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A

# POETICAL EPISTLE

TO AN

EMINENT PAINTER.

*By William Hayley, of Earlham*

Συγγενείαν τινα πρὸς ποιητικὴν ἔχειν ἡ τέχνη  
Εὐρίσκειται, καὶ κοινὰ τὰς ἀμφοῖν εἶναι φαντάσται  
— αἱ λέγειν οἱ ποιῆται ἔχουσι ταῦτα

Εν τῷ γραμματι σημανέσθαι

Philostratus.

Patet omnibus Ars, nondum est occupata, multum  
Ex illâ etiam futuris relictum est.

Senec. Epist. 33.

L O N D O N :

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6.



## A R G U M E N T.

*AN introduction to the subject—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 excell'd in it—Its destruction, and revival in Italy—Short account of the most eminent Italian painters—Those of France and Flanders. 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 Shakespear—Conclusion—Author's wishes for his friend's success.*

B

TO



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T O

MR. G E O R G E R O M N E Y,

P A R T 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 ;

B 2

Eager

Eager in tracing from remotest time 15  
 The steps of Painting thro' 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



The towering cap he marks with like distress,  
 And all the motley mass of female dress. 60  
 The hoop extended with enormous size,  
 The corks that like a promontory rise ;  
 The stays of deadly steel, in whose embrace  
 The tyrant Fashion tortures injur'd Grace.  
 But Art, despairing over shapes like these 65  
 To cast an air of elegance and ease,  
 Invokes kind Fancy's aid—she comes to spread  
 Her magic spells—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 fall,  
 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

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 the proud tyrant dar'd the god assume,  
To strike with servile awe his prostrate Rome. 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. 108. 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 sweetest 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 inspiration, 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 increase of power,  
 To reach the summit in his stronger hour.  
 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 conductor's 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 fount of life, thou intellectual foun;

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

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

The gay, the warm, licentious XEUXIS drew, \*  
Voluptuous Beauty in her richest hue :  
From various virgins every charm he stole,  
That speaks the sweet confusion of the soul.  
But Grace conign'd, while her fair works he plann'd,  
Her softest pencil to APELLES' hand :  
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. 215

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

Thy pride, O ROME, inclin'd thee to abhor 220  
Each work that call'd thee from thy sphere of war :  
By Freedom train'd, and favour'd by the Nine,  
The powers of eloquence and verse were thine,

\* Ver. 206. See NOTE VIII.

† Ver. 212. See NOTE IX.

While



While chilling damps upon the pencil hung,\*  
 Where TULLY thunder'd, and where VIRGIL sung, 225  
 Yet Grecian artists had the splendid fate,  
 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, 230  
 Were sunk in Desolation's whelming tide.

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, 235  
 And Ign'rance, mutt'ring in her monkish cell,  
 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;  
 There studious VINCI treasur'd every rule, 240  
 To form the basis of a rising school:  
 Like early HESIOD, 'twas his fate to shine,  
 The herald of a master more divine.

\* Ver. 224. See NOTE X.

† Ver. 240. See NOTE XI.

Inflam'd

Inflam'd by Genius with sublimest rage,  
 By toil unwearied, and unchill'd by age, 245  
 In the fine phrenzy of exalted thought  
 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, † 250  
 Of Grandeur and of Grace the darling child :  
 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. 255

The daring JULIO, tho' by RAPHAEL train'd, ‡  
 Reach'd not that eminence his master gain'd ;  
 Yet to no common heights of epic fame,  
 True Genius guided his adventurous aim.  
 Thus STATIUS, fraught with emulous regard, 260  
 Caught not the spirit of the Mantuan bard :  
 Tho' rival ardour his ambition fir'd,  
 And kindred talents his bold verse inspir'd.

\* Ver. 247. See NOTE XII.

† Ver. 250. See NOTE XIII.

‡ Ver. 256. See NOTE XIV.

More richly warm the glowing TITIAN knew  
 To blend with Nature's truth the living hue :  
 O ! had sublime design his colours crown'd !  
 Then had the world a finished 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,  
 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  
 For the bright chaplets of an humbler muse.

Soft as CATULLUS, sweet CORREGGIO 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 :  
 Unhappy genius ! tho' of skill divine,  
 Unjust neglect, and penury were thine.

280

\* Unde prius nulli velarunt Tempora Musæ. Lucretius, Lib. iv. Ver. 5.

† Ver. 278. See NOTE XVI.

‡ Ver. 280. See NOTE XVII.

Lamenting

Lamenting o'er thy labours unrepaid,  
 Afflicted Art oppress'd with wrongs decay'd, 285  
 Till with pure judgment the CARACCI came, \*  
 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 290  
 Young ZAMPIERI ow'd his nobler name : †  
 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. § 295  
 Oh ! generous ITALY, thy genial earth  
 Unnumber'd artists bore of splendid worth !  
 Their various talents, and their different fame,  
 The Muse, unskilful, must decline to name,  
 Least in the nice attempt her Judgment fail, 300  
 To poise their merits in Precision's scale.

\* Ver. 286. See NOTE XVIII.

† Ver. 291. See NOTE XIX.

‡ Ver. 293. See NOTE XX.

§ Ver. 295. See NOTE XXI.

D

E'en

E'en public Taste, by no determin'd rule,  
 Has clafs'd the merit of each nobler school :  
 To ROME and FLORENCE, in Expression strong,  
 The highest honours of Design belong ; 305  
 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. †  
 But ill they know the value of their art, 310  
 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,  
 To pure Design, the very soul of Art ; 315  
 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.

\* Ver. 306. See NOTE XXII.

† Ver. 309. See NOTE XXIII.

‡ Ver. 317. See NOTE XXIV.

Yet,

Yet, HOLLAND, thy unwearied labours raise \* 320  
 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,  
 In social circle round the chearful hearth, 325  
 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.  
 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,  
 From thy contrasted light, and magic gloom. 335  
 Proud of the Praise by RUBENS' pencil won,  
 Let FLANDERS boast her bold inventive son !  
 Whose glowing hues magnificently shine  
 With warmth congenial to his rich design.

\* Ver. 320. See NOTE XXV.

† Ver. 330. See NOTE XXVI.

And him, her second pride, whose milder care, 340  
 From living Beauty caught its loveliest air !  
 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. 345  
 Painting shall tell, with many a grateful thought,  
 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 ;  
 Tho' charm'd by ITALY's alluring views, 350  
 (Where sumptuous LEO courted every Muse, ‡  
 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, 355 }  
 From the CARACCI's death her period of decline.  
 Her sinking beams, from ITALY withdrawn,  
 On colder FRANCE with transient lustre dawn :

\* Ver. 344. See NOTE XXVII.

† Ver. 347. See NOTE XXVIII.

‡ Ver. 351. See NOTE XXIX.

Where,

Where, in the arms of Roman Science nurs'd,  
 In every work of ancient genius vers'd, 360  
 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 slight  
 Her glowing graces, and her living air, 365  
 To worship marble with a fonder care,  
 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, †  
 More justly skill'd the vivid tints to blend ; 370  
 But the vain genius of his gaudy clime  
 Miss'd his pencil from the pure sublime.

Thy dawn, *LE SUEUR*, announc'd a happier taste, ‡  
 With fancy glowing, and with judgment chaste :  
 But Art, who gloried in thy rising bloom, 375  
 Shed fruitless tears upon thy early tomb.

These lights withdrawn, Confusion and Misrule  
 Seize the vain pencil of the Gallic school :

\* Ver. 361. See NOTE XXX.

† Ver. 369. See NOTE XXXI.

‡ Ver. 373. See NOTE XXXII.



Tho' FRESNOY teaches, in Horatian song, \*  
 The laws and limits that to Art belong ; 380  
 In vain he strives, with Attic judgment chaste,  
 To crush the monsters of corrupted taste :  
 With ineffectual fire the poet sings,  
 Prolific still the wounded Hydra springs :  
 Gods roll'd on gods encumber every hall, 385  
 And faints, convulsive, o'er the chapel sprawl.  
 Bombast is Grandeur, Affectation Grace,  
 Beauty's soft smile is turn'd to pert grimace ;  
 Loaded with dress, supremely fine advance  
 Old HOMER's heroes, with the airs of FRANCE. 390  
 Indignant Art disclaim'd the motley crew,  
 Resign'd their empire, and to BRITAIN flew.

\* Ver. 379. See NOTE XXXIII.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

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P A R T II.

**I**NGENUOUS ROMNEY, whom thy merits raise  
To the pure summits 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 XXXIV.

And,

And, warp'd by Vanity, perfume 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 worshipt, now destroy'd.  
 Thee as his Wives, enchanting Art, he priz'd, 35  
 Now fought to crown thee, now thy death devis'd :

\* Ver. 33. See NOTE XXXV.

Now

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.

JAMES, both for Empire and for Arts unfit,  
 (His sense a quibble, and a pun his wit) 50  
 Whatever works he patronis'd debas'd,  
 But haply left the Pencil undisgrac'd.

With fairer mind arose his nobler Son,  
 Seduc'd by Parasites, by Priests undone :  
 Unhappy CHARLES ! oh ! had thy feeling heart 55  
 But honour'd Freedom as it valued Art !  
 To merit just, thy bounty flow'd alike  
 On bolder RUBENS, and the soft VANDYKE :

E

To

To this ennobled realm thy judgment brought  
 The sacred miracles that RAPHAEL wrought. 60  
 But regal Pride, with vain Ambition blind,  
 Cut off the promise of thy cultur'd mind.  
 By wounded Liberty's convulsive hand  
 Unbound, fierce Anarchy usurps the Land,  
 While trembling Art to foreign regions flies 65  
 To seek a refuge in sereener skies.

These storms subsiding, see her once again,  
 Returning in the second CHARLES's train !  
 She comes to copy, in licentious sport,  
 The Minions of a loose luxurious Court ; 70  
 From whence the modest Graces turn their eyes,  
 Where Genius fees, and o'er the prospect sighs,  
 LELY's soft Tints, and DRYDEN's nobler Lyre,  
 Made the mean Slaves of dissolute Desire.

Once more, alarm'd by War's terrific roar, 75  
 The sweet Enchantress quits the troubled Shore ;  
 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. 80

The

The peaceful Prince may rising Art defend,  
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, 85  
To bind the laurel on the Artist's brow:

'Tis thine to fix, with tutelary hand,  
The Base of Freedom, on which Art must stand.

Tho' in succeeding years the Muses taught,  
"How ANN commanded, and how MARLBRO' fought,"  
Contending Factions, in her closing reign,  
Like winds imprison'd, shook fair Freedom's Fane.  
Painting, soft timid Nymph, still chose to roam,  
And fear'd to settle in this shaking Dome.

At length, the fury of each storm o'erblown, 95  
That threatened BRUNSWICK's race on BRITAIN's throne,  
Rebellion vanquish'd on her native shore,  
Her clans extinguish'd, and her chiefs no more:  
The youthful Noble, on a princely Plan,  
Encourag'd infant Art, and first began \* 100

\* Ver. 99. See NOTE XXXVI.

Before the studious eye of Youth to place  
The ancient Models of ideal Grace.

When BRITAIN triumph'd, thro' her wide domain,  
O'er FRANCE, supported by imperious SPAIN,  
And, sated with her Laurels' large increase, 105  
Began to cultivate the plants of Peace;  
Fixt by kind Majesty's protecting hand,  
Painting, no more an alien in our land,  
First smil'd to see, on this propitious ground,  
Her Temples open'd, and her Altars crown'd: 110  
And Grace, the first attendant of her train,  
She, whom APOLLO wooed, nor wooed in vain,  
To REYNOLDS gives her undulating line,  
And Judgment doats upon his chaste design.  
Tho' Envy whispers in the ear of Spleen, 115  
What thoughts are borrow'd in his perfect scene,  
And with glee marks them on her canker'd scroll,  
Malicious Fiend! 'twas thus that VIRGIL stole,  
To the bright Image gave a brighter Gloss,  
Or turn'd to purest Gold the foreign Dross. 120

Excelling

Excelling Artist ! long delight the eye !

Teach but thy tranſient tints no more to fly, \*

BRITAIN ſhall then her own APOLLOS fee,

And all the Grecian ſhall revive in thee.

Thy manly ſpirit glories to impart

125

The leading Principles of lib'ral Art ; †

To youthful Genius points what courſe to run,

What Lights to follow, and what Rocks to ſhun :

So ORPHEUS taught by Learning's heavenly ſway

To daring Argonauts their doubtful way,

130

And mark'd, to guide them in their bold Career,

Th' unerring Glories of the ſtarry Sphere.

Thy Hand enforces what thy Precept taught,

And gives new leſſons of exalted thought,

Thy nervous Pencil on the canvafs throws

135

The tragic ſtory of ſublimeſt woes :

The wretched Sons, whom Grief and Famine tear,

The Parent petrified with blank Deſpair,

Thy UGOLINO gives the heart to thrill, ‡

With Pity's tender throbs, and Horror's icy chill.

140

\* Ver. 122. See NOTE XXXVII.

† Ver. 126. See NOTE XXXVIII.

‡ Ver. 139. See NOTE XXXIX.

The



The offspring now of many a rival hand  
 Sublimity and Grace adorn the Land.  
 Tho' but some few years past, this barren coast  
 Scarce one fair grain of native art could boast.  
 Of various form, where'er we turn our eyes, 145.  
 With strong and rapid growth new wonders rise,  
 Like seeds that Mariners, with generous toil,  
 Have wisely carried to some kindred soil,  
 Which, shooting quick and vig'rous in their birth,  
 Speak the fond bounty of the virgin Earth: 150  
 The Land, o'erjoy'd a fairer fruit to see  
 Adopts, with glad surprize, the alien Tree.

Now Art exults, with annual Triumphs gay,\*  
 And BRITAIN glories in her rich display;  
 Merit, who unassisted, and unknown, 155  
 Late o'er his unseen labours figh'd alone,  
 Sees honour now his happier toils attend,  
 And in the generous Public finds a friend.

O lovely Painting, to whose charms I bow,  
 " And breathe my willing verse with suppliant vow,"

\* Ver. 153. See NOTE XL.

Forgive

Forgive me, if by undiscerning Praise,  
Or groundless censure, which false Judgment sways,  
I, with inadequate description, wrong  
Thy Sons, the subject of no envious song!

Supremely skill'd the varied group to place, 165  
And range the crowded scene with easy grace,  
To finish parts, yet not impair the whole,  
But on th' impassion'd action fix the soul ;  
Thro' wandering throngs the patriot Chief to guide,  
The flame of CARTHAGE, as of ROME the pride ; 170  
Or, while the bleeding Victor yields his breath,  
Give the bright lesson of heroic Death.

Such are thy Merits, WEST : by Virtue's hand  
Built on the human heart thy praise shall stand,  
While dear to Glory, in her guardian Fane, 175  
The names of REGULUS and WOLFE remain.

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, 180  
Than DANCE expresses, in its fiercest flame,  
The Poet's Genius in the Actor's Frame.

From

From GARRICK's features, with distraction fraught,  
 He copies every trace of troubled thought ;  
 And paints, while back the waves of Battle roll, 185  
 The Storm of sanguinary RICHARD's soul.

The rapid MORTIMER, in Fancy strong,  
 Marks the just horrors that to Vice belong ;  
 The murd'rous Ruffian, in the Dungeon's gloom,  
 Stung with remorse, and shudd'ring at his doom. 190  
 Yet still to nobler heights his Genius springs,  
 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, 195  
 Hears the brave Chief his lawless pow'r disown,  
 And, for an injur'd Nation, nobly claim  
 The glorious CHARTER of immortal Fame.

But see far off the modest WRIGHT retire !  
 Alone he rules his Element of Fire : 200  
 Like Meteors darting through the gloom of Night,  
 His sparkles flash upon the dazzled sight ;  
 Our eyes with momentary anguish smart,  
 And Nature trembles at the power of Art.

May

May thy bold colours, claiming endless praise, 205  
 For ages shine with undiminish'd blaze,  
 And when the fierce VESUVIO burns no more,  
 May his red deluge down thy canvas pour !

Art with no common gifts her GAINSB'ROUGH grac'd,  
 Two different Pencils in his hand she plac'd ; 210  
 This shall command, she said, with certain aim,  
 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, 215  
 And on the blasted Oak his mimic Lightning pours :  
 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 : 220  
 May their distinguish'd Merit still prevail,  
 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 225  
 Thy Taste and Ease ; tho' with a fond Regret

F

She

She pays, while here the Crayon's pow'r she notes,  
A Sigh of Homage to the Shade of COATES.

Still many a Painter, not of humble Name,  
Appears the tribute of applause to claim ; 230  
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 ;  
And CIPRIANI, whom the Loves furround, 235  
And sportive Nymphs in Beauty's Cestus bound :  
For him those Nymphs their every Charm display,  
For him coy VENUS throws her veil away.  
O'er these I pass reluctant, least too long  
The Muse diffusely spin a tedious Song. 240

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  
To ask a wreath where flowers immortal bloom.  
As Nature's self, in all her pictures fair, 245  
Colours her insect works with nicest care,  
Nor better forms, to please the curious eye,  
The spotted Leopard than the gilded fly ;

So thy fine Pencil, in its narrow space  
 Pours the full portion of uninjur'd Grace, 250  
 And Portraits, true to Nature's larger line,  
 Boast not an Air more exquisite than thine.  
 Soft Beauty's charms thy happiest works express,  
 Beauty thy Model, and thy Patroness.  
 For her thy care has to perfection brought 255  
 Th' uncertain toil, with anxious trouble fraught,  
 Thy colour'd Chrystal, at her fond desire,  
 Draws deathless Lustre from the dang'rous Fire,  
 And pleas'd to gaze on its immortal charm,  
 She binds thy Bracelet on her snowy arm. 260

While Admiration views, with raptur'd eye,  
 These Lights of Art that gild the British sky;  
 Oh! may my Friend arise, with lustre clear,  
 And add new Glory to this radiant Sphere.  
 This wish, my ROMNEY, from the purest source, 265  
 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,  
 Which frequent mists of Diffidence o'ercloud,  
 Proving the vigor of the sun they shroud. 270

Nature in thee her every gift combin'd,  
 Which forms the Artist of the noblest kind ;  
 That fond Ambition, which bestows on Art  
 Each talent of the Mind, and passion of the Heart ;  
 That dauntless Patience, which all toil defies,        275  
 Nor feels the labour while it views the prize.  
 Enlight'ning Study, with maturing pow'r,  
 From these fair seeds has call'd the op'ning flow'r ;  
 Thy just, thy graceful Portraits charm the view,  
 With every tender tint that TITIAN knew.        280  
 Round Fancy's circle when thy Pencil flies,  
 With what terrific pomp thy Spectres rise !  
 What lust of mischief marks thy Witch's form,  
 While on the LAPLAND Rock she swells the storm !  
 Tho' led by Fancy, thro' her boundless reign,        285  
 Well dost thou know to quit her wild domain,  
 When History bids thee paint, severely chaste  
 Her simpler scene, with uncorrupted taste.  
 While in these fields thy judging eyes explore,  
 What spot untried may yield its secret ore,        290  
 Thy happy Genius springs a virgin Mine  
 Of copious, pure, original design ;

Truth

Truth gives it value, and, distinctly bold,  
The stamp of Character compleats thy Gold.

Thy Figures rise in Beauties noblest scale, 295

Sublimely telling their heroic Tale :

Still may thy Powers in full exertion blaze,

And Time revere them with unrivall'd praise.

May Art, in honour of a Son like thee,

So justly daring, with a soul so free, 300

Each separate Province to thy care commend,

And all her Glories in thy Pencil blend :

May tender TITIAN's mellow Softness join,

With mighty ANGELO's sublimer Line,

CORREGGIO's Grace with RAPHAEL's Taste unite, 305

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,

To the well-chosen Theme he chiefly owes,

That praise which Judgment with delight bestows. 310

The Lyre and Pencil both this Truth confess,

The happy Subject forms their full success.

Hard is the Painter's fate, when wisely taught

To trace with ease the deepest lines of thought,

By



By hapless Fortune he is doom'd to rove 315  
 Thro' all the frolicks of licentious Jove,  
 'That some dark PHILIP, phlegmatic, and cold, \*  
 (Whose needy TITIAN calls for ill-paid gold)  
 May with voluptuous Images enflame  
 The fated Passions of his languid frame. 320

Abuse like this awakens generous Pain,  
 And just Derision mingles with Disdain,  
 When such a Pencil, in a Roman hand,  
 While the rich Abbess issues her command,  
 Makes wild St. FRANCIS on the canvas sprawl, 325  
 That some warm Nun in mimic Trance may fall,  
 Or fondly gazing on the pious whim,  
 Feel faintly Love o'erload each lazy limb,  
 Mistaking, in the Cloister's dull embrace,  
 The Cry of Nature for the Call of Grace. 330

But see th' historic Muse before thee stand,  
 Her nobler subjects court thy happier Hand !  
 Her Forms of reverend Age, of graceful Youth,  
 Of public Virtue, and of private Truth :

\* Ver. 317. See NOTE XLI.

The

The sacred power of injur'd Beauty's charms, 335  
 And Freedom, fierce in adamantin Arms ;  
 Whence Sympathy, thro' thy assisting art,  
 With floods of Joy may fill the human heart.

But while the bounds of Hist'ry you explore,  
 And bring new Treasures from her farthest shore, 340  
 Thro' all her various fields, tho' large and wide,  
 Still make Simplicity thy constant guide :  
 And most, my Friend, a Syren's wiles beware,  
 Ah ! shun infidious Allegory's snare !

Her Flattery offers an alluring wreath, 345  
 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.  
 How sweet her voice, how dang'rous her spell,  
 Let SPENCER'S Knights, and RUBENS' Tritons tell ; 350  
 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,  
 Unbridled Fancy runs her wild Career.

In Realms where Superstition's Tyrant sway 355  
 " Takes half the vigor of the soul away,"

Let

Let Art for subjects the dark Legend search,  
 Where Saints unnumber'd people every Church ;  
 Let Painters run the wilds of OVID o'er,  
 To hunt for monsters which we heed no more. 360  
 But here, my ROMNEY, where, on Freedom's wings,  
 The towering Spirit to Perfection springs,  
 Where Genius, proud to act as Heav'n inspires,  
 On Taste's pure Altars lights his sacred Fires ;  
 Oh ! here let Painting, as of old in GREECE, 365  
 With patriot passions warm the finish'd piece,  
 Let BRITAIN, happy in a gen'rous Race,  
 Of manly Spirit, and of female Grace,  
 Let this frank Parent with fond eyes explore,  
 Some just memorials of the line she bore, 370  
 In tints immortal to her view recall  
 Her dearest Offspring on the storied Wall.

But some there are, who, with pedantic scorn,  
 Despise the Hero, if in BRITAIN born :  
 For them Perfection has herself no charms, 375  
 Without a Roman Robe, or Græcian arms :  
 Our flighted Country, for whose Fame they feel  
 No generous Interest, no manly Zeal,

Sees public Judgment their false Taste arraign,  
 And treat their cold contempt with due disdain ; 380  
 To the fair Annals of our Isle we trust,  
 To prove this patriot indignation just,  
 And nobly partial to our native earth,  
 Bid English Pencils honour English Worth. \*

Forgive the Muse, if haply she commend 385  
 A Theme ill-chosen to her skilful Friend ;  
 She, tho' its pow'r commands her willing heart,  
 Knows not the limits of thy lovely Art,  
 Yet boldly owns an eager wish to see,  
 Her darling Images adorn'd by thee. 390

Shall BAYARD, glorious in his dying hour,  
 Of Gallic Chivalry the fairest Flow'r,  
 Shall his pure Blood in British colours flow,  
 And BRITAIN, on her canvas, fail to shew  
 Her wounded SIDNEY, BAYARD's perfect peer, † 395  
 SIDNEY, her Knight, without Reproach or Fear,  
 O'er whose pale corse heroic Worth should bend,  
 And mild Humanity embalm her Friend !

\* Ver. 384. See NOTE XLII.

† Ver. 395. See NOTE XLIII.

Oh ! ROMNEY, in his hour of Death we find  
 A Subject worthy of thy feeling Mind ; 400  
 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 !  
 In that great moment thou hast caught the Chief, 405  
 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,  
 This precious Water views with ghastly eyes, 410  
 With eyes that from their sockets seem to burst,  
 With eager, frantic, agonizing Thirst :  
 I see the Hero give, oh ! generous Care !  
 The Cup untasted to this silent Pray'r ;  
 I hear him say, with Tendernefs divine, 415  
 " Thy strong Necessity surpasses mine."  
 Shall Roman charity for ever share  
 Thro' every various School each Painter's Care ?  
 And BRITAIN still her bright examples hide  
 Of female Glory, and of filial Pride ? 420

Instruct our eyes, my ROMNEY, to adore  
 Th' heroic Daughter of the virtuous MORE, \*  
 Resolv'd to save, or in th' attempt expire,  
 The precious relicts of her martyr'd Sire :  
 Before the cruel Council let her stand, 425  
 Press the dear ghastly Head with pitying Hand,  
 And plead, while Bigotry itself grows mild,  
 The sacred duties of a grateful Child.  
 Oh ! let the Sisters, who, with friendly aid,  
 The Grecian Lyre, and Grecian Pencil sway'd, 430  
 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 !  
 Not that my Verse, adventurous, would pretend 435  
 To point each varied subject to my Friend ;  
 Far nobler guides their better aid supply :  
 When mighty SHAKESPEAR to thy judging eye  
 Presents that magic Glass, whose ample Round  
 Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound, 440

\* Ver. 422. See NOTE XLIV.

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.

Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true 445  
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,  
The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine. 450

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.

Behold his MICHAEL drawn divinely bright, 455  
In all the Splendor of angelic Might !  
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,  
Fearless tho' fall'n, and in Ruin great ! 460

\* Ver. 457. See NOTE XLV.

Let

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,  
 While his infernal mandate bids awake 465  
 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  
 His Pride, still proof against almighty Sway : 470  
 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.

To these great Lords of Fancy's wide domain, 475  
 That o'er the human Soul unquestion'd reign,  
 To their superior Guidance be consign'd  
 Thy rival Pencil and congenial Mind.

Yet O ! let Friendship, ere the Verse she close,  
 Which in just Tribute to thy Merit flows, 480  
 The sanguine wishes of her heart express,  
 With fond presages of thy full Success.

May



May Health and Joy, in happiest union join'd,  
 Breathe their warm Spirit o'er thy fruitful Mind !  
 To noblest Efforts raise thy glowing Heart, 485  
 And string thy sinews to the toils of Art !  
 May Independance, bursting Fashion's chain,  
 To eager Genius give the flowing rein,  
 And o'er thy epic Canvas smile to see  
 Thy Judgment active, and thy Fancy free ! 490  
 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 sight,  
 O'er the bright Tints with Admiration lean, 495  
 And catch new Virtue from the moral Scene.  
 May Time himself a fond Reluctance feel,  
 Nor from thy aged hand the Pencil steal,  
 But grant it still to gain increasing Praise,  
 In the late Period of thy lengthen'd days, 500  
 While fairest Fortune thy long Life endears,  
 With RAPHAEL's Glory join'd to TITIAN's Years.

F I N I S .

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## NOTES ON THE EPISTLE.

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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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### NOTE I. VERSE 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.

NOTE

## NOTE 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 Pline*. Fol. London, 1725.

## NOTE 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, arrisunque jocoque

Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat

Assensu,

Affensu, 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.

NOTE IV. VERSE 126.

*Inspired 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 αὐτὸς κοίμωμενός 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 *Poésies 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:

H

Une

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 amante.

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.

## NOTE V. VERSE 144.

*'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, Pæcile.*

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 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.

NOTE VI. VERSE 108.

*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 Halicarnessensis, &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 por-

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

He flourished about the 90th Olympiad.

#### NOTE VII. VERSE 202.

*Thy tragick 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 ον εκ ετι μαζον αμελξεις  
Ελκυσον υψαλιον ναμχ καλα φθιμενης.  
Ηδη γαρ ξιφεεσσι λιποπνοος· αλλα τα μητρος  
Φιλτρα και ειν αιδη παιδοκομειν εμαθον.

It is not ill translated into Latin by Grotius :

Suge, miser, nunquam quæ posthac pocula fuges;  
Ultima ab exanimo corpore poc'la trahe!  
Expiravit enim jam faucia; 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.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 206.

*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, 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.

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

Rimas de Lope de Vega.

Lisboa, 1605. p. 51-2.

Junius.



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

NOTE IX. VERSE 212.

*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—

NOTE X. VERSE 224.

*While chilling damps upon the pencil hung.*] That the Romans attained to no degree of excellence in Painting, or Sculpture, seems to be confessed, 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

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.

NOTE XI. VERSE 240.

*There studious Vinci treasured 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 talents 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 François premier, Roi digne d’être heureux,  
 Tipt 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 confesso 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 : sopraggiunfeli il Rè che spesso e amerevolmente le solea 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 mondo.

mendo, non avendo operato nel arte come si conveniva: onde gli venne un parosismo messaggero della morte. Per la qual cosa rizzatosi il Rè, et prefola 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.

Vasari vita di Lionardo da Vinci, p. 10, 11.

#### NOTE XII. VERSE 244.

*Gigantick Angelo his wonders wrought.*] Michael Angelo Buonaroti was born near Florence 1444, and died at Rome 1564.

This illustrious man is too well known both as an Architect and a Painter to need any encomium: he was also a poet, his *Rime* were printed by the Giunta 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.

Giunto 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,  
 Cognitione ben quant 'era d'error carica  
 E quel ch' a mal suo grado ognun desia.

Gli

Gli amorosi pensier, già vani, e lieti  
 Che fien or' s'a due morti mi avvicino?  
 D'una sì certo, e l'altra mi minaccia.  
 Ne pinger ne scolpir fia più 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.

## NOTE XIII. VERSE 250.

*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 perchè restavano vinti dalla cortesia e dall'arte sua, ma più dal genio della sua buona natura.

Vasari Vita di Raff. p. 88.

I

To

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.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 256.

*The daring Julio though by Raphael trained.]* 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.

NOTE XV. VERSE 264.

*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 Vth. at Venice.

“I fear,

“ I fear, (replied this eminent Painter to the question of Vargas) I should never equal the extreme delicacy which distinguishes the pencils of Correggio, 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 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.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 278.

*Soft as Catullus sweet Corregio played.*] 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

Caracci, 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.

NOTE XVII. VERSE 280.

*Though Parma claim it for her rival son.]* Francesco Mazzuoli was born at Parma in 1504, and is thence usually called Parmegiano. His character is thus distinctly marked by Vasari :

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

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 286.

*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, 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 Pouffin 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.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 291.

*Young Zampieri ow'd his nobler name.]* Domenico Zampieri, born at Bologna 1581. 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 Pouffin 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 !

NOTE XX. VERSE 293.

*The learned Lanfranc in their school arose.]* Giovanni Lanfranco, born



born at Parma 1581, was knighted by Pope Urban the VIII. and died at Rome 1647.

NOTE XXI. VERSE 295.

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

NOTE XXII. VERSE 306.

*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 mannerists 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.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 309.

———*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 denunciat.*" See his excellent letter on metaphors, p. 50.

NOTE XXIV. VERSE 317.

*And Raphael's Grace must yield to Rembrandt's Force.*] Rembrandt Van  
8 Pryn,

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 forte ? ” Vandick répondit ; “ Monsieur, je suis Vandick, pour vous servir.”—*Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres*, Tom. III. p. 113.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 320.

*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 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:

Dutch painters, that they are “ Dans la peinture, ce que le comique & le plaissant font dans la poesie.” In design their fort is certainly humour, and they have frequently carried it to great perfection.

#### NOTE XXVI. VERSE 336.

*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 cieling at White Hall 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 it's 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 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.

#### NOTE

NOTE XXVII. VERSE 336.

*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. Vandyck 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.

NOTE XXVIII. VERSE 337.

*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 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

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world

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.

NOTE XXIX. VERSE 341.

*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 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.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 351.

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

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 359.

*Then rose Le Brun, his scholar and his friend.]* Charles Le Brun, universally

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.

NOTE XXXII. VERSE 363.

*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 XXXIII. VERSE 369.

*Though Fresnoy teaches in Horatian song.*] Charles Alfonse du Fresnoy, author of the celebrated Latin poem *de Arte graphica*, 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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## NOTES TO THE SECOND PART.

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### NOTE XXXIV. 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.

### NOTE XXXV. 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.

### NOTE XXXVI. VERSE 99.

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

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.

## NOTE XXXVII. VERSE 122.

*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 concern'd, 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 his colours, and their vehicles in improper proportions to each other; that is, instead of painting with oil properly thickened  
with



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.

#### NOTE XXXVIII. VERSE 126.

*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

are addressed, contain all the principles of true and universal taste, embellished with great brilliancy of imagination, and with equal force of expression.

NOTE XXXIX. VERSE 139.

*Tby 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.

NOTE XL. VERSE 153.

*Now art appears 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 publick 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 publick virtue. Perhaps the young soldier can never be more warmly animated to the service of his country, than by gazing, with the delighted publick, 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 anonymous author, who has just obliged the publick with a little volume 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." —Essays, moral and literary, 1778, p. 264, on Sculpture.

## NOTE XLI. VERSE 317.

*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 printed for Henry the VIIIth of England, a tyrant indeed, voluptuous, and cruel, but still less detestable than the fullen and unnatural Philip the II<sup>d</sup> of Spain, who filled up the  
measure

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 sollicitude 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 venire 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.

NOTE XLII. VERSE 384.

*Bids 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.

NOTE XLIII. VERSE 395.

*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

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to,

to, which preceeded the death of Sidney, has not yet, I believe, appeared upon canvass, but is forcibly described by the noble and enthusiastick friend of Sydney, the Lord Brooke.—See Biograph. Britan. Art. Sydney.

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 Sydneys. The tide of national admiration flowed very strong in favour of Sydney, when Mr. Walpole, in speaking of Lord Brooke, appeared to check the current; but the merits of Sydney are sufficient to bear down all opposition.—Instead of joining the elegant author I have mentioned, in considering Sir Philip Sydney as “an astonishing object of temporary admiration,” I am surpris'd that so judicious an author should ever question so fair a title to universal regard. The learning and munificence, the courage and courtesy of Sydney 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.

#### NOTE XLIV. VERSE 422.

*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  
8 burial

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 Chelsey, 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 superiour 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.

## NOTE

## NOTE XLV. VERSE 457.

*But, O! 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.

## THE END OF THE NOTES.

## ERRATA.

PAGE 28 *for* And with Glee marks *read* With Glee she marks.

39 *for* Spencer *read* Spenser.

56 *for* Giunto *read* Giunti.

Ibid. *for* Auitarlo porgerli, *read* aiutarlo, & porgerli.