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A N  
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O N  
P A I N T I N G:  
I N T W O E P I S T L E S  
T O  
M R. R O M N E Y.

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Συγγενειαν τινα προς ποιητικὴν εχειν ἡ τεχνη εὑρίσκεται, και κοινη τις αμ-  
φοιν ειναι Φαντασια,

——— ἂ λεγειν οἱ ποιηται εχουσι ταυτα εν τῷ γραμματι σημαινεσα.

PHILOSTRATUS.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum ex illâ etiam fu-  
turis relictum est.

SENEC. Epist. 33.

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BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

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THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

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E P I S T L E

T H E F I R S T.

# ARGUMENT

## OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

*Introduction—The flourishing state of Art in this country—  
Disadvantages attending the modern Painter of Portraits  
—Short encomium on this branch of Art, with the account of  
its origin in the story of the Maid of Corinth—Superiority  
of Historical Painting—Some account of the Greeks who  
excelled in it—Its destruction and revival in Italy—Short  
account of the most eminent Italian and Spanish Painters—  
Those of Flanders and France—The corruption of Art  
among the latter.*

TO

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T O

MR. GEORGE ROMNEY.

E P I S T L E I.

**B**LEST be the hour, when fav'ring gales restore  
The travell'd artist to his native shore !  
His mind enlighten'd, and his fancy fraught  
With finest forms by ancient genius wrought ;  
Whose magic beauty charm'd, with spell sublime,      5  
The scythe of Ruin from the hand of Time,  
And mov'd the mighty leveller to spare  
Models of grace so exquisitely fair.

While you, whom Painting thus inspir'd to roam,  
Bring these rich stores of ripen'd judgment home ;      10  
While now, attending my accomplish'd friend,  
Science and Taste his soften'd colours blend ;  
Let the fond Muse, tho' with a transient view,  
The progress of her sister art pursue ;

Eager in tracing from remotest time 15  
 The steps of Painting through each favour'd clime,  
 To praise her dearest sons, whose daring aim  
 Gain'd their bright stations on the heights of fame,  
 And mark the paths by which her partial hand  
 Conducts her ROMNEY to this radiant band. 20

Painting, sweet Nymph ! now leaves in lifeless trance  
 Exhausted Italy, and tinsel France,  
 And sees in Britain, with exulting eyes,  
 Her vot'ries prosper, and her glories rise.  
 Yet tho', my friend, thy art is thus carest, 25  
 And with the homage of the public blest,  
 And flourishes with growing beauty fair,  
 The child of Majesty's adoptive care,  
 The youthful artist still is doom'd to feel  
 Obstruction's chilling hand, that damps his zeal : 30  
 Th' imperious voice of Vanity and Pride  
 Bids him from Fancy's region turn aside,  
 And quit the magic of her scene, to trace  
 The vacant lines of some unmeaning face :  
 E'en in this work his wishes still are crost, 35  
 And all the efforts of his art are lost ;

For when the canvas, with the mirror's truth,  
 Reflects the perfect form of age or youth,  
 The fond affections of the partial mind  
 The eye of judgment with delusion blind : 40  
 Each mother bids him brighter tints employ,  
 And give new spirit to her booby boy ;  
 Nor can the painter, with his utmost art,  
 Express the image in the lover's heart :  
 Unconscious of the change the seasons bring, 45  
 Autumnal beauty asks the rose of spring,  
 And vain self-love, in every age the same,  
 Will fondly urge some visionary claim.  
 The luckless painter, destin'd to submit,  
 Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit, 50  
 And, doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone  
 The grievous load of errors not his own.

Nor is it Pride, or Folly's vain command,  
 That only fetters his creative hand ;  
 At Fashion's nod he copies as they pass 55  
 Each quaint reflection from her crowded glass.  
 The formal coat, with intersecting line,  
 Mars the free graces of his fair design ;

The towering cap he marks with like distress,  
 And all the motley mafs of female drefs. 60  
 The hoop extended with enormous fize,  
 'The corks that like a promontory rife ;  
 The flays of deadly fteel, in whole embrace  
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.  
 But Art, defpairing over fapes like thefe 65  
 To caft an air of elegance and eafe,  
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid—ſhe comes to ſpread  
 Her magic fells—the Gothic forms are fled ;  
 And ſee, to crown the painter's juſt deſire,  
 Her free poſitions, and her light attire ! 70  
 Th' ambitious artiſt wiſhes to purſue  
 This brilliant plan with more extenſive view,  
 And with adopted character to give  
 A laſting charm to make the portrait live ;  
 All points of art by one nice effort gain, 75  
 Delight the learned, and content the vain ;  
 Make hiſtory to life new value lend \*,  
 And in the comprehensive picture blend  
 The ancient hero with the living friend. }

\* Ver. 77. See NOTE I.



Most fair device ! “ but, ah ! what foes to sense,      80  
 What broods of motley monsters rise from hence !”  
 The strange pretensions of each age and sex  
 These plans of fancy and of taste perplex ;  
 For male and female, to themselves unknown,  
 Demand a character unlike their own,      85  
 Till oft the painter to this quaint distress  
 Prefers the awkward shapes of common dress.  
 Sweet girls, of mild and pensive softness, choose  
 The sportive emblems of the comic Muse ;  
 And sprightly damsels are inclin’d to borrow      90  
 The garb of penitence, and tears of sorrow :  
 While awkward pride, tho’ safe from war’s alarms,  
 Round his plump body buckles ancient arms,  
 And, from an honest justice of the peace,  
 Starts up at once a demi-god of Greece ;      95  
 Too firm of heart by ridicule to fail,  
 The finish’d hero crowns his country hall,  
 Ordain’d to fill, if fire his glory spare,  
 The lumber-garret of his wiser heir.

Not less absurd to flatter NERO's eyes \* 100

Arose the portrait of colossal size :

Twice fifty feet th' enormous sheet was spread,

To lift o'er gazing slaves the monster's head,

When impious Folly sway'd Oppression's rod,

And servile Rome ador'd the mimic God. 105

Think not, my friend, with supercilious air,

I rank the portrait as beneath thy care.

Blest be the pencil ! which from death can save †

The semblance of the virtuous, wise, and brave ;

That youth and emulation still may gaze, 110

On those inspiring forms of ancient days,

And, from the force of bright example bold,

Rival their worth, " and be what they behold."

Blest be the pencil ! whose consoling pow'r,

Soothing soft Friendship in her pensive hour, 115

Dispels the cloud, with melancholy fraught,

That absence throws upon her tender thought.

Blest be the pencil ! whose enchantment gives

To wounded Love the food on which he lives.

\* Ver. 100. See NOTE II.

† Ver. 103. See NOTE III.

Rich in this gift, tho' cruel ocean bear 120

The youth to exile from his faithful fair,

He in fond dreams hangs o'er her glowing cheek,

Still owns her present, and still hears her speak :

Oh ! LOVE, it was thy glory to impart

Its infant being to this magic art ! 125

Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian maid, \*

Her graceful lover's sleeping form portray'd :

Her boding heart his near departure knew,

Yet long'd to keep his image in her view :

Pleas'd she beheld the steady shadow fall, 130

By the clear lamp upon the even wall :

The line she trac'd with fond precision true,

And, drawing, doated on the form she drew :

Nor, as she glow'd with no forbidden fire,

Conceal'd the simple picture from her fire, 135

His kindred fancy, still to nature just,

Copied her line, and form'd the mimic bust.

Thus from thy power, inspiring LOVE, we trace

The modell'd image, and the pencil'd face !

\* Ver. 126. See NOTE IV.

We pity Genius, when by interest led, 140  
 His toils but reach the semblance of a head ;  
 Yet are those censures too severe and vain,  
 That scorn the Portrait as the Painter's bane.  
 Tho' up the mountain winds the arduous road,  
 That leads to pure Perfection's bright abode, 145  
 In humbler walks some tempting laurels grow,  
 Some flowers are gather'd in the vale below :  
 Youth on the plain collects increasing force,  
 To climb the steep in his meridian course.  
 While Nature sees her living models share 150  
 The rising artist's unremitting care,  
 She on his mind her every charm imprints,  
 Her easy postures, and her perfect tints,  
 Till his quick pencil, in maturer hour,  
 Becomes her rival in creative power. 155

Yet in these paths disdain a long delay,  
 While eager Genius points a nobler way :  
 For see ! expanding to thy raptur'd gaze,  
 The epic field a brighter scene displays !  
 Here stands the temple, where, to merit true, 160  
 Fame gives her laurel to the favour'd few :

Whose



Whose minds, illumin'd with cœlestial fire,  
 Direct the pencil, or awake the lyre ;  
 Who trace the springs of nature to their source,  
 And by her guidance, with resistless force, 165  
 The tides of terror and of transport roll,  
 Thro' every channel of the human soul !

How few, my friend, tho' millions boast the aim,  
 Leave in this temple an unclouded name !  
 Vain the attempt, in every age and clime, 170  
 Without the slow conductors toil and time ;  
 Without that secret, soul-impelling power,  
 Infus'd by genius in the natal hour ;  
 And vain with these, if bright occasion's ray  
 Fail to illuminate the doubtful way. 175

The elders of thy art, ordain'd to stand  
 In the first circle of this honour'd band,  
 (Whose pencil, striving for the noblest praise,  
 The heart to soften and the mind to raise,  
 Gave life and manners to the finish'd piece) 180  
 These sons of glory were the sons of GREECE !  
 Hail ! throne of genius, hail ! what mighty hand  
 Form'd the bright offspring of this famous land ?

First in the annals of the world they shine :

Such gifts, O LIBERTY, are only thine ; 185

Thy vital fires thro' kindling spirits run,

Thou soul of life, thou intellectual fun ;

Thy rays call forth, profuse and unconfin'd,

The richest produce of the human mind.

First taught by thee, the Grecian pencil wrought 190

The forceful lessons of exalted thought,

And generously gave, at glory's call,

The patriot picture to the public hall.

'Twas then PANÆUS drew, with freedom's train,\*

The chief of Marathon's immortal plain. 195

In glorious triumph o'er the mighty host

That Persia pour'd in torrents on their coast.

There POLYGNOTUS, scorning servile hire, †

Display'd the embattled scene from HOMER's lyre.

His country view'd the gift with fond regard, 200

And rank'd the painter with their noblest bard.

Thy tragic pencil, ARISTIDES, caught ‡

Each varied feeling, and each tender thought,

\* Ver. 194. See NOTE V.

† Ver. 198. See NOTE VI.

‡ Ver. 202. See NOTE VII.



While moral virtue sanctified thy art,  
And passion gave it empire o'er the heart. 205

Correct Parrhasius first to rich design \*  
Gave nice proportion, and the melting line,  
Whose soft extremes from observation fly,  
And with ideal distance cheat the eye.

The gay, the warm, licentious ZEUXIS drew, † 210  
Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue :  
Bade in one form her scatter'd rays unite,  
And charm'd the view with their collected light.

But Grace consign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,  
Her softest pencil to APOLLO'S hand : 215  
Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove, ‡  
Such strong expression mark'd his mimic JOVE,  
Inimitably great he seem'd to tower,  
And pass the limits of the pencil's power.

Ye sons of art, tho' on the gulph of years, 220  
No floating relic of your toil appears,  
Yet glory shews, in every cultur'd clime,  
Your names still radiant thro' the clouds of time.

\* Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.

† Ver. 210. See NOTE IX.

‡ Ver. 216. See NOTE X.

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor  
 Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war : 225  
 By Freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,  
 The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,  
 While chilling damps upon the pencil hung,\*  
 Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL fung,  
 Yet Grecian artists had the splendid fate, 230  
 To triumph o'er the Romans' scornful hate.  
 Their matchless works Profusion toil'd to buy,  
 Their wonders glitter'd in the public eye,  
 Till ROME's terrific pomp, and letter'd pride,  
 Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide. 235

Oh ! lovely Painting ! long thy cheering light  
 Was lost and buried in barbaric night ;  
 The furious rage of Anarchy effac'd  
 Each hallow'd character thy hand had trac'd,  
 And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkish cell, 240  
 Bound thy free soul in her lethargic spell.

At length from this long trance thy spirit rose,  
 In that sweet vale where silver Arno flows ;

\* Ver. 228. See NOTE XI.

There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule,\*  
 To form the basis of a rising school : 245  
 Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to shine,  
 The herald of a master more divine.

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,  
 By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age,  
 In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought 250  
 Gigantic ANGELO his wonders wrought ; †  
 And high, by native strength of spirit rais'd,  
 The mighty HOMER of the pencil blaz'd.

Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on RAPHAEL smil'd, ‡  
 Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child : 255  
 Truth, passion, character, his constant aim,  
 Both in the human and the heavenly frame,  
 Th' enchanting painter rules the willing heart,  
 And shines the finish'd VIRGIL of his art.

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, § 260  
 Reach'd not the summit, where his master reign'd ;

\* Ver. 244. See NOTE XII.

† Ver. 251. See NOTE XIII.

‡ Ver. 254. See NOTE XIV.

§ Ver. 260. See NOTE XV.

Yet to no common heights of epic fame,  
 True Genius guided his adventurous aim.  
 Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard,  
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard : 265  
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,  
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

More richly warm, the glowing TITIAN knew\*  
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue :  
 O ! had sublime design his colours crown'd ! 270  
 Then had the world a finish'd painter found :  
 With powers to seize the highest branch of art,  
 He fix'd too fondly on an humbler part ;  
 Yet this low object of his partial care  
 Grew from his toil so exquisitely fair, 275  
 That dazzled judgment, with suspended voice,  
 Fears to condemn the error of his choice.  
 Thus pleased a flowery valley to explore  
 Whence never Poet cull'd a wreath before, †  
 LUCRETIVS chose the epic crown to lose 280  
 For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

\* Ver. 268. See NOTE XVI.

† Unde prius nulli velarunt Tæp ora Musæ. LUCRETIVS, Lib. iv. Ver. 5.

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGIO play'd \*  
 With all the magic charms of light and shade.  
 Tho' PARMA claim it for her rival son, †  
 The praise of sweetest grace thy pencil won : 285  
 Unhappy genius ! tho' of skill divine,  
 Unjust neglect, and penury were thine.  
 Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,  
 Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd,  
 Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came, ‡ 290  
 And raising her weak powers and sinking frame,  
 Reclaim'd the pencil of misguided youth,  
 From Affectation's glare to tints of modest Truth.  
 They form'd the Pencil, to whose infant fame  
 Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name : § 295  
 Profoundly skill'd his figures to dispose,  
 The learned LANFRANC in their school arose, ||  
 And, trained to glory, by their forming care,  
 The tender GUIDO caught his graceful air. ¶

\* Ver. 282. See NOTE XVII.

† Ver. 284. See NOTE XVIII.

‡ Ver. 290. See NOTE XIX.

§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XX.

|| Ver. 297. See NOTE XXI.

¶ Ver. 299. See NOTE XXII.



Nor shall ye fail your well-earn'd praise to gain, 300  
 Ye! who adorn'd with art your native SPAIN!  
 The unfrequented shore, that gave you birth,  
 Tempts not the faithful Muse to hide your worth :  
 Just to all regions, let her voice proclaim  
 TITIAN's mute scholar, rival of his fame. \* 305  
 The power, that Nature to his lips denied,  
 Indulgent Art, with fonder care, supplied :  
 The cruel bar his happy genius broke ;  
 Tho' dumb the painter, all his pictures spoke.

And thou, VELASQUEZ, share the honour due † 310  
 To forceful tints, that fascinate the view !  
 Thy bold illusive talents soar'd so high,  
 They mock'd, with mimic life, the cheated eye.  
 Thou liberal artist! 'twas thy praise to guide  
 Thy happy scholar with parental pride ; 315  
 Thy care the soft, the rich MURILLO form'd, ‡  
 And as thy precept taught, thy friendship warm'd.

\* Ver. 305. See NOTE XXIII.

† Ver. 310. See NOTE XXIV.

‡ Ver. 316. See NOTE XXV.



Yet other names, and not a scanty band !  
 Have added lustre to th' IBERIAN land ;  
 But, generous ITALY, thy genial earth 320  
 Superior numbers bore of splendid worth !  
 And rais'd amidst them, in thy golden days,  
 No mean historian to record their praise. \*

On Thee, whom Art, thy patroness and pride,  
 Taught both the pencil and the pen to guide ; 325  
 Whose generous zeal and modest truth have known  
 To blazon others' skill, not boast thy own ;  
 On thee, VASARI, let my verse bestow  
 That just applause, so freely seen to flow  
 From thy ingenuous heart and liberal hand, 330  
 To each great artist of thy native land !  
 Tho' many shine in thy elaborate page,  
 And more have risen since thy distant age,  
 Their various talents, and their different fame,  
 The Muse, unskilful, must decline to name, 335  
 Least in the nice attempt her judgment fail,  
 To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

\* Ver. 323. See NOTE XXVI.

E'en public Taste, by no determin'd rule,  
 Has class'd the merit of each nobler school :  
 To ROME and FLORENCE, in Expression strong, 340  
 The highest honours of Design belong ;  
 On her pure Style see mild BOLOGNA claim \*  
 Her fairest right to secondary fame ;  
 Tho' prouder VENICE would usurp that praise,  
 Upon the splendid force of TITIAN's golden rays. † 345  
 But ill they know the value of their art,  
 Who, flattering the eye, neglect the heart.  
 Tho' matchless tints a lasting name secure,  
 Tho' strong the magic of the clear-obscure,  
 These must submit, as a dependant part, 350  
 To pure Design, the very soul of Art ;  
 Or Fame, misguided, must invert her course,  
 And RAPHAEL's Grace must yield to REMBRANDT's Force ; ‡  
 Fancy's bold thought to Labour's patient touch,  
 And Rome's exalted genius to the Dutch. 355

\* Ver. 342. See NOTE XXVII.

† Ver. 345. See NOTE XXVIII.

‡ Ver. 353. See NOTE XXIX.

Yet,

Yet, HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise \*  
 A perfect title to peculiar praise :  
 Thy hum'rous pencil shuns the epic field,  
 The blazing falchion, and the sanguine shield ;  
 But hap'ly marks the group of rural Mirth, 360  
 In social circle round the chearful hearth,  
 And rustic Joy, from busy cares releas'd,  
 To the gay gambols of the village feast :  
 While Nature smiles her very faults to view,  
 Trac'd with a skill so exquisitely true. 365  
 These faults, O REMBRANDT, 'twas thy praise to hide !  
 New pow'rs of ART thy fertile mind supplied ;  
 With dazzling force thy gorgeous colouring glows,  
 And o'er each scene an air of grandeur throws :  
 The meanest Figures dignity assume, 370  
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom.  
 These strong illusions are supremely thine,  
 And laugh at Imitation's vague design :  
 So near to blemishes thy beauties run,  
 Those who affect thy splendor are undone : 375

\* Ver. 356. See NOTE XXX.

While thy rash rivals, loose and incorrect,  
 Miscall their shadowy want of truth *Effect*,  
 And into paths of affectation start :  
 Neglect of Nature is the bane of Art.  
 Proud of the praise by RUBENS' pencil won, \* 380  
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son !  
 Whose glowing hues magnificently shine  
 With warmth congenial to his rich design :  
 And him, her second pride, whose milder care,  
 From living Beauty caught its loveliest air ! 385  
 Who truth of character with grace combin'd,  
 And in the speaking feature mark'd the mind,  
 Her soft VANDYKE, while graceful portraits please, †  
 Shall reign the model of unrivall'd ease.  
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought, 390  
 From FLANDERS first the secret pow'r she caught, ‡  
 To grace and guard the offspring of her toil,  
 With all the virtues of enduring oil ;

\* Ver. 380. See NOTE XXXI.

† Ver. 388. See NOTE XXXII.

‡ Ver. 391. See NOTE XXXIII.



Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views,  
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse, \* 395  
 And lovely Science grew the public care)  
 She fixt the glories of her empire there ;  
 There in her zenith soon she ceas'd to shine,  
 And dated, passing her meridian line,  
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline. 400 }  
 Yet in her gloomy and disgraceful hour  
 Of faded beauty, and enfeebled power,  
 With talents flowing in free Nature's course,  
 With just exertion of unborrow'd force,  
 Untrodden paths of art SALVATOR tried, † 405  
 And daring Fancy was his favourite guide.  
 O'er his wild rocks, at her command, he throws  
 A savage grandeur, and sublime repose ;  
 Or gives th' historic scene a charm as strong  
 As the terrific gloom of DANTE's song. 410  
 His bold ideas, unrefin'd by taste,  
 Express'd with vigour, tho' conceiv'd in haste,

\* Ver. 395. See NOTE XXXIV.

† Ver. 405. See NOTE XXXV.

Before slow judgment their defects can find,  
 With awful pleasure fill the passive mind.  
 Nor could one art, with various beauty fraught, 415  
 Engross the ardor of his active thought :  
 His pencil pausing, with satiric fire  
 He struck the chords of the congenial lyre ;  
 By generous verse attempting to reclaim  
 The meaner artist from each abject aim. 420  
 But vain his satire ! his example vain !  
 Degraded Painting sinks, with many a stain :  
 Her clouded beams, from ITALY withdrawn,  
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn.  
 There, in the arms of ROMAN Science nurs'd, 425  
 In every work of ancient genius vers'd,  
 The sage POUSSIN, with purest fancy fraught,\*  
 Portray'd the classic scene, as Learning taught :  
 But Nature, jealous of her sacred right,  
 And piqu'd that his idolatry should flight 430  
 Her glowing graces, and her living air,  
 To worship marble with a fonder care,

\* Ver. 427. See NOTE XXXVI.



Denied his pencil, in its mimic strife,  
The bloom of beauty, and the warmth of life.

Then rose LE BRUN, his scholar, and his friend, \* 435  
More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend ;  
Tho' with exalted spirit he present  
The generous victor in the suppliant tent,  
Too oft the genius of his gaudy clime  
Mised his pencil from the pure sublime. 440

Thy dawn, LE SUEUR, announc'd a happier taste, †  
With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste :  
But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom,  
Shed fruitless tears upon thy early tomb.

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule 445  
Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school :  
Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, ‡  
The laws and limits that to Art belong ;  
In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,  
To crush the monsters of corrupted taste : 450

\* Ver. 435. See NOTE XXXVII.

† Ver. 441. See NOTE XXXVIII.

‡ Ver. 447. See NOTE XXXIX.

With ineffectual fire the poet sings,  
 Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs :  
 Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall,  
 And faints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl.  
 Bombast is Grandeur, Affectation Grace, 455  
 Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace ;  
 Loaded with drefs, supremely fine advance  
 Old HOMER's heroes, with the airs of FRANCE.  
 Indignant Art disclaim'd the motley crew,  
 Resign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew. 460

END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

T H E S E C O N D.

# A R G U M E N T

## OF THE SECOND EPISTLE.

*The rise of Painting in England, and the reasons for its happening so late—The rapidity of its improvement—A slight sketch of the most eminent living Artists in England. The author's wish to see his friend among the first of that number—His reasons for hoping it. The reputation of a Painter in some degree owing to a happy choice of subjects—A few recommended from national events—and from Milton and Shakespeare — Conclusion — Author's wishes for his friend's success.*

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

**I**NGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise  
 To the pure fummits of unclouded praise ;  
 Whom Art has chosen, with successful hand,  
 To spread her empire o'er this honour'd land ;  
 Thy Progress Friendship with delight surveys, 5  
 And this pure Homage to thy Goddess pays.  
 Hail ! heavenly Visitant ! whose cheering powers  
 E'en to the happy give still happier Hours !  
 O ! next to Freedom, and the Muse, design'd  
 To raise, ennoble, and adorn mankind ! 10  
 At length we view thee in this favor'd Isle,  
 That greets thy Presence, and deserves thy Smile :  
 This favor'd Isle, in native Freedom bold,  
 And rich in Spirit as thy Greeks of old.  
 Tho' foreign Theorists, with System blind, \* 15  
 Prescribe false limits to the British mind,

\* Ver. 15. See NOTE XL.



And, warp'd by Vanity, presume to hold,  
 Our northern Genius dark, confin'd, and cold :  
 Painting, sweet Nymph, unconscious of their chain,  
 In this fair Island forms her new Domain, 20  
 And freely gives to BRITAIN's eager view  
 Those charms which once her fav'rite ATHENS knew.

'Tis true, when Painting, on ITALIA's shore,  
 Display'd those Graces, which all Realms adore,  
 No kindred forms of English growth appear ; 25  
 Age after age the hapless Pencil here  
 Dropt unsuccessful from the Native's hand,  
 And fail'd to decorate this darker Land.  
 But freely let impartial History say,  
 Why Art on BRITAIN shone with later ray. 30

When on this Isle, the Gothic clouds withdrawn,  
 The distant light of Painting seem'd to dawn,  
 Fierce HARRY reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd,\*  
 Now lov'd, now scorn'd, now worship'd, now destroy'd.  
 Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art ! he priz'd, 35  
 Now sought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd :

\* Ver. 33. See NOTE XLI.

Now strove to fix, with liberal support,  
 'Thy darling RAPHAEL in his sumptuous Court ;  
 Now o'er the hallow'd shrines, thy hand had grac'd,  
 " Cried havock, and let slip the Dogs of Waste." 40  
 When timid Art saw ruin his delight,  
 She fled in terror from the Tyrant's fight.

The Virgin Queen, whom dazzled eyes admire,  
 The subtle Child of this imperious Sire,  
 Untaught the moral force of Art to feel, \* 45  
 Proscrib'd it as the slave of bigot Zeal,  
 Or doom'd it, throwing nobler works aside,  
 To drudge in flatt'ring her fantastic Pride :  
 And hence the Epic pencil in the shade  
 Of blank neglect, and cold obstruction laid, 50  
 E'en while the Fairy-sprite, and Muse of fire,  
 Hung high in Glory's hall the English lyre.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,  
 (His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit)  
 Whatever works he patroniz'd debas'd, 55  
 But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd.

\* Ver. 45. See NOTE XLII.

With fairer mind arofe his nobler Son,  
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone :  
 Unhappy CHARLES ! oh ! had thy feeling heart  
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art ! 60  
 To merit juft, thy bounty flow'd alike  
 On bolder RUBENS, and the foft VANDYKE :  
 To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought  
 The facred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought.  
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind, 65  
 Cut off the promife of thy cultur'd mind.  
 By wounded Liberty's convulfive hand  
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy ufurps the Land ;  
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies,  
 To feek a refuge in ferener fkies. 70

Thefe ftorms fubfiding, fee her once again,  
 Returning in the fecond CHARLES's train !  
 She comes to copy, in licentious fport,  
 The Minions of a loofe luxurious Court ;  
 From whence the modeft Graces turn their eyes, 75  
 Where Genius fees, and o'er the profpect fighs,  
 LELY's foft tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,  
 Made the mean Slaves of diffolute Defire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar,  
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled shore ; 80  
 While sacred Freedom, darting in disdain  
 Her vengeful Thunder on th' apostate Train,  
 And, pleas'd the gloomy Tyrant to disown,  
 Gives to NASSAU the abdicated Throne.

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend, 85  
 And Art shall crown her Patron and her Friend.  
 In tumults, from the cradle to the grave,  
 'Tis thine, O ! WILLIAM, sinking realms to save.  
 To thee no leisure mightier cares allow,  
 To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow : 90  
 'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,  
 The Base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.  
 Yet to thy Palace KNELLER's skill supplied \*  
 Its richest ornament in Beauty's pride.  
 Unhappy KNELLER ! covetous though vain ; 95  
 Thee Glory yielded to seducing Gain :  
 While partial Taste from modest RILEY turn'd, †  
 By diffidence depriv'd of praise well earn'd.

\* Ver. 93. See NOTE XLIII.

† Ver. 97. See NOTE XLIV.



Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,  
 "How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO' fought ;" 100  
 And THORNHILL's blaze of Allegory gilt\*  
 The piles, that WREN's superior genius built ;  
 Contending Factions, in her closing reign,  
 Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.  
 Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam, 105  
 And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown,  
 That threaten'd BRUNSWICK's race on BRITAIN's throne,  
 Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,  
 Her clans extinguish'd, and her chiefs no more : 110  
 The youthful Noble, on a princely Plan, †  
 Encourag'd infant Art, and first began  
 Before the studious eye of Youth to place  
 The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain, 115  
 O'er France, supported by imperious SPAIN,  
 And, sated with her Laurels' large increase,  
 Began to cultivate the plants of Peace ;

\* Ver. 101. See NOTE XLV.

† Ver. 111. See NOTE XLVI.



Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,  
 Painting, no more an alien in our land, 120  
 First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,  
 Her Temples open'd, and her altars crown'd :  
 And Grace, the first attendant of her train,  
 She, whom APELLES wooed, nor wooed in vain,  
 To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line, 125  
 And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.  
 Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen,  
 What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,  
 With glee she marks them on her canker'd scroll,  
 Malicious Fiend ! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole, 130  
 To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,  
 Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Dross.  
 Excelling Artift ! long delight the eye !  
 Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly, \*  
 BRITAIN shall then her own APELLES see, 135  
 And all the Grecian shall revive in thee.  
 Thy manly spirit glories to impart  
 The leading Principles of lib'ral Art ; †

\* Ver. 134. See NOTE XLVII.

† Ver. 138. See NOTE XLVIII.

To youthful Genius points what course to run,  
 What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to shun : 140  
 So ORPHEUS taught, by Learning's heavenly sway,  
 To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,  
 And mark'd, to guide them in their bold Career,  
 Th' unerring Glories of the starry Sphere.  
 Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught, 145  
 And gives new lessons of exalted thought ;  
 Thy nervous Pencil on the canvass throws  
 The tragic story of sublimest woes :  
 The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,  
 The Parent petrified with blank Despair, 150  
 Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill,\*  
 With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

The offspring now of many a rival hand,  
 Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land ;  
 Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast 155  
 Scarce one fair grain of native Art could boast.  
 Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes,  
 With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise,

\* Ver. 151. See NOTE XLIX.

Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,  
 Have wisely carried to some kindred soil, 160  
 Which, shooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,  
 Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth :  
 The Land o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see  
 Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay,\* 165  
 And BRITAIN glories in her rich display ;  
 Merit, who unassisted, and unknown,  
 Late o'er his unseen labours sigh'd alone,  
 Sees honour now his happier toils attend,  
 And in the generous Public finds a friend. 170

O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,  
 " And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"  
 Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,  
 Or groundless Censure, which false Judgment sways,  
 My failing line with faint resemblance wrong 175  
 Thy Sons, the subject of no envious song !

Supremely skill'd the varied group to place,  
 And range the crowded scene with easy grace ;

\* Ver. 165. See NOTE L.

To finish parts, yet not impair the whole,  
 But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul ; 180  
 Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,  
 The shame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride ;  
 Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,  
 Give the bright lesson of heroic Death.

Such are thy Merits, WEST : by Virtue's hand 185  
 Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,  
 While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane,  
 The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

With kindred power a rival hand succeeds,  
 For whose just fame expiring CHATHAM pleads ; 190  
 Like CHATHAM's language, luminous and bold,  
 Thy colours, COPLEY, the dread scene unfold,  
 Where that prime Spirit, by whose guidance hurl'd,  
 BRITAIN's avenging thunder aw'd the world,  
 In patriot cares employ'd his parting breath, 195  
 Struck in his field of civic fame by Death ;  
 And Freedom, happy in the tribute paid  
 By Art and Genius to so dear a Shade,  
 Shall own, the measure of thy praise to fill,  
 The awful subject equall'd by thy skill. 200

To



To DANCE's pencil, in Precision strong,  
 Transcendent Force, and Truth of Line belong.  
 Not GARRICK's self, to SHAKESPEARE's spirit true,  
 Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,  
 Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame, 205  
 The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.

From GARRICK's features, with distraction fraught,  
 He copies every trace of troubled thought ;  
 And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll,  
 The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD's foul. 210

The rapid MORTIMER, of Spirit wild,  
 Imagination's dear and daring Child,  
 Marks the fierce Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,  
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom.  
 Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs, 215  
 And paints a lesson to tyrannic Kings :  
 In his bright colours see the field appear  
 To Freedom sacred, and to Glory dear,  
 Where JOHN, proud Monarch, baffled on his throne,  
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown, 220  
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim  
 The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame !

But



But see far off the modest WRIGHT retire !  
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire :  
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night, 225  
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight ;  
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart,  
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.  
 May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise,  
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze, 230  
 And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,  
 May his red deluge down thy canvass pour !

Art with no common gifts her GAINSB'ROUGH grac'd,  
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd ;  
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim, 235  
 A perfect Semblance of the human Frame ;  
 This, lightly sporting on the village-green,  
 Paint the wild beauties of the rural Scene.

In Storms sublime the daring WILSON soars,  
 And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours : 240  
 APOLLO triumphs in his flaming skies,  
 And classic Beauties in his scenes arise.

Thy Graces, HUMPHREYS, and thy Colours clear,  
 From Miniature's small circle disappear :

May their distinguish'd Merit still prevail, 245  
And shine with lustre on the larger Scale.

Let candid Justice our attention lead,  
To the soft Crayon of the graceful READ :  
Nor, GARD'NER, shall the Muse, in haste, forget  
Thy Taste and Ease ; tho' with a fond Regret 250  
She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r she notes,  
A Sigh of Homage to the Shade of COATES.  
Nor, if her favour'd hand may hope to shed  
The flowers of glory o'er the skillful dead,  
Thy Talents, HOGARTH ! will she leave unsung ; \* 255  
Charm of all eyes, and Theme of every tongue !  
A separate province 'twas thy praise to rule ;  
Self-form'd thy Pencil ! yet thy works a School,  
Where strongly painted, in gradations nice,  
The Pomp of Folly, and the Shame of Vice, 260  
Reach'd thro' the laughing Eye the mended Mind,  
And moral Humour sportive Art refin'd.  
While fleeting Manners, as minutely shewn  
As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown ;

\* Ver. 255. See NOTE LI.

While Truth of Character, exactly hit, 265  
 And drest in all the dyes of comic wit ;  
 While these, in FIELDING's page, delight supply,  
 So long thy Pencil with his Pen shall vie.  
 Science with grief beheld thy drooping age  
 Fall the sad victim of a Poet's rage : 270  
 But Wit's vindictive spleen, that mocks controul,  
 Nature's high tax on luxury of foul !  
 This, both in Bards and Painters, Fame forgives ;  
 Their Frailty's buried, but their Genius lives.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name, 275  
 Appears the tribute of applause to claim ;  
 Some alien Artists, more of English Race,  
 With fair ANGELICA our foreign Grace,  
 Who paints, with Energy and Softness join'd,  
 The fond Emotions of the female Mind ; 280  
 And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves surround,  
 And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound :  
 For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,  
 For him coy VENUS throws her veil away ;  
 And ZAFFANI, whose faithful colours give 285  
 The transient glories of the Stage to live ;

On

On his bright canvass each dramatic Muse  
 A perfect copy of her scene reviews ;  
 Each, while those scenes her lost delight restore,  
 Almost forgets her Garrick is no more.--- 290

O'er these I pass reluctant, least too long  
 The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song.

Yet one short pause, ye Pow'rs of Verse, allow  
 To cull a Myrtle Leaf for MEYERS's Brow !  
 Tho' small its Field, thy Pencil may presume 295  
 To ask a Wreath where Flowers immortal bloom.  
 As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair,  
 Colours her Insect works with nicest care,  
 Nor better forms, to please the curious eye,  
 The spotted Leopard than the gilded Fly ; 300  
 So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow space,  
 Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace,  
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,  
 Boast not an Air more exquisite than thine.  
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express, 305  
 Beauty thy model and thy Patroness.

For her thy care has to perfection brought  
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught ;



Thy colour'd Chryſtal, at her fond deſire,  
 Draws deathleſs Luſtre from the dang'rous Fire, 310  
 And, pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm,  
 She binds thy Bracelet on her ſnowy arm.

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,  
 Theſe Lights of Art that gild the Britiſh ſky ;  
 Oh ! may my Friend ariſe, with luſtre clear, 315  
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.

This wiſh, my ROMNEY, from the pureſt ſource,  
 Has Reaſon's Warrant, join'd to Friendſhip's Force.

For Genius breath'd into thy infant Frame  
 The vital Spirit of his ſacred Flame, 320

Which frequent miſts of Diffidence o'ercloud,  
 Proving the vigor of the Sun they ſhroud.

Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,  
 Which forms the Artiſt of the nobleſt kind ;  
 That fond Ambition, which beſtows on Art 325

Each talent of the Mind, and paſſion of the Heart ;

That dauntleſs Patience, which all toil deſies,  
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.

Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,  
 From theſe fair feeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r ; 330

Thy



Thy juſt, thy graceful Portraits charm the view,  
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew.  
 Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,  
 With what terrific pomp thy Spectres riſe !  
 What luſt of miſchief marks thy Witch's form,      335  
 While on the LAPLAND Rock ſhe ſwells the ſtorm !  
 Tho' led by Fancy thro' her boundleſs reign,  
 Well doſt thou know to quit her wild domain,  
 When Hiſtory bids thee paint, ſeverely chaſte,  
 Her ſimpler ſcene, with uncorrupted taſte.      340  
 While in theſe fields thy judging eyes explore,  
 What ſpot untried may yield its ſecret ore,  
 Thy happy Genius ſprings a virgin Mine  
 Of copious, pure, original Deſign ;  
 Truth gives it value, and, diſtinctly bold,      345  
 The ſtamp of Character compleats thy Gold.  
 Thy Figures riſe in Beauty's nobleſt ſcale,  
 Sublimely telling their heroic Tale.  
 Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,  
 And Time revere them with unrivall'd praiſe !      350  
 May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,  
 So juſtly daring, with a ſoul ſo free,

Each separate Province to thy care commend,  
 And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend !  
 May tender TITIAN's mellow Softness join, 355  
 With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line ;  
 CORREGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Taste unite,  
 And in thy perfect Works inchant the ravish'd Sight !

How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,  
 The glowing Artist gains the heights of Fame, 360  
 To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes,  
 That praise which Judgment with delight bestows.  
 The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,  
 The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when, wisely taught 365  
 To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought,  
 By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove  
 Thro' all the frolicks of licentious JOVE,  
 That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold,\*  
 (Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold) 370  
 May with voluptuous Images enflame  
 The fated Passions of his languid frame.

\* Ver. 369. See NOTE LII.

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,  
 And just Derision mingles with Disdain,  
 When such a Pencil, in a Roman hand, 375  
 While the rich Abbess issues her command,  
 Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvass sprawl,  
 That some warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,  
 Or, fondly gazing on the pious whim,  
 Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb, 380  
 Mistaking, in the Cloister's dull embrace,  
 The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace.

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,  
 Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand !  
 Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth, 385  
 Of public Virtue, and of private Truth :  
 The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms,  
 And Freedom, fierce in adamantin Arms ;  
 Whence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,  
 With floods of Joy may fill the human heart. 390

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,  
 And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore,  
 Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,  
 Still make Simplicity thy constant guide :

And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware, 395

Ah! shun insidious Allegory's snare!

Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath,

Fair to the eye, but poisons lurk beneath,

By which, too lightly tempted from his guard,

Full many a Painter dies, and many a Bard. 400

How sweet her voice, how dang'rous her spell,

Let SPENSER's Knights, and RUBENS' Tritons tell;

Judgment at colour'd riddles shakes his head,

And fairy Songs are prais'd, but little read;

Where, in the Maze of her unbounded Sphere, 405

Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's tyrant sway

"Takes half the vigor of the soul away,"

Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,

Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church; 410

Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,

To hunt for monsters which we heed no more.

But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,

The towering Spirit to Perfection springs;

Where Genius, proud to act as Heav'n inspires, 415

On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred fires;

Oh!



Oh! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE,  
 With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece;  
 Let BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous race,  
 Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace, 420  
 Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,  
 Some just memorials of the line she bore,  
 In tints immortal to her view recall  
 Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who, with pedantic scorn, 425  
 Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born:  
 For them Perfection has herself no charms,  
 Without a Roman robe, or Grecian arms:  
 Our slighted Country, for whose Fame they feel  
 No generous Interest, no manly Zeal, 430  
 Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,  
 And treat their cold contempt with due disdain;  
 To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,  
 To prove this patriot indignation just,  
 And, nobly partial to our native earth, 435  
 Bid English Pencils honour English Worth.\*

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,  
 Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,

\* Ver. 436. See NOTE LIII.



Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,  
 And BRITAIN, on her canvass, fail to shew 440  
 Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer,\*  
 SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,  
 O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,  
 And mild Humanity embalm her Friend!  
 Oh! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find 445  
 A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind;  
 Methinks I see thy rapid Hand display  
 The field of ZUTPHEN, on that fatal day,  
 When arm'd for freedom, 'gainst the guilt of SPAIN,  
 The Hero bled upon the Belgic plain! 450  
 In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief,  
 When pitying Friends supply the wish'd relief,  
 While Sickness, Pain, and Thirst his pow'r subdue,  
 I see the draught he pants for in his view:  
 Near him the Soldier that expiring lies, 455  
 This precious Water views with ghastly eyes,  
 With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,  
 With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst:

\* Ver. 441. See NOTE LIV.

I see the Hero give, oh ! generous Care!

The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r ;

460

I hear him say, with Tendernefs divine,

“ Thy ftrong Neceffity furpaffes mine.”

Shall Roman Charity for ever fhare

Thro' every various School each Painter's Care?

And BRITAIN ftill her bright examples hide

465

Of female Glory, and of filial Pride?

Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore

Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE,\*

Refolv'd to fave, or in th' attempt expire,

The precious relicks of her martyr'd Sire :

470

Before the cruel Council let her ftand,

Preffs the dear ghafly Head with pitying Hand,

And plead, while Bigotry itfelf grows mild,

The facred duties of a grateful Child.

Forgive the Mufe, if haply fhe commend

475

A Theme ill-chosen to her fkilful Friend ;

She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,

Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,

\* Ver. 468. See NOTE LV.

Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see  
 Her darling Images adorn'd by thee. 480  
 Nor shall her social Love in silence hide  
 The just emotions of her grateful Pride,  
 When thy quick Pencil pours upon her sight  
 Her own Creation in a fairer light ;  
 When her SERENA learns from thee to live, 485  
 And please by every charm that life can give.  
 Thou hast imparted to th' ideal Fair  
 Yet more than Beauty's bloom, and Youth's attractive air ;  
 For in thy studious Nymph th' enamour'd Eye  
 May, thro' her breast, her gentle Heart descry ; 490  
 See the fond thoughts, that o'er her Fancy roll,  
 And Sympathy's soft swell, that fills her soul.  
 But happier Bards, who boast a higher claim,  
 Ask from thy Genius an increase of Fame:  
 Oh ! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid, 495  
 The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd,  
 Who join'd their rival Powers with fond delight,  
 To grace each other with reflected Light,  
 Let them in BRITAIN thus united reign,  
 And double lustre from that union gain ! 500

Not



Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend  
 To point each varied subject to my Friend ;  
 Far nobler guides their better aid supply :  
 When mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye  
 Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round 505  
 Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,  
 And pours, in floods of supernatural light,  
 Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight.  
 This chief Inchanter of the willing breast,  
 Will teach thee all the magic he possest. 510  
 Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true  
 Each brilliant Being that he calls to view :  
 Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,  
 His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,  
 Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design, 515  
 The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine.

Let MILTON's self, conductor of thy way,  
 Lead thy congenial spirit to portray  
 In Colours, like his Verse, sublimely strong,  
 The scenes that blaze in his immortal song. 520

See MICHAEL drawn, by many a skilful Hand,  
 As suits the Leader of the Seraph-Band !

But oh ! how poor the prostrate SATAN lies,\*  
 With bestial form debas'd and goatish eyes !  
 How chang'd from him who leads the dire debate, 525  
 Fearless tho' fallen, and in Ruin great !  
 Let thy bold Pencil, more sublimely true,  
 Present his Arch Apostate to our view,  
 In worthier Semblance of infernal Pow'r,  
 And proudly standing like a stately tow'r, 530  
 While his infernal mandate bids awake  
 His Legions, slumbering on the burning Lake.

Or paint him falling from the Realms of Bliss,  
 Hurl'd in Combustion to the deep Abyss !  
 In light terrific let the Flash display 535  
 His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway :  
 Tho' vanquish'd, yet immortal, let his Eye  
 The Lightning's flame, the Thunder's bolt defy,  
 And still, with Looks of Execration, dare  
 To face the Horrors of the last Despair. 540

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain,  
 That o'er the human Soul unquestion'd reign,

\* Ver. 523. See NOTE LVI



To their superior Guidance be confign'd  
 Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.  
 Yet O! let Friendship, ere the Verſe ſhe cloſe, 545  
 Which in juſt Tribute to thy Merit flows,  
 The ſanguine wiſhes of her heart expreſs,  
 With fond preſages of thy full Succeſs.

May Health and Joy, in happieſt union join'd,  
 Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind! 550  
 To nobleſt Efforts raiſe thy glowing Heart,  
 And ſtring thy finews to the toils of Art!  
 May Independance, burſting Faſhion's chain,  
 To eager Genius give the flowing rein,  
 And o'er thy epic Canvaſs ſmile to ſee 555  
 Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free!  
 May thy juſt Country, while thy bold deſign  
 Recalls the Heroes of her ancient Line,  
 Gaze on the martial Group with dear delight!  
 May Youth and Valour, kindling at the fight, 560  
 O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean,  
 And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene!  
 May Time himſelf a fond Reluctance feel,  
 Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil ſteal,

But

But grant it still to gain increasing Praise,  
 In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days,  
 While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,  
 With RAPHAEL's Glory join'd to TITIAN's Years!

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# N O T E S

T O T H E

## F I R S T E P I S T L E.

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AS there may possibly be some Readers of the foregoing Performance, who may wish to look into the sources from whence the Author has borrowed some of his ideas, he has thrown together the subsequent Notes, and disjoined them from the body of the Work, as they are intended only for the perusal of those who have leisure and disposition for such kind of reading.

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### N O T E I. V E R S E 77.

*MAKE history to life new value lend.*] One of the most elegant writers of the present age, has made an ingenious effort to introduce History into the dull province of Portrait-painting, “by representing a whole family in a single picture, under some interesting historical subject suitable to their rank and character.” See Fitzosborne’s Letters, p. 6. But as the beauties and advantages of this plan struck forcibly on the imagination of this amiable Author, the infinite difficulties attending its execution were likewise fully open to his discernment. The success must depend on the choice of subject: where that is not very happily adapted, the picture will probably contain some most ridiculous absurdities—Perhaps the Reader may recollect an unfortunate instance or two of this kind.

## N O T E II. VERSE 100.

*Not less absurd to flatter Nero's eyes.]* Pliny furnishes us with this singular anecdote, as an instance of the extravagant abuse of Portrait-painting in his days, which, as he informs us, had arrived to a degree of madness. “Nero had ordered himself to be painted under the figure of a Colossus, upon cloth or canvass, a hundred and twenty feet in height.” The same author informs us, that this preposterous picture, when it was finished, met with its fate from lightning, which consumed it, and involved likewise the most beautiful part of the gardens where it was placed in the conflagration. The Reader may find some ingenious remarks upon this subject, in the *Notes sur l'Histoire de la Peinture ancienne extraite de l'Histoire naturelle de Plin.* Fol. London, 1725.

## N O T E III. VERSE 108.

*Blest be the pencil! which from death can save.]* The sweet illusion of this enchanting art is prettily expressed in a Letter of Raphael's to his friend Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had agreed to exchange their own portraits, and Raphael, on receiving his friend's picture, addresses him in the following words:

“Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto - - - egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole.”

Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, &c. Tom. i. pag. 82.

The charm of Portrait-painting is still more beautifully described in verse by a friend of Raphael's, the amiable and accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione.

Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago  
 Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas:  
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrisuique jocoque  
 Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat

Assensu,



Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur  
 Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.  
 Agnoscit balboque Patrem, puer ore salutat.  
 Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies.

These elegant lines are part of an epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hyppolyte, to her husband. See Pope's edition of the *Poemata Italorum*, Vol. ii. page 248.

N O T E IV. VERSE 126.

*Inspir'd by thee, the soft Corinthian Maid.*] Pliny has transmitted to us the History of the Maid of Corinth and her father. "Dibutades, a potter of Sicyon, first formed likenesses in clay at Corinth, but was indebted to his daughter for the invention; the girl being in love with a young man who was soon going from her into some remote country, traced out the lines of his face from his shadow upon the wall by candle-light. Her father, filling up the lines with clay, formed a bust, and hardened it in the fire with the rest of his earthen ware." Plin. Lib. 35.

Athenagoras, the Athenian philosopher, gives a similar account of this curious and entertaining anecdote, adding the circumstance that the youth was sleeping when the likeness was taken from his shadow. Περιεγραψεν αὐτὲ κοίμωμενον ἐν τοίχῳ τὴν σκιάν.

The same writer, who lived in the second century of the Christian æra, informs us that this monument of ancient art was extant at Corinth in his time, though Pliny seems to intimate that it did not survive the taking of that city by Mummius.

In the *Poësies de Fontenelle* there is an epistle from the Maid of Corinth, whom the author calls Dibutadis, to her imaginary lover Polemon. She describes her own work in the following Stanzas:



Une lampe pretoit une Lumiere sombre  
 Qui m'aidoit encore à rever :  
 Je voyois sur un mur se depeindre ton ombre,  
 Et m'appliquois à l'observer :

Car tout plait, Polemon, pour peu qu'il represente  
 L'objet de notre attachement,  
 C'est assez pour flater les langueurs d'une amante  
 Que l'ombre seule d'un amant.

Mais je pouffai plus loin cette douce chimere,  
 Je voulus fixer en ces Lieux,  
 Attacher à ce mur une ombre passagere  
 Pour la conserver à mes yeux.

Alors en la suivant du Bout d'une baguette  
 Je trace une Image de toi ;  
 Une image, il est vrai, peu distincte, imparfaite,  
 Mais enfin charmante pour moi.

#### N O T E V. VERSE 194.

*'Twas then Panæus drew, with freedom's train.]* Panæus was the brother of Phidias, the celebrated Sculptor, whom he is said to have assisted in his noblest works. Pausanias, in his Fifth Book, gives an account of several pictures by this early Artist, and particularly of the picture here alluded to. It was painted in the celebrated portico called Ποικίλη, Pœcile.

Besides a general representation of the conflict, the flight of the barbarians, and a distant view of their ships, Theseus, Minerva, and Hercules were, according to this author, exhibited in the piece. The most conspicuous figures among the persons engaged were Callimachus, and Miltiades, and a hero called Echelus : he mentions also  
 another

another hero, who is introduced into the picture, called Marathon, from whom, he says, the field had its name.

Pausanias, fol. Lip. 1696. p. 37.

From Pliny's account of the same picture we learn that the heads of the generals were portraits—adeo jam colorum usus percrebuerat, adeoque ars perfecta erat ut in eo Prælio ICONICOS duces pinxisse tradatur.—

Plin. Lib. 35. c. 8.

Miltiades had the honour of being placed foremost in this illustrious group, as a reward for his having saved Athens, and all Greece.

Cor. Nep. in Vitâ Miltiadis.

Panæus flourished, according to Pliny, in the 83d Olympiad, little more than forty years after the battle he painted.

N O T E VI. VERSE 198.

*There Polygnotus, scorning servile hire.]* Of the talents of Polygnotus much honourable mention is made by many of the best authors of antiquity, as Aristotle and Plutarch, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, &c. Pausanias speaks of the pictures here alluded to, and in his Tenth Book, introduces a very long description of other pictures by the same artist, painted also from Homer in the Temple at Delphos. The passage however gives but a confused and imperfect idea of the painter's performance. How much the art is indebted to this ancient master, what grace and softness he gave to the human countenance, what embellishments he added to the female figure and dress, are much more happily described by Pliny. *Primus Mulieres lucidâ veste pinxit, capita earum mitris versicoloribus operuit, plurimumque picturæ primus contulit: siquidem instituit os adaperire, dentes ostendere, vultum ab antiquo rigore variare.* The same author likewise bears honourable testimony to the liberal spirit of this great artist, who refused any reward for his ingenious labours in the portico.—

tico.—Porticum gratuito, cum partem ejus Mycon mercede pingeret.  
Plin. Lib. 35. cap. 8.

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

#### N O T E VII. VERSE 202.

*Thy tragic pencil, Aristides, caught.]* The city of Thebes had the honour of giving birth to this celebrated Artist. He was the first, according to Pliny, who expressed Character and Passion, the Human Mind, and its several emotions; but he was not remarkable for softness of colouring. “His most celebrated picture was of an infant (on the taking of a town) at the mother’s breast, who is wounded and expiring. The sensations of the mother were clearly marked, and her fear lest the child, upon failure of the milk, should suck her blood.” “Alexander the Great,” continues the same author, “took this picture with him to Pella.”

It is highly probable, according to the conjecture of Junius, (in his learned *Treatise de Picturâ Veterum*) that the following beautiful epigram of Æmilianus was written on this exquisite picture:

Ελκε, ταλαν, παρα μητρος ὅν ἔτι μαζόν ἀμελῆεις  
Ελκυσσον ὕψαιον ναμα καλά φθιμένης.  
Ἡ δὲ γὰρ ξιφεσσι λιποπνοας· ἀλλὰ τα μητρος  
Φιλτρα καὶ εἰν αἰδῇ παιδοκομεῖν εμαθεν.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius:

Suge, miser, nunquam quæ posthac pocula fuges;  
Ultima ab exanimi corpore poc'la trahe!  
Expiravit enim jam saucia; sed vel ab orco  
Infantem novit pascere matris amor.

But

But this is far inferior, and so perhaps is the original itself, to the very elegant English version of it, which Mr. Webb has given us in his ingenious and animated “Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting.”

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,  
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives!  
She dies : her tenderness survives her breath,  
And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb, Dialogue 7. p. 161.

N O T E VIII. VERSE 206.

*Correct Parrhasius first to rich design.]* The name of Parrhasius is immortalized by many of the most celebrated ancient authors ; and his peculiar talents are thus recorded in Pliny : *Primus symmetriam picturæ dedit, primus argutias vultus, elegantiam capilli, venustatem oris : confessione artificum in lineis extremis palmam adeptus.*—He is one of the four ancient painters, whose lives are written by Carlo Dati. —This ingenious Italian very justly questions the truth of the singular story concerning Parrhasius, preserved in Seneca, where he is accused of purchasing an old Olynthian captive, and exposing him to a most wretched death, that he might paint from his agony the tortures of Prometheus. The same author contradicts on this occasion a similar falsehood concerning the great Michael Angelo, which was first circulated from the pulpit by an ignorant priest, as we learn from Gori’s Historical Annotations to the Life of M. Angelo, by his scholar Condivi.

N O T E IX. VERSE 210.

*The gay, the warm, licentious Zeuxis drew.]* The Helen of Zeuxis is become almost proverbial : the Story of the Artist’s having executed the picture from an assemblage of the most beautiful females is mentioned (though with some variation as to the place) by authors of great credit,



credit, Pliny, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Cicero. The last gives a very long and circumstantial account of it.

De Inventione, Lib. 2.

If the story is true, it is perhaps one of the strongest examples we can find of that enthusiastick passion for the fine arts which animated the ancients. Notwithstanding her præminence in beauty, it seems somewhat singular that the painter should have chosen such a character as Helen, as a proper decoration for the Temple of Juno. A most celebrated Spanish Poet, though not in other respects famous for his judgment, has, I think, not injudiciously metamorphosed this Helen of Zeuxis into Juno herself.

Zeusis, Pintor famoso, retratando  
De Juno el rostro, las faciones bellas  
De cinco perfettissimas donzellas  
Estuvo attentamente contemplando.

Rimas de Lope de Vega.

Lisboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junius supposes this picture to have been rated a little too high.—

#### N O T E X. VERSE 216.

*Yet oft to gain sublimer heights he strove.*] Grace is the well-known excellence of Apelles, but that he sometimes very happily attempted the sublime, we learn both from Plutarch and Pliny, who speak of his force and energy—The Alexander of Philip, says Plutarch, was invincible, the Alexander of Apelles inimitable.

He painted, says Pliny, things that surpass the power of painting, quæ pingi non possunt, Tonitrua, fulgura fulgetraque—



## N O T E XI. VERSE 228.

*While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.]* That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, seems to be confest, and accounted for in the following passage of Tully's Tusculan Disputations, Lib. 1.

An censemus, si Fabio, nobilissimo homini, laudi datum esset quod pingeret, non multos etiam apud nos futuros Polycletos, et Parrhasios fuisse? honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad Studia Gloriâ, jacentque ea semper quæ apud quosque improbantur.

The fine arts necessarily languish without publick protection or encouragement: but publick honours at Rome flowed in a very different channel. While the Roman boasted his consummate skill in every art of empire and government, he avowed, in many works of genius and taste, his inferiority with an air of triumph.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,  
Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus:  
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus  
Describent radio, et surgentia Sidera dicent.  
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento:  
Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem:  
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Æneidos, Lib. VI.

## N O T E XII. VERSE 244.

*There studious Vinci treasur'd every rule.]* Lionardo da Vinci was born near Florence in 1445. He was perhaps a man as universally accomplished as ever existed. Not only admirable beyond his Predecessors in his own profession of Painting, but an excellent Architect and Musician, and of great skill as an Anatomist. Besides all these ta-

lents, he was, according to Vafari, the best extempore Rimer of his Time.—His History and Works are well known.—The singular circumstance of his dying in the arms of Francis the First, king of France, is mentioned by a French poet of the present age,

“ Lorsque Francois premier, Roi digne d’ être heureux,  
Tint Leonarad mourant dans ses bras genereux.”

And the particulars of his death are thus curiously recorded by Vafari, who speaks in raptures of his various and exalted talents :

Finalmente venuto vecchio, stette molti mesi ammalato, et vedendosi vicino alla morte, si volse diligentemente informare de le cose catoliche, & della via buona, et santa religione christiana, et poi con molti pianti confessò e contrito, se bene e’ non poteva reggersi in piedi, fosse nendosi nelle braccia di suoi amici, e servi, volse divotamente pigliare il santissimo sacramento, fuor del letto : sopraggiunseli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le soleva visitare : per il che egli per riverenza rizzatosi a sedere sul letto, contando il mal suo & gli accidenti di quello mostrava tuttavia quanto aveva offeso dio, et gli huomini del mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva : onde gli venne un parolismo messagiero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et presola la testa per aiutarlo, & porgerli Favore, accio che il male lo alleggerisse ; lo spirito suo, che divinissimo era, conoscendo non potere havere maggiore honore, spirò in braccio à quell rè nella età sua d’ anni 75.

Vafari Vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

#### N O T E XIII. VERSE 251.

*Gigantic Angelo his wonders wrought.*] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1474, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known, both as an Architect and a  
Painter,

Painter, to need any encomium : he was also a Poet. His *Rime* were printed by the Giunto at Florence, in quarto, in 1623. The following Sonnet, which is to be found in Vasari, to whom it is addressed, is at once a proof of his poetical talents, and his religious turn of mind : it may serve also as a lesson to vanity, in shewing that even a genius of the sublimest class entertained great apprehension concerning the mortality of his fame.

Giunti è già 'l corso della vita mia,  
 Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca,  
 Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca  
 Conto e ragion d' ogni opra trista, e pia.

Onde l' affettuosa fantasia  
 Che l' arte mi fece idolo e monarca,  
 Cognosco hor ben quant' era d'error carica  
 E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun delia.

Gli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti  
 Che sien or' s'a due morti mi avicino ?  
 D'una so certo, e l' altra mi minaccia.  
 Ne pinger ne scolpir fia piu che queti  
 L'anima volta a quello amor divino  
 Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.

A letter, addressed to his friend Vasari, on the death of Urbino, his old and faithful servant, shews, that he united the soft virtues of a most benevolent heart to the sublime talents of an elevated mind.— This letter is printed both in Vasari, and in the first volume of *Raccolta de Lettere sulla Pittura*, &c. p. 6.

## N O T E XIV. VERSE 254.

*Taste, Fancy, Judgment, all on Raphael smil'd.*] Raffaello da Urbino was born in 1483, and died 1520. His amiable qualities as a Man were not inferior to his exalted talents as an Artist. The reader will not be displeased to see the singular eulogium which the honest Vasari has bestowed on the engaging manners of this most celebrated Genius.

Certo fra le sue doti singolari ne scorgo una di tal valore che in me stesso stupisco; che il cielo gli diede forza di poter mostrare nell' arte nostra uno effetto sì contrario alle complessioni di noi pittori: questo è che naturalmente gli artefici nostri, non dico soli i bassi, ma quelli che hanno umore d' esser grandi (come di questo umore l'arte ne produce infiniti) lavorando nell' opere in compagnia di Raffaello, stavano uniti e di concordia tale che tutti i mali umori in veder lui s'amorzavano: e ogni vile e basso pensiero cadeva loro di mente. La quale unione mai non fu più in altro tempo che nel suo. E questo avveniva perche restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall' arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura.

Vasari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

To atone for the imperfect sketch, which has been here attempted of these divine artists, (Michael Angelo and Raphael) the author intended to have presented the reader with a long quotation from a most animated discourse of the President of the Royal Academy, in which he has placed these great masters in a light of comparison with each other. But as the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds are no longer scarce (a new edition being now published) he shall refer the reader to the Work itself. He will find this most happy and ingenious parallel in the discourse delivered at the Royal Academy, December 10, 1772.



N O T E XV. VERSE 260.

*The daring Julio, though by Raphael train'd.*] Julio Romano was born at Rome 1492, and died at Mantua 1546.

His singular character is forcibly drawn by Vafari. He was, according to this writer, the most successful imitator of Raphael, the greater part of whose scholars became eminent, and were almost infinite in number. Raphael was particularly attentive to Julio, and loved him with the affection of a parent.

Vafari Vita di Giulio.

N O T E XVI. VERSE 268.

*More richly warm, the glowing Titian knew.*] We find frequent censures thrown upon Titian by the criticks, for confining himself “to flattering the eye by the richness and truth of his colouring, without a proper attention to the higher branch of his art, that of interesting our feeling by affecting subjects;” the criticism is indeed extended to the Painters of the Lombard School in general.

Du Bos, Tom. I. Sect. 10.

Why Titian chose not to follow the finished method of his excellent cotemporaries, he declared to Francesco de Vargas, the ambassador of Charles the Vth at Venice.

“I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas, I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Corregio, Parmegiano, and Raphael: and even though I should be successful enough to equal them, I should always rank below them, because I should be only accounted their imitator. In a word, ambition, which always attends the fine arts, has induced me to choose a way entirely new, in which I might make myself famed for something, as the great Masters have done in the route they have followed.”

Antoine Perez, dans la soixante unieme de ses Secondes Lettres.

This.



This great Artist enjoyed a long life of uninterrupted health, and died during the plague at Venice in 1576, at the uncommon age of ninety-nine.

N O T E XVII. VERSE 282.

*Soft as Catullus, sweet Corregio play'd*] Antonio da Corregio.—Very different accounts are given by different authors of the birth and fortunes of this exquisite Painter. His capital pictures were executed about the year 1512, according to Vafari; who relates, in a very affecting manner, the circumstances of his poverty and death.

Having taken a journey on foot, in extremely hot weather, he imprudently drank cold water, which brought on a fever, of which he died at about the age of forty.

His colouring was most exquisitely adapted to the delicate softness of female beauty. To form a perfect picture of Adam and Eve (says an Italian writer on Painting) Adam should be designed by Michael Angelo, and coloured by Titian; Eve designed by Raphael, and coloured by Corregio.—

The ill fortune of Corregio, and the gross neglect of Art, in the very city, which he had adorned with the most exquisite productions of his pencil, are expressed with great feeling in a letter of Annibal Carracci, written while he was studying the works of Corregio, at Parma, to his cousin Lodovico, in 1580.—Vide Raccolta de Lettere, &c. Tom. I. p. 88.

N O T E XVIII. VERSE 284.

*Though Parma claim it for her rival son.*] Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1524, and is thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vafari:

“Fu dal cielo largamente dotato di tutte quelle parti, che a un eccellente pittore sono richieste, poi che diede alle sue figure, oltre quello,

quello, che si è detto di molti altri, una certa venusta, dolcezza, e leggiadria nell'attitudini, che fu sua propria e particolare."—The same author gives us a particular description of the singular and admirable portrait, which this delicate artist drew of himself reflected from a convex mirror: he relates also some curious circumstances of his allegorical portrait of the emperor Charles the Vth, which he painted by memory, and by the recommendation of Pope Clement the VIth. presented to the emperor at Bologna.—The honest biographer laments, with great feeling, the errors and misfortunes of this most promising painter, who being seized, early in life, with the frenzy of turning alchemist, impaired his health and fortune by this fatal pursuit; his attachment to which however some authors have questioned: a delirious fever put a period to his melancholy days at the age of thirty-six, in his native city of Parma, 1540.

#### N O T E XIX. VERSE 290.

*Till with pure judgment the Caracci came.*] Lodovico Caracci, who with his cousins Annibal and Augustin established the famous Academy of Bologna, was born in that city 1555. The circumstance that occasioned his death, as related by a French author, affords a singular proof how dangerous it is for an Artist to confide in the partial judgment of his particular friends.

Son dernier ouvrage qui est une Annonciation peinte à fresque, dans une des lunettes de la Cathedrale de Bologne, ne reussit pas; son age, une vuë affoiblie, & la grande elevation de l'Eglise furent cause qu'il se confia à un ami pour voir d'en bas l'effet de l'ouvrage. Cet ami lui dit qu'il étoit bien, & qu'il pouvoit faire ôter les Echaufauds: il fut trompé; on critiqua fort cette peinture: Louis s'en chagrina de maniere qu'il se mit au lit, et Bologne perdit ce grand Homme en 1619.—Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres. Paris 8vo. 1762. Tom. II. p. 50.

Augustin,

Augustin, who quitted the pencil for the engraver, and is much celebrated for his various accomplishments, died at Parma in 1602.—Annibal, the immortal Painter of the Farnese gallery, whom Poussin did not hesitate to rank with Raphael himself, died in a state of distraction at Rome, 1609. This melancholy event is described in a very affecting letter written by an Italian prelate, who attended him in his last moments. Raccolta, Tom. II. p. 384.

#### N O T E XX. VERSE 295.

*Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.]* Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1518, died at Naples, not without suspicion of poison, 1640.—He entered early in life into the school of the Caracci, and was there honoured with the affectionate appellation of Domenichino, from his extreme youth.—His Communion of St. Jerome was compared by the judicious Poussin to the Transfiguration of Raphael: yet Du Fresnoy has past a severe censure on Domenichino, and affirms that he has less nobleness in his works than any other artist who studied in the school of the Caracci. So contradictory are the opinions of the two most enlightened judges in this delicate art!

#### N O T E XXI. VERSE 297.

*The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.]* Giovanni Lanfranco, born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIIIth, and died at Rome 1647.

#### N O T E XXII. VERSE 299.

*The tender Guido caught his graceful air.]* Guido Reni was born in Bologna 1595: exquisite in grace, though deficient in expression, he was held during his life in the highest estimation. A fatal passion for gaming involved him in continued scenes of distress. His personal  
I
beauty



beauty was so great, that his master Lodovico Caracci is said to have drawn his angels from the head of Guido.

N O T E XXIII. VERSE 305.

*Titian's mute scholar, rival of his fame.*] Titian is said to have resided in Spain from the year 1548 to 1553, and seems to have raised a strong passion for Art in that country.—His most eminent disciple was Juan Fernández Ximenes de Navarrete, who is called by his Spanish Biographer, The Titian of Spain.—Though born deaf and dumb, from whence he derives his common title *el Mudo*, he rose to great reputation as a Painter; and was warmly patronized by his Sovereign, as appears from the following incident—In painting the martyrdom of a Saint, he had introduced the figure of his personal enemy, who happened to be the King's Secretary, in the character of the Executioner: the Secretary complained to his master, and petitioned that his features might be effaced; but his Majesty defended the Painter, and ordered the figure to remain.—In praising this singular genius, I have ventured to borrow something like a conceit from the famous Spanish Poet Lope de Vega, who has celebrated his talents in the following verses.

*Del Mudo Pintor famosissimo.*

No quiso el cielo que hablasse,  
 Porque con mi entendimiento  
 Dieße mayor sentimiento  
 A las cosas que pintasse.  
 Y tanta vida les di  
 Con el pincel singular,  
 Que como no pude hablar,  
 Hize que hablassen por mi.

The Poet also honoured this favourite Artist, who died in 1572, with an Epitaph, which turns on the same idea, and which the cu-



rious reader may find in the Work, from whence I have taken this short account of him.

Vidas de los Pittores Españoles por Palamino Velasco,  
Oétavo, London, 1744.

#### N O T E XXIV. VERSE 310.

*And thou, Velasquez, share the honour due.]* Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, the most accomplished of the Spanish Painters, was born at Seville, 1594, and clos'd his honourable and splendid life at Madrid in 1660.—His master was Pacheco, a Spaniard, who united the sister arts of Painting and Poetry.—Velasquez was patronized by the famous Olivarez, and had the honour of painting our Charles the First, during his visit at Madrid: perhaps he contributed not a little to form the taste and passion for art, by which that Prince was so eminently distinguished. The Spanish Painter rose to great honours in his own country, and had, like Rubens, the singular fortune to unite the character of an Ambassador with that of an Artist, being sent on an extraordinary commission, in 1648, to Pope Innocent X.

One of his most striking historical pictures, was the expulsion of the Moors from Spain; a noble, national subject, which he painted for Philip the Third, in competition with three Artists of reputation, and obtained the preference.

But he is particularly celebrated for the spirit and energy of his Portraits; concerning which there are two singular anecdotes related by his Spanish Biographer; and the following may possibly amuse the reader.

In 1639, he executed a portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Commander in chief of an armament appointed to New Spain; and pleased himself so well in the execution, that he affixed his name to the picture; a circumstance not usual with him. He had painted with pencils of uncommon length, for the sake of working at a greater distance, and with peculiar force; so that the picture (says my Spanish author) when near, is not to be distinguished, and at a distance is a miracle. As Velasquez,

after this Portrait was finished, was at work in the palace, the King, as usual, went privately to his apartment to see him paint; when observing the figure of Pareja, and taking it for the real person, he exclaimed with surprize, “What! are you still here? have you not your dispatches? and why are you not gone?” But soon perceiving his mistake, he turn’d to Velasquez (who modestly doubted the reality of the deception) and said, “I protest to you it deceived me.” For this story, such as it is, I am indebted to the author whom I have quoted in the preceding Note. The celebrated Murillo, whose pictures are much better known in England than those of his master, was a disciple of Velasquez.

N O T E XXV. VERSE 316.

*Thy care the soft, the rich Murillo form’d.]* Don Bartolome Estevan Murillo was born in the neighbourhood of Seville, in 1613. His first master was Juan de Castillo; but he soon settled in Madrid, under the protection of Velasquez, who contributed to his improvement in the most generous manner. The Spaniards boast that Murillo became a great Painter, without ever travelling out of Spain. He is said to have refused the offer of an establishment in England from Charles the Second, and to have pleaded his age as an excuse for not quitting his own country; where he died, and was buried with great marks of honour, in 1685.

N O T E XXVI. VERSE 323.

*No mean historian to record their praise.]* George Vafari, to whom we are indebted for a most valuable history of Italian Painters, was born at Arezzo in Tuscany, 1511.—Though the fame of the author seems to have eclipsed that of the artist, he rose to considerable eminence as a painter, and has left us a particular and entertaining account of himself and his pictures in the close of his great work—it is intro-

duced with an apology, in which he speaks of his own talents, and extreme passion for his art, in the most modest and engaging manner.—His generous desire of doing justice to the merit of others is most happily rewarded in the following Elogy, by the great Thuanus :

“ Ob excellentiam artis, quam historia accurate & eleganter scripta illustravit, Georgius Vafarius meruit, ut inter viros ingenio & literis præstantes accenseretur. Is Aretii in Etruria natus, pictor & architectus nostra ætate præstantissimus, diu magno Etruriæ Duci Cosmo, omnium liberalium artium, inter quas pictura et architectura ut referrentur obtinuit, fautori eximio navavit ; editis passim ingenii sui ad stupendum omnium spectaculum monumentis, et tandem hoc anno climacterico suo v kalend. Quintil. vivis exemptus est ; exinde sicuti testamento caverat, Florentia ubi decessit, Aretium in patriam translatus ; quo loco in principali secundum sedem Episcopalem templo in sacello ab ipso juxta sumptuoso et admirando artificio exstructo sepultus.

Thuanus sub ann. 1574.

#### N O T E XXVII. VERSE 342.

*On her pure Style see mild Bologna claim.]* The French author quoted above, under the article Caracci, not only speaks with the greatest warmth of the obligation, which Painting owes to Lodovico Caracci, for having raised it from that state of corruption, into which it had fallen in all the schools of Italy ; but at the same time points out also the various manierists who had chiefly contributed to its debasement.

The style introduced by Lodovico is recommended by that excellent judge Sir Joshua Reynolds (See Discourse 1769) as better suited to grave and dignified subjects than the richer brilliancy of Titian.

#### N O T E XXVIII. VERSE 345.

—————*Titian's golden rays.]* This expression is borrowed from the close of that elegant sentence of modern Latin, which the author



of Fitzosborne's Letters has so justly commended, " Aureo Titiani radio, qui per totam tabulam gliscens eam verè suam denunciât." See his excellent letter on Metaphors, p. 50.

N O T E XXIX. VERSE 353.

*And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrandt's Force.*] Rembrandt Van Pryn, born near Leyden 1606, died at Amsterdam 1674, or, according to some accounts, 1668. The numerous works of this great master, both with the engraver and pencil, have rendered him universally known. His singular studies, and the pride which he seems to have taken in the natural force of his genius, appear strongly marked in the two following passages of his French Biographer.

" Les murs de son atelier couverts de vieux habits, de piques, et d'armures extraordinaires, étoient toutes ses études, ainsi qu'une armoire pleine d'étoffes anciennes, & d'autres choses pareilles qu'il avoit coutume d'appeller ses antiques.—Rembrandt, qui se glorifioit de n'avoir jamais vu l'Italie, le dit un jour que Vandick l'étoit venu visiter à Amsterdam : & qui lui répondit, " Je le vois bien." Rembrandt naturellement brusque reprit : " Qui es tu pour me parler de la sorte ?"—Vandick répondit ; " Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir."—*Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres, Tom. III. p. 113.*

N O T E XXX. VERSE 356.

*Yet, Holland, thy unwearied labours raise.*] There is no article of taste, on which different writers have run more warmly into the opposite extremes of admiration and contempt, than in estimating the painters of Holland. Those who are enchanted by the sublime conceptions of the Roman school, are too apt precipitately to condemn every effort of the Dutch pencil as a contemptible performance; while those, who are satisfied with minute and faithful delineations  
of



of nature, find absolute perfection in the very pictures, which are treated by others with the most supercilious neglect.—But sound and impartial judgment seems equally to disclaim this hasty censure, and this inordinate praise;— and ranking the most eminent Dutch artists below the great Italian masters, yet allows them considerable and peculiar merit.—A French author says, I think not unhappily, of the Dutch painters, that they are “ Dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaissant font dans la poésie.” In design their fort is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

N O T E XXXI. VERSE 380.

*Proud of the praise by Rubens' pencil won.*] Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who is happily styled by Mr. Walpole, “ The Popular Painter,” was born at Cologne 1577, and died of the gout at Antwerp 1640. The history of his life furnishes a most striking incentive to the young painter's ambition.—The many accomplishments which he possessed, the infinitude of works which he produced, the reputation and esteem, the various honours and ample fortune which he so justly acquired, present to the mind an animating idea of what may be expected from a happy cultivation of talents in a course of constant and spirited application. Though he visited the court of Charles the First in the publick character of an ambassador, it does not appear how long he resided here;—Mr. Walpole conjectures about a year.—His pictures in the ceiling at Whitehall were not painted in England; which perhaps is the reason he has been at the pains of finishing them so neatly, that they will bear the nearest inspection; for he must have well known how greatly the reputation of any work depends on its first happy impression on the publick, and concluded his pictures would be viewed by the king and court instantly on their arrival, and that the critics would not be candid enough to delay their remarks on them till they were elevated to their intended

tended height. This noble work was falling into decay, from which state it has been lately rescued by that excellent artist Mr. Cipriani, to whose care it has been most judiciously committed to be cleaned and repaired.—Rubens received for this work £.3000.

N O T E XXXII. VERSE 388.

*Her soft Vandyke, while graceful portraits please.]* Sir Anthony Vandyke, the celebrated scholar of Rubens, died of the same disorder which proved fatal to his master, and at a much earlier period of life. He was born at Antwerp 1598, expired in Black Fryars 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. On his first visit to England he received no encouragement from the Court, but Charles, becoming soon afterwards acquainted with his merit, sent him an invitation to return. Vandyke embraced the offer with joy; and the king, who shewed him, by frequent sittings, the most flattering marks of esteem, conferred on him the honour of knighthood in 1632, rewarding him also with the grant of an annuity of £.200 for life.

N O T E XXXIII. VERSE 391.

*From Flanders first the secret power she caught.]* The Low Countries, though little celebrated for inventive genius, have given to mankind the two signal discoveries, which have imparted, as it were, a new vital spirit both to Literature and to Painting. This honour however has been brought into question—Germany made a strong, but unsuccessful effort to rob Holland of the glory which she derives from the first invention of Printing: and Painting in oil (it has been said) was known in Italy before the time of John Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, as he is commonly called; to whom that discovery is generally ascribed, about the year 1410.—But Vafari, in his Life of Antonello da Messina, relates very particularly the circumstances  
of

of Van Eyck's invention, and the subsequent introduction of the secret into Italy. A most learned antiquarian and entertaining writer of our own time has supposed that Van Eyck might possibly "learn the secret of using oil in England, and take the honour of the invention to himself, as we were then a country little known to the world of arts, nor at leisure, from the confusion of the times, to claim the discovery of such a secret."——Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, Vol. I. p. 29.——The conjecture is not without some little foundation;—but the conjectural claims which either Italy or England can produce to this excellent invention, are by no means sufficiently strong to annihilate the glory of the happy and ingenious Fleming.

Since the preceding part of this Note was written, the reputation both of Van Eyck, and his encomiast Vasari, has been very forcibly attacked in an Essay on Oil-painting, by Mr. Raspe; an Essay which discovers such a zealous attachment to the arts, and such an active pursuit of knowledge, as do great credit to its ingenious author. But, though I have perused it with the attention it deserves, it does not lead me to retract what I had said; because, after all his researches on this subject, it appears that although Oil-painting was not absolutely the invention of Van Eyck, it was yet indebted to him for those improvements which made it of real value to his profession.—The ingenious Fleming seems therefore to be still entitled to those honours that have been lavished on his name, as improvement in such cases is often more useful and more meritorious than invention itself, which is frequently the effect of chance, while the former arises from well-directed study.

#### N O T E XXXIV. VERSE 395.

*Where sumptuous Leo courted every Muse.]* The name of Medicis is familiar to every lover of the fine arts. John de Medicis, the Cardinal, was raised to the papal See 1513. He continued that liberal patronage



tronage and encouragement to learning, which had before distinguished his illustrious family. He was profuse and magnificent. The various, and celebrated productions of taste and genius under his pontificate, clearly mark the age of Leo the Xth as one of the great æras of literature.

N O T E XXXV. VERSE 405.

*Untrodden paths of Art Salvator tried.*] Salvator Rosa was born at a village near Naples, in 1615. After a youth of poverty and adventure, he raised himself by his various and uncommon talents into lucrative reputation. Having passed nine years at Florence, in considerable employment, he settled in Rome, and died there at the age of 58, in 1673.—He was one of the few characters who have possessed a large portion of pleasant vivacity and satirical humour, with a sublime imagination. His talents as a painter are universally celebrated; but his social virtues, though perhaps not inferior, are far from being so generally known. In the “*Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura*” there are many of his letters to his intimate friend Ricciardi, an Italian poet, and professor of moral philosophy at Pisa, which perfectly display the warmth of his friendship, and the generosity of his heart.—They contain also some amusing anecdotes relating to his profession, and the great delight which he took in discovering historical subjects of a peculiar cast, untouched by other painters, and appearing to an ignorant eye almost beyond the limits of his art. He seems to describe himself with justice, as well as energy, in the following words of a letter to Ricciardi “*tutto bile, tutto spirito, tutto fuoco.*”—Though he must have been wonderfully pleasant as a companion, and valuable as a friend, yet he laments that his satires had made him many enemies, and heartily wishes he had never produced them: In that which relates to painting, he exposes indeed the vices of his brethren with great freedom and severity.—It is remarkable that his

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poetry



poetry abounds more with learned allusions than with high flights of imagination ; yet in the satire I have mentioned, there is much whimsical fancy. An ape is introduced applying to a painter, and begging to learn his profession, as Nature he says has given him a genius for the mimetic arts.—The painter complies—but his disciple, after an apprenticeship of ten years, bids his master adieu, with many humorous execrations against the art of Painting,—Other parts of the poem contain many sensible and serious remarks on the abuses of the pencil ; and as the author has given us a portrait of himself in his poetical character, I shall present it to the reader as a specimen of his style.

La state all ombra, e il pigro verno al foco  
 Tra modesti desii l' anno mi vede  
 Pinger per gloria, e poetar per gioco.  
 Delle fatiche mie scopo, e mercede  
 E' sodisfare al genio, al giusto, al vero :  
 Chi si sente scottar, ritiri 'l piede.

Dica pur quanto sà rancor severo :  
 Contro le sue faette ho doppio usbergo ;  
 Non conosco interesse, e son sincero :  
 Non ha l'invidia nel mio petto albergo :  
 Solo zelo lo stil m'adatta in mano,  
 E per util commune i fogli vergo.

Satire di Salvator Rosa, pag. 68,  
 Edit. Amsterdam, 1719.

#### N O T E XXXVI. VERSE 427.

*The sage Poussin, with purest fancy fraught.*] Nicolas Poussin was born at Andely in Normandy 1594 : one of his first patrons was the  
 7 whimsical

whimsical Italian poet Marino, who being struck with some fresco works of the young painter at Paris, employed him in some designs from his own poem l'Adone, and enabled him to undertake an expedition to Rome. He was recalled from thence by Cardinal Richelieu in 1640, but upon the death of Richelieu and the king he returned to Rome, where he ended a life of primitive simplicity and patient application in 1665.

# N O T E XXXVII. VERSE 435.

*Then rose Le Brun, his scholar, and his friend.*] Charles Le Brun, universally known by his Battles of Alexander, and his treatise on the passions, was born in Paris 1619: having presided over the French Academy, with great reputation, more than forty years, he died in 1690, partly, as the author of the Abrégé assures us, from the chagrin which he received from a cabal raised against him in favour of his rival Mignard: but neither his own works, nor the partial favour of his patron Louvois, nor the friendship of Moliere, who has written a long poem in his praise, have been able to raise Mignard to the level of Le Brun.

# N O T E XXXVIII. VERSE 441.

*Thy dawn, Le Sueur, announc'd a happier taste.*] Eustache Le Sueur (who, without the advantage of studying in Italy, approached nearer than any of his countrymen to the manner of Raphael) was a native of Paris. Le Brun, who came to visit him in his last moments, is reported to have said, on quitting his chamber, "Que la mort alloit lui tirer une grosse epine du pied." If he was capable of uttering such a sentiment, at such a time, he thoroughly deserved the fate which is mentioned in the preceding Note.

## NOTE XXXIX. VERSE 447.

*Though Fresnoy teaches, in Horatian song.]* Charles Alfonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem *de Arte graphicâ*, very hastily translated into English prose by Dryden, was himself a painter of some eminence, and the intimate friend of Mignard. He died in a village near Paris, at the age of forty-four, in 1665.

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# N O T E S

T O T H E

## S E C O N D E P I S T L E.

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### N O T E XL. VERSE 15.

*THOUGH foreign Theorists, with System blind.]* The vain and frivolous speculations of some eminent French authors, concerning our national want of genius for the fine arts, are refuted with great spirit in an ingenious essay by Mr. Barry, entitled, “An Enquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Acquisition of the Arts in England.” As this work highly distinguishes the elegance of his pen, his Venus rising from the sea does equal honour to his pencil.

### N O T E XLI. VERSE 33.

*Fierce Harry reign'd, who, soon with pleasure cloy'd.]* In this short account of the influence which the different characters of our Sovereigns have had on the progress of national Art, the Author is indebted principally to Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting.

### N O T E XLII. VERSE 45.

*Untaught the moral force of Art to feel.]* An accomplished Critic of our own time has touched on *the moral Efficacy of Picture*, with his usual elegance and erudition. After having illustrated the subject  
from



from the writings of Aristotle and Xenophon, he concludes his remarks with the following reflection:—" Yet, considering its vast power in morals, one cannot enough lament the ill destiny of this divine art, which, from the chaste handmaid of Virtue, hath been debauched, in violence of her nature, to a shameless prostitute of Vice, and procurefs of Pleasure."—Hurd's Note on the following line of Horace :

" *Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella.*"

To this let me add one observation for the honour of our English artists!—The prostitution of the pencil, so justly lamented by this amiable writer, is perhaps less frequent in this kingdom, than in any country whatever, in which Painting has been known to rise to an equal degree of perfection.

#### N O T E XLIII. VERSE 93.

*Yet to thy Palace Kneller's skill supplied.*] Sir Godfrey Kneller, born at Lubec 1646, settled in England 1674, was knighted by King William, created a Baronet by George the First, and died 1723.—No Painter was ever more flattered by the Muses; who gave him credit for talents which he never displayed. Dryden says, in his enchanting Epistle to Kneller :

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,	}
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dares design	
A more exalted work, and more divine.	

But the drudgery of the Poet arose from the most cruel necessity; that of the Painter, from avarice, the bane of excellence in every profession!—If Sir Godfrey had any talents for history, which is surely very doubtful, we have, as Mr. Walpole well observes, no reason to regret that he was confined to portraits, as his pencil has faithfully transmitted to us "*so many ornaments of an illustrious age.*"

Though

Though I have partly subscribed to the general idea, that William, in whose reign this Painter principally flourished, “ contributed nothing to the advancement of arts,” yet I must observe, that his employing Kneller to paint the Beauties at Hampton Court, his rewarding him with knighthood, and the additional present of a gold medal and chain, weighing £.300, may justify those lines of Pope, which describe “ The Hero, William,” as an encourager of Painting.

## N O T E XLIV. VERSE 97.

*While partial Taste from modest Riley turn'd.*] John Riley was born in London 1646 : Mr. Walpole relates an anecdote of his being much mortified by Charles the Second ; who, looking at his own picture, exclaim'd, “ Is this like me ? then, Ods-fish, I am an ugly fellow.”—The same author says happily of this artist, “ With a quarter of Sir Godfrey's vanity, he might have persuaded the world he was as great a master.” Notwithstanding his extreme modesty, he had the good fortune to be appointed Principal Painter, soon after the Revolution, but died an early martyr to the gout 1691.

## N O T E XLV. VERSE 101.

*And Thornhill's blaze of Allegory gilt.*] Sir James Thornhill, born in Dorsetshire 1676, was nephew to the celebrated Sydenham, and educated by the liberality of that great physician. He afterwards acquired a very ample fortune by his own profession ; was in parliament for Weymouth, knighted by George the Second, and died 1732.—His talents as a Painter are universally known, from his principal works at Greenwich, St. Paul's, &c.

## N O T E XLVI. VERSE III.

*The youthful Noble, on a princely plan.*] About twenty years ago, the present Duke of Richmond opened, in his house at Whitehall, a gallery

a gallery for artists, completely filled with a small but well-chosen collection of casts from the antique, and engaged two eminent artists to superintend and direct the students.—This noble encouragement of art, though superseded by a royal establishment, is still entitled to remembrance and honour : it not only served as a prelude to more extensive institutions, but contributed much towards forming some capital artists of the present time. The name of Mortimer is alone sufficient to reflect a considerable lustre on this early school.

N O T E XLVII. VERSE 134.

*Teach but thy transient tints no more to fly.*] Although the superior excellencies of this admirable artist make us peculiarly regret the want of durability in his exquisite productions ; yet he is far from being the only artist, whose pictures soon discover an appearance of precipitate decay. Fugitive colouring seems indeed to be the chief defect among our present painters in oil ; and it must be the most ardent wish of every lover of art, that so great an evil may be effectually remedied. As the Royal Academy is a society of enlightened artists, established for the improvement of every branch of Painting, it may be hoped that they will pay attention to this mechanical point, as well as to the nobler acquirements of art, and employ some person, who has patience and abilities for such an office, to discover, by a course of experiments, to what cause this important evil is owing. If it be found to arise from the adulteration of colours, oils, and varnishes, might it not be eligible for the Academy to follow the example of another profession, who, where health and life are concerned, obviate the difficulty of getting their articles genuine from the individual trader, by opening a shop at the expence of the Society, to prepare and sell the various ingredients, free from those adulterations which private interest might otherwise produce ?

But there may be no just ground of complaint against the integrity of the colourman, and this failure may perhaps arise from the artist's  
mixing



mixing his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened with colour, using oil only fully stained with it, to which a proper consistence (or body as the painters call it) is given by strong gum varnishes; in short, using more vehicle than colour; by which, although most brilliant and transparent effects may be produced, yet the particles of colour are too much attenuated, and divided from each other, and consequently less able to withstand the destructive action of light. If the deficiency complained of originates from this source, the Academy, by a careful course of experiments, may be able clearly to ascertain what preparations of the more delicate colours are most durable; what oils and varnishes will best preserve the original brilliancy of the paint; what are the best proportions for this purpose in which they can be used; and how far glazing (that almost irresistible temptation to oil-painters) may or may not be depended on. All these points are at present so far from being known with certainty, that perhaps there are not two Painters, who think perfectly alike on any one of them. The author hopes, that the gentlemen of the pencil will pardon his presuming to offer a hint on this delicate subject, with which he does not pretend to be intimately acquainted. The ideas, which he has thus ventured to address to them, arise only from the most ardent wish, that future ages may have a just and adequate sense of the flourishing state of Painting in England in the reign of George the Third, and that our present excellent artists may not be reduced to depend on the uncertain hand of the engraver for the esteem of posterity.

A very liberal Critic\*, in his flattering remarks on the Poem, seems, in speaking of this Note, to mistake a little the meaning of its author, who alluded only to that defect in colouring, where the finer tints are so managed, for the sake of an immediate and short-liv'd brilliancy, that they sink very soon into no colour at all. He did not

\* *Vide* the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1778, page 526.



mean to touch on those changes in Painting, where the colours all grow darker, the lights become brown, and the shadows one mass of black. This is likewise a great evil, and calls aloud for redress. Perhaps the Critic above mentioned has pointed out the true cause of this defect, *viz.* the indiscriminate blending of the colours, and the not using pure, simple, uncompounded tints.

N O T E XLVIII. VERSE 138.

*The leading Principles of liberal Art.]* I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of paying this tribute to the great artist here mentioned, who is not only at the head of his own profession, but may justly be ranked among the first writers of the age. His discourses, not merely calculated for the improvement of the young artists to whom they are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expression.

N O T E XLIX. VERSE 151.

*Thy Ugolino, &c.]* As the subject of this admirable picture is taken from a poet so little known to the English reader as Dante, it may not perhaps be impertinent to say, that in Richardson's Discourse on the Science of a Connoisseur, there is a translation of the story in English blank verse. A young and noble author, now living, has obliged the world with a translation of it in rhyme.—As to the picture, no artist could express more happily the wild and sublime spirit of the poet from whom he drew. We may justly apply to him the compliment which a lively Italian addressed to a great man of his own country, but of far inferior expression.

“ Fabro gentil, ben fai,  
Ch' ancor tragico caso e' caro Oggetto,  
E che spesso l' Horror va col Diletto.”

Marino.

N O T E

## N O T E L. V E R S E 165.

*Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay.*] While we are delighted with the increasing splendor of these annual entertainments, it is but just to remember, that we are indebted to the Society of Arts and Sciences for our first public exhibition of Paintings. The different societies of artists soon followed so excellent an example; and our rapid and various improvements in this lovely art reflect the highest honour on this happy institution. Our exhibitions at once afford both the best nursery for the protection of infant genius, and the noblest field for the display of accomplished merit: nor do they only administer to the benefit of the artist, and the pleasure of the publick: they have still a more exalted tendency; and when national subjects are painted with dignity and force, our exhibitions may justly be regarded as schools of public virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted public, on a sublime picture of the expiring hero, who died with glory in her defence. But, not to dwell on their power of inspiring martial enthusiasm, our exhibitions may be said to have a happy influence on the manners and morals of those, who fill the different departments of more tranquil life. In support of this sentiment I beg leave to transcribe the following judicious remark from an author, who has lately obliged the public with two little volumes of elegant and spirited Essays. “They, whose natural feelings have been properly improved by culture, nor have yet become callous by attrition with the world, know from experience, how the heart is mollified, the manners polished, and the temper sweetened, by a well-directed study of the arts of imitation. The same sensibility of artificial excellence, extends itself to the perception of natural and moral beauty; and the student returns from the artist’s gallery to his station in society, with a breast more disposed to feel and to reverberate the endearments of social life, and of reciprocal benevolence.”—Knox’s Essays, moral and literary, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.



## NOTE LI. VERSE 255.

*Thy Talents, Hogarth ! &c.]* William Hogarth was born in London, 1698, and put apprentice to an engraver of the most ordinary class ; but his comic talents, which are said to have appeared first in the prints to Hudibras, soon raised him to fame and fortune.—He married a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and died 1764.—The peculiar merits of his pencil are unquestionable. His *Analysis of Beauty* has been found more open to dispute ; but however the greater adepts in the science may differ on its principles, it may certainly be called an honourable monument of his genius and application.

## NOTE LII. VERSE 370.

*Whose needy Titian calls for ill-paid gold.]* Richardson has fallen into a mistake concerning the famous Danae, and other pictures of Titian, which he says (in quoting a letter of Titian's without considering its address) were painted for Henry the VIIIth of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but still less detestable than the sullen and unnatural Philip the II<sup>d</sup> of Spain, who filled up the measure of his superior guilt by the horrid assassination of his son. Philip, on his marriage with Mary, assumed the title of King of England ; and to him Titian addressed the letter, which speaks of the pictures in question : the painter frequently mentions his attachment to his unworthy patron.

His solicitude to ensure his protection and favour is strongly marked in the following short passage of a letter which he addressed to one of Philip's attendants. “ Mando ora la poesia di Venere e Adone, nella quale V. S. vedrà, quanto spirito e amore so mettere nell' opere di sua Maestà.”——Raccolta, tom. ii. p. 21.

How poorly this great artist was rewarded for his ill-directed labour, appears very forcibly in a long letter of complaint, which he had spirit enough to address to the king on the many hardships he suffered in being unable to obtain the payment of the pension which

had been granted to him by the emperor Charles the Vth.—*Raccolta*, tom. ii. p. 379.

N O T E LIII. VERSE 436.

*Bid English pencils honour English worth.*] The great encouragement given our painters to select subjects from English history, has of late years been very observable. Many individuals of rank and fortune have promoted this laudable plan with spirit and effect; and the Society of Arts and Sciences have confined their premiums to subjects taken from the British Annals.

N O T E LIV. VERSE 441.

*Her wounded Sidney, Bayard's perfect peer.*] The gallant, the amiable and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney may be justly placed on a level with the noble Bayard, "*Le Chevalier sans peur & sans reproche.*" whose glory has of late received new lustre from the pen of Robertson and the pencil of West. The striking scene here alluded to, which preceded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvass, but is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastic friend of Sidney, the Lord Brooke.—See *Biograph. Britan. Art. Sidney.*

The particulars also are minutely described, and with great feeling, in a letter from his uncle Leicester to Sir Thomas Heneage, quoted in Collins's *Memoirs of the Sidnies*. The tide of national admiration flowed very strong in favour of Sidney, when Mr. Walpole, in speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sidney are sufficient to bear down all opposition.—Instead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip Sidney as "an astonishing object of temporary admiration," I am surprized that so judicious an author should ever question so fair a title to universal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage  
and



and courtesy of Sidney endeared him to every rank, and he justly challenges the lasting affection of his country from the closing scene of his life, in which heroism and humanity are so beautifully blended. I never can think this accomplished character any ways degraded by his having written a tedious romance (in which however there are many touches of exquisite beauty and spirit) to amuse a most amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved; or by his having threatened an unworthy servant of his father's with death in a hasty billet, merely to intimidate and deter him from the future commission of an infamous breach of trust, in opening his letters.

N O T E LV. VERSE 468.

*Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous More.]* Margaret, eldest daughter of the celebrated Sir Thomas More. The scene which I have proposed for the subject of a picture, is taken from the following passage in Ballard:

“ After Sir Thomas More was beheaded, she took care for the burial of his body in the chapel of St. Peter's ad Vincula, within the precincts of the Tower, and afterwards she procured his corpse to be removed, and buried in the chancel of the church at Chelsea, as Sir Thomas More, in his life-time, had appointed. His head having remained about fourteen days upon London Bridge, and being to be cast into the Thames to make room for others, she bought it. For this she was summoned before the council, as the same author relates, and behaved with the greatest firmness, justifying her conduct upon principles of humanity and filial piety. She was, however, imprisoned, but soon released, and dying nine years after her father, at the age of thirty-six, was buried at St. Dunstan's, in Canterbury. The head of her father, which she had preserved with religious veneration, in a box of lead, was, at her particular request, committed with her to the grave. It was seen standing on her coffin in the year 1715, when the vault of the Roper (her husband's) family was opened.”——See Ballard's *Memoirs of learned Ladies*, p. 36.

The character of this amiable woman is happily drawn both by Addison and Walpole.—She married, at the age of twenty, William Roper, Esquire, of Kent, to the infinite satisfaction of her father; for she seems to have been the dearest object of his parental affection, which is very strongly marked in his letters addressed to her. She was indeed most eminently distinguished by her learning, in an age, when the graces of the mind were regarded as an essential article in female education: but the beauty and force of her filial piety reflects a still superior lustre on this accomplished woman.—There is more than one passage in her life, which would furnish an admirable subject for the pencil. Her interview with her father, on his return to the Tower, is mentioned as such by Mr. Walpole.

## N O T E LVI. VERSE 523.

*But, oh! how poor the prostrate Satan lies.]* It is remarkable, that the greatest painters have failed in this particular. Raphael, Guido, and West, are all deficient in the figure of Satan. Richardson observes, in his description of the pictures of Italy,—“ Je n’ai jamais vu d’aucun Maître une représentation du Diable, prince des Diables, qui me satisfit.” Page 500.

In recommending this subject to the pencil, it may be proper to observe, that it is not only extremely difficult, but even attended with danger, if we credit the following curious anecdote, in a medical writer of great reputation:—Spinello, fameux Peintre Toscan, ayant peint la chute des anges rebelles, donna des traits si terribles à Lucifer, qu’il en fut lui-même saisi d’horreur, & tout le reste de sa vie il crut voir continuellement ce Demon lui reprocher de l’avoir représenté sous une figure si hideuse.—Tiffot de la Santé des Gens de Lettres.

As this story is so singular, it may amuse some readers to see it in the words of Vafari, from whom Tiffot seems to have taken it.—The Italian Biographer says, in describing a picture by Spinello Aretino,

no,

no, who flourished in the clofe of the 14th century, Si vede un Lucifero già mutato in bestia bruttissima. E si compiacque tanto Spinello di farlo orribile, e contraffatto, che si dice (tanto può alcuna fiata l'immaginazione) che la detta figura da lui dipinta gl'apparue in sogno domandandolo, doue egli l'hauessè veduta sì brutta e per che fattole tale scorno con i suoi pennelli: E che egli svegliatosi dal sonno, per la paura, non potendo gridare, con tremito grandissimo si scosse di maniera che la moglie destatafi lo soccorse: ma niente di manco fu per ciò a rischio, stringendogli il cuore, di morirsi per cotale accidente, subitamente. Ben che ad ogni modo spiritaticcio, e con occhi tondi, poco tempo vivendo poi si condusse alla morte lasciando di se gran desiderio a gli amici.—Vasari Vita di Spinello Aretino, pag. 218. Edit. di Giunti.

F I N I S.









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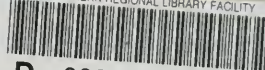
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