted the hour they embraced an occupation which promised endless labour and a fruitless harvest. To assist them in this conjuncture, a number of wealthy men formed themselves into a Society, for the laudable purpose of furthering the intentions of the College, and opened a *Loe*, or *Mart*, for Paintings, which the Artists were unable to dispose of at their own Institution.

The first year, the Managers of this College of Ease adhered to their declared intentions; but it became soon visible to many of them, that the constitution of their infant Society was capable of great improvement. They found the necessitous and mean pay them the most grovelling adulation. Instead of friendly assistants, a few vain and self-sufficient Members changed their whole character, and assumed the situations of Directors and Comptrollers. They began by laying a tax of two or two and a half per cent. on the sale of Works, for the benefit of their Jong, or servant, though their good offices were originally declared to be gratuitous.

Their next step was to open their Loe at the same time with their College. The eyes of the artists were then opened. The most important withdrew themselves from affording any support to a set of men, who they felt had dishonestly deceived them. There are amongst the Society, many, very many, well-wishers to the Fine Arts, but their delicacy renders them passive, and, as is always the case, leaves the field open to the intrigues and bad passions of the conceited, the ignorant, and the interested. The leading persons in this body are as follow:—

MUMBO—A man of great wealth, has three rings to his nose, is a great patron of those of former days, and is very proud and very stupid. *Marquis of Stafford*

SOOTON—A prodigious Scholar—he understands thoroughly the languages of Tallika, Funing, Kedy, and Sibidolos—is master of the tongues which were spoken at Babel, and has written a learned Dissertation on the Indian Worship of the Lingam. He is besides a great collector of Copper Josses and Swammies. His appearances does not indicate such extraordinary acquirements. He has a large head, with very little wool, and a mouth wide enough to conceal a cocoa-nut. He is besides very peremptory, presumptuous, and pedantic. *W. Pitt? Payne Knight*

FIGGITY—A man of some taste, and a tolerable Painter; but uncertain, capricious, cowardly, and treacherous as a Hyæna, who entices the little children into his den, and then devours them. This year he will admire a yellow Picture, next year a brown one; however, it is but just to acknowledge, that for 24 successive moons, he has been constant in his dislike to green leaves and blue skies; and he thinks that the leaves and the sky might change colours with considerable mutual advantage. *Lie George Beaumont*

SOOSSE MOOSA—Figgity's wife, is a little troublesome woman, very fond of Babies' Verses. She collects the eggs which Figgity uses in painting, and makes the vinegar herself. *Lady Bismarck*

BOMBO—Is a great officer of state. He has the charge of Daisy's blunderbusses and pocket pistols; he keeps polished the brass-hilted sword, and cleans the young Princesses' rifle-barrelled muskets. He is a very peevish well-meaning man, but knows nothing at all about painting. *Earl of Mulgrave*

DIGGERY—A great founder of Institutions, and a ring-leader in the formation of the present one. He attempted to procure an order from the Mansa, to prohibit the public from voiding their urine in the corners of the streets, as contrary to decency and morality. The good Daisy, however, thought it better that Diggery should continue to be shocked, than that his faithful subjects should experience all the horrors of a strangury. *St. Thomas Bernard*

MARABOO.—Priest patcher and Picture dealer; more ignorant and impudent than all the rest tied in a bunch. He with these qualifications has wriggled himself into a dependant acquaintanceship with the other members of the Society, who despise him while they use him. If any dirty work is to be committed, Maraboo is selected and is amply recompensed by Mumbo's patting him on the back and spitting in his mouth. *Rev. W. Holwell Carr.*

SEGO.—A picture cleaner—the oracle of the whole fraternity. None dare deliver an opinion, without first consulting Sego. If a painting be as black as the cheek of a Koorabarii, it will appear as white as the down of the Cotton Tree at the command of Sego. None dare make a purchase without first consulting Sego. Sego is in their halls, their closets, and at their tables, and though he speaks his native language very imperfectly, he is courted and caressed by all who value the purity of a painting beyond the purity of their mother tongue. *M. Segnier*

To these may be added a few others.

SILLEE FOOLAH.—A silly old man. He exhibited last year a Picture at the Loe, which he imagined to be the Master-piece of a celebrated Painter from the

Land of Dykes. He paid for it as many Kowries as covered him while he stood on his head with his heels in the air. The ceremony attending the sale of this Painting drew strangers from far and near. The inhabitants of the Shores of the Ocean, said he looked like a huge cluster of Barnacles, while a Moor who had been in Egypt, declared that the pile reminded him of the Pyramids of the Desert. But this enormous expense, though sanctioned by the authority of Segó, did not save the Picture from suspicion of its being a copy or at best an imitation by another painter from the Land of Ditches. *See Abraham Stone*

JANG.—His Son-in-law, has acquired the reputation of a profound Critic, and a man of exquisite taste; nobody knows how; but he is one of the Officers of Daisy's Treasury. *W. K. Charles Long*

These presumptuous Fidgets of the Loe, finding themselves scouted by the living Painters ransacked the different collections in the kingdom, for Pictures, by the deceased Artists—they selected last year, an assemblage of grossness and slime, the produce of the dead Painters from the Land of the Marshes and the Land of Frogs. Some Wag, however, published a Critical Review of the Exhibition, which completely opened the eyes of the Public—they felt the thing as they ought—the veil was withdrawn, and Mumbo, Sooton, Figgity, Soosee, Moosa, Diggery, Bombo, Maraboo, Segó, Foolah, Jang, and their Companions were on the brink of sinking into their original insignificance. They began to shake in their sandals. Figgity's importance was so much undermined that the apprehension of an explosion, which might blow him and his eggs to atoms, operated so forcibly on his feelings, as to bring on an illness which nearly dispatched him to the land of his fathers. He has, however, recovered to a certain degree, but fears at every step, some impending mischief, and always sleeps with one eye open. Since the above learned Sooton has been hung up to ridicule, a Public Spirited Man, in order to benefit the Arts of his native country, brought away from a Temple, in the Land of the Morning, several of the sculptured ornaments, which were exposed to hourly destruction, from the barbarism of the inhabitants; Sooton began to tremble for the importance of his Copper Joses and Swammies. He immediately set about undervaluing and decrying the sculpture from the Land of the Morning—he quoted, misquoted, misplaced, and mistated, passages from writers, co-temporary with the Temple; the Artists opposed him, and were examined by Officers duly appointed by Daisy's Government—the result of the examination was perfectly natural. Science and

Taste triumphed over Ignorance and Quackery—the Sculptures from the Temple were purchased by the Nation, to the confusion of Sooton, and the annihilation of his importance.

The foregoing are the principal performers in the direction of the Loc. They expressly excluded all Artists from their body, but after some time, finding they could not go forward without assistance, they gained over to their views Teelee Gee, the old head of the College;—this man, possessing great skill, had been totally neglected for a period of fifty years by all, except the good King Daisy. At this Sovereign's political demise, (his indisposition rendering him incapable of conducting the affairs of the state,) the Ministers of his successor deprived Teelee Gee of his chief support, namely—the pension granted him by Daisy, and in his seventieth year he saw himself pursued and almost overtaken by poverty and distress. At this juncture the Manager of the Loe purchased of him a Picture at the price of 30,000 Bars—an enormous sum for a Painting, in Tombuctoo, but not uncommon in Bambarra. This served the double purpose of enabling them to present themselves everlastingly before the Public, as the munificent patrons of Art, in the person of him they had hitherto neglected, and of devoting to their ends one, whose interest they had so considerably promoted, and whose natural vanity they had so highly flattered. From this moment Teelee Gee seems to have forgotten the dignified station he filled in the College, and to have sunk into a grovelling dependant on those, whom, in their usurped characters of leaders in taste, he ought to have despised. In him, his profession is debased and all Artists who possess the feelings and the spirit of gentlemen, view his conduct with regret and indignation. Nor do those who make use of him respect him more than he is respected by his profession. Figgity, who has the knack of mimicry, is so proud of his talent as to give imitations of his language and manner, to all who will listen to him. Teelee Gee is nevertheless invited every where; but only like the Egg of the wild Pigeon, to be sucked by the Pole-cat. This is the more lamentable, as he had some eminently good and amiable qualities, which are now totally eclipsed by vanity, selfishness, and insincerity. May the College, exclaimed Bumjut, find in his successor, one who will feel his own dignity and importance, depend on the dignity and importance of the body who selects him as their head: one who will consider their dishonour as his own; one who will watch over the welfare of the Society with an eye, jealous as that of an affectionate father for the honour and credit and interest of his children!

The chief employment for Artists in Tombuctoo, is confined to Portrait painting, as every man is desirous of having the resemblance of his wife and children, and of himself. Some are distinguished by the richness of their colouring and the depth of their tones. The gallery of the principal painter in this line, is filled with beauties of the first reputation, and he has lately added to these, one of universal attraction. The breadth and flatness of her nose, width of her mouth, thickness of her lips, and the brilliant blackness of her cheeks and neck, are the cause of envy in one sex, and of admiration in the other. Figgity has endeavoured to persuade the Artist to ornament her head with *sky-blue* drapery, striped with *pea-green*, but hitherto without effect.

There are several eminent painters of Landscape. The view of part of the sea-coast of Africa, with the remains of a city, famous in antiquity, painted a year or two ago, by one in this department, drew down from all Artists and people of real taste, expressions of the highest approbation and delight; but Figgity disapproved of it—so Mumbo, Sooton, Diggery, Bombo, Foulah, Jang, and Maraboo, disapproved of it likewise.

In Historical painting, little or nothing is doing. It is expected that Sooton intends to order a picture, representing the first man and woman—old Ad Hami and Heeva. Heeva is to be employed in assisting Ad Hami to put on his first suit of green, made of the leaves of the fig-tree. Sooton insists that they must be the leaves of the Indian fig—*cactus opuntia*. He has chosen this as a lively subject. He has likewise in contemplation another of an opposite character, as a companion to the former. This piece is to represent himself making an experiment with hot tea, on the tail of a raw hog; a subject capable of great pathos and expression, and being a prominent incident in his philosophic discoveries, he feels towards it a more than common regard and attention.

These are a few of the leading remarks we have collected from Bumjut. He is in raptures with his country, and from the observations he has made, he has little hesitation in giving it as his decided opinion, that if the Arts in England continue to advance with the rapid strides, so naturally to be expected from the extraordinary encouragement afforded them, they will in a very, very few years, bid fair to rival those in Tombuctoo.

Note.—Since writing the above, the Editor is concerned to state, that all hope of further information on this interesting subject, will, he fears, be vain.

The amiable Bumjut has been seized with a depression of spirits, bordering on insanity, on ascertaining within these few days, that his beloved sister Sartjee, whom he was hastening to snatch from the embraces of the Dutch Drummer, is no more. Her mortal remains now form a principal object of study in the Surgeon's Hall at Paris. Should Bumjut follow his sister, he will be preserved with care, and hung up in the Gallery of the British Institution.

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.

FOR 1816.

Part Second.

No. 57.

Head of a Boy.—Adel Sarto.—Earl of Aberdeen.

THERE were numerous conjectures abroad last year, with regard to the real characters of the Authors of the Catalogue Raisoné. We ourselves were frequently appealed to, to decide on this point, between several notions equally unfounded. All we could do, in this case, was to follow the example of the cloud-compelling Bayle, and draw such an accumulation of reasonings on each side, as to leave our friends in that state, which conjecturers, on such occasions, for the most part, merit to be left in.

Next, however, to the pleasure derived from the success of our endeavours to enlighten the public mind, on the subject of the Fine Arts, omitting to mention the gratification arising out of the consciousness of performing an imperious duty, is the no small entertainment we have received from the imaginary pictures, drawn of ourselves to ourselves, by our various friends and acquaintances.

The majority, who do us the honor to think our work is neither deficient in sense or feeling, are able to see our natural character through the disguise we have assumed. To these it is quite unnecessary to make any apology for the style we have thought proper to adopt. *They* will know well enough on which side of the

account to enter our bludgeon-like blows. and the rough quality of our tone. But there are some of our readers, who, on the contrary have doubts: men who wish the cause well, but whose intellects are of that obtuse nature, as not to admit of their penetrating an inch beneath the surface. To assure these that our coarseness is no matter of choice, may perhaps be as useless as the other is unnecessary; yet it will not be amiss, perhaps, to remind these and the public, that they either know not, or forget, that the beings we have to castigate on this occasion, have, in themselves, nine out of ten, only the husk of fashionable refinement—the very scrapings of elegance. The souls and minds of these men are as empty, as groveling, and as callous, in reality, as are those of men of the most inferior birth and station. They have no other polish but that which is external, and which they obtain by rubbing against each other, nightly, in a strongly-illuminated drawing-room; and what they deem gentlemanly converse, is, at bottom, nothing but a trade article—a kind of Birmingham counterfeit, with a gilded showy outside. Upon such the *refinements* of wit would be worse than thrown away—upon such it would be a hopeless task to make any impression whatever, but with the saw, the hatchet, or the chopper.

Now we are of that order, which endeavours, upon every occasion, to turn its experience to account; and there is nothing, therefore, which we have been more assiduously anxious to guard against, throughout our present labour, than the silly failing, of which Goldsmith accused Burke, namely, that of “cutting blocks with a razor.”

And now then, most courteous reader, (if it will please thee to be called so,) if thou wilt refer to the first page of the Directors' Catalogue, thou wilt there see the following caution in the Preface, by a hand drawn and engraved by Sir Thomas Bernard—the ruffle by Sir Abraham Hume:—

It is particularly requested, that no one will touch the Pictures.

Now, common civility would induce you to comply, as far as lies in your power, with the request of any Gentleman, or Society of Gentlemen; but especially when that request, so far from causing you any disappointment or regret, meets, in every respect, your own wishes and approbation.

For example—the present object of our notice is a Picture, that we would not touch with a pair of tongs (except, indeed, it were for the purpose of insinuating it between the bars of a well-heated kitchen range) even though we were solicited to that effect by its noble possessor.

We have taken an invincible antipathy to this juvenile depredator, the *pet* pupil of the ingenious pickpocket, Mr. Wm. Soames, who has lately left this country, to pass the remainder of his life in the enchanting scenes, and more enchanting society, of the increasing colony at Botany-Bay; gentlemen and ladies, whose virtues have rendered them unfit to mix with the depravity and covetousness they have quitted for ever.

The present object of our attention has the organ of thieving very strongly pronounced, as well as distinct and decided indications of that of murder. Dr. Spurzheim is of opinion, that he will speedily follow his master, if in due time his eminent qualities be not recompensed by a proper elevation in this country.

No. 58.

The Magdalen.—A. Carracci.—Sir Mark Sykes.

THE worthy Baronet may foolishly flatter himself, that the exhibition of this Lady is likely to benefit the Fine Arts, and add to his own reputation as a man of taste; he may rely upon it, the deceitful jilt can advance neither. She would do as well for the *Lock* as the *Magdalen*; and we therefore recommend Sir Mark to shut her up quickly. If *she* be incurable, it may not be the case with him.

No. 59.

Theseus lifting the Stone.—N. Poussin.—J. Knight, Esq.

A VERY fair specimen of this master; and being an historical subject, is, according to invariable custom, placed out of reach, at the top of the room.

No. 60.

Landscape.—N. Poussin.—Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

AND this you call a Poussin, Sir Watkin? Believe us (Sir Watkin) from our own direct knowledge, and without any malice, but merely to speak of this thing as of our own making, it is a most notable liar—"the owner of no one good quality "worthy your Worship's entertainment."

All Well that ends Well.

No. 61.

Head of Tasso.—Bassan.—Sir A. Hume.

THIS Portrait is certainly by Bassan. It is said to represent Tasso. We sincerely hope this is really the fact, since, if we only imagine, for one instant, that it does not depict the Poet, all that is deserving of notice in this performance vanishes.--- "As this is literally the case," (cried the Incendiary,) "you must acknowledge, "that it was extremely judicious, on the part of Sir Abraham, to select it for an "example of Art. Before I quit the Baronet, now that a fair opportunity presents "itself, pray," (continued he,) "permit me to ask, what possible pretensions this "Director has to hold himself up to the public as a Patron? I believe, upon "inquiry. it will be found, that he has not a single Specimen of any living Artist "in his Collection. He has indeed two Models, by poor Proctor, the Sculptor." --- (Will Sir Abraham permit us to inform the public how he became possessed of the second? We cannot, as gentlemen, do so without his permission.)—"The "first he purchased, at the earnest solicitation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the Artist, "for the sum of Fifty Guineas. The exquisite beauties of this work (which repre- "sents Ixion on the wheel) still elicits the warmest eulogiums from those who "saw that Exhibition of the Royal Academy which it graced; and its merits, as "long as their remembrance exists, will excite the liveliest feeling of admiration "at the talents of this extraordinary young man, and the deepest regret for his me- "lancholy fate. A twelvemonth after the production of this his first work, he

“ exhibited a second. Shortly after the execution of this, the Artist died, in an obscure lodging in Maiden-lane, the victim of anxiety and exertion; and this self-same Sir Abraham is the man, who now sets up for a Patron. Surely he must think others as forgetful of his demerits, as he was insensible to the sufferings of Proctor. Depend on it, my friend, this Sir Abraham is, in point of Patronage, a Sham-Abraham, and has no love whatever for the Arts, farther than inasmuch as his own vanity is concerned.”

You forget (said we) that the actions of men are to be appreciated by their intentions. If you consider this matter coolly, you will perceive Sir Abraham never had any thought of patronizing Proctor. It is true, he purchased the first Model of the Artist, and lent him a few Guineas on the second; but this only constitutes him, in the one case, a Purchaser, and, in the other, a Pawnbroker! He appears never to have felt the least interest in the fate of the Artist. Now, to a Patron, the person patronized is an object of the first moment; but, to a mere Purchaser, or a Pawnbroker, the indigent state of the Pledger, is a matter of the most perfect indifference.—Note, Except in as far as it enables him to get the article cheaper.

A Patron is one who gives liberally, and does not consider so much the worth of the individual thing he purchases. His object is to enable the Artist to pursue his studies, and to arrive at future excellence. A mere Purchaser, and a Pawnbroker, weighs the value of the production to be sold, or to be pledged, with scrupulous exactness, and never gives or advances more than the thing is worth, or than he is certain will yield him a fair return of interest. A Patron is always desirous of taking, for the sake of his *Protegé*, what it is necessary for the existence of his *Protegé* to part with. A Pawnbroker never wants to purchase but for his own sake; and it is no weight in the scale with him, whether the pledger be starving or not. It is plain, therefore, that you are guilty of great injustice to Sir A. H——. He has never shown the least intention to be called a Patron. In the only case from whence any mistake may arise on this point, you must now clearly see the truth of this assertion. We repeat, that inasmuch as regards the Ixion, he was a mere Purchaser of the Production, but no Patron of the Artist; and as far as regards the loan granted upon its companion, he was nothing more nor less than the Pawnbroker, whom Proctor chose to prefer, under the impression, that, as a Baronet, and an *affected* lover of the Fine Arts, he might possibly be induced to give a little more than an ordinary Pawnbroker with the sign of Three Balls. His having been mistaken in this calculation, makes not the least difference.

No. 62.

Landscape.—G. Poussin.—B. West, Esq.

WE are quite sure Mr. West himself can have little esteem for his own Picture.

No. 63.

Holy Family.—Parmigiano.—Sir T. Baring.

A MOST finished pattern of anatomical ignorance and affectation, exhibiting, at one view, abortion, contortion, and distortion, according to the most approved common-place rules, laid down for the use and abuse of those who are anxious to assume an appearance of that feeling which nature has totally denied them.

No. 64.

David encamped.—Claude.—Rev. W. H. Carr.

WE are sorry to be under the necessity of observing, that of all the Pictures constituting the stock in trade of the above named Gentleman—Apothecary—Parson—Picture-dealer, this is one of the best; we hardly know how to account for it, but of two Pictures, by this master, in the possession of Mr. H. C—r, he has chosen to send the least objectionable to the Gallery.

If it were not for the horrible composition of this Landscape—the tasteless hole in the wall—the tents and the daddy-long-legs, whom Mr. C—r has christened King David, we should be greatly offended by its present obtrusion on the Public; as it is, we are bound to suppose the possessor sees deeper into the mill-stone than ourselves, and if it were politic, could thoroughly explain the matter to our satisfaction. Be this as it may, we cannot resist expressing our regret at the absence of Claude Gillee's Muses.

The Public in general merely know, by tradition, that this Painter was a pastry-cook; had this delectable composition to which we now allude, been brought for-

ward, they would have had the evidence of his practice to confirm it. It is said to represent Mount Parnassus; and no one who for a moment has seen the Picture can entertain the smallest doubt of its having been *taken* from one of his own *Plateaux*. The Figures have all the character and drawing which they might be expected to derive from a species of twelfth-eake casts. The swans are of the truest wax shapes, while the water bears every mark of being done from something as right-earnest as that at Sadlers-Wells, and the Prince's Fête of 1814.

"I am told," (said the Incendiary,) "that your friend, the parson, cannot exactly say, as Mr. Knight does, that he never sold any thing but at an auction, or for any thing more than he gave. Between you and me, he is really and truly nothing more nor less than a picture-dealer. Whether he is as perfect in his profession as Mr. Basely is, or Mr. Bonelli *was** in his, I know not. It has come to my knowledge, however, that he has in his possession at this time (if he has not yet sold it) a Painting which he denominates a Titian. This Titian, previous to Mr. H. C——r's purchase of it, was in the hands of an English Artist, who painted upon it *for five weeks*. Now, if he is not a dealer, how comes this *thing* to grace Mr. H. C——r's Collection? Are we to suppose, that he knows nothing about Titian, and that an English Pistrueci has been able to pass off his own fresh paint for the paint of the great Venetian? Nobody shall ever persuade me, that our Parson, like Mr. Knight, is the dupe of ignorance on this occasion. No, no; he knows better than to be bit in this way." Granted, (said we,) and a little time will perhaps show, that my Lord Aberdeen, or my Lord Somebody-else, whom the Directors are anxious to cure, will be induced to swallow this dose, for the benefit of the modern Fine Arts.

"This Gentleman," (resumed the Incendiary,) "is so great a favorite, and so extremely busy on all occasions, that I cannot content myself without giving as much publicity to his merits as they deserve. Be it known, then, that he is a tolerable botcher-up of old Pictures himself; and, if report speaks correctly, is by no means to be sneered at for his critical skill in House-painting, as far as

* The Incendiary tells us he uses the past time, since he hears this Gem-Merchant has left, or is about to leave, the country in despair, at the ungenerous treatment he has experienced from the unmerciful English. It is strongly reported, that he anxiously subscribes to the old adage, "Save me from my friends," &c. and declares, that Mr. Knight has played the deuce with him. In his rage, he has been heard to vociferate, "I only valued the Flora at 5*l.* when I sold it amongst the rest to Mr. K. and Pistrucci was a d——d fool for owning it—he can do much better than that."

“ regards in-door work. Whether he be yet scientifically grounded in the art of sitting the board to clean windows, is not ascertained; but time, which is said to show all things, possibly may show this.”—Perhaps, (said we,) it is owing to the diversity of his application that he succeeds so little in fancy pieces.

In the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year, we had occasion to notice a Picture of his, you know. “ I recollect,” (cried the Incendiary;) “ you mean the production he was facetiously pleased to call a View of Oxford; the beautiful thing in which he had introduced a waggon and horses; stolen, point by point, from Lord Camden’s Rubens;* but which group, from a very provoking ignorance of the very first principles of Perspective, refused to act upon Mr. C——r’s canvass. They drew exceedingly well upon the inclined plane, on which their real owner had set them to work; but as Mr. C——r chose them to figure on a very different angle, they assumed, in appearance, the character of some of the celebrated Dr. Graham’s patients, about to take an earth-bath.”—In respect to the present Picture, with which he has favoured the Royal Academy, for the improvement of the public taste, and the promotion of his own fame, we will candidly tell him, that *he* has nothing in this work to pride himself on. It is not stealing a bit of sea from one old master, a bit of this from a second, and a bit of that from a third, that will make a picture, any more than stealing half-a-dozen lines from one poet, and another half-dozen from another, that will make a poem. He had better stick, we think, to the theoretical part of art; and if he could prevail on himself to confine his attention solely to the scientific part of House-painting, who knows, if the national monument to be erected should prove to be a church, whether he might not, with the interest he possesses, obtain the place of modern Phidias, and have the superintendence of the flattering and plain work, and perhaps even obtain the graining of the pews.

No. 65.

Portrait of a Cardinal.—Velasquez.—H. Banks, Esq.

HOWEVER Piccanini-like and quizzical in form, this face of a Cardinal is very fine in expression and drawing, and very fresh and good in point of colour.

* No. 18, of the last year’s Exhibition.

No. 66.

Landscape.—Claude.—Sir G. Beaumont.

HERE again we are disposed to ask, why, as in the case of Mr. H. C—r,* the owner of this picture has withheld his leathern sun-set, wherein Narcissus has all the graces of a clodhopper, and Echo is so characteristically made to look the very image of a Q-in-a-corner?† When we recollect the just ridicule this Director brought down on the would-be Connoisseur, by the exhibition last year of his little, ridiculous, contemptible patch, with which he chose to disgrace the name of Rubens; when we recollect that he has withdrawn his usual contributions from the Exhibition of the R. A. and when we find Sir G— B— is silent, and scarcely opens his mouth against the individual he affects to consider as his rival, we cannot but think he lacks a little of that spirit which formerly animated him, and that he is perhaps awed into silence and precaution by an apprehension and fear of the In incendiary's threats. The fellow has told us, that he has had two or three opportunities of whispering some truths in his ear, such truths as he perhaps would not care to see in print.

* Since the publication of the First Part of our Catalogue, we have been informed, that the invaluable *Recipe*, for the vehicle to be used in painting such Pictures as the “Plague at Athens,” and which, we observed, had been found by a Lady, at an illuminated Exhibition of the British Gallery, is only *one*, out of an extensive Collection, bequeathed to the Director by his late relative, a gallant MOUSQUETAIRE EN GENOUX, in the service of Æsculapius, at Exeter. The whole is now in the press, and will be speedily published, “for the gratification of the public, and the benefit of the Fine Arts in general.”

† We learn, however, that this little duck-legged Echo is a great lover of Lady B.'s. She doats on holding with her “conversation sweet.”—She dwells on her voice; for, in those sounds, she hears repeated the gentle murmurs of her own.”

Oh! were she dumb, till Echo silence breaks,
Then would Sir George, and all his friends, be blest,—

No. 67.

Cephalus and Aurora.—N. Poussin.—J. Knight, Esq.

“ AS this is another of the Pictures which it was proper to thrust out of the way, and is the property of a gentleman of the same name, I think,” (cried the incendiary,) “ I may take the liberty of resuming my history of our friend the Antique Gem-Collector’s Defence of Mr. Bonelli. I was just on the point of putting the following questions to our friend Sir S. T. when we last left off. I put them thus :—

“ Pray, (said I,) Sir T. what does Mr. Knight answer to that charge of the Reviewer, wherein he is affirmed to acknowledge, that the Venus and the Apollo are without those remains of the chissel, which he had previously asserted were to be found in all the first-rate works?—What does he say?—Nothing (said he.) Nothing!!! (said I.)—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)

“ Well, well, although he makes no reply to this, (continued I,) he’ll surely say something in answer to the following :—You know Mr. Knight affirms, that Plutarch expressly excludes Phidias from any share in the execution of the Parthenon; and the Reviewer, you also know, tells him, in return, that the words of Plutarch will bear no such construction. What says he to this?—Nothing, (said he.) Nothing!!! (said I.)—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)

“ I shall have better luck with the next question, thinks I to myself. The Reviewer (I began) affirms, that Phidias, according to Mr. Knight’s assertion on a former occasion, built that very temple, in the execution of which, he now denies him to have had any share. What does he say to this?—Nothing, (said he.)—Nothing!!! (said I.)—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)

“ At any rate (resumed I) he very easily and satisfactorily accounts for his having referred the execution of the greater part of the Marbles of the Parthenon to the time of Hadrian; and shows, that Spon and Wheeler’s thinking one of the heads to be so, is a just ground for his supposition. What says he on this head?—Nothing, (said he.)—Nothing!!! (said I.)—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)

“ I began to despair, but did not let Sir T. perceive my apprehensions for his friend. How does he explain that point? (cried I.) wherein the Reviewer accuses him of giving the Committee to understand, he spoke on the authority of Spon and

Wheeler, while he spoke on a misapprehension of information obtained from Lord Aberdeen. What says he to clear this up?—Nothing, (said he.)—Nothing!!! (said I.)—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)

“Notwithstanding my ill-luck, I will try once more (said I to myself.) Plutarch, says Mr. Knight, affirms, that Phidias *only* executed the Statue of the Goddess.—The Reviewer affirms that it is false, and that Plutarch asserts no such thing.—What, (cried I,) does Mr. Knight say in answer to this?—Nothing, (said he.)—What! nothing!!! (said I.) What! nothing to this?—Nothing, (said he.)—Humph, (said I.)—The Gods then have at last, for a certainty, forsaken him. I scarcely made this ejaculation low enough to prevent Sir T. from hearing me.—What is that you say about the Gods? (exclaimed he.)—That they are very like those Gods, (said I,) that feed a man with false hopes, and who, when they wish to destroy their victim, first deprive him of understanding.

“I am afraid, (said Sir T.) you are at heart no real friend to the learned Director. You seem to consider his silence on the above points as fatal; but mark—Have you not noticed the stress I have laid, from the very first, on the real object of this Defence? and have I not repeatedly asserted, throughout my explanation, that Mr. Knight’s sole object in obtruding himself on the public, was to rescue that much-injured foreigner—the banished Bonelli—from the aspersions of the Quarterly Reviewer. And pray now, let me quietly ask, whether it is not totally impossible for any one to believe, that Mr. Knight could have left such points of accusation as the foregoing unanswered, if *his own* exculpation had at all entered into his consideration; or if, in appealing to the public, his object had been any thing more than solely to shelter his now departed, disconsolate, and irrecoverable friend and accomplished Gem-Broker, from an abominable combination to expose *him*?

“I am so exceedingly delighted with your view of the subject, (cried I,) and the Public must be so satisfied with your explanation, that I am quite anxious to know what the observations were which I prevented you from making by the above enquiries. I believe, (said he,) I was about to remark on the rhetorical and declamatory passages, which occupy so considerable a portion of the two pages and a half, which this defence of Mr. Bonelli takes up. I was about to observe that all which Mr. Knight vociferates about *angry passions*, applying them of course to the Reviewer; all that he says about *public profusion*—the *ramification* of *public profusion*—the *always-wished-for*, by-the-wicked-widely-extended-as-possible-ramifications of *public profusion*; all that he says about this species of

public profusion, taking up its object in the mass, and its effect on *private depravity*, through *public prodigality*. All that he says about *mean corruption-growing-gradual-callous-profligacy*; of *cowardice*; of *wickedness*; of *momentarily-accommodating-uniform-fraudulent-malevolent-principles*; of *confident-palpable-injurious>falsehoods*; of in-the-same-breath, affected-witness-discrediting delicacy; of *dirty, fallacious, muddy, shallow arguments*; *vulgar abortions of wit*; *ruining-disgracing, cold, treacherous, malignant, anonymous calumniators*; of *treacherously-mine-charging-moral-character-overthrowing wretches*; of *cowardly, murder-him-in-his-bed-at-midnight, gratuitous-assassinating robbers*; all that he says of this nature, and of driving this Reviewer out of Society, now he has discovered him lurking under the disguise of a *morbid-contagious-atmospherical death*.* All that he observes of this kind, I say, (cried Sir T.) you must be perfectly sensible, will have a wonderful weight with every reader of sound discrimination; but as I am not, (continued he,) in a passion myself, nor able, all I can do, to work myself into one, I am unwilling to add any of my own declamation on this head; since I should need the aid of the most rampant resentment to insure any kind of impression after such a volley of invective.

“Perhaps, (said I,) it is as well to leave the thing as it stands; for my own part, I have a cross of that English breed in me, which rather prefers to see one good blow given, than hear a person called ten-hundred-thousand cart-loads of nicknames.—By the word blow, I metaphorically mean to express nothing more than facts; these, as you have shown Sir T. he has already produced in such quantities, and of such force, that he need not, I think, (now that he has your comment) be under any doubt, either as to the result in regard to Mr. Bonelli, or even in regard to himself, though I cannot but commend, in the strongest terms, the very genuine indifference which you affirm he has expressed all through this printed letter, as to his own exculpation.

“There is one point more, (said Sir T.) which I now remember has escaped my notice. The philosophical contempt in which Mr. Knight at this moment holds the Fine Arts, is most admirably brought to bear on the present occasion. Such pursuits, he exclaims, are mere matters of *frivolous*, or at least elegant, amusement, in which no one, of enlarged intellect, sets any high value upon reputation for skill or discernment. Good, (said I,)—for as this declaration comes from one

* All these expressions, the reader will find in Mr. Knight's Letter.

whose whole life has been spent in such pursuits, from one who has composed and compiled a very ponderous book of common places in aid of such studies, it must carry with it the fullest conviction to the breast of every one. Unless, (cried I, with a wink) we suspect that, conscious at length of his deficiency like the Ape that lost his tail, he is endeavouring to make the best of his unfortunate situation.

“Fortunately at this instant the Mail was ready to start, so throwing myself into the corner, I escaped from the angry storm which I saw gathering on the brow of Sir T. at my insinuation.

“And is it possible, (thought I to myself, as I folded my arms and composed myself to sleep,) that a man should be so wrapt up in selfish feelings, as to lose so far the sight of common sense and common prudence as to expose himself thus? Can Mr. Knight flatter and impose on himself so far as to imagine, that the world does not see the real state of the case, and that his struggles to support himself, exhibit nothing but the agonized convulsions of expiring self-importance? Doubtless, (said I.) In his closet, and in his bed, it is all bewailing with this vain dogmatist. It is nothing now, but—Oh! that I had never known Bonelli,—Oh! that Pistrucci had never been born.—Oh! that Pericles had never lived.—Oh! that Adrian and his head had been at the devil before I dreamed of them.

“Oh! that I had never seen the marks of a chisel!—Oh! that all the Artists were at the bottom of the sea!—Oh! that Mr. Flaxman—Oh! that Mr. Nollekins—Oh! that Mr. West—Oh! that Mr. Chantrey—Oh! that Mr. Westmacott—Oh! that Canova—Oh! that Mr. Rossi—Oh! that Sir Thomas Lawrence—Oh! that Visconti—Oh! that they, and all the world, were at the bottom of the sea of Marmora.

“Oh! that I had never met with the name of that spider-cutting Callicrates—Oh! that I had never stumbled on that of Ictinus.

“Oh! that I had never changed the words of Plutarch—Oh! that I had never altered his testimony—Oh! that I had never said that he *expressly excluded* Phidias from any share in the works of the Parthenon—and Oh! that I had never said he *only* made the Statue of Minerva.

“Oh! that I had known the difference between a horse’s head and a black-beetle.—Oh! that I had never given reason to suppose that I could not tell Great-A from a Bull’s-foot.

“Oh! that I had never misunderstood Lord Aberdeen.—Oh! that I had never thought of Spon and Wheeler.

“Oh! that nobody understood Greek but myself—Oh! that I had had but one grain

of common sense, to have found out I had no more!—Oh! that that horrible Reviewer had not cut me in two!—Oh! that I had never thought, because there was only one man in the moon, that there was only one man of taste in the world, and that I was that only man.

“ Oh! that I had never talked of the Lizard of Lysippus! Oh! that I had—Come, come, (said we,) surely we have a sufficient number of interjections to satisfy any moderate person. If you are to dwell on this topic thus, we shall never arrive at the end of our labours.

“ Bless your soul, (cried the Incendiary,) I shall not have done this hour.”

“ Oh! that I was not written down a dunce, and that deservedly!—Oh! that there was no *Recipe* for making new stones look like old ones! Oh! that”—“ Now, pray”—“ Oh! that St. Paul’s had never been built! Oh! that the statue of Queen Anne had never been cut in stone! Oh! that I had never condemned the Elgin Marbles before I saw them! Oh! that I had never said I gave 250 Guineas for the Gem of Flora, when Bonelli declares he valued it, in the lot, only at *five* Guineas! Oh! that I had never talked of scalding a Pig’s-tail, under the head of Sublime and Beautiful! Oh! that I had not,”—

I tell you what, (said we,) you shall not go on any longer. If you do not instantly cease from this subject, we will leave you to yourself.

“ Why, (said he,) I had a thousand more Ohs! but if you are determined to stop my mouth, so be it. I only know this—but never mind; the time will come I shall have—Well, well, go on,—What is the next picture?”

No. 68.

Landscape.—G. Poussin.—Right Honourable Charles Long.

THIS sketchy Picture has the fault we attributed to No. 8, that of being too light for an old Picture. It has scarcely any defects. Except the tendency towards green in the sky, and extreme distance, there is nothing to observe upon but what naturally belongs to the department of our Cousin Peter. “ I can account very easily, (said the Incendiary,) for the silence of Mr. Knight. His hands have been too full of business, and his head too distracted, to allow of such an exertion; but, pray, why has Mr. Long, this year, withheld his usual critical effervescence in the

front of the Catalogue? Now, upon my word, taking Mr. Knight's geometrical measure of taste in the Fine Arts, the foot-rule, I deem his preface-writing to be full as instructive and profound as the learned Analyst's. Many of his notions on art, I can assure you, have the reputation of being very acute, with those who are able to stand sufficiently in their own light, and look at them a little edge wise."—"To tell you, (said we,) the truth, he is no Zamzummim in criticism, and, I fancy, is a little apprehensive of the consequence of committing his crudities to the press; but he should feel the lash of those who are able, and are at length determined, to persevere in unmasking the superficial and the pretending."

No. 69.

Holy Family.—Garofolo.—G. I. Cholmondeley, Esq.

IF any of the visitors to the gallery can recollect this Picture, we will trouble them to insert the observations which we ought to have made upon it. We, no doubt, looked at it in its turn as we passed; but we do not really remember any thing at all about it.

We likewise can affirm the same of Nos. 70—72—77—and 79; and will venture therefore to state, from this simple circumstance alone, that there are none of them, taken singly or collectively, worth a straw.

No. 73.

Holy Family.—A. Carracci.—Earl of Suffolk.

THERE is a lascivious cast in the eyes of this Virgin, most admirably at variance with her scriptural character. We are informed, however, that the original expression was, some years since, destroyed by a little accident, which happened to the Lady while under the cauterizing hands of a Picture-dealer, Dr. —, and that the present is only a modern substitute, which, notwithstanding its insufficiency, was procured at the expence of a great many pounds.

“It has occurred to me, and I wish you would publish it for the advantage of

those who spend so much upon old Pictures, with bran-new surfaces, (cried the Incendiary,) that it would be a good thing to vest the beauties of old Pictures in the hands of trustees, and not suffer them to be touched without the regular consent of the Court of Chancery."

No. 70, see No. 69—71.

The best Pictures of Murillo in England.

WE leave them, consequently, to Peter.

No. 72, see 69.

No. 76, see 71.

No. 77, see 59.

No. 78.

Our Saviour and his Disciples.—P. Veronese.—Marq. of Stafford.

AN excellent specimen of Paul Veronese, and the subject treated in that most inimitable style of drollery, so little understood by the Artists of these degenerate days. The dog in the front, has doubtless, from his dress, been dancing for the amusement of our Saviour and the two disciples.

No. 79, see 69.

No. 80.

Virgin and Child, and St. John.—P. del Vaga.—Major Rawlings.

TO Major Rawlings,

SIR,

We beg leave to assure you, that we have a full conviction of the diabolical nature of this attempt on the persons of the Virgin, Child, and St. John; and hope the hue-and-cry against the avocation of informer, will not prevent your

laying such an information against P. del Vaga, as will insure this guilty Painter's being brought to condign punishment.

Sir,

We have the honour to be,
with every sense of your public-spirited conduct
on this occasion,

THE DEFENDERS.

No. 81.

The Assumption.---Beato A. da Fiesole.---Rev. J. Sandford.

Henry my Count

THIS extraordinary flight of high-mettled saints and angels, on a gold ground, was worked by Beato A. as a pattern for a Samplar. We once saw a fac-simile of it in gingerbread, in the hands of the celebrated Jack Horner. It would be invaluable, if this should turn out to be the original.

No. 82.

The Mocking of Christ.---Caravaggio.---T. Jones, Esq.

HERE is a flagrant instance of the mistaken conception of the subjects of the Pictures now exhibiting. Mr. Jones may, if he pleases, impose on himself with the notion that this Picture represents the Mocking of Christ. He is only made to believe this, by the impious wag who has painted the Crown of Thorns upon the figure which he has, by this means, made to personate our Saviour. It has really the appearance of a dirty, flabby delinquent, who having been detected in the act of depredation, is about to receive punishment at the cart's tail.

No. 83.

Landscape.---Claude.---Earl of Egremont.

“ HERE, (cried the Incendiary,) is the most infamous specimen of an endeavour to deteriorate a Picture, by placing it in the dark, I ever remember to have wit-

nessed.—This is acknowledged, on all hands, to be the finest work of the master. And why is it placed here, where it cannot be seen? And why is it not placed in the very first situation and best light in the Gallery?" Because my Lord Egremont is nobody at the Institution, and because Sir G—— and his man are everybody. You recollect what I told you about the Parson's Rubens last year. Only look at the conspicuous places of Mr. Holwell Carr's Pictures this season!

No. 84.

Christ tempted.—Titian.—T. Hope, Esq.

THIS is likewise admirably placed to do justice to its merits. The exquisite varieties of the flesh tones are quite lost at this distance. "As this is a truly-valuable Picture. I am sure, (said the Incendiary,) Mr. Hope must be *delighted* to see the thing of Carlo Dolce, to which it has been compelled to give place."

No. 85.

Sea-Port.—Claude.—Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

THE only Claude with a glass we ever saw; and the one, of all others, that least deserves the distinction. We would not swear that its cover has not been its curse, and the cause of the trees being in such deep mourning from head to foot.

No. 86.

Portrait of a Lady and her Son.—Giorgione—R. P. Knight, Esq.

WE suppose that Mr. Knight values dirt on Pictures, as he values the scratches of the chisel on stones.* This might, as the Picture-dealers say, turn out something, if it were cleaned, but we really cannot answer for it; there is great uncertainty in these matters.

* We use the term Stones instead of Statues, as being more in unison with Mr. Knight's own style of expression.

No. 87.

The Communion of St. Nicholas.—P. Veronese.—British Institution.

COUSIN Peter's own, from beginning to end.

No. 88.

Landscape.—N. Poussin.—Sir G. Beaumont.

THIS Director's conduct puzzles us greatly; here is this work of a high class!—On reference to our Catalogue, we find moreover that No. 66, and this, are his only Pictures. It is very strange!

No. 89.

Portrait (said to be) of Luther.—Pordenone.—Sir A. Hume.

LUTHER! who says so?—"Why Sir Abraham; don't you see in the Catalogue, he calls it 'a Portrait, said to be of Luther.'"

Well! Well! If you have not better authority than his, don't quote it, my good fellow; you will only be laughed at: you may recollect perhaps that what he imagined was "Toby Philpot," we proved to demonstration was a Magdalen.* Now this is the chap who cooks sausages at the Horse-guards!—Look at his frying-pan face; why Shadrach, Mesech and Abednego were ieieles to him.

"And yet I think it may be Luther; he has been engaged in a warm controversy."—

A hot one you mean; but as I am sceptical on most points, you must first prove to me that Pordenone lived at the same time with Luther, then that Luther sat to Pordenone, then

"Well! if I am able to satisfy you on these heads, what will you say then?"

Why *then* you may burn the picture, for it is not worth house-room—so go on to No. 90.

* Vide No. 38.

No. 90.

St. John.—L. Carracci.—B. West, Esq.

IS *this* your's, Mr. West?

No. 91.

Landscape.—G. Poussin.—J. O. Bowles, Esq.

IT is reported, in the Chronicles of the learned Jacobus Benabuta, that his friend, Father Jerome Viresa, arriving late at a certain inn in Italy, the host immediately began to lament that the night should be so dark as to prevent his Reverence from seeing the beautiful view, for which the place was celebrated. "Don't distress yourself for my misfortune, cried the Father, only give me a lantern, and I will take my long stick and poke for the prospect." Perhaps Mr. J. O. Bowles may not know it; but this Picture represents that very prospect for which the learned Viresa poked. The Artist has hit off the tone precisely.—*Heigh! Ho! Bowles!*

No. 92.

A Man selling Water-Melons.—Caravaggio.—A. Champernowne, Esq.

MR. Champernowne should have been more polite, and suffered the Lady to take precedence of the Gentleman. It should have been "a Lady purchasing Water-Melons." A subject of this importance to the Fine Arts, and a Picture of such uncommon excellence, should not be misnamed. There is an ingenious contrivance in this Work, by which the left hand of the Gentleman puts on the appearance of being a third hand of the Lady.

No. 93.

The Death of Regulus.—S. Rosa.—Earl of Darnley.

HOW Salvator got his great name, we are somewhat able to guess, but how he is able to maintain it, in this age of refinement is most wonderful.

No. 94.

Marriage of St. Catherine.—Titian.—B. West, Esq.

MR. West has had a die sunk of his head lately. To what order of moral action must this be referred?

No. 95.

Landscape.—F. Mola.—R. Colborne, Esq.

OF the right or the wrong tone,—it is not certain which.

No. 96.

Cousin Peter's.

No. 97 to No. 106.

Heads of our Saviour, &c.—Sir. T. Baring.

WHAT are these things, and from whence did they come? There are two or three which exhibit some slight indication of meriting the name they bear, as far as

their obliteration will allow us to judge, but there are others, which though they can all be referred to the original Picture, are little better than Caricatures, and they all betray a feeble execution.

“ Sir Thomas Baring is pleased to be facetious on this point, (exclaimed the Incendiary,) these heads, denominated the Apostles, are all Portraits of members of the Ugly Club, which was held at the Devil and Toasting-fork, a well-known Cider-cellar in Houndsditch. The members were chosen by ballot, from the ugliest Candidates; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that the justice of the selection was never once called in question. On admission, each member presented his portrait to be hung up in the Club-room, when it became the property of the Master of the House.

“ In consequence of the death of Mr. Perry, the late landlord, who was ruined by a bad apple season, these choice Spirits were brought to the hammer and knocked down to Sir Thomas Baring.

“ From a peculiar delicacy of feeling in the Directors, they still are allowed to keep, under the nick-names of the Apostles, each other's company; and Sir Thomas's name, united to their's, appears ten times in succession in the Catalogue.”

We regret that the smoke of tobacco, and the spray of the cider, ale, and spruce-beer bottles, has materially injured these curious Portraits. Enough, however, remains to show, in how great a degree the present race have degenerated, and that we could, with difficulty, now find a number sufficiently blest by nature, to compose another club like this. We believe Parson E. . . e to be the only surviving member.]

No. 107.

The Marriage of St. Catherine.---Titian.---Lord Dundas.

WE wish Lord Dundas had followed up his assestion, by showing, the Picture was executed when Titian was in *Scotland*.

No. 108.

Sleeping Child.---Alonzo Cano.---H. Banks, Esq.

ALONZO Cano! Oh! oh! Mr. Alonzo; I perceive, with all your title of “Spanish Michael Angelo,” you are no better than you should be!—Sleep on, then.

Kingsley

No. 109.

Landscape.---A. Carracci.---T. W. Coke, Esq.

MR. Coke, as an agriculturalist, must feel great reverence for this Picture. The constant necessity of being out in the open fields, cannot but have given him some notion of the colour of the several objects, such as trees, &c. How readily will he recognize every article in this correctly-minute work of Carracci!

No. 110.

*An Allegory.---The Painter between Virtue and Vice.**P. Veronese.---T. Hope, Esq.*

Jack Howe

PAUL Veronese, in his dressing-gown, between Virtue and Vice, looking out of the Picture to the Spectator, for the applause due to his selection. As from the complexion of these Ladies, it appears to have been a kind of Hobson's choice, we think really a great deal of credit will be due, if, upon mature consideration, the Critic should discover a just ground for the Painter's preference. There is an odd kind of animal in the rear of the Lady, who turns her back on the company. Is this intended to represent any part of the said Lady's family? or is it only the leg of a stool? or is she labouring under the misery of Corisca? We wish the Directors would inform the public. To persons of a reflective turn of mind, the delicate mode of treating this subject will be apparent, from the obvious action of the two Ladies, the well-pointed direction of their eyes, and the torn calf of the gentleman's leg.

No. 111.

The Death of Tancred.---N. Poussin.---Earl Poulett.

ANOTHER Nicola Poussin in the dark.

St. John writing the Revelations.—Dominichino.—P. J. Miles, Esq.

“HEAVEN for its mercy! what a Saint is here!” This the Mortal to whom the Firmament was opened! Can CÆLI PATEFECIT ARCANA, be said of such a Lubber as this?—Impossible—it is some fellow, under sentence of death for robbing a Hen-roost; penning his last dying speech and confession. The celestial bliss of such an uninspired Ideot, would consist in eating fat pork and swinging on a gate; and his notion of Heaven must be nearly as distinct as the chaps, who, getting up in the middle of the night to ascertain the state of the weather, popped his nose into the pantry, and discovered it was confoundedly dark, and that the air smelled of bread and cheese.

Poor Dominichino! thou wert a true born TERRE FILIUS; thy flights (like a turkey's) never rose three inches from the ground.

As every thing with the Heideggers of Pall-Mall must have the sanction of authority, this most wretched sign, is pompously recommended to our attention on account of its coming from the “Giustiniani Palace.” Admitting the truth of this statement, what does it prove, more than that Prince Giustiniani once possessed a worthless Picture,* which Mr. Miles, or Mr. Hart Davis, or Mr. Harris's executor, or Mr. Somebody, has the bad luck now to possess; and the very circumstance of its being good for nothing, may, for ought we know, be the very reason why Prince Giustiniani parted with it. It is of little importance to tell us “how *this* from Heaven or Ottoboni came.”

We ourselves, when young and inexperienced Collectors, and knew about as much of the Fine Arts as Sir A. Hume, or Sir Thomas Bernard, do at present, purchased a Picture—to our shame we confess it—for no other reason, than that it formed part of the far-famed Orlean's Gallery. At present, however, we can assure the the Marquis of Stafford, or the Earl of Carlisle, or any other of the Con-

* Our Authors do not appear to be aware that the Giustiniani Collection was altogether of but a third rate reputation. Even the best Pictures in it were esteemed of little or no value, and this St. John was always considered as one of the very worst.

tractors for that Lottery—in which, as in most other Lotteries, the Prizes remained with the Contractors, that we will cheerfully resign it to him, or them, for a New Sixpence struck from a Die engraved by Pistrucci.

We have been informed that the present object of our attention served as an oil-skin wrapper or cover to a case of Pictures introduced into this Paradise of Fools: should that be the fact, we entertain the liveliest hope (if he be yet water proof and sound) that he may again serve the same purpose on their journey back again; but as that unfortunately appears rather doubtful, he might, by a little ingenuity be converted into a Red Cow, in which state he would prove a great acquisition to Mr. Looney Mactwolter, who is in want of a sign for his new Dairy in the Kent Road.

No. 113.

Virgin and Child.—Carlo Dolce.—Rev. J. Sandford.

THIS Lady with her heart in her hand, we hail with all that delight her merits so justly entitle her to. Oh! Mr. Sandford—Mr. Sandford—whereabouts do you wear your Brains.

No. 114.

Christ bearing the Cross.—Carlo Dolce.—Sir T. Baring.

THIS disgusting specimen of Carlo the Sweet, as he is termed, or of Carlo the Mawkish, as he ought to be called;—this specimen of low, mean, beggarly, vile corruption; senseless feeling; vulgar taste and insipid, spiritless, laboured execution, is a disgrace to the Art, and has proved an excellent trap for all those people who have been silly enough to expose their ignorance, by dwelling with rapture on such a contemptible performance.

Dismissing all assumed characters, we cannot but express our indignation at the Directors, who could, as a body, suffer such an infamous example of every want of good Principle in Art, to be held up to the world as a work for the admiration of

the public, and as a guide to Professors. It is the more culpable in them, since this thing is of the class, exactly fitted to impose upon and mislead the unknowing. Have you no sense, gentlemen, of what you owe to your own characters as men of taste? and are you totally insensible to every just debt which is due to the Arts of your own country?

No. 115.

The Shepherds' Offering.---*Carlo Dolce.*---*Sir T. Baring.*

HERE is another specimen of the puerility of the same master, but not quite so bad as the two former; thanks to the size of the figures, &c.

No. 116.

Wisdom and Strength, an Allegory.---*P. Veronese.*---*T. Hope, Esq.*

HUMAN strength is here personified by Hercules bearing on his club. This, however, is not very conspicuous. We thought the Painter intended to represent him as about to fall.

No. 117.

The Nursing of Jupiter.---*N. Poussin.*---*Dulwich College.*

GOOD.

No. 118.

Titian's Daughter.---*Titian.*---*Lady Lucas.*

WHY is this poked up in a dark corner? If we remember right, it would well bear being seen.

No. 119.

Christ and St. Peter.---Guido.---Earl of Darnley.

CHRIST and Peter corrected on the Picture to Christ and Judas. The mistake was very excusable. We are not certain, even now, if the correction is not an error. Judas, alias Peter, we should think was painted by Guido, at the time he showed his famed model for beauty.

No. 120.

A Man's Portrait.---Adel Sarto.---Earl Cowper.

WE admire Earl Cowper for sending this; it is wonderfully interesting.

No. 121.

Virgin, Child, and St. Peter.---Titian.---Marquis of Lansdowne.

GOD only knows what this would be like, if it were only cleaned, and put in any light where it might be seen.

No. 122.

Bacchanalian Dance.---N. Poussin.---T. Hamlet, Esq.

WE have spoken favourably of all the Pictures attributed to Poussin, except Sir Watkin Williams Wynne's copy, but we would have it understood, that we are fully sensible to all his defects. He is at best a dry, scholastic Pedant, who never rises above a cold, academic view of his subject; learned in design, but totally destitute of sentiment, feeling, or passion.

No. 123.

St. John writing the Revelations.—G. Bassano.—Earl Powis.

ANOTHER opposition Revelationer, ten thousand times worse than the former, by Dominichino.

No. 124.

Virgin and Child.—Raphael.—P. J. Miles, Esq.

SO you believe this to be by Raphael, Mr. Miles?

No. 125.

Adonis going to the Chace.—Titian.—Earl of Darnley.

AND you believe this to be by Titian, Lord Darnley?—God help you both!*

* It was not this Titian, we believe, but a Correggio, that Lord Darnley sold to Mr. Bonelli for "a mere song," as the phrase goes, "amongst a parcel of others," and which Mr. Bonelli very kindly consented to part with again to his Lordship for TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS!!!

THE END.

CONCLUSION.

“YOU last year,” (cried the Incendiary,) “in your Conclusion, took a summary view of your previous observations on the Gallery; but, as I have matters of more importance than what concerns the Pictures to speak upon, I shall beg of you to suffer me to dismiss the present Exhibition, with merely requesting the proprietors of the better works, to look and see whose and what those are, which occupy the best lights and most prominent places. Let Mr. Hope turn his eyes to his ‘Temptation of Christ,’ by Titian; Mr. West, to his Guido; Lord Egremont, to his Claude; Lady Lucas, to her Titian; the owners of all the Nichola Poussins, to their Pictures—and say, if these works, which are truly admirable, are not sacrificed by their situations? Let them then observe, the distinguished and marked preference given to Mr. Holwell Carr’s wretched Andrea del Sarto; his Claude; the Pictures belonging to Mr. Miles; those belonging to Mr. Hamlet; Sir George Beaumont’s two Landscapes; and Sir T. Baring’s contemptible Carlo Dolce; and ask themselves, if such an arrangement arises out of a desire to promote the Arts, and refine the public taste? or whether it is not, on the one part, to forward the interested views of gentlemen and other dealers; and, on the other, to feed the petty vanity of those collecting Directors, who cherish so little sense of justice and delicacy, as to take advantage of their influence to have their own Pictures hung in the most conspicuous situations, to the detriment of such as would, if fairly seen, be esteemed superior?”

“It was necessary to say thus much,” (said the Incendiary.)—“I have indeed a few anecdotes on this head, which I am almost tempted to add, as they would serve greatly to enforce the just consideration of this point; but let this gentle hint, for

the present, suffice. The busy interference of certain individuals, in this respect, may serve to dilate upon next sea-on.

“ There are three points, upon which I am desirous of putting forth a few words,” (continued he.)

“ On the Directors’ newly-proposed gratuities and commissions.”

“ On the judgments and conduct of those select Directors, denominated ‘ The Committee of Taste,’ as displayed in their decisions in regard to the National Monuments.

“ And, lastly—On the result to be apprehended from the appointment of those four Directors, to whom the Lords of the Treasury have delegated the power to decide on the merits of the designs to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo.

“As to the proposed gratuities and commissions, a few sentences will be sufficient to settle that.”

At the foundation of the British Institution, the inducement held out to the artists to join in its support, was simply, that a number of Noblemen and Gentlemen proposed to unite themselves into a Society, for the purpose of aiding and assisting the Professor in the disposal of his labours. A proposal of such promise was received by the Artists; of course, with all those demonstrations of gratitude, it, in appearance, deserved. But a very little time had elapsed, before it became obvious, that the Profession, by lending their productions to the establishment of an institution of this description, were, in reality, raising up, and giving sanction to, an intermediate body, between themselves and the public, to prejudice their merits. As soon as this became evident, reflecting Artists began to examine (admitting, if such a society might be desirable) how far those individuals, who had placed themselves at its head, were qualified for the important and arduous task of conducting it. The conclusions they drew were by no means favourable to the wishes of the Directors, and the better artists were consequently found gradually to withdraw themselves from the support of the institution. This secession, which, in the minds of the Directors, carried the semblance of an ungrateful desertion, naturally generated a desire, on their part, to persevere, and, if possible, compel the Artists, by submission, to sanction their authority. Hence, the last six or eight years have been spent in indirect endeavours, on the part of the Institution, to reduce the Artists to obedience;* and, on that of the Artists, to defend what they esteem the rights of the Profession.

* To obtain this object, it will be seen (say the Artists) that something like a secret understanding has existed, even with respect to the purchase of modern works by the Directors. Nothing what-

This I believe to be an impartial representation of the origin and character of that mistrust, which is now very generally known to exist between particular leading men, who denominate themselves the Patrons of Modern Art, and the established Artists. Driven from one feeble resource to another, they have at length stumbled on a proposition, much more plausible in appearance than any they have hitherto had the good fortune to alight on before; so plausible indeed, that, fortunately for the Artists, they have never stumbled on it till it has been too late. Had they commenced their Institution with such a proposal, it might have been of serious consequence to the Arts, as things have turned out; but since the views of the Directors have been developed, the bait, however tempting, is now known to contain a hook, and will therefore merely serve to catch the younger fry, and such as have no sense to see their permanent interests, or what they owe to their profession and themselves. These latter may be induced to run the chance of being publicly disgraced, by men whose judgment they despise, while they will feel nothing but a consciousness of shame, even if preferred. For what hope can any one hold out to himself, of honour, where those, with whom it would be alone honour to contend, are determined to withhold themselves. Now, for the sake of these, who are such ill calculators, and who are insensible to the self-sacrifices they are about to make—for the sake of these, and to prevent all plea of ignorance for their dereliction, let me state the consequences which must follow a compliance with the wishes of the Directors. Nothing less, I maintain, in the end, than the overthrow of their own practice, and the ruin of the art itself. Where there is no solid judgment, as a basis, there must be a constant oscillation between fear and doubt; and each one, who submits to this tribunal, will find, to his cost in the end, that he will be deserted; and that he has, in doing so, tended only to raise a power to crush

ever (Mr. Wilkie's Picture excepted) for the last six years, has been purchased by the leading Members of the Institution, from the Exhibition of the Royal Academy; though some of the works, which had been previously exhibited there, and afterwards sent to Pall-Mall, were immediately bought. One very extraordinary instance occurs, in the Picture of the Pleiades by Mr. Howard, which though totally passed by, unnoticed by any of these Gentlemen at the Royal Academy in 1814, was not only purchased, when sent the following spring to the British Gallery, but the *second* prize (humiliating circumstance!) awarded to it. This, say the chief Artists, appears to us strong corroboration of our suspicions, that a secret determination has existed, by all possible means, to force Artists to send their works to the British Gallery, to the detriment of the Royal Academy Exhibition; and that the Directors are much more anxious to establish their own authority with the public, than to afford any ingenuous protection to the Arts.

himself. If he be a Member of the Royal Academy, let him look to his pledge to that Institution and see what is to become of the schools of that establishment, if his brethren, as well as himself were to withdraw from the Annual Exhibition.

Let those Members well reflect, if there are any so lost to their duty, as to hesitate, let them coolly consider what is to become of the Schools,* if the Exhibition is to be robbed of its historical, its fancy, and attractive pieces.

If the Directors say, the Artists can paint for both, let them observe the present looseness of the English Style, arising, no doubt out of the necessity of supplying an annual display; let them think of this, and say, what kind of productions we must expect, if the painters are to work for two Exhibitions, and what the Art must dwindle to, in consequence of such practice.

They should in justice recollect, that their own appraisalment, and that of their friends may be a little partial, and that the majority of the Members of the Royal Academy is composed of the first talents of the country, and that these talents, on inspection of the lists, will be universally found to be in unison upon all the latter elections.

These Yellow Admirals † we expect will cry out of course against our mention of such a “Null and Void” Institution, as the Academy; but what do the Directors do for the Arts, in comparison to the Academicians? They subscribe a hundred guineas *once*. The Academicians give their fifty guineas *annually*—for let them divide the profits of the exhibition, and they would share to that amount. Who then is most a Patron, the Director or the Academician? He who gives a

* Much abuse has been of late publicly spread, in regard to this Body, originating in some young Gentlemen, who have had their self-importance mortified and offended, by what they and their friends undoubtedly considered an undue neglect of their extraordinary claims. These young Gentlemen, disappointed of their hopes, have cantoned out (as Locke calls it) a little Goshen for themselves, where they conclude light shines and day blesses them. They, associating with but one sort of men (those of their own Calibre, and who agreeably consent to flatter for the simple return of flattery to themselves) living separate from those who could inform, and fearing to learn, lest they should be obliged to acknowledge, their ignorance; “such” (continues the above writer,) “may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which, being separated by a large tract of Sea from all communication with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world.

† Of course the Yellow Admirals of Greenwich Hospital, are here alluded to.

simple hundred guineas, or he who relinquishes what he obtains by a display of his abilities, in favour of the Education of his Brethren.

The public at large consider the Academy (that is those few who know that the walls contain schools, which are supported at the expense of upwards of 4000*l.* per annum) as a Government Institution. It never has received any support whatever from Government, but is wholly maintained by the Exhibition. The only case in which it is at all indebted to any one for support, is to its lamented Patron the present King, who lent the establishment five thousand pounds at its commencement, and gave the apartments it now occupies.

“With respect to the second point,” (cried the Incendiary,) “that of the conduct of the Committee of Taste, with respect to the National Monuments, I shall merely state a fact which has come to my knowledge ;—the models for the last monument, voted by Government, were sent into the Committee on the Saturday ; they amounted to nearly one hundred, but the Gallery was wanted for the Exhibition of the Old Masters, and it was therefore necessary that this mass of things should be turned over as quickly as possible, so as to return them to the Artists on the Monday ; the consequence has been, that, in the estimation of every one who has seen the productions, some of the most indifferent have been preferred ; from one gentleman, whose works are well known to the public, it is universally proclaimed, they have selected his very weakest effort, and either from negligence or knavery, I know not which, the best model in his collection, had nearly been unseen by the Committee ; it was sent back to the Artist before the Directors met :—one of them however, who is fond of the Art, for its own sake, and not for any wish to obtrude himself on the public as a *Man of Taste*, found a favourable opportunity for showing his real desire to promote the interest of Modern Talents ; he had seen the above mentioned Work, it had made a favourable impression on him, and missing it when the Committee met, he demanded it of the Secretary. The Secretary was obliged to acknowledge that *it had been sent home by order of one of the Directors*, says Mr. Gillam. “*By no such thing*,” says the Director—which of the two is the person to assert a falsehood, remains to be shown.—It was immediately ordered to be fetched back, and a decision of the Committee gave it the preference it deserved.

“Now this appears to be no very favourable specimen of the exertions of the Committee, nor do I think the House of Commons would feel very well satisfied, that in a case where they are anxious to show their sense of a gallant officer’s ser-

vices, the gentlemen deputed to see the task performed in the best way, should hurry over their business, in order to promote a more favourite scheme of their own."

"Leaving this point, I now proceed to state my apprehension on the latter subject.—The Waterloo Monument."

As this is to be a more than ordinary exertion, the Committee of Taste, it seems, was not sufficiently select, and therefore the superabundant Critics were lopt off, and only four of the Heaven-born Hoogoveens suffered to remain, viz:—the Marquis of Stafford, the Honourable C. Long, Sir George Beaumont, and R. P. Knight, Esq.—These bungled on for some months, on their own bottoms; but at length finding they could not go alone, they added Mr. West to their number; the Nation may rely on it, this will only add respectability to the appearance. He will not be suffered to have any opinion, but what they will instil;—but what do the Artists say to this arrangement? Why this circumstance can hardly fail to give an improper bias to their decisions in favour of such as are more willing to allow their pretensions.

Now, it plainly matters not to say, whether those opinions are or are not founded in truth—just or unjust;—If they are, the sentiments entertained by the Profession generally, and more particularly by our most eminent men, they must of course tend to deprive the Public of that willing assistance, which it is the duty of every well-wisher to his country, to see displayed in the execution of this work.

After feeling and being assured,* that England possesses Artists capable of adding fresh honour to the age, by the commemoration of the glorious achievement, it will scarcely be a subject of serious mortification if we should find those persons most adequate to the performance of the task, are not those who are likely to afford their co-operation in its execution.

In regard to the general sense of the incompetency of these gentlemen, can there be a greater proof, than their last exhibition? Were they not obliged to solicit even the loan of three Pictures from Mr. West, before they could venture to open their doors to the public? What were the Sketches their Thousand Guineas elicited? What were they, and who were they by? And what are we to expect when on a larger scale?

* They state in their letter, that they are sensible of the existence of talents adequate to do justice to so noble a work.

It is truly ridiculous, to see the profound and senseless ignorance they are constantly displaying;—but let me go on.—Who were the works, composing the majority of the Exhibition, from? And why was the form of the Catalogue broken in upon, for the description of Mr. West's Pictures? Was it intended to produce an impression in the minds of the public, that the President's name was sufficient to answer for the absence of all the other Artists? How came Sir W. Beechey's proffered assistance to be accepted against all law and rule? You were sensible Gentlemen, yourselves, of the lamentable exposition of your failures, which this sorry exhibition made evident, and you were anxious and willing, like drowning men, to catch at the smallest assistance that might rescue you, and shelter you from any of the disgrace that must follow such an exposure.

To go back to the original question then as to the incompetence of this tribunal consisting of the Marquis of Stafford. Mr. C. Long, Sir, G. Beaumont, and Mr. Richard Payne Knight; let us ask, say the Artists, what are the Marquis of Stafford's pretensions to sit in judgment on an occasion like the one in contemplation.—Is he in possession of any collective opinions, or any regulating principles on the subject of Art? Has he any system of Criticism, that could insure the least certainty of a just preference? Has he even any plausible show of reason to account for his likings or dislikings? Would either of his coadjutors undertake to show that he has? Would they even affirm it? Would they commit themselves so far as to say, that they could, or would place the least reliance on his verdict in any case wherein their own credit was at stake?

Next inquire (say they) how far Mr. Long is really in possession of the acquirements necessary to the exercise of the power now delegated to him. With his experience, he surely does not require to be reminded of the mischievous effects of superficial interference in every pursuit. And yet, with the full conviction which he must have of this truth, how can he venture thus to stand forward, and publicly challenge us to question his right of doing so? We entertain some opinion of Mr. Long's general good sense, and we do not, in matters of taste, degrade him to the level of the Marquis of Stafford; but we cannot certainly consent to see him enthroned, as an Arbiter, on such points. We cannot allow any person to be singled out, as a Dictator to the Profession, who would not be able to maintain the least connected conversation with any one of its Members; who could not deliver a dozen sentences on any topic, of the smallest importance on art, without betraying his gross want of accurate and efficient information.

Sir George Beaumont is a *practical* man. In the particular department to which he is devoted, and where we think there are no personal feelings, no petty jealousies to bias him, his opinion is certainly entitled to a degree of attention. But can Sir George himself have the temerity to affirm, that he has a competent knowledge to decide on any of the higher branches of art? Will he venture to affirm, that he has any adequate information with regard to any of the necessary points! To take only one—Will he venture to assert, that, without such a knowledge, those niceties of form can be discriminated, which mark the difference between the works of such of the First and Second Class? He surely will not, cannot affirm, any of these things. He is conscious of it. Satisfied, then, of his own deficiency in these attainments, which are necessary to insure a just decision on the present occasion, how is it that Sir George ventures to forfeit his own self-respect, in undertaking a responsibility to which he knows himself unequal?

The name of Mr. Knight (continue the Artists) till of late, carried with it, in appearance, more pretention. He is an Author on Art, and still some persons may probably give him credit for considerable information on the subject; but it is not what a few individuals may think, that is now to the purpose. It is solely what the best Artists conceive of his judgment. It is the sentiments those men entertain, who are alone capable of doing honour to the present undertaking, that must be the object of our consideration. If they deem Mr. Knight's practical taste bad, they will assuredly not submit to his authority; and his nomination, of course, to this task, becomes a national evil.

What! (exclaim they) will you place over us a critic, who refuses, in opposition to *all* the better opinions of the country—in contradiction to the first esteemed judgment in Europe—the Chevalier CANOVA, and the universal acclamation of all persons of real taste? Will you place over us a man, who denies his sanction to the refined and prominent beauties of the Marbles of the Parthenon, and the Temples of Theseus?

What! will you delegate the arbitration, in matters of taste, to one who thus ungenerously avows, that, had he lived in the days of Pericles, he would have objected to the claims of Phidias? Surely such a taste and such a judgment are not of a character to preside over art, or to be suffered to interfere with men capable of doing justice to such a glorious event as this, which the nation has now in contemplation.

It will be evident, on the statement of these sentiments, that we have endea-

voured (said the Incendiary) to divest them, as much as possible, of every thing like the asperity, with which they may naturally be supposed to be accompanied, when uttered by the Artists. Stroug, then, as they may now appear, they still present but very faint copies—very softened representations of their originals.—With this Committee, then, (continued he,) at the head, to decide, what have we to expect?

It is this, say the Artists, that no one, who has any reputation to lose, will hazard a contention, in which he believes he has to stem the double tide of incompetence, together with a pre-existing wish to degrade.

There may, perhaps, occur a solitary instance or two, where, in the personal considerations of the individuals towards some one or more of these gentlemen, no alternative may be left them but to comply; and some may, from pecuniary motives, be induced to venture on this forlorn hope; but these only have to add, to the mortification of rejection, the sense of having sacrificed what they owe to the dignity of the Arts and themselves.

In what way then can the country hope for the exertions of those Talents which are capable of doing justice to this Glorious Event?—But one;—in the case of the Elgin Marbles, we have seen the good effects resulting from an examination of Professional men, before a Committee of the House of Commons. Why should not some such measure be adopted on this occasion? Why not let a Committee examine the first abilities of the country; as to the best and most effectual means of attaining the object. The Government would surely be thus more likely to arrive at practicable information, than by suffering a set of obnoxious individuals to go on ferretting out something from this man, and something from that, which they hope to add together for the furthering of their own reputation, when the ultimate end will be nothing, but their own disgrace, the disgrace of the Arts, and the disgrace of the Country.

Whatever scheme may finally be resorted to, (we are sure the present *will* be abandoned,) the first object must be, to conciliate the Artists, and to adopt such plans as will gain their willing co-operation, and let every member of the Government recollect that where so great a sum is to be expended and so great an event to be commemorated, it becomes his duty to see that every exertion be made to insure success, and prevent any little petty ambition from interfering, to the ruin of every hope.

ADVERTISEMENT to the DIRECTORS,

GENTLEMEN,

THE Spies of the Institution are, every one of them, *known* to the Incendiary. It will, therefore, be necessary to hire a fresh set of Ear-wiggers for the next Season. The tall Old Man in Black, and the short Young one in Brown, are totally useless, as they have not the art to hide the object for which they are retained.

THE DEFENDER.

AS the arrangements for publishing the Catalogue this year have precluded the possibility of the Author's correcting the Press, many errors have crept into the work, particularly in the division of the sentences. The following, however, it is believed, are the chief of the mis-printings and mistakes in punctuation; for the rest they must have the Reader's excuse.

ERRATA IN FIRST PART.

Title-page, . . .	line 1,	for RAISONNEE', read RAISONNE'.
Preface, page 1,	line 11,	for frit, read hit.
Advertisement, 1,	8,	for his read lies.
Catalogue, . . .	9,	21, for gusts read gusto.
	13,	20, for abscissæ read abscissa.
	—,	25, for would read should.
	15,	8, after ' legs,' a period—' here,' which follows, with
	19,	24, for the point read this point. [a capital H.
	26,	6, for Phigulian read Phigalian.
	—,	30, for Lee read Leigh.
	27,	1, for these read their.
	—,	4, for brought read bought.
	29,	13, for WHERE read WHEN.
	30,	13, for ealy read early.
	31,	10, for obraded read obruded.
	32,	9, after bottle-holder a (;) instead of a (,).
	34,	25, for RS read Recipe, and for 17 read vj.
	35,	21, for Raisonnée read Raisonné.
	41,	15, erase the words ' very satisfied.'
	42,	14, after ' Had it been,' insert the word ' scen.'
	43,	2, after (No.) insert 52.

A

CATALOGUE RAISONÉE

OF THE

Pictures now Exhibiting

AT THE

British Institution,

Printed with a sincere desire to assist the Noble Directors in turning the Public Attention to those particular Pieces which they have kindly selected with the benevolent intention of affording the most favorable contrast to Modern Art, the Encouragement, of which it is well known, is the sole Aim and Profession of the Institution.

The incendiary has just inclosed us the following extract from Bacon's Essays, as there is no better way of catching a Knave than in his own Trap, we shall print his communication, that he may see how little we fear its application.

“ There are some men of wisdom and sufficiency, that do nothing or little very solemnly: “ magno conatu nugas.” It is a ridiculous thing, and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives to make superfiacs to seem body that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved as they will not shew their wares but by a dark light*, and seem always to keep back somewhat; and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know, would nevertheless seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs; as Cicero saith of Piso, that when he answered him, he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead, and bent the other down to his chin. Some think to bear it by speaking a great word, and being peremptory; and go on, and take by admittance that which they cannot make good. Some, whatsoever is beyond their reach, will seem to despise or make light of it as impertinent or curious; and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference, and commonly by amusing men with a subtilty, blanch the matter. To conclude, there is no decaying merchant, or inward beggar, hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth, as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion; but let no man choose them for employment.”

* The pityful rascal says, he means here particularly to allude to one of the Directors, a *certain* PERSON, which by a slip of the pen, he has spelt with an A instead of an E, making it Parson, who during the arrangement, had his Rubens up and down a dozen times, and at length placed it in a dark corner, where it now hangs, saying “ It certainly looks best in a *subdued* light.”—Query why?

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 230

LECTURE 10: ELECTROSTATICS

1. Electric field of a point charge

2. Gauss's law

3. Electric potential

4. Capacitors

5. Energy of electric fields

6. Dielectrics

7. Summary

2nd May 1817.

The COMMITTEE of TASTE, under a deep sense of the great importance of their Opinions, to the true welfare of the Fine Arts, give the Public notice, that it is their intention, during the present Exhibition at the Royal Academy, to maintain, that the PICTURE of QUEEN CATHERINE'S TRIAL, ^{by Harlow} is a production

Superior to the celebrated Theodosius, by Vandyke;

That it is, without exception, one of the finest-coloured Pictures in the world;

And that it is not in the least Theatrical in its composition.

These positions, after the most mature deliberation, the Committee of Taste repeat it, is their determination to reiterate, and cause to be reiterated by their several critical dependents, during the whole time of the present Exhibition.— They farther think, that they may possibly even stand firmly by their opinions for the next twelve months; but at the expiration of that period, or probably on the production of the very next Picture, they certainly pledge themselves to assume the very reverse of these notions; they will *then* faithfully promise to hold—

That the Artist which they now affect to consider as a miracle, is, in their opinion, no miracle at all.

That he is, in their opinion, not in the least equal to paint a Picture superior to the Theodosius of Vandyke.

And that, instead of his style being free from the meretriciousness of Theatrical display, it is, in their opinion, formed by a literal Copy of the Stage representations.

The Committee of Taste thus generously make known their several and opposite Resolutions, that the Public may not be led, to *their* confusion, into the

adoption of extravagant notions, which the Committee feel perfectly assured, they themselves will be obliged, in the end, to abandon. In the second place, sensible that this unfortunate artist has so much real merit, that he is entitled to a much more steady encouragement than the Committee's long habits will permit them to hope they shall be able to give him. They trust, he will not suffer himself to be deluded into a conception, that the Committee will continue to support their over-charged admiration of his exertions beyond that period, when a favourable opportunity may present itself for them to desert him. They farther trust, that, with this notice, the unfortunate artist will not be unprepared for the fall, when the moment arrives for them to kick him from that high pedestal, on which they were now about to elevate him. It is the same sort, only a much higher plinth, from which the Committee have for some years past annually kicked down some one or more of their unhappy victims.

In addition to the above, the Committee cannot but express a hope, that as the present unfortunate object of their selection is certainly in possession of considerable Talents, the Profession will steadily continue to afford him, under his future disgrace, that well-founded praise, which is alone eventually calculated to benefit the artist, but which is not at all calculated to show off the Connoisseur.

LETTER OF DEDICATION*

TO THE

INCENDIARY WHO PUBLISHED THE TWO EXTRACTS.

SIR,

One of the Directors (Richard Payne, Knight, Esq. in his Analytical Enquiry into the Principles of Taste, page 276, second edition†) under the article Sublime and Pathetic, reports of a Pot of Boiling Hot Tea, “that it immediately took all the hairs off a raw pig’s tail that was put into it.”

It is not from any inordinate feeling of exultation derived from the profound philosophical and accute deduction drawn from the fact that we are induced to quote this passage, but merely, Sir, for the purpose of expressing our hope that this Catalogue may act towards you the part of a pot of hot water, and that it may leave you no more covering to your tail, than Richard Payne, Knight, Esq.’s raw pig *now* has.

I am, Sir,

Stans pede in uno.

The defender of the much-to-be as-it-will-be-seen-defended Institution.

* We know that a Dedication is now an obsolete thing, and that a Dedication to a Catalogue even in the days of Dedication, would have been deemed a singular thing, but a Dedication to an Adversary must at all times, we feel appear a more preposterous thing than either. Yet who has a better right, to be thus addressed than the person for whose reformation a work is written. It is a strange doctrine surely that teaches us to present our Friends with the Physic intended for our foes.

† Although we know more than one Director who takes upon himself to *dictate*, we only know of one who undertakes to write. When we shall hereafter have occasion to use his authority, we shall merely cite him with the adjective then found in company with him, and further we shall merely put the figures of the page from whence we quote, without again naming the analytical inquiry, for as the author no doubt considers it as the work best worth reading on the subject, we consider it the best worth quoting on the occasion.

PREFACE.

TO those who have read, with attention, our remarks in reply to the publication of the two Extracts from the Proceedings of the British Institution, it may perhaps appear quite unnecessary to add any further observations in defence of the present Exhibition in Pall Mall; but in establishing our position, (that the Directors were solely urged to this measure by the secret intention of rendering a most essential service to the Modern Artist,) we feel that every additional proof which can be adduced will be hailed by the Public, with pleasure and delight.

We therefore gladly seize the opportunity of subjoining another extract or two, by way of Preface to our Catalogue—extracts of such a positive nature as we trust will in conjunction with a few more explanatory observations put the question at issue beyond all further dispute.

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

“ The *object* of the establishment is to facilitate by a Public Exhibition, “ the *Sale* of the productions of *British Artists*.”

Now if the Directors had not felt quite certain as to the result of the present Exhibition, if they had not perfectly satisfied themselves, that instead of affording any, even the least means of promoting unfair and invidious comparisons, it would produce abundant matter for exultation to the living Artist; can we possibly imagine, they the foster parents of British art, would ever have suffered such a display to have taken place? Certainly not. If they had not foreseen and fully provided against all such injurious results, by the deep and masterly manœuvre alluded to in our former remarks, is it conceiva-

ble that the Directors would have acted in a way so counter, so diametrically in opposition to this their fundamental and leading principle? No, No! It is a position which all sense of respect for their consistency will not suffer us to admit, which all feelings of respect for their views forbids us to allow.

In the preface to the Catalogue of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works in 1813, they observe, "It is not for the purpose of opposing the merits of the *dead*, to those of the living, that this Public Exhibition is undertaken, on the contrary, its chief object is to call attention, generally, to British, in preference to Foreign art, and to oppose the *genuine* excellence of *Modern*, to the counterfeited semblance of *Ancient* productions, which too frequently usurp its place, and under the authority of Names deservedly venerable, absorb that wealth and patronage, which ought to foster and protect the *British School*." Now with what assurance could the Directors look this paragraph in the face, if they were not perfectly satisfied in their hearts, and if they had not by every means in their power insured that the present Exhibition should, in its effects, call forth that attention to British, in preference to Foreign art, which they so ardently desire. In what terms could the Directors answer to the accusations of their own consciences, if they had really been guilty of so gross a desertion of all their professions and principles; if they had really (further than was necessary to give a colour to their design) brought forward the works of those Masters they denominate so deservedly venerable, so "dreadful of front," to contend in the public estimation for that patronage which ought to foster and protect the British School.

It is absurd to contend for any such point longer, yet in duty we cannot quit this subject without noticing another paragraph in the same preface, page 11, which we think still more strongly calculated to reduce the matter to certainty. "The inferior Pictures of Sir J. Reynolds, may also be of service, by teaching the young practitioner, who compares them with the best, not to despair, and the young and old Collector to *value the name by the works, and not the works by the name*, since many of the *genuine* and authentic productions of the greatest Artists of Italy and *Flanders*, are as unworthy of the reputation which they acquired by other Works, as the worst of these are of the reputation due to the best. As matters indeed, of mere antiquarian curiosity, such Pictures may, in some instances, be justly valued; but to hear their *faults and defects* extolled, and see them paid for as excellencies, is one of the severe mortifications which every real Artist, much conversant in the traffic of Art, is doomed to experience.

“ Even the very few faded Pictures, may be of some use in *teaching* the Artist *what* to avoid, and the Collector *what* to distrust.”

Now, if the Directors in the case of Sir J. Reynolds, *whose talents that Exhibition was intended to commemorate as a national honour*, I say, if the Directors thought proper on *such* an occasion to admit *bad* and *faded* Pictures, by way of instruction to the Collector and the Artist, is it at all to be wondered at, that in an Exhibition like the present, they should bring forward some few of those unworthy specimens alluded to in the last extract of the Flemish School. Is it at all to be wondered at, that in an Exhibition such as this, when nothing like a patriotic desire to uphold the arts of their country, can possibly have place in the minds of the Directors, that we should attribute to them the desire of holding up the old Masters to derision in as much as good policy would allow? Is it to be wondered at that when the Directors have the three-fold prospect, by so doing of estranging the silly and ignorant Collector, from his false and senseless infatuation for the Black Masters, of turning his unjust preference from Foreign to British art, and by affording the living Painters a just encouragement, teach them to feel that becoming confidence in their powers, which an acknowledgment of their merits entitles them to? Is it to be wondered at, we say, that a little duplicity should have been practiced upon this occasion, that some of our ill-advised Collectors and second rate picture Amateurs should have been singled out as sheep for the sacrifice, and, thus ingeniously made to pay unwilling homage to the talents of their countrymen, through that very medium, by which they had previously been induced to depreciate them.

All the professions then in the Preface of the Catalogue to this Exhibition, namely, that the Directors in submitting this Collection to the Public, do not present it merely for the purpose of amusing the curious or of delighting the judicious, &c. &c. must be considered as thrown out as a mere blind, while the Directors in reality have it in view artfully to lead their readers to conclusions diametrically opposite to those they apparently wish to elicit.

We fear we shall too long intrude on the reader's patience if we do not hasten to our main object, all further arguments in defence of the Directors, then we shall now reserve and place under their proper and respective heads in the Catalogue; and we trust *they* will, as well as the public, feel that we have spared no pains to do them all the justice of which our feeble talents are capable; that in as far as our recollection and the few documents in our hands

will admit, we have cited every circumstance and act, which can at all tend to elucidate their real views, display their consistancy, and enhance their measures in the public estimation. A perfect sense of equity, however, will not suffer us to close our preface without a few more last words, without first noticing that the commendations we have already and are again about to bestow, attach in reality to a few, some four or five individuals at most.

In all societies, but particularly societies of men of rank and fortune, the transactions of the business, invariably devolves on those persons who from a pure and unextinguishable love for the object held out and for no other, persevere in their efforts to reach the goal of their wishes long after those of less eager temperament, have had their hopes blunted and their exertions deadened by the lapse of time and the want of success.

It is to such persons that our compliments exclusively apply.

To ourselves we also owe in justice one more moment. If in the course of these observations we should be found in any way contradictory to ourselves, the Public and the Directors will, we trust, excuse and place it to the earnest desire we have to leave no argument untouched for the support of an Institution in which it is evident we feel so exceedingly interested. Further, if in our anxiety to display the peculiar qualities for which we conceive this Collection has been brought before the Public, we should call to our assistance language apparently too strong ; if in our wish to please the Directors, we should without mercy, damn all that deserves damning, and effectually hide our admiration for those pieces and passages which are truly entitled to estimation, it must be placed entirely to that patriotic sympathy, which we feel in common with the Directors, of holding up to the Public as the first and great object, **THE PATRONAGE OF MODERN ART.**

By some infernal agency or other, the Incendiary has just contrived to seat himself at the table on which we are writing. We begin to fear he is actually the Devil himself. We do not much like his looks.



A

CATALOGUE,

&c.

Staircase Rails and Velvet Hangings.

BEFORE we enter on a review of the individual Pictures, we wish to say a word or two on the Staircase Rails and Velvet Hangings.

To every ardent lover of the Fine Arts, the first and most prominent feature, on entering this now, and now-ever-shall-be magnificent Gallery, must be the fresh gilt Staircase Rails and the Velvet Hangings.

Every body knows the power of gold. Every body knows that splendid Frames and Velvet, *right earnest* silk Velvet Hangings, as secondaries, have great influence in exciting our admiration for the things they accompany, and sometimes even for the *things* to whom they belong; indeed, says the Director before quoted, speaking of the effects of splendid decorations, "such is their effect that they often "serve as a universal substitute and compensate for the want of every other merit." In the present case, however, we must look to another principle, for the gratification afforded us. The Directors have been actuated by a very opposite motive in his display. *They* knew very well that these gorgeous trappings, by the principle of contrast, might be also turned to account in lowering as well as raising the estimation of the things they accompany, and here is another instance to throw in the teeth of those who suppose the Institution had not the encouragement of the Modern Arts in view by this Exhibition. Who does not perceive (except those whose eyes are not made for seeing more than they are told to see by others,) that Vandyck's Portraits, by the brilliant colour of the Velvet, are made to look as if they had been newly fetched home from the Clear Starcher, with a double portion of blue in their ruffs?—Who does not

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see that the Angelic Females in Rubens's Pictures, (particulary in that of the Brazen Serpent,) labour under a fit of the bile, twice as severe as they would do if they were not suffering on red velvet?—Who does not see, from the same cause, the Landscapes by the same Master, are converted into *brown studies*, and that Rembrandt's ladies and gentlemen of fashion look as if they had been on duty for the whole of last week in the Prince Regent's new Sewer?—And who, that has any penetration, that has any gratitude, does not see, in seeing all this, the anxious and benevolent solicitude of the Directors, to keep the old Masters under.

Next to the decorations, let us say a word or two about the arrangement of the pictures. But No! That had better fall in, in its proper place amongst the criticisms, so now for

No. 1,

KING CHARLES.

“ I have washed my hands with innocency.”

PICTURE CLEANER.

And I or my predecessors have washed their face with a vengeance.

The sky round about it have I, or thy predecessors also visited with a heavy hand; with a thick and muddy cloud after our own invention.

I, or my predecessors have melted the small of thy back into blackness, and clothed thy horse's neck, not with thunder, but a grisly wig.

I and my predecessors would, peradventure, that his head and his legs had been larger, that we might have had the glory and honour of making them so small.

As for his knees, let no man speak of them, for what man has seen them by reason of their great darkness.

So much for the respondent Picture Cleaner. And now without mentioning any names, (for we would willingly avoid an action for Scan Mag :) and we know what an irritable set the artists are, we ask if there are not many modern painters who would look at this head, *as it now is*, and as it *ever was*, very probably from its present appearance, and justly say with Corregio, “ I am a

painter still!" We will also ask, if the public do not know of two animal painters at least, now living, who have it in their power most materially to correct the drawing of the horse in regard to proportions and anatomical construction, and whether they would not chime in with the picture cleaner, though from different sentiments, in lamenting the smallness of the head and the inadequate strength of the legs: further we will inquire if there are many principal painters, who would have been satisfied in attaining the general effect produced in this picture by such a sacrifice of truth, in point of light and shade.

The Incendiary who sticks close at our elbows tells us, that—"It is nothing but the fear of thwarting our pretended views of the Directors, which prevents us from acknowledging that we could speak a great deal more highly in the praise of this picture than we are able to bring censures against it, and that in fact if we would let the secret transpire, we should admit this work to be a most magnificent and glorious effort of art, in every other respect, except the above-mentioned circumstances." What can we say to such a brute?

No. 2.

When we recollect the various *portrait compositions* which came from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the sense—the united purpose which combined the action of every figure to some object, when we turn our attention to the numerous pictures of this description, executed by many succeeding artists, we feel confident the public will agree with us in viewing with sentiments of exultation, the inanity of design which marks the combination of these two figures; the child is a child upon its mother's lap, it is true, but it is as independant a child as the painter's imagination was well capable of furnishing; the mother is likewise as independant of the child, as the child is of the mother. They are indeed so totally free from any governing principle of action, that if it were not for tradition, or a kind of sylogistical working of the *probability* out of the *possibility* from the association of the two on one canvass, we should be totally at a loss to establish this fact. We beg to direct the attention of the spectator to the tip of the lady's nose, which is totally lost in "the splendour of its own brightness." We think the colours of this picture, the *reds* in particular, very successfully *opposed* by the charming beautiful velvet hangings. The Incendiary

who seems, as if he intended to thrust in one of his cursed remarks at the conclusion of every article, winked at us here, and said, "you have done this very well, but do you think the connoisseurs will suffer the want of good sense and intelligence to be set up against the merits of execution and imitation, because you pass them in silence.?"

No. 3.

AN ALEGORY

Of the opening of the Temple of Janus, wherein Mars, dragged on by Alecto and the Furies, resists the entreaties of Venus; he tramples on the Arts and Sciences as he goes, while Europe distracted, in *black satin*, as Tilburina was in *white*, lifts up her hands in despair. We beg leave to assure the public of our full conviction that the directors by the introduction of these kind of subjects, had it wholly in contemplation to completely exterminate by a strong blow, what may be called the *riddle me riddle me re stile* in painting

Allegorical compositions, or a combination of enigmatical figures to convey a sensible idea of some abstract proposition, is now pretty well scouted by all persons pretending to good sense, or good taste. If the figures are of the artist's own invention, they require like the milk signs, to have the name of the beast or his attributes written over them. These kind of materials then must be old before they can become intelligible without an index of reference, and where is the merit of doing that which is to be done, without any exertion, but that of applying to a set of conventional tables. As far as regards the general consideration of Allegory, we shall dismiss all the Rubens's in the gallery of this class with the above remarks, and the Public will readily agree with the Directors, no doubt, in the propriety of our treating them with so little consideration. But before we quit this article, we shall take an opportunity to speak to the point of Rubens's sketches in general and the more immediate object of bringing them forward in this exhibition. The motive of the institution for doing this, may be gathered from a perusal of the advertisement attached as a fly leaf at the end of their catalogue. Not the Day and Martin Lottery Office like puff. that occupies the back of the title page, as little to the

credit of the Directors, as it is to the dignity of the gentlemen whom it is intended to serve.* From the contents of this it will plainly be seen, that they have been selected for the purpose of affording a contrast to those FINISHED Sketches, which the Directors† flatter themselves they shall elicit (including the frames of 3 feet 4 by 4 feet 6) by the promise of a thousand guineas, to be divided to a scruple and presented to those persons who are able to stand the test of the then new invented and best critical thermometer.‡ As they also announce it, to be their intention to *adjudge* the *merits* as well as the premiums, they have probably already called upon the new born geniuses with the several bundles of talents which they may deem necessary to insure their success.

We trust, however, the Directors have not given these new Tyros more than will enable them to turn each a-drift at the end of the year, in favor of some fresh wonder, for their grand principle should always be uppermost in their recollection, that excellence is not so likely to be obtained by encouraging perseverance in the few who may have arrived at some eminence, as it is by multiplying and starving the many. The proper inducements to exertion in the pursuit of the fine arts, are as we ourselves have frequently heard one of the Directors stoutly contend,

Pallentes Morbi, Luctus, Curæque, Laborque
Et Metus, et Malesuada Fames, et Turpis Egestas
Terribiles Visu Forma.

Virg. 6 Æn.

* This passage was foisted into the text by the Incendiary, while we got up to stretch ourselves and escaped our observation till printed.

† We cannot in justice to our strict sense of equity, too often repeat that the compliments paid to the Directors, are due to four or five persons at most, as we specified in the Preface. We are sorry for those, who may not conceive themselves included in our commendations, but they must recollect, that it is as contemptible to desire unmerited praise, as it is to bestow it.

‡ The Incendiary says, he has heard that one of the Directors has actually been for several years engaged in the laudible endeavour to make extracts of the several qualities necessary for forming a painter. Having read in a learned work of the experiments performed about a century ago upon cucumbers, with the hope of obtaining sunbeams for winter consumption, he set to work and tried a variety of substances but with the modesty of true philosophy, he acknowledges with little success. The only source from whence he hopes any essential benefit will be derived, is from eggs and vinegar. He thinks time may develop something through the medium of these two articles that may tend greatly to the advancement of the higher branches of the arts.

No. 4.

LANDSCAPE—SUNSET.

This and the Moonlight, No. 19—The Incendiary maintains, ought not to have been admitted, but we deny the assertion, and while the Directors continue to stick out in calling them landscapes*—we are certain we shall have every body on our side. Indeed, as real patrons of modern art, we know not how sufficiently to thank the Directors for the selection of the sketches of Reubens on this occasion, particularly as they so guardedly keep out of sight, all the real merits which they do possess and praise them for qualities in which they are most obviously deficient; while they hold them up as imitations of nature, they place themselves on excellent ground, while they talk of botanizing on their weeds and plants, of drawing from the various animals with which they are peopled, instruction in natural history, they must effectually do the moderns all the service that can be wished. Every one will perceive that such commendation is mere irony, a sort of irony which must give double pleasure by adding to the gratification derived from a hearty laugh at the joke, the higher delight obtained from a sense of the benevolent purpose, it is intended to answer. We reserve ourselves to speak more decidedly on this style of *landscape* painting in our criticism attached to No. 8.

Nos. 5 and 6,

Considered as sketches under article 3.

No. 7.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

This picture we have had occasion to notice in speaking of the effect of the new-gilt-stair-case rails, and the red velvet hangings; we then took upon ourselves to point out the dreadful bilious attack under which all the lovely inha-

* Our incendiary, who is getting into a little better humour at the mention of the Rubens's *landscapes*, will not suffer us to close this article, without pointing out the stain in the great tree, No. 4, and that the part most like nature in the sky of No. 19, was painted by Sir Jos. Reynolds.

bitants of this frame, are suffering out of compliment to the Directors, and for the benefit of the moderns. We have had it insinuated to us, that the noble Managers secretly wish us in the course of the Catalogue, occasionally, to ask certain questions of the public, but not to mention *their* names, for fear of giving offence to the owners of the several pieces, namely, "How would any person of the least taste for the feminine gender, like the ladies of his family, or even acquaintance, to harbour any inclination to emulate the colour of the sweet damsels in this picture?" The question is extremely pertinent, and we are happy to assure the noble Directors, that we have invariably received the same answer from every one of our own particular friends, which we are sensible they are anxious to obtain—an exclamation of horror at the mere thoughts of such a desire. Who knows, say they, what the thing might end in? We suffer enough disgust from the several washes, pastes and messes already in use to restore the ravages of time, and which are sometimes even barbarously suffered to supplant the finer farina of nature; but if we are to be threatened in the faces and bosoms of our Venus's and Graces with all the diversified colors of the rainbow, there is no knowing what lengths our ladies may go in the end and no security, that they may not finish like these in the horrible endeavour to personate all manner of filthy things in form as well as hue. We repeat, therefore, that we are happy to assure the Managers, that on this head, their hopes are completely realized, and that the mass of soddened flesh, evidently on the turn, which this picture presents, is generally esteemed a sight better suited to the shambles than any person's apartment who pretends to the least delicacy and refinement.

We hardly think it necessary, yet to keep the Incendiary in good humour and to convince him of the sincerity of our defence of the Directors, we are induced to point out to the public, the lady who has to all appearances, impaled her child upon her own arm, probably from the want of some more appropriate instrument. He also wishes us to enquire if any modern artist had suffered himself to be guilty of introducing such a doubtful and seemingly, brutal action, it would not have been sufficient to have damned his picture, however good it might have been in other respects, in the eyes of the would-be connoisseur whose prejudices and folly, it is the object of the institution to expose. Pray, says our Incendiary, as detail, have the goodness likewise to attend to the lady with a swelled face on the right, notice her left arm and hand, and further ask the meaning of amalgamating the characters of Moses and Hercules.

“ Well, said he, (after we had written the last sentence,) “ upon my word (the Devil’s word) I begin to think—but No—No—I cannot believe it—it cannot be—If you do not allow our principle, cried we, what excuse could the D’rectors have for holding up such things, as models of excellence and imitation? Want of taste, said he.” Nonsense and want of candour, said we; but come, let us proceed, we shall convince you before we have done.

No. 8.

LANDSCAPE, BY RUBENS.

Under this article we shall endeavour to say all that the directors would wish us to say on the subject of Rubens as a landscape painter, reserving No. 10 as the only article of that kind which requires to receive a separate consideration. “ Certainly, said the Incendiary, to understand them as imitations of nature, it will require some new view—some cabalistic sense of it, that cannot be hoped for, or derived from any other source than a species of revelation.”

In the first place, then we must refer our reader to the principle laid down in No. 4, that we wholly wish to view these things, as *landscapes* according to the desire which we have no doubt, is entertained by the Directors. Any eye, by a glance round the room, will readily perceive that Rubens’s Landscapes resided wholly on his pallet. The same general tone—the same monotony of contrast pervades the whole; they are more the results of mechanical system, than of impressions derived from any intercourse with nature. “ Talk of nature, exclaimed the Incendiary, in works wherein not only all deeds of partnership are annulled with this Goddess, but in which a system of Atheism is openly avowed, and all *being* denied her! In which, there is a constant mimical and metaleptic cajolery going on between the earth, the sky, the water, and all things! In which every ordinary relation, all real existence, is contradicted and supplanted by the hideous offspring of an incestuous intercourse between the painter and his pallet! In which we are presented with appearances that appal us in thier mockery and which if we were for a moment to find realized, would strike us with consternation and horror—In which”

Dear Mr. Dev—Incendiary, you are in a passion and scarcely talk English, we shall hope to satisfy you if you will allow us to proceed—let us

see where were we? Oh! they are more the results of mechanical system than of impressions derived from an intercourse with Nature—Nature that is ever variable in her combinations, and ever beautiful, who has no restrictive principles to bind her affects in chains, and knows no law but the single law of consistency. The ground work of her pictures is not made of *one* material, she never spreads her canvass with *one* tone to work into, nor is the treatment of one part of them ever in open contradiction to another. As examples of dexterity of hand and skill, in the artificial display of the materials, Rubens's landscapes may afford those amateurs gratification, who are content to accept, as an equivalent for sense and nature, a pannel full of signs intended to represent trees, clouds, men, &c. &c. &c. but let no person contend that they at all have the least pretension to resemblance with the objects they have agreed in their minds to let them stand for, since they are at best but caricatures, and very little more than a mere collection of hieroglyphics.

We know by these reflections, that we shall lay ourselves open to the retort of those who will conceive us deficient in the feelings necessary to the comprehension of the higher character of painting, but let those who conceive this, learn if they imagine such a reflection will attach to us from these observations, that they themselves are ignorant of what really constitutes the grand in art, if they are insensible to the incongruity between the choice of the subject, and the mode of treatment adopted by Rubens in his landscapes. They are in short, the most mannered representations that it is possible to conceive of the most homely—the most familiar scenes and occurrences. Now productions which have manner, gross manner for their basis, are surely not examples to bring forward for imitation. Happy, happy modern artist then! Benevolent, glorious discriminating cherishers of modern art, admirable Directors! what do we not owe to you even on this single account? ! What a debt of gratitude is there not due to you in thus holding up to ridicule, works which if they were suffered to obtain any influence as examples, would corrupt all good taste, and be productive of nothing but manner, manner, manner, dreadful ruinous destructive manner.

“ Bravo! exclaimed the Incendiary, at any rate I begin to think you must yourselves be convinced of the truth of the views which you affirm actuate the Directors, whether it is founded in fact or not, for my part, however, my doubts are not yet satisfied.”

How do you get over the introduction to the gallery of

No. 9?

That picture, said we, is evidently one of the blinds the Directors found themselves under the necessity of introducing to disguise their intentions from the would-be connoisseurs; we will leave this therefore and proceed to

No. 10.

Before we enter into the consideration of this article, which if we were to apply any term, even the very lowest appellation art could furnish, we should hold ourselves guilty of one of the grossest misapplications of language, it would be possible to practice. Before we enter on a review of the *thing* itself, we shall take the liberty of transcribing for the perusal of the reader, a passage or two from the Preface to the Directors' Catalogue of this Exhibition.

“ To gratify the public taste and to animate the British artist to exertion, the Directors of this Institution have, in former years, selected some of the best productions of the British school; they now, with the same view, offer some of the *admired works* of the Dutch and Flemish schools, to the inspection and observation of the public. And they take this opportunity of acknowledging the readiness and liberality with which the possessors of these beautiful specimens of art, have lent them for the purposes of this Exhibition.

“ Whatever difference of opinion may exist, as to the best mode of directing the studies of youth to the attainment of excellence, all seem to agree that example is the most animating principle which influences their conduct. The Directors of the Institution, therefore, in submitting the collection to the public, do not present it merely for the purpose of amusing the curious, or of delighting the judicious.”

“ With the hope that SUCH productions may excite in the British artist, the ardour of EMULATION. They offer them to him not that he may copy, but that he may STUDY them, they wish him to CATCH THE SPIRIT rather than to trace the lines, and to set his MIND, rather than his hands to WORK upon this occasion.”

“ To a superficial observer, many of the GREAT WORKS before us may seem the result of GENIUS *without the aid of study*; No opinion can be more falacious—no mistake more fatal. Genius and fancy it is true, give the magical charm to the productions of art, but those who think that genius and fancy will supply the place of *care, attention, and industry*, mistake the course they have to pursue.”

Now if it had not been shewn that we were aware of the real intention of the Directors, it might look invidious to select these paragraphs and apply them to *this* magnificent and wonderful effort of the human powers: but if it were possible to suppose the Directors could be serious in holding up *such* a paltry, contemptible smear as this, as an example for study, we should have a just right to select any means that might present themselves to hold *them* up in return to the ridicule they would justly deserve.

But No, No, we know these great men better. O! Lucian, how poor a Banterer wert thou in comparison with these noble Directors? Wouldst thou have had the face of brass to hold up this piece of grimed pannel, which may be matched in beauty and meaning by any house painter's shop board, by any stained pallet rag? Wouldst thou have ventured to introduce connoisseurs of thy day to such a dirty patch as this, and with the pompous declamation contained in the glorious preface? Couldst thou, pointing to such a thing as this, have talked of *animating examples, animating principles, objects of ardour, objects of emulation*? have called it a *work*, desired the artists to *study* it, to catch the *spirit* of it, to put their *mind* to work upon it, called it a *great work*, the mixed result of genius aided by *study, by care, by attention and industry*. Oh No, Lucian! thou never couldst have had face enough to have done this, acknowledge then that thou art far surpassed by these wits of modern times, these extraordinary, these most wonderful, these most deep and satirical Directors. But further mark the art, the ingenuity, the foresight with which the thing is planned from the very beginning. Knowing the difficulty they should have been reduced to if they had entered into any particulars, and that they themselves would have been obliged to speak of the majority of the works in the Gallery as they deserved, I say, knowing this, mark how shrewdly the Directors have stuck to general expressions in their Preface, and avoided all notice almost of any individual specimen, whereas, if they had not felt the absurdity of holding up such things as examples, is it possible that with the unbounded desire they have to *instruct* the painters, they would have refrained from pointing out those specific beauties for which it is ludicrously supposed each of the pictures has been selected.

In our first paper, it was hinted that we thought it might be possible that the Directors intended to afford an example (that is in appearance) in their own persons of the folly which they wished to expose in others; now we conceive we have only to look at this picture, at No. 13 and No. 26, to discover a very strong and plausible ground for our conjecture; for on what principle could we pretend to explain the abuse which the noble Director, who is the possessor of this invaluable production, pours forth on the greatest landscape painter of the present day, if he really was so deficient in taste and judgment as seriously to hold this up as an example of art. No, No, his pretended value of this thing is a mere farce, his abuse and his admiration are both equally the offspring of his ungovernable love and zeal for the moderns.

Only imagine the noble Director arguing with himself thus—“ If I affect to despise the best of the moderns, and see that I make my abuse sufficiently gross, as I am a practitioner myself, I may indulge a fair hope that it will be placed to the account of jealousy and the despair on my part of being able to produce any thing which will bear the least competition with the works I pretend to put down. Now having a high reputation amongst my friends, I shall by this piece of cunning, induce a still higher of the artist I affect to abuse whilst in setting up as a specimen of great talent, a thing that I know is infinitely inferior to any, the most unsuccessful effort I ever made myself, even at the commencement of my studies, by bringing forward such a paltry daub to be laughed at, I shall afford, according to my heart’s desire, the strongest inducement to the encouragement of modern art and particularly that department of the art to which I am more particularly attached—The Art of Landscape Painting.

“ I know not,” cried the Incendiary, “ how it is you bring yourself to believe in the truth of such conclusions, but it is my opinion, and I believe it is pretty generally the feelings of the profession at large, that there is a wide difference between a Patron and one who is merely busied about art, for the credit he himself may derive from the exertion.” “ Such men are the pests of all pursuits, where the certainty of demonstration is not to be obtained, and therefore, where vague and undefined notions are not so closely questioned as they are in the more regular sciences; creatures of this species buzz about the purlieus of art, and having little claim to attention on their own account, place themselves beside every new comer of promise, and endeavour to shine in the eye of the world, by the lustre they thus borrow by reflection. If this were all the harm, we might readily excuse the paltriness of the

“ object, for the advantages that it might occasionally afford, but this is
 “ never the end of it. The young Tyro, by the attention of these beings,
 “ is constantly inspired with hopes that they never suffer him to realize.
 “ No sooner does a new *child-wonder* appear, but they hasten to hail his
 “ reception, and as long as they can keep the upper hand of him, as long as they
 “ can dictate and direct him, so long he meets with the praise and protection
 “ of these people, but the moment he, by study, gets beyond their depth, he is
 “ no longer to be encouraged, but feared.* He then is converted into an object
 “ of annoyance to contrast to something better or singled out for reduction him-
 “ self, by the opposition of something worse. If the alarm happen to prove
 “ a false one, which of late has been the case nine times out of ten, and we
 “ have nothing but the ignorant cry of talent, in the place of talent itself, then
 “ the creature who raises the cry is the first to escape, in dread of the impeach-
 “ ment his discrimination must otherwise meet, whilst the miserable object, who
 “ has been made the instrument of the day, to rob the deserving of their
 “ reward, is deserted and left in solitude to curse the applauses which inspired
 “ him with false expectation, and which have merely lured him on to crush him
 “ in the end beneath the double weight of shame and poverty.”

Sir, said we, (for we forgot for the moment the strong reasons we had to believe the Incendiary was the Devil) this may be all very true, and we wish it were in our power to give you an answer, but the time is short and the Catalogue waits for us.

No. 11.

The particular expression which lighted-up the countenance of the Incendiary at this instant, and which conveyed a strong impression of the mixed feelings of pity and that pride which is the offspring of superior views, induced us to hasten on for fear of the consequence. No. 10, then, said we, is a whole length portrait of the Abbé Scalier, by Vandyck. The head is tolerably well painted, but nothing very extraordinary. The hands are too large and the confused and false perspective of the back ground, is not very complimentary either to the resources or the perseverance of the painter.

* Feared. Because if he has any sense of the necessity there is for maintaining right notions in art, he must frequently be obliged to expose the falacy of that pretended science, which as it is acquired more for shew than use, is always shallow and ever attended with apprehensions:

No. 12

IS A CANDLE-LIGHT, BY RUBENS,

Which although a very celebrated and enormous prized picture, if we cover the face of the woman, we shall have every thing we could wish to give us pleasure. The boy's head is most grossly painted and coloured, and is quite out of keeping. The candle is far less bright than his cheek.

No. 13.

We have mentioned with the contemptuous attention it merits, under our 8th article.

Nos. 14, 33, 34, and 36,

We consider all as pictures, certainly of different degrees of excellence, which we suppose the Directors would most willingly have spared, if they could have obtained their object without them.

It must not, however, be imagined that because such works as we pass in this way, we acknowledge to be good, the moderns have very great reason to dread the efforts of being seen in competition with them. On the contrary, an artist has every reason to wish *such* things should be understood *properly*, and with the just restrictions that *every* picture requires, for the better *they* are felt, the more will, what he himself does, be justly appreciated and valued.

It is the false taste and impressions derived from bad—old—rubbed—out pictures and copies, that an artist has to dread.

“True,” said the Incendiary, “but how does this agree with your principle, that the Directors had the modern arts more particularly in view by this Exhibition.” If we had simply stated, said we, that the Directors had assembled this collection of rubbish together to leave it simply to its fate, your question might have been very proper; but have we not repeated again and again that it is our firm conviction these Pictures have been brought forward with far different feelings.

No. 15

Is entitled to a proportional share of the reprehension passed upon Rubens's landscapes in general, under article No. 8.

No. 16.

This beastly production we reserve to remark upon hye and bye. It will probably be the last piece to receive our notice.

No. 17

May be put into the heap with the rest of its companions. The only point in which it differs from them, is in the wiry dotting of its trees and its brassy finishing. *This* only serves to *extend its manner* to the detail, and render its artificial qualities less crude, it is true, but not less disgusting to a well educated eye.

No. 18

Is wretched ; but if we may be allowed to institute degrees of wretchedness, it may perhaps be a point less villainously bad than No. 10. It is only noticeable for the waggon which affords an example with what condescension truly great men are willing to be indebted to each other.*

No 19

Is noticed under article No. 4.

No. 20.

This picture is probably an heir loom by the name of its possessor, and we therefore fear no danger in suggesting that from its excessive hardness and a very suspicious feebleness in the drawing, it seems to betray a great inclination to establish its pretensions to the degradation of a copy. From the sense of

* Vide No. 325, in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy.

safety mentioned above, we are also induced to make another observation, and to which we particularly request the attention of our readers. It is this; that whether we consider those pictures to be copies, which we are disposed to think so or not, it will make equally in favor of the Directors' views of raising a laugh at the expense of the possessor; for if they *are* copies, it is a reflection on the judgment of the owners in having been so duped, and if *not*, if originals, a reflection on his taste and discrimination in not being better able to appreciate the merits of the master.

No. 21.

See article No. 5.

No. 22.

A STUDY OF A HORSE,

To which Sir Joshua Reynolds added half or two-thirds, or, perhaps, more of a second, and merely by this simple process and nothing else, converted it from A horse, the indefinite property of no one, into THE horse, the definite property of Achilles, such is the power of genius. This excellent discovery of making somethings of nothings by the sole act of attaching a epithet, by affixing a particular name to a thing that will be equally well designated, by fifty different titles, is well calculated to forward that admirable and now extended accomplishment of the modern connoisseur, that facility of dismissing or rather missing all consideration of the subject or the sense it is intended to convey, in the contemplation of a picture. This originates in our having bent our attention to the Flemish and Venetian Schools, in preference to the better models afforded us by the Schools of Italy and the Antient Greeks. We are all now getting to know the particular manner in which each painter scrubbed his canvass with his pencil and deemed ourselves quite learned in the art, when we can distinguish *this man's hand-painting* from *that*; but although it forms an essential part of the education of the artist to be acquainted with all the various means of execution; and although no person can be a good judge of the beauties of colouring, without a very tolerable acquaintance with the means which assist in producing the bril-

liancy, &c. &c. &c. of a finely coloured picture, yet it should be considered after all, that it is but a very secondary object, and from its mischievous influence on modern taste loudly called for this public censure of the British Institution; for so assuredly the Directors intend the Public should consider it. Here then, Mr. Incendiary, is a farther proof of the truth of our opinions, for you have only to recollect that the object for which the Institution was established, was that of spurring on the mind to exertions of a nobler character—to the attainment of that *ideal excellence* which alone distinguishes works of Art from mechanical productions.*

23

At the mention of this *Elongation of the Duchess of Savoy*, our Incendiary pricked up his ears.

“ For the sake of the learned nobleman who is the owner of this picture, I sincerely wish,” said he, “ that the Directors would adjudge it a few of the merits they have bottled up for the new prize sketches, for without they can assist it by this means, I fear that the large sum which it cost, will wear the appearance of a reflection not very flattering to his judgment or consolatory to his pocket.”

So much the better for the Directors, said we, it is such men whom they feel particularly desirous of detaching from their prejudices in favour of bad old pictures. How often must we acknowledge our obligation to make you sensible of their kindness.

“ Before you proceed let me ask you one question,” continued the Incendiary. “ I see on referring to the advertisement, that the sketches are to be *finished* sketches, and that the merits are to be adjudged, to *them* and not to the painter, as you would have us understand. Pray now what do the Directors mean by a *finished* sketch, and how is this peculiar operation performed of adjudging the merits to it after it is completed ?”

Recollecting La Bruyer’s advice, (“ Il faut être reservé même avec son meilleur ami, lo trop des que cet ami temoigner curiosité pour pénétrer votre secret,)” we merely said in reply, that as to what was intended by *finished* sketches, we could not possibly say, until we had consulted the Directors

* Vide Preface to the Catalogue of 1811, page 10.

themselves; but with regard to the adjudgment of the merits you know said we it has been the invariable privilege of all men, great and small, since the creation to talk nonsense upon those subjects which they do not understand. The only difference in the exercise of this prerogative, lies in the purpose which the nonsense is intended to answer; now the end of this establishment being the encouragement of the modern fine arts, with the double view of improving the prosperity and the resources of the empire* and to produce those intellectual and virtuous feelings which are perpetually alive to the welfare of the country; as no end can be greater than this, it follows that the Directors have a just ground to talk nonsense if any body has.† But let us say something about the picture.

This is the picture of a deceased Duchess; and in as much as the lady herself is defunct, so likewise is Vandyck's picture of her; the walls and columns of the apartment in which she is represented, have been cruelly robbed of every atom of their original paint, her face is reduced to a dead colour and her red curtain totally scoured out. It is true, some heavy hand has been busily at work to restore the havoc committed on this Duchess and her accompaniments, but the miserable daubing which now acts as a substitute for the original painting, rather tends to expose than hide its unfortunate fate.

Whether we have much reason to regret the annihilation of all that was valuable by Vandyke on this canvass, (the front of the Duchesses dress excepted) we know not; at any rate, the disproportionate shortness of the arms and the excessive height of the figure, render it somewhat doubtful. We have been induced to pay even this degree of attention to No. 23, because we understand that among the would-be connoisseurs, whose object it is the Directors wish to expose, it has in its *present* state made a considerable impression. So much for the judgment of these gentlemen.

No. 24.

This is a picture of very great celebrity and cost an enormous sum; when we heard it was to be produced we confess it excited very fearful

* See the account of the Institution, page 1,—and the Preface to the Catalogue, for 1811.

† On perusing this passage we wish we had not been induced to answer at all; for although the deduction is perfectly logical, and all reasonable men must agree with us in the inherent right of the Directors to talk as they please upon any point, still there is something that *looks* weak in acknowledging it to be nonsense. And yet we do not know well how we are to make any thing else of it.

apprehensions that it might operate most forcibly against the secret intention of the learned Directors, in attracting that admiration which they so ardently wish should be wholly engrossed by the moderns; but there are even defects in this work, which in some degree compensate for its beauties and reduce it from some thing supernatural to the production of a mere mortal. The lady, and her horses in the first place, on the left, have no very great pretensions to stick themselves up for admiration in a painter's eye. The limbs and ramifications of the trees are in point of drawing, not at all understood, and the sky is completely ruined by the square and angular termination of the clouds. It is the best cuyp here, said the Incendiary. Perhaps not, said we.

No. 25.

In this picture we beg leave to notice the Village Church amidst the trees. The bush or tree on the foreground also, bears strong marks of a tasteful feeling for Dutch elegance in point of form; but as there are no certain principles of taste, we may be mistaken in condemning Rembrandt's choice on this occasion. "No person ever adopted, (says the Director, page 430,) or admired a style, which he felt or thought inelegant or impure; but the meaning which the words Elegance, Grace, and Purity bear, differs not only in individuals, but in the same individuals as they are differently applied."

No. 26.

If we were happy in the opportunity of defending under Art. 10, the contributor of that very useful work to the present Exhibition, from the invidious suggestions which had gone abroad; if we were gratified at the means then afforded us of exposing the falacious conclusions of those whose shortsightedness would not allow them to perceive the real object of his *pretended* abuse of the moderns, we likewise experience equal pleasure in thus publicly expressing our gratitude to the owner of the present article. The very marked attention which the total demerits of this piece evinces he was desirous

of paying the artist of his own time, calls for our sincerest acknowledgements. But the great value of this picture in the scale of contrast, will not be really felt, except by those who bear strongly in recollection, the numerous sketches from nature of a similar description which the public have repeatedly seen occupy these very walls; sketches executed by some of the youngest hands of the day.

To those who do recollect these performances, it will not require a moments consideration to give them the decided preference over this miserable pretention to an *historical* landscape.

Every one, we feel, will readily acknowledge the justice of this observation, except *such* as have no judgment of their own to exercise, *such* as are reduced to the necessity of waiting to take the cry from others before they can cry at all; or *such* as think an extract of the alphabet the surest criterion of merit in a picture. "This position in favour of the Directors and for which you argue with so much earnestness," exclaimed the Incendiary, "implies such an unusual exhibition of deep artifice and generosity, that I cannot bring myself to conceive it in the least degree possible."

No. 27.

We have now reached the wall on which is suspended most of the Dutch cherubs and cherubims of the present Exhibition, male and female,—each "a grisly band." The majority of them are of such a judicious depth of colour, that they make the live ladies and gentlemen who visit them, look as raw and smooth as the much-to-be lamented and much-to-be pitied Richard Payne Knight, Esqr.'s pig's tail, to which we alluded in our Letter of Dedication.

It would be ungenerous not to acknowledge the superiority of the antients, when they really deserve it; such conduct would only betray that general desire to depreciate, which must inevitably counteract its own views*. We willingly, then, subscribe to the great and cunning subtlety of

* We request the reader to recollect our profession at the conclusion of our Preface, namely, that if we are found to pass over the beauties, and little more than notice the defects of the pictures in these rooms, it is not from any insensibility to their merits, but purely out of a desire to gratify the Directors and to forward their patriotic views. We also at the same time, beg leave to recal to his attention, that our compliments are only due to four or five Directors at most.

Rembrandt, in reducing his flesh so much below the tone of nature; for it is evident, by this scientific contrivance, the artist has been enabled to paint his back grounds with such a perfect degree of obscurity, that he has fully insured their contents from the least liability of discovery. However anxiously the spectator may pour over them to discover the secrets they contain, he cannot possibly do otherwise than leave off as wise as when he began.

As this lady apparently has by nature a very dark complexion, and is assisted in addition, by a very tolerable quantity of dirt, we shall not venture to determine the exact tint of her skin, until she has had her face washed.

Here is another point on which the moderns ought to feel grateful.

The pictures, Nos. 40, 79, 100, 133, 134, are in such a condition, some from the want of varnish, and the remainder from the want of cleaning, that if they have any merits at all, they are totally obscured from our view by the cloud in which they are enveloped. In the three last instances, we think, however, that the Directors would have done more service to the moderns, had they suffered the public to see the qualities of which these picture *are* composed.

No. 28.

An insipid piece of mediocrity, and on any other occasion would have deserved a place at the top of the room; but it is calculated to do so much good, by being seen, that we beg leave to thank those who had the arrangement of the pictures for placing it in the situation it now occupies.

No. 29.

This picture having, we understand, been purchased with the prize money presented by the Institution to the owner, we shall not deliver any opinion on its merits.

“As defenders of the measures of the Directors” cried the Incendiary, “you must not imagine I will suffer you to pass on this occasion without a few words expressive of my sentiments, and those of the public on that decision. I shall be very brief. Whatever *your* opinion may be on this subject, I conceive that this act reflects the strongest discredit on the

delicacy, judgment and consistency of the Directors. But before I go into the particulars, I think it but due to the wounded feelings of the Royal Academy, to premise that I think the gentleman through whom that wound was inflicted, is not totally free from blame; that gentleman of acknowledged abilities and established rank, whom the Directors so unhandsomely and unjustly degraded, by giving him the second prize against a mere boy in art, that gentleman, in exposing himself to such a humiliation, should have recollected, that in consenting to accept a *premium* from the Directors of the British Institution, he was acknowledging the authority and right of these Directors, to sit in judgment upon his talents. He should also have recollected, that, as a Member of the Royal Academy, he by such a submission was sacrificing the dignity of that Establishment, and placing it on a secondary footing to *that* Institution, which was professedly framed in subordination to, and for the purpose of *forwarding* ITS views."

On the conduct of the Directors in this affair, I have to observe, that in as far as their feelings, as men of refinement are concerned, this decision conveys no very exalted notion of their sensibility. In as far as their judgment was concerned in this decision, I appeal to the walls of the Royal Academy, at this moment, and the *present* silence of those individuals who were the persons guilty of committing this marked insult and injustice. In as far as their consistency is concerned in this decision, I beg leave to quote the following passage from the Preface to the Catalogue of 1811; viz.

" Upon offering some remarks on the object, plan and progress of the British Institution, it should be premised that in its foundation the fine arts have been appreciated, not merely as sources of revenue, or as means of civil refinement, but have been revered and honoured for a nobler and more useful purpose. In the arrangement of their plan, the Directors have not been unmindful of those brilliant periods, when the views of the artist was elevated above the forms of common life, to the contemplation of that *ideal* excellence, which alone distinguish works of art, from mere mechanical productions; and which enables the artist to unite with nature and truth, the charms of beauty and originality."

Can it be credited, after reading this extract, that the subject of the picture which received the principal prize, was at best, but the mere portrait of an Old Man, while that which was not thought deserving the first place in the estimation of the Directors, was a beautiful, elegant, and poetical design of the Pleiades.

How far this insult might have been premeditated in the ambiguous application to Mr. H———d (before the decision) to ascertain if he would accept *the* prize if it were adjudged him, I know not, but sincerely hope for the honour of the Institution, that the consciences of the Directors are *every one*, free from so mean a stain. This is well known, however, that in the year 1810, the following Resolution was moved by the Director, who made the above application, and it was reported to have been moved with this exclamation, "We will let the ACADEMY SEE what we can DO," that is, we will let that Academy see whose objects in our organization we pledged ourselves to promote; since the chief of its members have begun to discover our insufficiency to perform the task we have undertaken; and apprehensive of our views, have withdrawn themselves from our Exhibition; We will let that Academy see, since it has begun to discover in our acts the ambition of governing the patronage, and electing ourselves into a Board of Dictators in art, instead of promoting the interests of art itself; We will let that Academy see, if it is not in our power to *crush* it, and the just title that professional superiority has to be considered as the proper tribunal to decide the merits of professional questions, that we are not at least ashamed to avow our disgraceful anxiety to do so. With such a feeling was the following Resolution passed on the 3rd of July 1810:—* "*Resolved, that no picture that has been PUBLICLY EXHIBITED IN THE METROPOLIS, shall be in future admissible for exhibition and sale in the British Gallery.*"

On the 19th of November, however, *those* Directors who really wish to render the arts all the service in their power, and are less anxious to be held up to public view themselves, than of holding up those whom they patronize. These gentlemen, feeling the reproach which such a measure must bring upon the Institution, met and passed the following counter-resolution:—

"*Resolved, that the ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE respecting the non-admission of pictures that have been publicly exhibited in the metropolis be not enforced in respect to pictures that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.*"

* This Resolution was passed while the following stood on their minutes, 4th Resolution of April 27, 1805. "A preference to be given to such pictures as have been exhibited, or offered for exhibition at the Royal Academy."

“ Surely it is high time then, that some one should call aloud on those independent Governors of the Institution, the noblemen and the public, to rescue and shelter the arts from the intrusion of vanity and presumption—from the destructive grasp of those, who under the mask of protection, seek only to obtain the strength to *controul*.”

The indignant looks of the Incendiary whilst dictating these remarks, totally prevented the possibility of our hazarding any reply, we therefore, without a word, proceeded to the consideration of

No. 30.

No sooner had we directed his attention to this picture, than he exclaimed “ What, is Gog come again? What mountain bulk of blubber and black jaundice is this? faugh what a mass of filth and brutality is here! The very mimicry of which, threatens us with disease, makes us shudder with alarm and forewarns us of approach, lest by accidental collision the plaits of the drapery, should unfold and disgorge upon our heads their horrible contents.

——— “ O where shall fancy find

“ A proper name to call thee by, expressive

“ Of all thy horrors?”

Blair's Grave.

It must be owned, said we, that the creature is most dreadfully hideous, and that he is certainly one of those “ great ugly” things of which the Director in his Enquiry, page 229, acknowledges Mr. Burke is correct in speaking in such terms. From its absurdity altogether, said we, you can surely have no doubt but the Committee* reasoned with themselves thus—We have only to put this frightful brute in the most conspicuous place to convince our wives, our daughters, and the public, of the horrible consequences which must follow if the patrons of the old masters should carry the day, and oblige the portrait painters to render such a brutal account of their friends and relations.

* “ Great things may be more ugly than small, because deformity will be prominent and conspicuous in proportion to the scale upon which it is exhibited.”

No. 31.

There was a painter of the name of Ferdinand Bol, as well as Rembrandt, and if this picture should be proved by uninterrupted descent to have come actually from the hand of Rembrandt, so much the better for the moderns.

No. 32,*

We are afraid, presents several passages that we wish for the defence of the Directors it had not possessed, yet we dare say they hoped that the bundle of rags, the ridiculous chrysalis of clouts which is here made to personate the infant Saviour, would at least have attracted the attention of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, if it escaped the censure and just condemnation of the dignitaries of the Church. Surely this picture is fully calculated to bring contempt on that religion which one can hardly imagine it is not meant to caricature. Who must not laugh at seeing the *kind* of wise men that are here represented offering their gifts, the kind of fellows nicknamed kings that are to act as evidences of the fulfilment of the prophecies. The treatment of this picture is doubtless not far removed above the old Joe Miller's story of the Dutch sacrifice of Isaac.

These brutes, said the Incendiary, who set up for "your majesties" look as if in order to preserve their beauty, they had travelled all the way from the East in treacle pots, and then how delightful the "dim-discovered" preparation of the Dutch mongrel behind in the unavailable disguise of an Asiatic Prince; only mark his slaves with an umbrella, how they are shading him from darkness for there is no light fortunately to give any sense or meaning to the introduction of *this* incident.

* There is a head on the right of this picture without a covering, we wish the spectator to look at it and compare it with this observation extracted from the Preface of this year's Catalogue page 12. "If the expression of his (Rembrandt's) characters is sometimes mean, it is always "appropriate."

Then there is poor Joseph and two or three other unfortunate people who seem never to have possessed any nether extremities or like Baron Munchausen's horse, to have lost them without their masters ever having found it out.*

“ Well,” continued the Incendiary, “ even granting, that the Institution may have meant this Exhibition as a ridicule upon those who attach so much value to the shop qualities of painting—to the dexterity of the executionist and the colourist; there is this danger, that those whom it is meant to expose, feeling themselves attacked, may defend their prejudices with all the influence of their rank and acquired-reputation as connoisseurs, while those who are unacquainted with the technical jargon, with which such men wholly support themselves, may shrink from the defence of common sense and the just feelings of an unsophisticated taste. All we have to reply to this, is, said we, that there is still enough good intellect and uncontaminated sense left among that class from whom the fine arts are to look for support. Let them but step forward in their defence, let them but assert the almost forgotten claims of *nature* and *intellect* against prejudice and the palette critics and we may then hope to make the goal which the Institution pretends it is so desirous we should reach.”

No. 33.

This picture has been noticed under No. 14.

No. 34.

If the colour of the flesh of this picture could change place with the head above it, then it would be one of the finest pictures of the master in this country, as it is, the flesh is too strongly tinted. In this portrait there is a filthy instance of Rembrandt's attention to detail, and the model from which he was painting. On the only finger that shews the nail, the dirt under it is faithfully depicted.

* That we are borne out in our opinion of the views of the Directors may be seen on every hand, here is a quotation from the Directors' Enquiry, page 412. “ The compositions of the one “ (Raphael) are sublime, and those of the other (Rembrandt) ridiculous.”

No. 35.

" Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
 " Beauteous and stately as the eye-trained bird ;
 " As glorious as the morning washed with dew ;
 " Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
 " And Golden Summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
 " Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud
 " Lest that thy beauty makes this stately town
 " Unhabitable as the burning zone
 " With sweet reflections of thy lovely face."

Taming of the Shrew.

Now seriously let us ask if any person* in his senses would not be ready to exterminate an artist of the present day if he converted his mistress into such an abortion as this. Yet most of the portraits of Rembrandt certainly give us a faithful fac-simile of ladies who look after the genteel profession of the famed *Dulcinea*, or in other words cinder-sifting, and the gentlemen who are in the respectable line of coal-heaving. Can you, Mr. Incendiary, then for a moment doubt the intention of the Directors on this point? They could certainly have no hope, but to shew the superior and elevated conception of character, which the moderns in portrait painting maintain over that of Rembrandt's pictures and which they must have been mad if they imagined the world had not sufficient common sense to perceive.

36.

This is the most like a lady of any portrait by Rembrandt we remember to have seen ; yet we are happy to assure ourselves that there is a mean muddling execution about the features, which no painter of eminence of this day would like to see in his own works.

No. 37.

Well known, and now better understood than when it acquired its high reputation. It is a good, but not an extraordinary picture.

* No one certainly but a connoisseur. It is possible (says the Director who has a pig with a scalded tail) that a person may prefer ale to Champaign.

No. 38.

“ Habemus confitentem reum.”

Cicero.

No. 39.

We do not recollect any thing of this picture, except the bust

No. 40,

Is a picture of high reputation, but the Directors clearly foresaw that they had only to produce it in the present company to shew its heaviness and how little it merits the character it has received in comparison to the picture,* No. 41, which hangs against it.

No. 41.

“ This is such a beautiful example of the master,” cried the Incendiary, “ that I shall not suffer you to say a word against it. There are no Dutch angels in this.”

No. 42,

The Directors well know will be found to have an English made sky, and in point of composition only worthy of that notice, which of necessity induces the observer to compare it with the moderns for their benefit.

No. 43.

This picture represents the interesting operation of opening oysters. The gentleman who is eating them, is exhibited under the pleasing appearance of a smile, while the lady who presents him with a glass of wine, shews the superior influence of the intellectual faculties over the muscles of the face; *She does not smile.* In truth if there was time we could notice numerous other ingenious *conceits* which the painter has contrived to introduce into this one picture, but of which the meaning is so deeply hidden that it would require a Director three times a day to point them out.

* Its merits are certainly of a minus quantity.

No. 44.

A satin gown, quite as interesting as a satin gown can be.

No. 45

This picture, we are happy to say, is the blind admiration of the would-be connoisseurs. We are delighted to find it so, because there could not be a stronger proof of the deficiency of their taste, judgment and good sense. This desultory assemblage, in which every figure is an expletive, in which every individual, is master of himself and totally independent of all his companions; this picture in which is plainly written on each countenance and action, "No connection with the next door, or any other person whatsoever," this picture is called the "School Master," and is *supposed* to represent the interior of a school.

Now what is the first and prominent feature of this wonderful composition, Oh, most natural incident! a boy is seen *sleeping* on the floor, with his head on his hat, then just above him stands a female *lay figure*, or something very like one; to the right is another very extraordinary event, a boy offering a pair of spectacles to an owl, which said owl acknowledges she was forced into the service for the mere purpose of having the spectacles offered her, since she never would have thought of intruding herself into such a situation, had she not been expressly called upon. Another boy behind the chair of the master, is endeavouring to make faces, but as the painter himself was unable to furnish him with one that was at all tolerable, the joke turns out very flat and unsuccessful. Then in the offing we have a fight, and, Oh, most probable circumstance again! we are presented with a boy stuck up on a desk, hollowing with all his might to the master, who is so deaf, or so intent on mending his pen, that all this bustle and noise totally escapes his slightest observation. The same good fortune likewise attends the mistress, who sits by his side, so that good easy people, they are apparently as quiet, as if they were seated in a snug back room by themselves, in some little parsonage, half a mile removed from any village or human habitation. It has been suggested that this master and mistress are very sly people, and that they are merely affecting this indifference, that this quietness is a mere put-

on of theirs; if we can find any of the aforementioned connoisseurs who will back this opinion, we will undertake to re-criticize the picture. At present we are disposed to take the composition as it is, and to acknowledge although very improbable, yet that such things might be found together, that is in a picture, provided the painter had no more sense than to put them there.*

With respect to colour and execution, this picture deserves as little notice as the composition.

Nos. 46, 55, 64, 81, 104, and 108.

ARE LANDSCAPES BY BOTH AND BERGHEM.

Agreeing with the Incendiary, that Rubens, in landscape painting, is a strict atheist, so we conceive these two gentlemen may be properly termed disaffected painters, that is, painters who dilute nature by system, until she retains nothing of that strength of character, which so forcibly interests us. We shall merely speak to the two first numbers, these are affirmed to be representations of the grand scenery of the Lago de Bolsina, and are evidently selected to shew that Both knew not how in the least to take advantage of the noble features of nature. On the contrary he invariably contrives to block out all that constitutes the leading points of the landscape, with stumps and thorns and briars 'till the spectator is alarmed lest in his approach he should get entangled, and like the renowned man of Thesalie, noticed in the earlier English classics, be in imminent danger of losing his eyes.

No. 47.

VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

Was evidently selected and this name given it, to induce that comparison which must be obvious and so effectually beneficial to a certain modern artist; it is too low in merit and too high in situation to need any further remark.

* The spectator will perceive many other absurd and ridiculous incongruities in this work; after he has looked them through with attention, let him recollect a subject of the same nature now exhibiting by a *Modern Artist*, and if he has any regard for the reputation of his *understanding*, he will instantly turn with indignation from so gross an endeavour to palm upon him as a specimen of excellence that which is entitled to nothing but his contempt.

Note by the Incendiary.

No. 48.

No one seems to think this picture in the least worth any attention, as *they will not* look at it then, *we* need not talk of it.

Nos. 49, 50, 51, 54, 71, and 92,

Are all painted by Wouvermans. 54 and 71, are the only pictures amongst the *lot* that require any particular notice; parts of these are tolerable.

No. 52.

It was doubtless calculated that no one would feel any interest in this picture, and the calculation has proved just, it might as well have been at Castle Howard, or Grosvenor Place. Yet this even serves to shew the desire of the Directors to cover their walls with whatever they could get, so as it would take up *any* room and shelter them from the necessity of hanging up pictures that might have militated against their favourite object.

No. 53.

A Lady Reading a Letter.

No. 54.

See Article 49.

No. 55.

See Article 46.

No. 56,

Will give some idea of the good intention of the Directors in hanging up this picture in the situation it occupies—a place where, if it has any of the merits of the masters, to whom it is attributed, namely, extreme finish and detail, they are sure to be lost.

No. 57.

Like the above, was expected to look clayey and muddy, and to insure success in this particular, they have hung it next to No. 59.

No. 58.

A good portrait, but selected to shew how much more knowing the moderns are in the arrangement of their back grounds.

No. 59.

We hope the gentleman in this picture will be successful in the object of his search.*

" Prius quam incipias consulto, et ubi consulueris mature facto opus est."

Sallust.

No. 60

A PORTRAIT.

No. 61.

A BETTER.

* " To shew what may be obtained, is likely to lead to the attainment of it." See Preface to Catalogue, page 12.

No 62.

A Man Eating Shrimps.

“ Great examples are the true promoters of emulation, the surest
“ conductors to excellence.” See Preface to the Catalogue, page 12.

No. 63.

Hail all hail! summit of misery; summit of all thats mean and bad in
art! hail cows! hail sheep! hail woman! hail cock! hail trees! hail sky!
hail all! all hail! But most of all, hail ye who didst in spite of fear, seek
by selecting *this* to give instruction better what to buy—Directors hail!!

No. 64.

We like the taste of this frame; the size of the parts suits the size of
the *objects* in the picture so well. The picture itself is noticed under article 46.

No. 65,

This and No. 80, are the only pictures which the owner has sent as a
blind, the rest are all of the true class, and will no doubt be very serviceable
in directing the attention of the visitor to the moderns, according to the wish
of the Directors.

No. 66,

And 78 are, next to the portrait of Charles, the best specimens of the
master here. They are likewise in the best state of preservation, but we think
the possessor of these pictures ought to be narrowly watched by the Directors;
for it is evident he has not contributed at all to *their views* in the present
exhibition.

No. 67.

We are told that the possessor of this picture purchased it at the most dreadful price of fifteen hundred guineas. We would for his sake that the money was safe again in his pocket, for he certainly has paid a vast deal too much for it. But we forget he is one of the Directors, and probably was induced to make the purchase for the purpose of the serviceable exposure alluded to in our first publication. The sky must have been always wretchedly bad or otherwise dreadfully injured in its principal point and bunglingly repaired, the chief vessels are ill drawn and most heavily painted in all their parts, the objects on the right are muddy even to suspicion; in fact there is nothing but the water and the centre of the picture that is at all worthy of the master.

No. 68.

This example might have been injurious if the face had not been totally rubbed out.

No. 69.

The Directors, speaking of the minor pictures, say they generally display the most faithful and exact imitation of nature—look at this specimen, Mr. Incendiary, and say if you think they are not bantering now.

No. 70.

We hope the patched colour of the flesh in this picture is agreeable to the connoisseurs.

No. 71.

See article 49.

No, 72.

Exquisitely hard, and most delightfully execrable.

No. 73.

“ Those who think that genius and fancy will supply the place of care and attention, mistake the course they have to pursue.” Preface to Catalogue, page 10.

No. 74,

“ Say nothing about this,” said the Incendiary, “ nor the next; they are both very good in their way.”

No. 76,

For the sake of the Lady, we hope she received this letter in the dog days. We never before knew that it was possible to set the teeth on edge through the medium of the eye.

No. 77.

A marble sea and marble sky.

No. 78.

Noticed under 66.

No. 79.

This picture presents a number of people assembled for no individual object but to help each other to do nothing, or nothing to the purpose. The culinary utensils are the only things in this master's pictures which seem to exist for any purpose. *They do* appear to be exerting themselves in their departments with all the liveliness and spirit which we could expect of them.

With respect to this particular picture we have only to remark that Teniers is admired for silveryness, and that no one is admired for being leaden.

No. 80

See article 65.

No. 81.

See article 64.

No. 82.

A Lady in a Yellow Gown.

No. 86.

* A Lady in an Ash Coloured Gown.

No. 87.

A Lady in a Blue Gown.

No. 83.

As we never have seen a worse specimen of the master, so we cannot do better than simply thank the Directors for their selection of it.

No. 84.

“Pray” said the Incendiary, “do observe the faces in this picture, particularly that of the woman.” They are nearly as well painted, said we, as you could formerly have got them done at a certain Baker’s shop in the Strand, yet you cannot say of any one of them, “this was done in half a minute.”

No. 85,

We know the artists do not like cold colour, and we know Sir Jos. Reynolds objected to the admission of too much in a picture—this may be read over while you *look at 87* also.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, “that none but great colourists can venture to paint *pure* white linen, near flesh, but such as know the advantage of it.” 3rd vol. Reynolds’s Works, p. 291

“ Stay,” said the Incendiary, “ I shall not allow this opportunity to pass, without noticing a point materially connected with this opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The interest exerted to keep up the absurd prejudice that professional men cannot be proper critics in art, because they have not an *university education*, is daily losing ground. The progress of science has shewn, that men who busy themselves about *things* will always say more to the purpose, than those who busy themselves about *words*; and this is precisely the point in question; for though these university critics no doubt talk very prettily at a dinner table, where there are no examples to put their theories out of countenance; yet let them once get an itch for writing books, and they bring themselves to the necessity of proving the soundness of their judgment by its application to particulars, and it then generally falls 100 per cent. in value. Thus the learned Director, in an article in 46th number of the Edinburgh Review, p. 281, with great temerity has ventured to assert *that* which every one who has eyes, will instantly deny, namely, that in the picture of Christ in the Garden, by Corregio, brought from Spain by the Duke of Wellington, the sole mass of light on the robes of the principal figures, is of as *pure and bright a SKY BLUE as ultramarine could produce*. Now either the learned Director does not know what the term *sky blue* means, (which is rather extraordinary to be sure,) or for the sake of his position he has affirmed, that which is quite the contrary to what he knows to be the fact;* he either never saw ultramarine in his life, and does not know the gaudy tint it may be made to produce, or he has, for the sake of his theory, stated a falsehood.† Again, having *heard* that purity of tint, was the

• It is not my object to contend against the position which the Director means this assertion to illustrate (a point which to him, as a *critic*, appears to be a discovery, but which had LONG SINCE been understood by intelligent *artists*,) I cite it to shew that such critics opinions may be taken as far as the terms of the propositions agree with each other, but not at all as any proof, because the aforesaid critics now and then are able by dint of daily labour and luck to play off a set of terms without making a mistake, that they know really any thing at all of the just application of them.

† There is a feeling of harmony implanted in human nature, which points out the relative characteristics of all things, which prevents our acting in a way inconsistent with the objects around us, or talking in a tone unsuited to the nature of our subject, or the person we address. Thus we readily remove an unoffending child from our path, if accident throws it in our way, with tenderness and care; but an intruding animal, who is snarling at our heels, without any other cause, than the vanity of hearing himself bark, we naturally salute with our heel.

result of an execution rapid and unmuddled, at page 25, he asserts, that Hogarth's deficiency, as a colourist, originated in his want of skill as a draftsman, which depriving him of the power of rendering his conception "with facility and fidelity, increased his perplexities, and frustrated the intentions of his taste in the embarrassments of his execution." Had he stopped here, I should have been content to have denied the position; I should have been satisfied to have asserted in contradiction, that of ALL the painters who have ever lived, Hogarth is the last to whom such an observation can apply, and that the poverty of his colour actually arises out of the "singleness" of the execution, and the want of repetition; I say, I should have been content, had the learned Director stopped here, to have merely stated the above in contradiction; but No! the learned Director must unfortunately go on to prove his position by shewing, that when Hogarth did succeed, he succeeded by a single effort. As examples he points out the first picture of the Marriage A-la-Mode and the Lady's Last Stake—with the particular character of the first, I cannot at this moment charge my recollection sufficiently to speak with that decision, which is necessary to answer *such a critic*: but with the latter, I have my remembrance so completely saturated, that I can undertake flatly to say, that there was not a head of Hogarth's exhibited at the Royal Institution, which had been so often *gone over*, according to the painter's term, as this head in question.

Finding that the best method of treating the Incendiary, was not to oppose his *brutal violence*, or his *ridiculous conceits*, we merely said, that the Director was not in the habit of looking at a question in all its bearings, and possibly on this point, might thence have committed himself—but we had better, said we, go on with the Catalogue.

No. 88,

Is very laboured and hard, but we think the possessor is better off in having this picture, than No. 77, which we would recommend him to part with; if the present Exhibition should not cure the connoisseurs as it is expected to do.

No. 89.

“ For the Benefit of the Modern Fine Arts,” this is a Director’s picture, and his having sent it to the “ Institution for promoting them does him great honor.” We are unable to find terms sufficiently expressive of our sense of this gentleman’s kindness. There is nothing but the principal man’s head in the picture that has not been rubbed out as clean as a whistle,—It exclaims with Horace, *non sum qualis eram.*

No. 90.

An Ostade, in Clay, we believe. The only one we recollect to have seen in this material.

No. 91.

“ For the gratification of the Public,” and the delight of the Proprietor, the Directors have shewn their sense of the merits of this picture, by placing it in the very worst situation in the room. But it is the best *composition* of the kind here. So the artists will do well to thank them, unless they think its blackness would have done the fine arts more service, by being seen.

No. 92.

This specimen of scattering in art, is hung up “ to delight the judicious.”* Vide Preface to Catalogue.

Nos. 93 and 94.

Passable—that which may be passed. Johnson’s Dictionary.

* On referring to the Preface, we find this Exhibition was made *not* to delight the judicious, &c. &c.

No. 95.

On the picture of Christ's Charge to the Apostles, at Brussels, Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Tour through Flanders makes this remark—"The characters are heavy, without grace or dignity, and the handling, on a close examination, appears tame. The name of Rubens would not stand high in the world, if he had never produced other pictures than such as this." 3rd vol. of Reynolds's Works, page 259.

We cannot pass over this *large* work, without doing justice to those exceedingly condescending remarks, contained in the Preface to the Catalogue of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Works in 1813, and in the Edinburgh Review of 1814, page 270, both written by that admirable Director, the half dressed state of whose raw pig's tail, we cannot too often or too deeply deplore.

We allude to those mild and gentle expressions, which *he* stooped to summons, and his brother Directors without any conception of the degradation permitted him to print. The benevolent purpose they were intended to effect, was that of correcting the insolence of a young student, who was so exceedingly presumptuous as to entertain a criminal predilection for *large* pictures, in opposition to the said learned Director. By any other body of men (so backward is society in what regards the knowledge of true dignity)—By any other body of men we repeat *such* a public visitation on *such* an offender and for *such* an offence, would have been deemed an act of meanness, calculated only to reflect back a powerful gleam of shame upon themselves. But it seems to be the happy characteristic of this gentleman in particular, and of those four or five Directors who are *allowed* to perform the labour of this Establishment; it seems to be their peculiar good fortune to shew almost on every occasion, a species of condescension that is exceedingly inimical to all those refined and elevated feelings which are generally in estimation with the world at large. Thus again the learned Director in the same Review feeling great and laudable indignation at the conceit of Mengs, the Italian, always takes scrupulous care not to mention his name, without coupleing it with the title of *Mister*. This ingenious and respectful method of expressing his contempt for the man through the medium of his rights, reminds us somewhat of that practice, occasionally adopted by a certain class of ladies, who when under the influence, not of the gentlest passions of the human breast, are apt to indulge each other with their full titles of *Madam* and *Miss*. Now without a very deep

insight into the nature of this noble Director's mind, this species of condescension might ingender reflections very injurious to his character as a philosopher. It might induce a belief that he was sometimes subject to the influence of feelings exceedingly paltry and totally incompatible with any thing like an enlarged understanding. But no such thing. This modest fear and diffident apprehension felt by the noble Director and his four or five colleagues, of placing themselves too high in the public estimation; this dread of committing any act that should imply too strong a sense of elevated feeling, is to be placed to a very different account, it is to be placed entirely to that principle of human nature which teaches us that those who possess the higher qualities of the mind, are invariably the last to *obtrude* them upon others. We cannot, however, but feel some uneasiness on this point. We know that it would be presumptuous in us to suppose that our advice could be in the least necessary to such persons, or that we should have more than a faint glimmerring of that dignified conduct with which, as men of rank, the Directors must be much better acquainted than ourselves. But there is a possibility that diffidence and condescension may be carried too far; where a little of *that pride* which is the characteristic of a gentlemanly mind, may be shewn without injury to the modesty of any individual. Thus we have heard of a complimentary letter, lately written by the body, in which they even descended so far as to make a full acknowledgment of the difficulties to which they had put themselves in order to pay the compliment*. It would be assuming too much on our parts, we repeat to imagine that any sense which we can entertain on this point would be of the least service to the noble Directors, but we cannot help suggesting that if they would allow themselves to stoop *a little* to the general habits of the world, if they would suffer themselves to shew some *little* of the dignified sentiments they feel and not let their diffidence interfere *too much*, it would be (according to the prejudices of the day) more in character with their rank and professions and more in unison with what is generally esteemed elevated and noble†.

Nos. 96 and 98.

The last of these pictures is the best.

* We did our utmost to procure a copy of this letter, but were unsuccessful.

† " Qui novit, neque id quod sentit exprimit, perinde est ac si nesciret."

No 97.

Better than either. As these three pictures are tolerably good, and the Directors have not put them out of the way, we beg to remind the reader of the precaution necessary whenever such a tickleish point is to be carried, as that which the Directors have in view by the present Exhibition.

No. 99.

If it were not fortunately for the gross and positive colour of the figures, this piece would be a dreadful eye-sore. It is by far the most brilliant of all the Cuyps here.

No. 100.

If any man affirm of this picture, that it has not brown enough, make him take his oath of it, and then indict him for perjury.

No. 101.

As we have nothing very particular to say about this picture, we shall indulge ourselves with communicating to the reader, two pieces of information, the one extracted from the Preface to the Directors' Catalogue, and the other the reflection which it immediately called forth in us.

“Delicacy of execution,” says the Preface, “may be combined with breadth and dignity.” Plumb-pudding, say we, may be eaten with roast beef on Sunday; *that is* mere execution, having nothing to do with breadth and dignity, and Sunday in no wise bearing enmity to roast beef and plumb-pudding.

No. 102.

This is delightfully black in the shadows, and is happily, for what merits it possesses, thrust out of reach.

No. 103.

If we had any history of this gentleman at hand, we would transcribe a portion of it for the entertainment of the reader, as it is, he must be satisfied with his mere effigy. He will in doing so, have an opportunity of displaying his philosophy, by being content with a little; whilst the Directors will have the full power of appreciating the extent of his exertion, since they know how little reason he will have to be contented at all.

No. 104.

Mentioned under article 46.

Nos. 105 and ¹¹²108,

The Directors wish to set the public right, with respect to the pictures of Hobbima, notwithstanding their present value, although bearing exceeding strong marks of attention to nature, they are, generally speaking, too monotonous in tone, and seldom display the full brilliancy of the palette; the trees in most of them have become black by time, and there is too equal a touch running through the whole picture; the distant objects are painted in this respect without any regard to the truth of perspective. The picture No. 108, is the better of the two, but we have seen much superior specimens by this master. Let us sing the praises of the Directors therefore.

No. 106.

At the first glance, without the assistance of the Directors' Catalogue, we are at a loss to say, whether the noble Duke is not meant to be acting the part of an episode on horse back, but a little reflection enables us to determine, that although a number of extraordinary matters are summoned together on one canvass by the compulsory whim of the artist, they are not in the least connected in any general action or otherwise are most provokingly determined to revenge themselves on the painter for the unnecessary trouble he has given them, by acting in direct contradiction to all that he wishes.

But let us look a little closer into this heterogeneous mass of things. In the first place, here then is to be seen as large as life, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in armour, mounted on a charger. He is attended by a pair of naked inexpressibles, which are seen to hover round his head, as the reader may frequently have observed crows to do about matter of a very different colour certainly, but of quite as much inherent value; at his feet, or rather the feet of his horse are grounded and nicely packed into the corner, two more fleshy substances, the one shewing a pot, as a constable does his staff, proclaims himself a water God, whilst the voluminous feminine lump of meat, resting on his thigh, by her close contact and familiarity leaves us no doubt as to her intimacy with the other substance of the male sex. In the distance, the painter has favoured us with a number of vessels, some of which are supposed to be firing their guns, but whether for the purpose of saluting the noble Duke, or with the hope of bringing down the ponderous creatures that flounder round his head and apparently threaten to kick out his brains, is doubtful. This, however, is certain, that neither himself or his horse seem to be under the least apprehension, or shew that they entertain even the most distant notion, that any one but themselves and the spectator exist within a mile of the spot they occupy. Indeed so perfect is their abstraction, that if it were not that the horse is evidently a fixture in the picture, we might be under some apprehension that the hedge God and Goddess in the corner would very shortly furnish a complicated fracture, and be under the necessity of taking their departure, in double sedans for St. George's Hospital, to the great grief of the noble and discriminating Directors, and the still greater fatigue of the poor chairmen who would have to carry them.

With respect to the merits of the picture, as it is impossible to conceive that the noble Directors, could wish to impose so gross a work on the public as a specimen deserving their notice; as it is impossible to conceive that they would so grossly abuse their power, and mislead the student by their authority to look on a thing so wretchedly bad as this, under the impression that it affords an example for his emulation, and a direction for his guidance, we cannot do otherwise than imagine more forcibly than ever, that it certainly was with the view of depreciating the old masters, that this collection was brought together.

In fact, it is quite *impossible* to conceive that Rubens ever saw this picture, or if he ever did, and any part of it remaining be of his hand, then are the modern artists most exceedingly indebted to the noble Directors for

bringing it forward, and giving them an opportunity of asserting, that if such a wretched performance had made its appearance on the receiving days for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, it would have been at once unanimously rejected.

The Incendiary, who sat listening with the most sovereign expression of contempt upon his lips, but not without a mixture of sorrow on his brow, now broke silence: "I have attended," said he, "with great patience, and now hear what I have to remark. *The Directors, I am told, acknowledge that this picture is below all criticism,* and urge in their defence for its being here, the authority of an artist, whose name *ought* to be dear to the profession, as his abilities are great. Had he never seen this picture when he recommended it to disgrace the Exhibition and himself? or had he seen it, and was there any petty view, any personal interest to induce the recommendation of it to the Directors? I know the respect which is due to age, and the stain it is on the character of him who is insensible to it, but there is a duty which is paramount to that which we owe to grey hairs, and which imperiously calls on me to ask this question." For Heaven's sake, said we, let us get on, for we dreaded the subject.

No. 107.

Not so good as No. 109.

No. 109.

Not so bad as No. 107.

No. 108.

Noticed under No. 46.

No. 110.

For the sake of forwarding the views of the Directors, we heartily wish this picture was hanging in the Royal Academy at this instant.

No. 111

This picture is one of those which Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the "has beens." By its appearance now, however, we suspect that even in its better days, it never had any great claim to attention. It is totally scrubbed out.

No. 112.

Noticed under No. 105.

No. 113.

This seems a pretty black and white study, and we thank the Directors for placing it where they have.

No. 114.

This is by far the most vicious example of the master we have seen—its general character is comprehended under No. 46.

No. 115.

A Dead Hare, “to direct the artists to the study of that ideal excellence which ought to be the first object of the Institution to promote.”

No. 116.

See the Incendiary’s note to the title page.

No. 117.

As poor as the moderns could wish.

No. 118.

Black and white, and of far better quality in execution than that of Dort.

No. 119.

God send the lady does not catch cold.* This is a complete Birmingham tea board.

* The Directors will, we fear, occasionally deem us *too* flippant. We are quite conscious of our criminality on this point, but how is it possible to treat such things otherwise. The fault lies not in us but in the *matter*.

No. 120,

Quite as bad as possible.

No. 121.

See No. 4.

No. 122.

This and No. 127 appears to have been seven times filtered and then doubly vitrified.

No. 123.

This picture has been libellously denominated a portrait of Marshal Turenne. We should rather imagine it was nothing more than a Flemish *Express*, if it were not for the horse, which is rather performing an extension than a gallop, and which by one of those unfortunate casualties in painting, seems to be indulging himself in the provoking desire of personating a *green* cameleopardus. Another information we think would likewise lie against this four-legged monster, namely, that his head and tail appear leagued in a plot against his rider as if, by a sly and progressive approach towards each other, they intended in the end to give him the slip. In the back ground on the left, are apparently, a couple of chaffing dishes, occupied by a double ambuscade of Dutch nut-crackers, but as the accompaniments of this horseman are of the secret nature spoken of under the general review of Rembrandt's works, and we never like to pry into that which is evidently the wish of others to conceal from us, we shall dismiss this picture, by observing that it is totally undeserving any attention except for a few qualities of colour and texture in parts, and which can alone be valuable or even intelligible to a practical man. Considered as an example in any other respect, it is truly ridiculous.

No. 124.

This is better than some others, but is branded in the face with the iron of manner, and therefore will be found to come under the stated censures in No. 8.

No. 125.

If the owner of this picture thinks he has got a Vandyke, we are happy in as far as his feelings are concerned, but if we may presume to put our own conjectures up against his judgment we are sorry for him.

No. 126.

See article No. 3.

No. 127.

See article No. 22.

No. 128.

See article No. 115.

No. 129.

See article No. 3.

Nos. 130 and 131.

Things that are not bad enough to care about, and not good enough to fear.

No. 132.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more vulgar or gross in the painting than this picture.

Nos. 133 and 134.

These pictures have been noticed before, but we really cannot pass them without requesting the unprejudiced visitor to this gallery to look at them and recollect the works he has seen by the artists of the *modern School*. *They* surely can have nothing to *learn* from such things as these.

No. 135

As there is something tolerable in this picture, we shall quit it as quietly as we can.

No. 136.

If the person who sold this landscape to the present owner sold it to him for a Rubens, that person had a very different estimation of this master's talents to ourselves. If there ever was an original picture that looked more like a copy than this, we have never seen it.

No. 137.

We presume the white horse represented in the stable, is of a phosphoric quality

No. 138.

We are ashamed to say, that we never look at these kind of pictures unless we are obliged, as in the case of 107, which by its situation and colour, so totally ruins the Hobbima by the side of it, that we cannot help noticing it, to give it our blessing.

No. 139.

The dark side of the sky in this picture, totally disavows all relationship with the light side, and begs it to be understood, that although they apparently melt into each other, they are quite separate concerns; they in fact reside in a very different part of the country, and at a very considerable distance from each other. This remark may likewise be useful in another review of the top and bottom of the back ground of Vandyke's picture of the Abbe Scalier.

No. 140.

If any *valuable portion* of this picture had been left on the canvass it might have deserved the notice of the visitor.

No. 141.

Here let our observation on 136 be read over again, changing the name of Rubens to Vandyke; it will save us the time and the trouble of saying the same thing in other terms of this. But probably from the name of its possessor, this may be an heir-loom, and possibly its pedigree forth coming; if so, we will beg the reader to add under the same condition of changing the name, what we have remarked relative to the re or non-reality of the Duke of Buckingham's picture.

No. 142.

The least of a subject, but the best picture in other respects here of the master.

Nos. 143, 144, 145, and 146.

We do not recollect one of them.

(No. 16.)

We omitted to notice this picture in its place for two reasons, first, because we thought it would afford us one of the strongest proofs of our position with respect to the views of the Directors, and because it is always natural to defer the consideration of that which is unpleasant as long as it is in our power.

Last of all, said we, addressing ourselves to the Incendiary, look at this picture, look at the brutal and disgusting exhibition it offers to the eyes of the

spectator, and ask yourself if any set of men of moderately decent feelings, would, without some strong motive, present indiscriminately to the inspection of the public, a canvass full of such abominable and gross sensualities as are here brought together. Ask yourself if any set of men of the most ordinary degree of refinement, would, without some powerful reason, expose in an Exhibition which is made the medium of collecting together the female branches of the higher classes, a picture which presents a congregated mass of drunkenness and latent obscenity, a picture that exposes to view monsters that must put every degree of feminine decency and delicacy to the blush, which is intended to feed the eye with the most beastly and sensual images, so beastly as not to bear any detail in language, since no language, even the most filthy, is capable of conveying any notion of them, or the sentiments they are calculated to inspire. Having asked yourself this, then read the following passages extracted from the account of the British Institution,* and say, if you can any longer entertain a doubt as to the views of the Directors, by the present Exhibition.

“ Persuaded that our countrymen are capable of the same excellence
 “ in the arts as they have attained in every other branch of science and litera-
 “ ture, we solicit that they may be encouraged, to consider those excellent
 “ and immortal examples of the *Grecian* and *Italian* schools, as the objects
 “ not merely of imitation, but of competition. In a country where native
 “ energy is most abundant, we ask that professional *taste* and *talent*, and pa-
 “ tronage be no longer confined to *inferior objects*, but that our artists may
 “ be encouraged to direct their attention to *higher* and *nobler* attainments, to
 “ paint the mind and passions of man, to depict his sympathies and affections
 “ and to illustrate the great events which have been recorded in the History
 “ of the World.”

In the foundation of the British Institution, it should be premised, that
 “ the fine arts have been appreciated, not merely as sources of revenue, or
 “ as means of *civil refinement*, but have been revered and honoured for a *nobler*
 “ and more useful purpose. When directed to intellectual and national objects
 “ and whilst their character is neither *degraded* by *vulgar subjects*, nor *sullied*
 “ by *licentious images*, they are calculated to gain a standard of morality and
 “ patriotism, to attract the homage and respect of foreign nations, and to *pro-*

* Published 1805, page 23.

“ *duce those intellectual and virtuous feelings* which are perpetually alive to “ the welfare and the glory of the country.” See Catalogue 1811, p. 9.

Now let us enquire how it is possible to reconcile such sentiments with such a picture ; to draw the attention of the public and the artist to such an example is surely to offer him something worse than what is to be understood by inferior objects ; to point out such a picture as this is surely not to direct the spectator or the artist to the contemplation of those higher excellences which are to ennoble human nature and refine the morals of a people ; these are surely not the qualities of Art, for which the noble Directors feel such a deep reverence ; No ! they are the very qualities they abhor, the very images for which they have professed their hatred and detestation. The subjects that degrade,—the licentious image by which the Art is sullied, by which it is prevented from affording that standard to morality which they desire, and by which it is made to oppose the progress of those intellectual and virtuous feelings which they wish it to inspire. It will not do on this occasion to urge any of the merits of the Artist in extenuation, it will not do to point out the ingenuity of the design, the skilful arrangement of the colours or the perfection of the work in any mechanical point of view ; not to have perceived on such an occasion,—that in a public display all the minor consideration of art should have been sacrificed to decency and moral feeling, would argue a deficiency of principle as well as of just taste and understanding, disgraceful in the extreme to those who should have betrayed such a deficiency.

“ Stay,” said the Incendiary, “ may not your friends the Directors have been made converts to the system of their learned Brother ? may they not *now* have deserted their former sentiments and agree with him in the opinion “ that the influence of painting on the passions is very small ?” * No, No, said

* The passage to which the Incendiary alludes is this—“ There have been painters” says the Director, page 452, of his enquiry, “ to whom the production of their own art have appeared “ in the high character of bodies of universal ethics which were to correct national manners “ and to improve and promote the practice of every social virtue, by exhibiting examples “ of the imitation and recording events for the Instruction of mankind ; as if men ever applied to such sources of information for directions how to act in the moral or prudential “ concerns of life ; or ever looked at pictures for any thing but amusement.” For the remarks we wish to make on this passage, it is unnecessary we should quote further, since that which follows, with regard to the inefficacy of Hogarth’s Works is mere assertion, which however roundly the learned Director affirms it, we humbly submit it would be quite impossible to prove.

we, they never would have the hardihood to contend, that in the representation of such beastialities as these, the art is deficient in exciting the most powerful feelings of disgust and abhorrence. If, for a moment, we could suppose the Directors in furnishing the gallery with this piece had any other object in view than a strong desire to excite the public contempt for such works, we would give the question up in despair; but we contend for the impossibility of any such conclusion and that our assertion has been thus far fully established. We say in as far as the judgment, the consistency and the moral principles of the Directors are otherwise implicated, our position has been completely made out. That nothing however may be left unsaid to bring our proof as near to moral certainty as possible, we shall now endeavour to place before the reader a general view of the objects and the principles of the British Institution, in as much as they are concerned with the present Exhibition, and compare them with the character of the several classes of pictures it furnishes.

Our expression throughout this work of admiration and becoming deference, for the understanding of this gentleman, as an aggregate part of the wisdom of the Institution, will not allow us to think ourselves for a moment entitled to enter into any contest with one so eminently our superior. Yet if he will excuse the liberty, we will ask him a few simple questions, which we dare say will only furnish him with matter of surprise and laughter, but as he himself says, p. 459, that the pride of sense is always meek and humble compared with the pride of ignorance, we may at least hope to escape free from any expression of contempt that this our ignorance might excite in some less ignoble mind.

All we wish to ask is this, if instead of considering pictures as a species of moral lexicons to which we are to refer in any of the difficult and particular emergences of life, we view them in the light of tablets for the excitement of sentiments; as tablets of example that may be of service in the formation of character; we ask if we take them in this view, we may not allow them to possess some little of the ethic effect, which has been refused them by the learned Director. For instance, would he not allow that there are certain publications in the world, which, if he were a family man, he would feel it quite necessary to put out of the reach of his children, and this solely for fear of the immoral desires to which the prints they contain might give rise.

And if it be possible that *immoral* desires may be excited by pictorial representations, is it not possible that our *better sentiments* may be called into action by representations of a better tendency. That we may be thoroughly understood, let us put an *exaggerated case*. Suppose a person should, for instance, busy himself a considerable portion of his life in groping out all the beastly representations of one of the most sensual and degenerate worships of the antients, would he not be liable to generate in himself the sensualities he so anxiously pours over in others; while on the contrary, would not one who should have his walls furnished with examples of the higher actions of his fellow beings, learn to look with some degree of detestation on a study, which evidently led to such opposite results from his own? Certainly! Certainly!

Now what are the leading and professed objects of the Institution, are they not

1. "To facilitate by a public exhibition, the sale of the production of British Artists."

2. To confine exclusively the exhibition to the productions of artists of the united kingdom?

3. To shut the gallery during the time of the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy?

4. Not to suffer the Institution to interfere in any respect with that establishment! And

5. To direct the public to the encouragement, and the artist to the study of that elevated character of art, which has for its object the noble ends of adding to the intellectual enjoyment of man and the improvement of his moral sentiments. With respect to the four first points, we shall leave them to answer for themselves, and confine our attention wholly to the last.

Let us then see how an exhibition like the present can tend to the enlargement or delight of the human mind.

The first thing that strikes us in looking over the Catalogue, is that out of 146 pictures, only 18 are historical and 34 are portraits; now as the Institution manfully set their faces from the very first against portrait painting, and complained of the degeneracy of the English taste in this respect; as they never suffer to this day any modern portraits to disgrace their walls, unless the artist has the precaution to nick-name them; as we have shewn that the majority of the pictures of this class are either examples that can be of no service in modern practice or undeserving any attention in themselves; and lastly as the Institution denominates itself a British school for historical and landscape painting *exclusively*, it follows that these 34 pictures must be totally put out of the consideration, and that the Directors must in as far as regards this particular, be totally exonerated from any other view, than that of holding up the owners of the pictures, to the derision of the public.

Of the Landscapes we shall find

Eight by Rubens,

Two by Rembrandt,

Five by Both,

Three by Berghen,

Which together make 18 pictures of what we have denominated mannered and bad examples.*

* We have only taken two by Rembrandt, because the Mill is certainly a good, though not a great picture.

We must allow, indeed, that there are eleven pictures *called* Cuyp's, two Hobbima's and one Ruysdale, to oppose to them, that is fifteen pictures in a style which our artists can do themselves no injury by studying, and on this point we acknowledge ourselves a little at a loss to defend the noble Directors.

But if through a little negligence or a little ignorance, they should in this instance have sacrificed the interest of the modern fine arts, they have made full amends for it, by the selection of the remainder of the pictures. What possible connection can there be between those noble and useful purposes, for which the fine arts have been so deeply revered by the noble Directors, and a Lady in a Blue Jacket, a Lady in a Red Jacket, a Gentleman Writing a Letter, Three Ladies Reading one, a Fisherman, a Woman with Poultry, Three or Four Dead Birds, a Shewman, a Dead Hare, a Dead Stag, a Woman Milking a Cow, a Fiddle, a Man Eating Shrimps, and another catching Fleas, &c. &c.* I say, what possibly relationship can there be between these things, and those views entertained by the Directors—None! None! the conclusion is therefore as clear on this point as on that of the portraits.

Passing the sea pieces, and what few other pictures must, like the above, be considered as in no way interfering with the alledged object of the Institution, we now come to the historical pictures in the whole eighteen, viz.

Three by Rembrandt,

Whose compositions as the learned Director has called them “ridiculous,” page 412†, we of course enter on the list of nothings.

* It is scarcely necessary to point out the undoubted superiority of our countrymen in this department of art. The Dutch may be a little, and it is but a little better painters of pots, coppers and fiddles, but in every thing which regards the occupations and habits, the natural and external markings of the internal workings of human nature, the English have left them far behind. For ONE *connected HISTORY* with a MORAL, we shall in vain look round these walls. Let those would-be patrons and connoisseurs, cast their eyes on the east wall of another Exhibition, let them notice the complete series of circumstances which are there brought together in one picture; which are collected to act to the elucidation of one point, let them look at this, and blush at their total want of real feeling for art.

† “The compositions of the one (Raphael) are sublime,” the other (Rembrandt) “ridiculous.” Again, page 305, “Rembrandt's (expression is) ridiculously low and mean” (the latter parts of the sentence) “though admirably just and natural,”—we have quoted to shew that it is not *always* so in our remark on No. 32.

Three by Vandyck,

That certainly afford little to admire and plenty to reprobate.

Twelve by Rubens,

Seven sketches and five pictures.

The sketches are some among them good enough, *as sketches*, but the facility of hand, the ornamental character of composition which they exhibit, cannot be considered as at all conducive, or as coming under what is to be understood by those qualities of art, which call for our reverence and esteem, so that like the others, these must be put on one side as making in favour of our position.

Of the five which now only remain, it will be found that one we consider as doubtful; one tame and undeserving the name of Rubens; one patched in colour, particularly in the flesh; the fourth brutal and of bad taste in composition, character and colour; and the fifth of a most gross and immoral tendency. In as far then as the general character of the pictures are concerned, our assertion is *again* fully demonstrated to be correct.

If we now state that in the invitations to this Exhibition, the artists were by no means the first persons considered, but actually the very last; that the number of invitations to the nobility for the private views and the night exhibitions were such that the members of the Royal Academy were even quite forgotten.* If we also state that none but such Professors and Students as have offered their annual support to the gallery are admitted to this Exhibition (the Academicians excepted) without paying every time they enter, we may have some clue to guide us in this point; † we may then learn why this collection is satirically said not to have been got together so much “for the amusement of the curious,” or “the delight of the judicious,” as for the instruction of the artist: Further let us consider the time at which the Institution has chosen to open the gallery with old pictures. Is it not we ask that very point of time in which exists the only prospect of obtaining a sale for the modern works; and must we not seek some stronger motive for this than merely the desire of instructing the artists, which could have been

* This was the sole cause which led to that extraordinary display of condescension which we took the liberty to mention a few paragraphs back.

† The Academicians have free admissions, but of which few of them, we believe, avail themselves, since having no ticket of introduction, it is unpleasant to them to have to proclaim their rank to the porters every time the said porter's memories happen to fail them.

done more effectually at another and a later period. And what we ask, can this motive be? how can we find an adequate answer unless we have recourse to *our* position? unless we say, that the Directors perceiving the modern works had not yet found that rapid sale which they were led to hope and expect; and attributing it to the still lurking admiration for old trash, they artfully determined to bring together* such a collection as could not fail to expose its owners to the laughter and ridicule of those who should visit the gallery and compare with the annual display of their country's talent, the costly nothings with which this exhibition abounds.

Having thus most fully established our position, we shall now lay down our pens, modestly satisfied with the simple consciousness of the service we have thus rendered *the Directors and their Institution for the Encouragement of Modern Art*; not in the least ambitious of either adding to our glory by proclaiming to whom it is they are so much indebted, or at all coveting the reward, which, from our sense of their benevolence, we feel they would most gladly bestow. As we have been actuated by a sole love of the art, so we entertain no desire to derive any emolument lest we should excite a doubt as to the purity of our motives.

“ You have settled this point very satisfactorily *to yourself* no doubt,” cried the Incendiary, “ and I feel no inclination to keep up the contest any longer. Let us then leave it now for the public to decide between us on the object of this Exhibition; let *them* say which of the three positions is most likely to be correct. That which you maintain; *that* which the Directors profess; or *that* for which I contend.” What is that, said we, for we do not recollect to have heard your express opinion on this point. “ I contend,” replied he, “ that the Directors ought to have spoken thus, if they had fairly stated their motives.” “ *In submitting this collection to the public, we do not so much present it for the purpose of amusing the curious or of delighting the judicious; we do not present it so much that the productions*

* It has been ridiculously supposed by the Incendiary and asserted even by him, to have been acknowledged by some of the Directors that the cause of our seeing so many bad pictures in the gallery, arises out of the fear they entertained of giving offence to their several owners by returning them unexhibited, but this is an assertion too absurd for belief. It is not to be imagined that if the Directors really had the instruction of the artists more particularly in view, that they would have suffered themselves to present bad examples to the students and thus mislead them from the fear of offending individuals. Insolent conceit! why thus put the noble Directors in the scale of understanding little above idiots?

“ *it contains may excite in the British artist the ardour of emulation,* No! we expose these things for the purpose of obtaining as large a supply of money as we can get from the public, to make that shew of patronage in its disposal, which will give us importance in the eyes of the world, and in the end completely* ENABLE US TO CONTROUL ALL ENCOURAGEMENT, AND DICTATE ALL PRACTICE.”

A word or two, continued he, in defence of the tone in which I have saluted a few of your friends the Directors and I have done. If the language I have applied to them should appear a little too harsh for readers of their consequence and delicacy; if I should apparently have neglected to place before my eyes the rank of the offenders and seemingly failed in that respect due to persons of their station, by paying which, no one sacrifices his dignity who knows how to appreciate it justly, let it be recollected what the stake is, that is at issue. No less a stake than the *existence* of the arts; I say the *existence*, for if the project of the Institution succeeds and these Directors get the controul of the arts into their hands, from that moment will they rapidly begin to decline. From that moment will the painters begin to be painters of other men's thoughts and imitators of old pictures, instead of nature. In all periods when the arts have gone down, it will be found that they have done so in proportion to the number of models *set up* for their guidance. This may appear a strange doctrine. To assert that good example is the foundation of bad practice, doubtless appears paradoxical; but so it is, and on this account, because established precedents in matters of taste, give being to a number of critics, who on the mere strength of the knowledge derived from such models, set themselves up as Directors of the professors practice.† On the mere strength of a most mischievously superficial acquaintance with old pictures, do ninety-nine out of a hundred set themselves up as Arbiters in art, whilst coming to the judgment seat totally unprepared with any information at all drawn from the contempla-

* If this really had been the chief object, the Directors surely would have taken care not to have brought forward pictures that would have been disgraceful to the pencil of any living artist of repute. The defender of the institution has certainly neglected to notice the merits of several pictures as much as possible, but the defects he points out, however numerous and however gross, are certainly not imaginary—they are there.

† “ Suffer the artists to make their *own use* of such models and they will be productive of good, they will know how to cull all that is valuable, all that can facilitate without obstructing their views.”

tion or study of nature; they are of course quite inadequate to appreciate the merits which a new and genuine view of it may present. *Their ONLY standards are old pictures*; hence if the new production fails to remind them of somewhat they have seen before, it is instantly condemned. When such authorities then assume the rule, there is an end to every thing like a struggle for originality. There is an end to all exertion, to every endeavour after that quality which is alone found to obtain the admiration of posterity. By the bustling vanity of a patron as he is called, a short lived popularity and encouragement is obtained for the boy, who sacrificing *his own feelings*, is willingly bribed to flatter his employer, by painting *his*. This, however, lasts but a very little while indeed, seldom beyond the year; for his Director's views not extending farther than some favourite model, and as all imitation falls behind and in the end never fails to cloy, as soon as this truism is proved on the submissive pupil, he is deserted as a non-effective and some new and equally deceiving and deceived starter is again and again put up to run the same round of falacious hope and idle expectation. Let the Directors of the Institution look back to the many promising geniusses that have been announced for the last ten years, as about to rise at their fiat and deny this statement if they can.

I call then on the independent governors and subscribers—I call on the public to beware how they administer support to such a plausible, but destructive establishment as the *present* British Institution. And let the artist of talent look with a cautious suspicion to that favour which is a mere bait to lure him to destruction, which finally must lead to the overturn of all his own hopes and the total annihilation of the art itself.

This view alone of the subject I conceive would be an adequate excuse for the little personal consideration shewn to those Directors' feelings, who have been more particularly alluded to in the course of my reflections, but I have a still stronger provocation to plead in my defence.

When men will stoop to condemn high talents with the virulence which ought to be reserved for criminal actions, when men of undoubted judgment and ability will, under the plea of correcting the taste, use all their influence to oppress, when they will unblushingly proclaim their determination to deprive the first genius of the day of encouragement, and set up inferior works, to put him down, they must expect to have their actions narrowly scrutinized and the purity of their motives suspected. When men will set up for pretended patrons, who never in their lives purchased even a single modern

picture, when men *folded up* in arrogance and conceit will dogmatically step out to guide the arts who know nothing more about them than what they have been able to obtain from Pilkington's Dictionary; they can have no right to complain of any treatment their temerity may have called down upon their heads; nothing but the bad qualities for which they are condemned, could ever have entitled them to *any notice* at all. When men laboriously put their shoulder to the wheel to collect a mass of heterogeneous matter and term it analyzing; when men will set to work to write books for the guidance of others, who themselves are the blind that want to be led; when men will do this and do it too with an exhibition of that proud insolence which hides from their own view, the meannesses into which it leads them, they must be content to have their paltry feelings hung up in judgment as a punishment to themselves and as a warning to deter others from the commission of the same folly. If the individual to whom this alludes is not yet satisfied, we extract the motto to his own review as a further justification of the treatment he has received.

"Judex dannatur cum nocens absolvitur."

Publius Syrus.

THE END.

Owing to the great hurry in which this Catalogue has been got up, together with some difficulties which retarded the progress of its printing, several errors have crept into the text, some few of which are corrected in the following Errata. The rest we must have the readers excuse for. Another year we shall be better prepared, and will pledge ourselves to be ready for the second week of the Exhibition.

PAGE.	LINE.	PAGE.	LINE.
Title	22	for peremptoriry	read peremtory.
9	15	for a,	read an
10	17	for their,	read thy.
11	3	for proportions,	read proportion.
14	29	for in,	read over.
16	21	for pallet,	read palette.
17	4	for affects,	read effects.
18	8	after article	insert to.
20	35	for purleuis,	read purlieus.
22	17	for efforts,	read effects.
23	1	for bye and bye,	read by and by.
23	11	for villainously,	read villanously.
24	18	for a epithet,	read an epithet.
24	26	for deemed,	read deem.
25	18	for lo trop des que cet ami temoigner,	read lorsque cet ami temoigne trop de.
27	10	for cuyp,	read Cuyp.
28	1	for artist,	read artists.
30	17	for was,	read is.
30	28	for was,	read were.
34	19	omit pretends.	
35	7	for makes,	read make.
35	14	for the,	read of.
35	18	omit that of.	
35	19	for Rembrandt's pictures,	read Rembrandt.
55	10	omit rather.	

List of Pictures.

No.	Painters.	Proprietors.
1	Portrait of King Charles I. on Horseback	Vandyke Duke of Marlborough
2	Lady and Child	Ditto Sir A. Hume, Bart.
3	An Allegory	Rubens A. Champernowne, Esq.
4	A Landscape, Sun-set.....	Ditto Right Hon. Charles Long.
5	A Triumphal Procession.....	Ditto Earl of Darnley.
6	The Doctors of the Church....	Ditto Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.
7	The Brazen Serpent	Ditto J. Graves, Esq.
8	Landscape, Harvest Scene, with Rainbow	Ditto A. Champernowne, Esq.
9	Portrait of Govaertius.....	Ditto J. J. Angerstein, Esq.
10	Landscape	Ditto Sir Geo. Beaumont, Bart.
11	The Abbé Scalier.....	Vandyke Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.
12	Candlelight	Rubens C. Duncombe, Esq. M. P.
13	Earth and Water, the Parents of Plenty, an Allegory.....	Ditto Earl of Mulgrave.
14	A Girl Looking from a Window	Rembrandt .. Dulwich College.
15	Small Landscape	Rubens Lady Stuart.
16	Bacchanalians	Ditto Duke of Marlborough.
17	The Watering Place	Ditto Dowl. Duch. of Buccleugh.
18	Landscape	Ditto Marquis Camden.
19	Moon-light	Ditto Earl of Mulgrave.
20	Portraits of the Lords Stuart..	Vandyke Earl of Darnley.
21	The Elevation of the Cross ..	Rubens Jeremiah Harman, Esq.
22	Horses of Achilles	Vandyke Right Hon. Charles Long.
23	Portrait of the Dutchess of Savoy	Ditto Earl of Aberdeen.
24	Fishing under the Ice	Cuyp Duke of Bedford.
25	Landscape	Rembrandt .. John Knight, Esq.
26	Landscape, with Tobit and the Angel	Ditto Rev. W. H. Carr.
27	An Old Woman Reading	Ditto Duch. Dowl. of Buccleugh
28	Portrait of a Man with a Hawk	Ditto Earl of Grosvenor.

No.	Painters.	Proprietors.
29	Head of a Rabbi Rembrandt ..	Geo. Hayter, Esq.
30	Portrait of Himself Ditto	Earl of Ilchester.
31	Anslo and his Wife Ditto	Earl of Ashburnham.
32	The Wise Men's Offering Ditto	H. R. H. the Prince Regent.
33	Head of an Old Man Ditto	Ridley Colbourn, Esq.
34	Head of a Rabbi Ditto	Sir Geo. Beaumont, Bart.
35	A Girl's Head Ditto	Rev. W. H. Carr.
36	Portrait of a Lady with a Fan Ditto	Earl of Grosvenor.
37	The Windmill Ditto	W. Smith, Esq. M. P.
38	Tribute Money Ditto	Sir Simon Clark, Bart.
39	Portrait of Peter Cornelius Van Booft, a celebrated Flemish Historian, and a Friend of Rembrandt; he is said to have Translated Homer	Ditto Sir A. Hume, Bart.
40	The Cradle Ditto	R. P. Knight, Esq.
41	The Adoration of the Shepherds Ditto	J. J. Angerstein, Esq.
42	Small Landscape, with Cattle and Figures Cuyp	Earl of Carlisle.
43	An Interior, a Woman Opening Oysters; the Figure in the Red Cap, a portrait of Francis Mieris, the Painter	Jan Steen H. P. Hope, Esq.
44	A Lady Reading a Letter	G. Terburgh.. H. R. H. the Prince Regent.
45	The Schoolmaster	Jan Steen Marquis Camden.
46	Landscape, with a Fall of Water, and Travellers Passing a Bridge, View of the Lago di Bolsena	Both Mrs. Arnold.
47	Village Politicians	Jan Steen Hon. A. Phipps.
48	St. Sebastian	Vandyke Earl of Mulgrave
49	A Horse Fair	Wouvermans G. Hibbert, Esq.
50	Landscape, with Horses and Figures	Ditto H. P. Hope, Esq.
51	Landscape, with Horses and Figures, a Farrier's Shop in the Background	Ditto Earl of Harrington.

No	Painters.	Proprietors.
52	Landscape, with Cattle and Figures	Cuyp Earl of Carlisle.
53	A Lady Reading a Letter	Terburgh G. Hibbert, Esq.
54	A Battle Piece	Wouvermans Lord Dundas.
55	View of Lago di Bolsena, with Soldiers Guarding Prisoners	Both Lord Dundas
56	View of one of the Towns in Holland	Vander Heiden H. P. Hope, Esq.
57	Cattle, with Travellers and Shepherds	Cuyp Earl of Carlisle.
58	Portrait of the Marquis of Huutley	Vandyke Dowr. Duch. of Buccleugh.
59	Cattle on the Banks of the River	Cuyp H. P. Hope, Esq.
60	Portrait of Francis, Earl of Bedford	Vandyke Duke of Bedford.
61	Portrait of Lady Shirley.....	Ditto Earl of Egremont.
62	A Man Eating Shrimps	F. Mieris H. P. Hope, Esq.
63	Landscape, with a Woman Milking a Cow in the Fore-ground; on the left, a Stable with Horses	P. Potter H. R. H. the Prince Regent.
64	Landscape; a view in Italy ..	Both Lady Stuart.
65	Inside of a Church	De Heegist .. Earl of Mulgrave.
66	Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, and Lady Anne Cecil, his Wife	Vandyke Earl of Egremont.
67	View of Dort	Cuyp Sir A. Hume, Bart.
68	A Man Writing a Letter.....	Metzu H. P. Hope, Esq.
69	Cattle at a Fountain	Bergliem Dulwich College.
70	An Allegory of War and Peace	Rubens Marquis of Stafford.
71	Landscape, with Cattle and Horses.....	Wouvermans Dulwich College.
72	The Cosset Rouge	Metzu Sir Simon Clark, Bart.
73	Woman with a Rabbit	G. Douw H. P. Hope, Esq.
74	Corset Blue	Metzu George Hibbert, Esq.

No.	Painters.	Proprietors.
75	Boors Smoaking Teniers	Jeremiah Harman, Esq.
76	A Lady Reading a Letter Metz	H. P. Hope, Esq.
77	A Gale, with a Yatch Firing a Salute Vandervelde	Jeremiah Harman, Esq.
78	Portraits of the Earl of New- port and Lord Goring Vandyke	Earl of Egremont.
79	Village Feast Teniers	Earl of Ashburnham.
80	An Interior De Hooghe	Earl of Mulgrave.
81	An Italian Scene Both	Lady Stuart.
82	Portrait of Mrs. Kirk, Bed- chamber Woman to Queen Henrietta Maria Vandyke	Lady Lucas.
83	An Interior, with Figures Smoaking A. Ostade	John Graves, Esq.
84	Domestic Scene ; an interior Ditto	H. R. H. the Prince Regent.
85	The Village Ball Ditto	John Dent, Esq.
86	Portrait of Anne, Countess of Bedford Vandyke	Duke of Bedford.
87	Portrait of Rachael, Countess of Southampton Ditto	Lady Lucas.
88	An Interior A. Ostade	Jeremiah Harman, Esq.
89	Boors Regaling ; an Interior Ditto	Sir A. Hume, Esq. Bart.
90	An Interior Ditto	J. F. Tuffin, Esq.
91	A Sea Shore, with Ships at Anchor, and Men of War in the Offing Vandervelde	Lady Stuart.
92	A Hawking Party Wouvermans	C. Duncombe, Esq. M. P.
93	Landscape, with Figures and Cattle passing a Bridge Cuyp	John Knight, Esq.
94	The Castle of Benthien Ruysdale	W. Smith, Esq. M. P.
95	Conversion of St. Paul Rubens	R. H. Davies, Esq. M. P.
96	A Brisk Gale, with Men of War Vandervelde	W. Smith, Esq. M. P.
97	A Village Feast Teniers	Duke of Bedford.
98	View of the Dutch Coast with a Man of War under Sail Vandervelde	Lady Stuart.
99	Landscape, Evening, with Tra- vellers Cuyp	W. Smith, Esq.

No.	Painters.	Proprietors.
100	Landscape with Figures Cuyp	Earl of Ashburnham.
101	A Sea-Coast, with Boats and Men-of-War	Backhuysen .. Lady Stuart.
102	A Village Fête	Teniers P. Metcalf, Esq.
103	Portrait of Henry, Earl of Southampton	Mirevelde Duke of Bedford.
104	Landscape ; an Italian Scene with Travellers	Both Ditto
105	A Water Mill	Hobbina Viscount Palmerston.
106	George Villiers, Duke of Buck- ingham on Horseback, with Allegorical Figures	Rubens Earl of Jersey.
107	Fruit and Flowers	Van Huysum .. H. P. Hope, Esq.
108	Landscape, Evening, with Peasants Travelling	Berghem W. Smith, Esq. M.P.
109	Flowers	Van Huysum .. H. P. Hope, Esq.
110	Portrait of the Archduke Al- bert	Rubens Earl of Upper Ossory.
111	Cattle in a Landscape	P. Potter Duke of Bedford.
112	A Forest Scene	Hobbima John Dent, Esq.
113	Sea Piece	Vandervelde .. John Knight, Esq.
114	Mountaneous Landscape, with Cattle and Figures	Berghem Viscount Palmerston.
115	Dear Hare	Weenix H. P. Hope, Esq.
116	St. Amand Receiving St. Bavo into his Abbey	Rubens Rev. W. H. Carr.
117	Figures Dancing	Teniers Lord de Dunstanville.
118	A River View, with Passage Boats	Cuyp Earl of Carlisle.
119	A Magdalen in a Landscape ..	Vanderwerf .. H. P. Hope, Esq.
120	The Assumption of the Virgin	Vandyke T. Hope, Esq.
121	A Triumph	Rubens Earl of Liverpool.
122	A Fisherman and a Woman with Poultry	W. Mieris John Dent, Esq.
123	Portrait of Marshal Turenne on Horseback	Rembrandt .. Earl Cowper.

No.	Painters.	Proprietors.
124	Landscape, Sun-set	Rubens Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.
125	Dædalus and Icarus	Vandyke John Knight, Esq.
126	An Allegory	Rubens Earl of Liverpool.
127	The Showman	W. Mieris J. F. Tuffen, Esq.
128	Dead Stag	Weenix H. P. Hope, Esq.
129	A Procession	Rubens A Champernowne, Esq.
130	The Temptation of St. Anthony	Teniers P. Metcalf, Esq.
131	The Incantation	Ditto Marchioness of Thomond
132	Woman with a Parrot	Jordaens Earl of Darnley
133	River View, with a Raft	Cuyp Lady Stuart.
134	View of Dort.....	Ditto Lady Stuart.
135	Portrait of Henry Earl of Northumberland	Vandyke Earl of Egremont.
136	Landscape, with Cattle and Figures	Rubens Lord George Cavendish.
137	A Stable with Horses and Figures	P. Potter H. P. Hope, Esq.
138	Fruit and Flowers.....	Van Huysum.. J. Thompson, Esq.
139	Landscape; the Approach of a Storm, with Cattle.....	P. Potter H. P. Hope, Esq.
140	Lord Stafford and his Se- cretary.....	Vandyke..... Earl Fitzwilliam.
141	Portrait of Lord Grandison..	Ditto Duke of Grafton.
142	The Exterior of a Cottage, with a Woman cleaning Muscles	Ostade H. P. Hope, Esq.
143	A Man's Head	F. Mieris Lord de Dunstanville.
144	Flowers	Van Huysum.. J. Thompson, Esq.
145	Dead Birds	Chysels H. P. Hope, Esq.
146	Portrait of a Lady	F. Mieris Lord de Dunstanville.



See Hayward's Autobiography, 1841-42, pp. 200-201

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as R. R. Hayward

