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L E C T U R E S

ON

P A I N T I N G,

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BY HENRY FUSELI, P.P.

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS AND NOTES.



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TO
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ARE INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

Meæ quidem temeritati accessit hoc quoque, quod
Levioris operæ hos TIBI dedicavi libellos.

C. PLINII SECUNDI L.

FIRST LECTURE.

ANCIENT ART.

Ταυτα μὲν οὖν πλασῶν καὶ γραφῶν καὶ ποιητῶν παῖδες ἐργάζονται. ὃ δὲ πᾶσιν ἐπαινᾷ
τούτοις, ἢ χάρις, μᾶλλον δὲ ἀπάσαι ἀμα, ὅποσαι χαριτεῖς, καὶ ὅποσοι ἐρωτῆς
περιχορευόντες, τίς αὖ μιμησασθαι δύναιτο?

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ Σαμ. εἰκόνες.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Greece the legitimate parent of the Art.—Summary of the local and political causes. Conjectures on the mechanic process of the Art. Period of preparation—Polygnolus—essential style—Apollodorus—characteristic style. Period of establishment—Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Timanthes. Period of refinement—Eupompus—Apelles, Aristides, Euphranor.

FIRST LECTURE.

THE difficulties of the task prescribed to me, if they do not preponderate are at least equal to the honour of the situation. If, to discourse on any topic with truth, precision, and clearness, before a mixed or fortuitous audience, before men neither initiated in the subject, nor rendered minutely attentive by expectation, be no easy task ; how much more arduous must it be to speak systematically on an art, before a select assembly, composed of *Professors* whose life has been divided between theory and practice ; of *Critics* whose taste has been refined by contemplation and comparison ; and of *Students*, who bent on the same pursuit, look for the best and always most compendious method of mastering the principles, to arrive at its emoluments and honours. Your lecturer is to instruct *them* in the principles of ‘ composition ; to form their taste for design and colouring ;
‘ to strengthen their judgment ; to point out to them
‘ the beauties and imperfections of celebrated works of art ;
‘ and

‘ and the particular excellencies and defects of great
‘ masters ; and finally, to lead them into the readiest
‘ and most efficacious paths of study*.’—If, Gentlemen,
these directions presuppose in the student a sufficient
stock of elementary knowledge ; an expertness in the
rudiments ; not mere wishes but a peremptory will of
improvement and judgment with docility ; how much
more do they imply in the person selected to address
them—knowledge founded on theory, substantiated and
matured by practice ; a mass of select and well digested
materials ; perspicuity of method and command of
words ; imagination to place things in such views as
they are not commonly seen in ; presence of mind, and
that resolution, the result of conscious vigour, which in
submitting to correct mistakes, cannot be easily dis-
countenanced.—As conditions like these would dis-
courage abilities far superior to mine, my hopes of
approbation, moderate as they are, must in a great
measure depend on that indulgence which may grant
to my will what it would refuse to my powers.

In the arrangement of my plan I shall prefer a pro-
gressive method, that may enable me, on future occasions,
to treat more fully those parts which the pressure of
others

* Abstract of the Laws of the Royal Academy, article *Professors*: page 21.

others seemingly or really more important, has obliged me to dismiss more abruptly or with less consideration than they have a right to claim. *The first Lecture* exhibits a more critical than an historic sketch of the origin and progress of our art, confining research to that period, when fact and substantial information took place of conjecture; it naturally divides itself into two parts, the art of the ancients, and its restoration among the moderns: each is divided into three periods, that of *preparation*, that of *full establishment*, and that of *refinement*.—*The second Lecture* treats on the real subjects of painting and the plastic arts, in contradistinction to the subjects exclusively belonging to poetry, endeavouring to establish the reciprocal limits of both from the essential difference of their medium and materials. It establishes three principal classes of painting: the *epic*, the *dramatic*, and the *historic*; with their collateral branches of characteristic portrait and landscape, and the inferior subdivisions of imitation.—*In the third*, design, correctness, copy, imitation, style, with its degrees of *essential*, *characteristic*, *ideal*, and deviation into manner, are considered, and the classes of the models left us in the remains of ancient sculpture, arranged.—*The fourth* is devoted to invention, in its most general and specific sense, as it discovers, selects, combines, the possible, the probable and the known ma-

terials of nature, in a mode that strikes with novelty.—*The fifth* follows with composition and expression, the dresser and the soul of invention; the *sixth* concludes with observations on colour, drapery and execution.

Such is the regular train of observations on an inexhaustible art, which, if life and circumstances sanction the wish, I mean to submit to your consideration in a future course: at present, the exuberance of the subject, the consideration due to each part, the various modes of treatment that presented themselves in the course of study, my necessary professional avocations, and some obstacles which I could as little foresee as avoid, grant scarcely more than fragments, to lay before you. The first lecture, or the critical history of ancient and modern style, from its extreme richness, and as it appears to me, importance, is at present divided into two. The third will contain materials of the proper subjects of the art and of invention, extracted from the second and the fourth, and connected by obvious analogy.

But before I proceed to the history of style itself, it seems to be necessary that we should agree about the terms which denote its object and perpetually recur in treating of it; that my vocabulary of technic expression
I should

should not clash with the dictionary of my audience: mine is nearly that of your late president. I shall confine myself at present to a few of the most important; the words nature, beauty, grace, taste, copy, imitation, genius, talent. Thus, by *nature* I understand the general and permanent principles of visible objects, not disfigured by accident, or distempered by disease, not modified by fashion or local habits. Nature is a collective idea, and though its essence exist in each individual of the species, can never in its perfection inhabit a single object. On *beauty* I do not mean to perplex you or myself with abstract ideas, and the romantic reveries of platonic philosophy, or to inquire whether it be the result of a simple or complex principle. As a local idea, beauty is a despotic princess, and subject to the anarchies of despotism, enthroned to-day, dethroned to-morrow. The beauty we acknowledge is that harmonious whole of the human frame, that unison of parts to one end, which enchants us; the result of the standard set by the great masters of our art, the ancients, and confirmed by the submissive verdict of modern imitation. By *grace* I mean that artless balance of motion and repose sprung from character, founded on propriety, which neither falls short of the demands nor overleaps the modesty of nature. Applied to execution, it means that dextrous power which hides the means

means by which it was attained, the difficulties it has conquered. When we say *taste*, we mean not crudely the knowledge of what is right in art: taste estimates the degrees of excellence, and by comparison proceeds from justness to refinement. Our language, or rather those who use it, generally confound, when speaking of the art, *copy* with *imitation*, though essentially different in operation and meaning. Precision of eye and obedience of hand are the requisites of the former, without the least pretence to choice, what to select what to reject; whilst choice directed by judgment or taste constitutes the essence of imitation, and alone can raise the most dextrous copyist to the noble rank of an artist. The imitation of the ancients was, *essential, characteristic, ideal*. The first cleared nature, of accident, defect, excrescence; the second found the stem which connects character with the central form; the third raised the whole and the parts to the highest degree of union. Of *genius* I shall speak with reserve, for no word has been more indiscriminately confounded; by *genius* I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; whilst *talent* arranges, cultivates, polishes the discoveries of genius.

Guided by these preliminaries we now approach that happy coast, where, from an arbitrary hieroglyph, the palliative of ignorance, from a tool of despotism, or a ponderous monument of eternal sleep, art emerged into life, motion and liberty; where situation, climate, national character, religion, manners and government conspired to raise it on that permanent basis, which after the ruins of the fabric itself, still subsists and bids defiance to the ravages of time; as uniform in the principle as various in its applications, the art of the Greeks possessed in itself and propagated, like its chief object Man, the germs of immortality.

I shall not detail here the reasons and the coincidence of fortunate circumstances which raised the Greeks to be the arbiters of form (a). The standard they erected, the canon they framed, fell not from Heaven: but as they fancied themselves of divine origin, and *Religion* was the first mover of their art, it followed that they should endeavour to invest their authors with the most perfect form; and as Man possesses that exclusively, they were led to a complete and intellectual study of his elements

(a) This has been done in a superior manner by J. G. Herder, in his *Ideen zur Philosophie der geschichte der Menschheit*, vol. iii. Book 13, a work lately translated under the title of *Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Man*, 4to.

ments and constitution ; this, with their *climate*, which allowed that form to grow, and to shew itself to the greatest advantage ; with their *civil* and *political* institutions, which established and encouraged exercises and manners best calculated to develop its powers ; and above all that simplicity of their end, that uniformity of pursuit which in all its derivations retraced the great principle from which it sprang, and like a central stamen drew it out into one immense connected web of congenial imitation ; these, I say, are the reasons why the Greeks carried the art to a height which no subsequent time or race has been able to rival or even to approach.

Great as these advantages were, it is not to be supposed that Nature deviated from her gradual progress in the development of human faculties, in favour of the Greeks. Greek Art had her infancy, but the Graces rocked the cradle, and Love taught her to speak. If ever legend deserved our belief, the amorous tale of the Corinthian maid, who traced the shade of her departing lover by the secret lamp, appeals to our sympathy, to grant it ; and leads us at the same time to some observations on the first mechanical essays of Painting, and that *linear method* which, though passed nearly unnoticed by *Winkelmann*, seems to have continued as the
basis

basis of execution, even when the instrument for which it was chiefly adapted, had long been laid aside.

The etymology of the word used by the Greeks to express *Painting* being the same with that which they employ for *Writing*, makes the similarity of tool, materials, method, almost certain. The tool was a style or pen of wood or metal; the materials a board, or a levigated plane of wood, metal, stone, or some prepared compound; the method, letters or lines.

The first essays of the art were *Skiagrams*, simple outlines of a shade, similar to those which have been introduced to vulgar use by the students and parasites of Physiognomy, under the name of Silhouettes; without any other addition of character or feature but what the profile of the object thus delineated, could afford.

The next step of the art was the *Monogram*, outlines of figures without light or shade, but with some addition of the parts within the outline, and from that to the *Monochrom*, or paintings of a single colour on a plane or tablet, primed with white, and then covered with what they called punic wax, first amalgamated with a tough resinous pigment, generally of a red, sometimes

dark brown, or black colour. *In*, or rather *through* this thin inky ground, the outlines were traced with a firm but pliant style, which they called *Cesstrum*; if the traced line happened to be incorrect or wrong, it was gently effaced with the finger or with a sponge, and easily replaced by a fresh one. When the whole design was settled, and no farther alteration intended, it was suffered to dry, was covered, to make it permanent, with a brown encaustic varnish, the lights were worked over again, and rendered more brilliant with a point still more delicate, according to the gradual advance from mere outlines to some indications, and at last to masses of light and shade, and from those to the superinduction of different colours, or the invention of the *Polychrom*, which by the addition of the *pencil* to the style, raised the mezzotinto or stained drawing to a legitimate picture, and at length produced that vaunted *harmony*, the magic scale of Grecian colour (*b*).

If this conjecture, for it is not more, on the process of linear painting, formed on the evidence and comparison of passages always unconnected, and frequently contradictory, be founded in fact, the rapturous astonishment at the supposed momentaneous production of the
Hercu-

(*b*) This account is founded on the conjectures of Mr. *Riem*, in his Treatise on *die Malerey der Alten*, or the *Painting of the Ancients*, 4to. Berlin, 1787.

Herculanean dancers and the figures on the earthen vases of the ancients, will cease; or rather, we shall no longer suffer ourselves to be deluded by palpable impossibility of execution: on a ground of levigated lime or on potters ware, no velocity or certainty attainable by human hands can conduct a full pencil with that degree of evenness equal from beginning to end with which we see those figures executed, or if it could, would ever be able to fix the line on the glassy surface without its flowing: to make the appearances we see, possible, we must have recourse to the linear process that has been described, and transfer our admiration, to the perseverance, the correctness of principle, the elegance of taste that conducted the artist's hand, without presuming to arm it with contradictory powers: the figures he drew and we admire, are not the magic produce of a winged pencil, they are the result of gradual improvement, exquisitely finished *monochroms*.

How long the pencil continued only to assist, when it began to engross and when it at last entirely supplanted the cestrum cannot, in the perplexity of accidental report be ascertained. Apollodorus in the 93d Olymp. and Zeuxis in the 94th, are said to have used it with freedom and with power. The battle of the Lapithæ and the Centaurs, which according to Pausanias, Parrhasius

painted on the shield of the Minerva of Phidias, to be chased by Mys, could be nothing but a monochrom, and was probably designed with the cestrum, as an instrument of greater accuracy (*c*). Apelles and Protogenes, nearly a century afterwards, drew their contested lines with the pencil; and that alone, as delicacy and evanescent subtlety were the characteristic of those lines, may give an idea of their mechanic excellence. And yet in their time the *diagraphic* process (*d*), which is the very same with the *linear* one we have described, made part of liberal education. And Pausanias of Sicyon, the contemporary of Apelles, and perhaps the greatest master of composition amongst the ancients, when employed to repair the decayed pictures of Polygnotus at Thespiæ, was adjudged by general opinion to have

(*c*) Pausanias Attic. c. xxviii. The word used by Pausanias *καταγραφαι*, shews that the figures of Parrhasius were intended for a Bassorelievo. They were in profile. This is the sense of the word *Catagrapha* in Pliny, xxxv. c. 8. he translates it "obliquas imagines."

(*d*) By the authority chiefly of Pamphilus the master of Apelles, who taught at Sicyon. 'Hujus auctoritate,' says Pliny, xxxv. 10. 'effectum est Sicyone primum, deinde et in tota Græcia; ut pueri ingenui ante omnia *diagraphicen*, hoc est, picturam in buxo, docerentur,' &c. *Harduin*, contrary to the common editions, reads indeed, and by the authority, he says, of all the MSS. *graphicen*, which he translates: ars 'delincandi,' desseigner, but he has not proved that *graphice* means not more than design; and if he had, what was it that Pamphilus taught? he was not the inventor of what he had been taught himself. He established or rather renewed a particular method of drawing, which contained the rudiments, and facilitated the method of painting.

have egregiously failed in the attempt, because he had substituted the pencil to the cestrum, and entered a contest of superiority with weapons not his own.

Here it might seem in its place to say something on the Encaustic method used by the ancients; were it not a subject by ambiguity of expression and conjectural dispute so involved in obscurity that a true account of its process must be despaired of: the most probable idea we can form of it is, that it bore some resemblance to our oil-painting, and that the name was adopted to denote the use of materials, inflammable or prepared by fire, the supposed durability of which, whether applied hot or cold, authorised the terms *ἐνκαυσε* and *inussit*.

The first great name of that epoch of the preparatory period when facts appear to overbalance conjecture, is that of Polygnotus of Thasos, who painted the poecile at Athens, and the lesche or public hall at Delphi. Of these works, but chiefly of the two large pictures at Delphi, which represented scenes subsequent to the eversion of Troy, and Ulysses consulting the spirit of Tiresias in hades, Pausanias (e) gives a minute and circumstantial detail; by which we are led to surmise, that what is now called composition was totally wanting in

(e) Pausan. Phocica. c. xxv. seq.

in them as a whole: for he begins his description at one end of the picture, and finishes it at the opposite extremity, a senseless method if we suppose that a central group, or a principal figure to which the rest were in a certain degree subordinate, attracted the eye; it appears as plain that they had no perspective, the series of figures on the second or middle ground being described as placed above those on the foreground, as the figures in the distance above the whole: the honest method too which the painter chose of annexing to many of his figures, their names in writing, favours much of the infancy of painting.—We should however be cautious to impute solely to ignorance or imbecility, what might rest on the firm base of permanent principle. The genius of Polygnotus was more than that of any other artist before or after, Phidias perhaps alone excepted, a public genius, his works monumental works, and these very pictures the votive offerings of the Gnidians. The art at that summit, when exerting its powers to record the feats, consecrate the acts, perpetuate the rites, propagate the religion, or to disseminate the peculiar doctrines of a nation, heedless of the rules prescribed to inferior excellence and humbler pursuits, returns to its elements, leaps strict possibility, combines remote causes with present effects, connects local distance and unites separate moments.—Simplicity, parallelism, apposition,
take

take place of variety, contrast and composition.—Such was the *lesche* painted by Polygnotus, and if we consider the variety of powers that distinguished many of the parts, we must incline to ascribe the primitive arrangement of the whole rather to the artist's choice and lofty simplicity, than want of comprehension: nature had endowed him with that rectitude of taste which in the individuum discovers the *stamen* of the genus, hence his style of design was essential with glimpses of *grandeur* (*f*) and ideal beauty. Polygnotus, says Aristotle, *improves* the model. His invention reached the conception of undescribed being, in the *dæmon* Eurynomus; filled the chasm of description in Theseus and Pirithous, in Ariadne and Phædra; and improved its terrors in the spectre of Tityus; whilst colour to assist it, became in his hand an organ of expression; such was the prophetic glow which still *crimsoned* the cheeks of his Cassandra in the time of Lucian (*g*). The improvements

(*f*) This I take to be the sense of Μεγεθος here, which distinguished him, according to Ælian, Var. Hist. iv. 3. from Dionysius of Colophon. The word Τελειοις in the same passage: και 'εν τοις τελειοις 'ειργαζετο τα 'αθλα, I translate: *he aimed at, he sought his praise in the representation of essential proportion*; which leads to ideal beauty.

The κρειττους, χειρς, ὁμοις; or the βελτιονας ἢ καθ 'ἑμας, ἢ και τοις, of Aristotle, Poetic. c. 2. by which he distinguishes Polygnotus, Dionysius, Pausan, confirms the sense given to the passage of Ælian.

(*g*) παρειῶν το ἐνερευθες, ὅταν την Κασσανδραν ἐν τη λεισχῇ 'εποιησε τοις Δελφοις. Lucian: εικονες. This, and what Pausanias tells of the colour of Eurynomus in
the

ments in painting which Pliny ascribes to him, of having dressed the heads of his females in variegated veils and *bandeaux*, and robed them in lucid drapery, of having gently opened the lips, given a glimpse of the teeth, and lessened the former monotony of face, such improvements I say were surely the most trifling part of a power to which the age of Apelles and that of Quintilian paid equal homage: nor can it add much to our esteem for him, to be told by Pliny that there existed, in the portico of Pompey, a picture of his with the figure of a warrior in an attitude so ambiguous as to make it a question whether he were ascending or descending. Such a figure could only be the offspring of mental or technic imbecility, even if it resembled the celebrated one of a Diomede carrying off the palladium with one and holding a sword in the other hand, on the intaglio inscribed, I think, with the name of Dioscorides.

With this simplicity of manner and materials the art seems to have proceeded from Polygnotus, Aglaophon, Phidias, Panæus, Colotes, and Evenor, the father of Parrhasius,

the same picture, together with the coloured draperies mentioned by Pliny; makes it evident, that the 'simplex colour' ascribed by Quintilian to Polygnotus and Aglaophon, implies less a single colour, as some have supposed, than that simplicity always attendant on the infancy of painting, which leaves every colour unmixed and crudely by itself. Indeed the *Pœcile* (ἡ ποικίλη σόα) which obtained its name from his pictures, is alone a sufficient proof of variety of colours.

Parrhasius, during a period of more or less disputed olympiads, to the appearance of Apollodorus the Athenian, who applied the essential principles of Polygnotus to the delineation of the species, by investigating the leading forms that discriminate the various classes of human qualities and passions. The acuteness of his taste led him to discover that as all men were connected by one general form, so they were separated each by some predominant power, which fixed character and bound them to a class : that in proportion as this specific power partook of individual peculiarities, the farther it was removed from a share in that harmonious system which constitutes nature, and consists in a due balance of all its parts : thence he drew his line of imitation, and personified the central form of the class, to which his object belonged ; and to which the rest of its qualities administered without being absorbed : agility was not suffered to destroy firmness, solidity or weight ; nor strength and weight agility ; elegance did not degenerate to effeminacy, or grandeur swell to hugeness ; such were his principles of style : his expression extended them to the mind, if we may judge from the two subjects mentioned by Pliny, in which he seems to have personified the characters of devotion and impiety ; *that*, in the adoring figure of a priest, perhaps of Chryses, expanding his gratitude at the shrine of the

God whose arrows avenged his wrongs and restored his daughter : and *this*, in the figure of Ajax wrecked, and from the sea-swept rock hurling defiance unto the murky sky. As neither of these subjects can present themselves to a painter's mind without a contrast of the most awful and the most terrific tones of colour, magic of light and shade, and unlimited command over the tools of art, we may with Pliny and with Plutarch consider Apollodorus as the first assertor of the pencil's honours, as the first colourist of his age, and the man who opened the gates of art which the Heracleot Zeuxis entered (*b*).

From the essential style of Polygnotus and the specific discrimination of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, by comparison
of

(*b*) Hic primus species exprimere instituit, Pliny, xxxv. 36, as *species* in the sense Harduin takes it, 'oris et habitus venustas,' cannot be refused to Polygnotus, and the artists immediately preceding Apollodorus, it must mean here the subdivisions of generic form; the classes.

At this period we may with probability fix the invention of local colour, and tone; which, though strictly speaking it be neither the light nor the shade, is regulated by the medium which tinges both. This, Pliny calls 'splendour.' To Apollodorus Plutarch ascribes likewise the invention of tints, the mixtures of colour and the gradations of shade, if I conceive the passage rightly: Ἀπολλοδώρος ὁ Ζωγράφος Ἀνθρωπῶν πρῶτος ἐξενεῖν φθορὰν καὶ ἀποχρῶσιν Σκίας. Plutarch, Bellone an pace Ath. &c. 346. This was the element of the ancient Ἀεμίωγη, that imperceptible transition, which, without opacity, confusion or hardness, united local colour, demitint, shade and reflexes.

of what belonged to the genus and what to the class, framed at last that ideal form, which in his opinion, constituted the supreme degree of human beauty, or in other words, embodied possibility, by uniting the various but homogeneous powers scattered among many, in one object, to one end. Such a system, if it originated in genius, was the considerate result of taste refined by the unremitting perseverance with which he observed, consulted, compared, selected the congenial but scattered forms of nature. Our ideas are the offspring of our senses, we are not more able to create the form of a being, we have not seen, without retrospect to one we know, than we are able to create a new sense. He whose fancy has conceived an idea of the most beautiful form must have composed it from actual existence, and he alone can comprehend what one degree of beauty wants to become equal to another, and at last superlative. He who thinks the pretty handsome, will think the handsome a beauty, and fancy he has met an ideal form in a merely handsome one, whilst he who has compared beauty with beauty, will at last improve form upon form to a perfect image; this was the method of Zeuxis, and this he learnt from Homer, whose mode of ideal composition, according to Quintilian, he considered as his model. Each individual of Homer forms a class, expresses and is circumscribed by one quality of

heroic power, Achilles alone unites their various but congenial energies. The grace of Nireus, the dignity of Agamemnon, the impetuosity of Hector, the magnitude, the steady prowess of the great, the velocity of the lesser Ajax, the perseverance of Ulysses, the intrepidity of Diomedes, are emanations of energy that reunite in one splendid centre fixed in Achilles. This standard of the unison of homogeneous powers exhibited in *successive action* by the poet, the painter, invigorated no doubt by the contemplation of the works of Phidias, transferred to his own art and substantiated by *form*, when he selected the congenial beauties of Croton to compose a perfect female. Like Phidias too, he appears to have been less pathetic than sublime, and even in his female forms more ample and august than elegant or captivating: his principle was epic, and this Aristotle either considered not or did not comprehend, when he refuses him the expression of character in action and feature: Jupiter on his throne encircled by the celestial synod, and Helen, the arbitress of Troy, were no doubt the principal elements of his style; but he could trace the mother's agitation in Alcmena, and in Penelope the pangs of wedded love.

On those powers of his invention which Lucian relates in the memoir inscribed with the name of Zeuxis,
I shall

I shall reserve my observations for a fitter moment. Of his colour we know little, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that it emulated the beauties and the grandeur of his design; and that he extended light and shade to masses, may be implied from his peculiar method of painting monochroms on a black ground, adding the lights in white (i).

The correctness of Parrhasius succeeded to the genius of Zeuxis. He circumscribed his ample style, and by subtle examination of outline established that standard of divine and heroic form which raised him to the authority of a legislator from whose decisions there was no appeal. He gave to the divine and heroic character in painting, what Polycletus had given to the human in sculpture, by his Doryphorus; a canon of proportion. Phidias had discovered in the nod of the Homeric Jupiter the characteristic of majesty, *inclination of the head*: this hinted to him a higher elevation of the neck behind, a bolder protrusion of the front, and the increased perpendicular of the profile. To this conception Parrhasius fixed a maximum; that point from which descends the ultimate line of celestial beauty, the angle within which

moves

(i) 'Pinxit et monochromata ex albo.' Pliny, xxxv. 9. This Aristotle, Poët. c. 6. calls λευκοχρᾶστις.

moves what is inferior, beyond which what is portentous. From the head conclude to the proportions of the neck, the limbs, the extremities; from the father to the race of gods; all, the sons of one, Jupiter; derived from one source of tradition, Homer; formed by one artist, Phidias: on him measured and decided by Parrhasius. In the simplicity of this principle, adhered to by the succeeding periods, lies the uninterrupted progress and the unattainable superiority of Grecian art. With this prerogative, which evidently implies a profound as well as general knowledge of the parts, how are we to reconcile the criticism passed on the intermediate parts of his forms as inferior to their outline? or how could Winkelmann, in contradiction with his own principles, explain it, by a want of anatomic knowledge (*k*)? how is it possible to suppose that he who decided his outline with such intelligence that it appeared ambient, and pronounced the parts that escaped the eye, should have been uninformed of its contents? let us rather suppose that the defect ascribed to the intermediate forms of his bodies, if such a fault there was, consisted in an affectation of smoothness bordering on insipidity,

(*k*) In lineis extremis palmam adeptus — minor tamen videtur, sibi comparatus, in mediis corporibus exprimendis. Pliny, xxxv. 10. Here we find the inferiority of the middle parts merely relative to himself. Compared with himself, Parrhasius was not all equal.

insipidity, in something effeminately voluptuous, which absorbed their character and the idea of elastic vigour; and this Euphranor seems to have hinted at, when in comparing his own Theseus with that of Parrhasius, he pronounced the Ionian's to have fed on roses, his own on flesh (*l*): emasculate softness was not in his opinion, the proper companion of the contour, or flowery freshness of colour an adequate substitute for the sterner tints of heroic form.

None of the ancients seem to have united or wished to combine as man and artist, more qualities seemingly incompatible than Parrhasius.—The volubility and ostentatious insolence of an Asiatic with Athenian simplicity and urbanity of manners; punctilious correctness with blandishments of handling and luxurious colour, and with sublime and pathetic conception, a fancy libidinally sportive (*m*). If he was not the inventor,

(*l*) Theseus, in quo dixit, eundem apud Parrhasium rosa pastum esse, summa vero carne. Plin. xxxv. 11.

(*m*) The epithet which he gave to himself of *Ἀβροδιαίτος*, the dainty, the elegant, and the epigram he is said to have composed on himself, are known: See Athenæus, l. xii. He wore says Ælian, Var. Hist. ix. 11. a purple robe and a golden garland; he bore a staff wound round with tendrils of gold, and his sandals were tied to his feet and ancles with golden straps. Of his easy simplicity we may judge from his dialogue with Socrates in Xenophon; *Ἀπομνημονεύων*, l. iii. Of his libidinous fancy, beside what Pliny says, from his Archigallus, and the Meleager and Atalanta mentioned by Suetonius in Tiberio, c. 44.

inventor, he surely was the greatest master of allegory, supposing that he really embodied by signs universally comprehended that image of the Athenian ΔΗΜΟΣ or people, which was to combine and to express at once its contradictory qualities. Perhaps he traced the jarring branches to their source, the aboriginal moral principle of the Athenian character, which he made intuitive. This supposition alone can shed a dawn of possibility on what else appears impossible. We know that the personification of the Athenian Δημος, was an object of sculpture, and that its images by Lyson and Leochares (*n*) were publicly set up; but there is no clue to decide whether they preceded or followed the conceit of Parrhasius. It was repeated by Aristolaus, the son of Pausias.

The decided forms of Parrhasius, Timanthes the Cythnian, his competitor for fame, attempted to inspire with mind and to animate with passions. No picture of antiquity is more celebrated than his immolation of Iphigenia in Aulis, painted, as Quintilian informs us, in contest with Colotes of Teos, a painter and sculptor from

(*n*) In the portico of the Pyræus by Leochares: in the hall of the Five-hundred, by Lyson: in the back portico of the Ceramicus there was a picture of Theseus, of Democracy and the Demos, by Euphranor. Pausan. Attic. i. 3. Aristolaus, according to Pliny was a painter, 'e severissimis.'

from the school of Phidias; crowned with victory at its rival exhibition, and since, the theme of unlimited praise from the orators and historians of antiquity, though the solidity or justice of their praise relatively to our art, has been questioned by modern criticism. On this subject, which not only contains the gradations of affection from the most remote to the closest link of humanity, but appears to me to offer the fairest specimen of the limits which the theory of the ancients had prescribed to the expression of pathos, I think it my duty the more circumstantially to expatiate, as the censure passed on the method of Timanthes, has been sanctioned by the highest authority in matters of art, that of your late President, in his eighth discourse at the delivery of the academic prize for the best picture painted from this very subject.

How did Timanthes treat it? Iphigenia, the victim ordained by the oracle, to be offered for the success of the Greek expedition against Troy, was represented standing ready for immolation at the altar, the priest, the instruments of death at her side; and around her, an assembly of the most important agents or witnesses of the terrible solemnity, from Ulysses, who had disengaged her from the embraces of her mother at Mycenæ, to her nearest male relations, her uncle Menelaus, and

her own father, Agamemnon. Timanthes, say Pliny and Quintilian with surprising similarity of phrase, when, in gradation he had consumed every image of grief within the reach of art, from the unhappy priest, to the conscious remorse of Ulysses, and from that to the pangs of kindred sympathy in Menelaus, unable to express *with dignity* the father's woe, threw a veil, or if you will, a mantle over his face.—This mantle, the pivot of objection, indiscriminately borrowed, as might easily be supposed, by all the concurrents for the prize, gave rise to the following series of criticisms :

‘ Before I conclude, I cannot avoid making one observation on the pictures now before us. I have observed, that every candidate has copied the celebrated invention of Timanthes in hiding the face of Agamemnon in his mantle; indeed such lavish encomiums have been bestowed on this thought, and that too by men of the highest character in critical knowledge,—Cicero, Quintilian, Valerius Maximus, and Pliny,—and have been since re-echoed by almost every modern that has written on the Arts, that your adopting it can neither be wondered at, nor blamed. It appears now to be so much connected with the subject, that the spectator would perhaps be disappointed in not finding united in the picture what he always united
‘ in

‘ in his mind, and considered as indispensably belong-
 ‘ ing to the subject. But it may be observed, that
 ‘ those who praise this circumstance were not painters.
 ‘ They use it as an illustration only of their own art;
 ‘ it served their purpose, and it was certainly not their
 ‘ business to enter into the objections that lie against it
 ‘ in another Art. I fear *we* have but very scanty means
 ‘ of exciting those powers over the imagination, which
 ‘ make so very considerable and refined a part of poetry.
 ‘ It is a doubt with me, whether we should even make
 ‘ the attempt. The chief, if not the only occasion
 ‘ which the painter has for this artifice, is, when the
 ‘ subject is improper to be more fully represented,
 ‘ either for the sake of decency, or to avoid what
 ‘ would be disagreeable to be seen; and this is not to
 ‘ raise or increase the passions, which is the reason that
 ‘ is given for this practice, but on the contrary to di-
 ‘ minish their effect.’

‘ Mr. Falconet has observed, in a note on this passage
 ‘ in his translation of Pliny, that the circumstance of
 ‘ covering the face of Agamemnon was probably not in
 ‘ consequence of any fine imagination of the painter,—
 ‘ which he considers as a discovery of the critics,—
 ‘ but merely copied from the description of the sacri-
 ‘ fice, as it is found in Euripides.

‘ The words from which the picture is supposed to be
 ‘ taken, are these: *Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance*
 ‘ *towards the fatal altar; he groaned, he turned aside*
 ‘ *his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with*
 ‘ *his robe.*

‘ Falconet does not at all acquiesce in the praise that
 ‘ is bestowed on Timanthes; not only because it is not
 ‘ his invention, but because he thinks meanly of this
 ‘ trick of concealing, except in instances of blood,
 ‘ where the objects would be too horrible to be seen;
 ‘ but, says he, “ in an afflicted Father, in a King, in
 ‘ Agamemnon, you, who are a painter, conceal from
 ‘ me the most interesting circumstance, and then put
 ‘ me off with sophistry and a veil. You are (he adds)
 ‘ a feeble painter, without resources: you do not know
 ‘ even those of your Art: I care not what veil it is,
 ‘ whether closed hands, arms raised, or any other
 ‘ action that conceals from me the countenance of the
 ‘ Hero. You think of veiling Agamemnon; you have
 ‘ unveiled your own ignorance.”

‘ To what Falconet has said, we may add, that sup-
 ‘ posing this method of leaving the expression of grief
 ‘ to the imagination, to be, as it was thought to be,
 ‘ the invention of the painter, and that it deserves all
 ‘ the

‘ the praise that has been given it, still it is a trick that
 ‘ will serve but once ; whoever does it a second time,
 ‘ will not only want novelty, but be justly suspected of
 ‘ using artifice to evade difficulties. If difficulties over-
 ‘ come make a great part of the merit of Art, difficul-
 ‘ ties evaded can deserve but little commendation.’

To this string of animadversions, of which what belongs to the English critic, excels the flippant petulance of the Frenchman’s sophistry as much as his infant Hercules in real magnitude the ridiculous Colossus of Peter the great (x), I subjoin with diffidence the following observations :

The subject of Timanthes was the immolation of Iphigenia ; Iphigenia was the principal figure, and her form, her resignation, or her anguish the painter’s principal task ; the figure of Agamemnon, however important, is merely accessory, and no more necessary to make the subject a completely tragic one, than that of Clytemnestra the mother, no more than that of Priam, to impress us with sympathy at the death of Polyxena. It is therefore a misnomer of the French critic, to call Agamemnon ‘^x the hero’ of the subject.

Neither the French nor the English critic appear to me to have comprehended the real motive of Timanthes,

as

(x) The Equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, by Mr. Falconet.

as contained in the words ‘*decere, pro dignitate, and digne,*’ in the passages of Tully, Quintilian, and Pliny (o); they ascribe to impotence what was the forbearance of judgment; Timanthes felt like a father: he did not hide the face of Agamemnon, because it was beyond the power of his art, not because it was beyond the *possibility*, but because it was beyond the *dignity* of expression,

(o) Cicero *Oratore*, 73, seq.—In alioque ponatur, aliudque totum sit, utrum *decere* an *oportere* dicas; *oportere* enim, perfectionem declarat officii, quo et semper utendum est, et omnibus: *decere*, quasi aptum esse, consentaneumque tempori & personæ; quod cum in factis sæpissime, tum in dictis valet, in vultu denique, & gestu, et incessu. Contraque item *dedecere*. Quod si poeta fugit, ut maximum vitium, qui peccat, etiam, cum probam orationem assignit improbo, stultove sapientis: si denique pictor ille vidit, cum immolanda Iphigenia tristis Calchas esset, moestior Ulysses, moereret Menelaus, obvolverdum caput Agamemnonis esse, quoniam summum illum luctum penicillo non posset imitari: si denique histrio, quid deceat quaerit: quid faciendum oratori putemus?

M. F. Quintilianus, l. ii. c. 14.—Operienda sunt quædam, siue ostendi non debent, siue exprimi *pro dignitate* non possunt: ut fecit Timanthes, ut opinor, Cithnius, in ea tabula qua Coloten tejum vicit. Nam cum in Iphigeniæ immolatione pinxisset tristem Calchantem, tristiores Ulysses, addidisset Menelao quem summum poterat ars efficere Moerorem, consumptis affectibus, non reperiens quo *dignè* modo Patris vultum possit exprimere, velavit ejus caput, et sui cuique animo dedit æstimandum.

It is evident to the slightest consideration, that both Cicero and Quintilian lose sight of their premises, and contradict themselves in the motive they ascribe to Timanthes. Their want of acquaintance with the nature of plastic expression made them imagine the face of Agamemnon beyond the power of the artist. They were not aware that by making him waste expression on inferior actors at the expence of a principal one, they call him an improvident spendthrift and not a wise economist.

From Valerius Maximus, who calls the subject ‘*Luctuosum immolatæ Iphigeniæ sacrificium*’ instead of *immolandæ*, little can be expected to the purpose. Pliny, with the *dignè* of Quintilian has the same confusion of motive,

expression, because the inspiring feature of paternal affection at that moment, and the action which of necessity must have accompanied it, would either have destroyed the grandeur of the character and the solemnity of the scene, or subjected the painter with the majority of his judges to the imputation of insensibility. He must either have represented him in tears, or convulsed at the flash of the raised dagger, forgetting the chief in the father, or shewn him absorbed by despair, and in that state of stupefaction, which levels all features and deadens expression; he might indeed have chosen a fourth mode, he might have exhibited him fainting and palsied in the arms of his attendants, and by this confusion of male and female character, merited the applause of every theatre at Paris. But Timanthes had too true a sense of nature to expose a father's feelings or to tear a passion to rags; nor had the Greeks yet learnt of Rome to steel the face. If he made Agamemnon bear his calamity as a man, he made him also feel it as a man. It became the leader of Greece to sanction the ceremony with his presence, it did not become the father to see his daughter beneath the dagger's point: the same nature that threw a real mantle over the face of Timoleon, when he assisted at the punishment of his brother, taught Timanthes to throw an imaginary one

one over the face of Agamemnon; neither height nor depth, *propriety* of expression was his aim.

The critic grants that the expedient of Timanthes may be allowed in ‘instances of blood,’ the supported aspect of which would change a scene of commiseration and terror into one of abomination and horror, which ought for ever to be excluded from the province of art, of poetry as well as painting: and would not the face of Agamemnon, uncovered, have had this effect? was not the scene he must have witnessed a scene of blood? and whose blood was to be shed? that of his own daughter—and what daughter? young, beautiful, helpless, innocent, resigned—the very idea of resignation in such a victim, must either have acted irresistibly to procure her relief, or thrown a veil over a father’s face. A man who is determined to sport wit at the expence of heart alone could call such an expedient ridiculous—‘as ridiculous,’ Mr. Falconet continues ‘as a poet would be, who in a pathetic situation, instead of satisfying my expectation, to rid himself of the business, should say, that the sentiments of his hero are so far above whatever can be said on the occasion, that he shall say nothing.’ And has not Homer, though he does not tell us this, acted upon a similar principle? has he not, when

when Ulysses addresses Ajax in Hades, in the most pathetic and conciliatory manner, instead of furnishing him with an answer, made him remain in indignant silence during the address, then turn his step and stalk away? has not the universal voice of genuine criticism with Longinus told us, and if it had not, would not Nature's own voice tell us, that that silence was characteristic, that it precluded, included, and soaring above all answer, consigned Ulysses for ever to a sense of inferiority? Nor is it necessary to render such criticism contemptible to mention the silence of Dido in Virgil, or the Niobe of Æschylus, who was introduced veiled, and continued mute during her presence on the stage.

But in hiding Agamemnon's face Timanthes loses the honour of invention, as he is merely the imitator of Euripides, who did it before him (*p*)? I am not prepared

(*p*) It is observed by an ingenious Critic, that in the tragedy of Euripides, the procession is described, and upon Iphigenia's looking back on her father, he groans, and hides his face to conceal his tears; whilst the picture gives the moment that precedes the sacrifice, and the hiding has a different object and arises from another impression.

ὥς δ' ἑσείδεν Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ
 ἐπὶ σφαγῆς σείχυσαν εἰς ἄλσος κορὴν
 ἀνεσenaῖε. Καμπάλιν σφειφας καρα
 Δακρυα προηγεν. ὀμμάτων πεπλον προΐεις.

pared with chronologic proofs to decide whether Euripides or Timanthes, who were contemporaries, about the period of the Peloponnesian war, fell first on this expedient; though the silence of Pliny and Quintilian on that head, seems to be in favour of the painter, neither of whom could be ignorant of the celebrated drama of Euripides, and would not willingly have suffered the honour of this master-stroke of an art they were so much better acquainted with than painting, to be transferred to another from its real author, had the poet's claim been prior: nor shall I urge that the picture of Timanthes was crowned with victory by those who were in daily habits of assisting at the dramas of Euripides, without having their verdict impeached by Colotes or his friends, who would not have failed to avail themselves of so flagrant a proof of inferiority as the want of invention, in the work of his rival:—I shall only ask, what is invention? if it be the combination of the most important moment of a fact with the most varied effects of the reigning passion on the characters introduced—the invention of Timanthes consisted in shewing, by the gradation of that passion in the faces of the assistant mourners, the *reason why that of the principal one, was hid*. This he performed, and this the poet, whether prior or subsequent, did not and could not do, but left it with a silent appeal to our own mind

and fancy. The cast of Agamemnon's features might be guessed at from those of his brother Menelaus, which were shewn, but the degree of sympathy which palpitated in the breast and agitated the features of the uncle, without destroying dignity, fixed the limits of pathos; whilst the pangs that rent the heart and convulsed or absorbed the features of the father, the prey of momentary despair and horror, overleapt those limits, and could only have shocked us by being admitted to our eye. †

In presuming to differ on the propriety of this mode of expression in the picture of Timanthes from the respectable authority I have quoted, I am far from a wish to invalidate the equally pertinent and acute remarks made on the danger of its imitation, though I am decidedly of opinion that it is strictly within the limits of our art. If it be a 'trick' it is certainly one that 'has served more than once.'—We find it adopted to express the grief of a beautiful female figure on a bassorelievo formerly in the palace Valle at Rome, and preserved in the Admiranda of S. Bartoli; it is used, though with his own originality, by Michael Angelo in the figure of Abijam to mark unutterable woe. Raphael, to shew that he thought it the best possible mode of expressing remorse and the deepest sense of repentance,

borrowed

borrowed it in the expulsion from Paradise, without any alteration, from Masaccio; and like him turned Adam out with both his hands before his face. And how has he represented Moses at the burning bush, to express the astonished awe of human in the visible presence of divine nature? by a double repetition of the same expedient; once in the ceiling of a Stanza, and again in the loggia of the Vatican, with both his hands before his face, or rather with his face immersed in his hands. As we cannot suspect in the master of expression the unworthy motive of making use of this mode merely to avoid a difficulty, or to denote the insupportable splendour of the vision, which was so far from being the case, that according to the sacred record, Moses stepped out of his way to examine the ineffectual blaze: we must conclude that nature herself dictated to him this method as superior to all he could express by features; and that he recognized the same dictate in Masaccio, who can no more be supposed to have been acquainted with the precedent of Timanthes, than Shakspeare with that of Euripides, when he made Macduff draw his hat over his face.

Masaccio and Raphael proceeded on the principle, Gherard Laireffe copied only the image of Timanthes, and has perhaps incurred by it the charge of what Longinus

ginus calls *parenthyrſos*, in the ill-timed application of ſupreme pathos, to an inadequate call. Agamemnon is introduced covering his face with his mantle, at the death of Polyxena, the captive daughter of Priam, ſacrificed to the manes of Achilles, her betrothed lover, treacherouſly ſlain in the miſt of the nuptial ceremony, by her brother Paris. The death of Polyxena, whoſe charms had been productive of the greateſt diſaſter that could befall the Grecian army, could not perhaps provoke in its leader emotions ſimilar to thoſe which he felt at that of his own daughter: it muſt however be owned that the figure of the chief is equally dignified and pathetic; and that, by the introduction of the ſpectre of Achilles at the immolation of the damſel to his manes, the artiſt's fancy has in ſome degree atoned for the want of diſcrimination in the profeſſor.

Such were the artiſts, who according to the moſt correſponding data formed the ſtyle of that ſecond period, which fixed the end and eſtabliſhed the limits of art, on whoſe firm baſis aroſe the luxuriant fabric of the third or the period of refinement, which added grace and poliſh to the forms it could not ſurpaſs; amenity or truth to the tones, it could not invigourate; magic and imperceptible tranſition to the abrupt diviſion of maſſes; gave depth and roundneſs to compoſition, at the breaſt
of

of nature herself caught the passions as they rose, and familiarized expression: The period of Apelles, Protagoras, Aristides, Euphranor, Pausias, the pupils of Pamphilus and his master Eupompus, whose authority obtained what had not been granted to his great predecessor and countryman Polycletus, the new establishment of the school of Sicyon (*q*).

The leading principle of Eupompus may be traced in the advice which he gave to Lyfippus, (as preserved by Pliny) whom, when consulted on a standard of imitation, he directed to the contemplation of human variety in the multitude of the characters that were passing by, with the axiom, ‘that nature herself was to be imitated, not an artist.’ Excellence, said Eupompus, is thy aim, such excellence as that of Phidias and Polycletus; but it is not obtained by the servile imitation of works, however perfect, without mounting to the principle which raised them to that height; that principle apply to thy purpose, there fix thy aim. He who with the same freedom of access to nature as another man, contents himself to approach her only through his medium, has resigned his birth-right and originality together; his master’s manner will be his style. If Phidias and Polycletus

cletus have discovered the substance and established the permanent principle of the human frame, they have not exhausted the variety of human appearances and human character ; if they have abstracted the forms of majesty and those of beauty, nature compared with their works will point out a grace that has been left for thee ; if they have pre-occupied man as he *is*, be thine to give him that air with which he actually *appears* (*r*).

Such was the advice of Eupompus: less lofty less ambitious than what the departed epoch of genius would have dictated, but better suited to the times, and better to his pupil's mind. When the spirit of liberty forsook the public, grandeur had left the private mind of Greece: subdued by Philip, the gods of Athens and Olympia had migrated to Pella, and Alexander was become the representative of Jupiter ; still those who had lost the substance fondled the shadow of liberty ; rhetoric mimicked the thunders of oratory, sophistry and metaphysic debate that philosophy, which had guided life, and the grand taste that had dictated to art the monumental.

(*r*) Lyssippum Sicyonium—audendi rationem cepisse pictoris Eupompi responso. Eum enim interrogatum, quem sequeretur antecedentium, dixisse demonstrata hominum multitudine, naturam ipsam imitandam esse, non artificem. Non habet Latinum nomen symmetria, quam diligentissime custodivit, nova intactaque ratione quadratas veterum staturas permutando: Vulgoque dicebat, ab illis factos, quales essent, homines: a se, quales viderentur esse. Plin. xxxiv. 8.

mental style, invested gods with human form and raised individuals to heroes, began to give way to refinements in appreciating the degrees of elegance or of resemblance in imitation: the advice of Eupompus however, far from implying the abolition of the old system, recalled his pupil to the examen of the great principle on which it had established its excellence, and to the resources which its inexhaustible variety offered for new combinations.

That Lysippus considered it in that light, his devotion to the Doryphorus of Polycletus, known even to Tully, sufficiently proved. That figure which comprised the pure proportions of juvenile vigour, furnished the readiest application for those additional refinements of variety, character, and fleshy charms, that made the base of his invention: its symmetry directing his researches amid the insidious play of accidental charms, and the claims of inherent grace, never suffered imitation to deviate into incorrectness; whilst its squareness and elemental beauty melted in more familiar forms on the eye, and from an object of cold admiration became the glowing one of sympathy. Such was the method formed by Lysippus on the advice of Eupompus, more perplexed than explained by the superficial extract and the rapid phrase of Pliny.

From

From the statuary's we may form our idea of the painter's method. The doctrine of Eupompus was adopted by Pamphilus the Amphipolitan, the most scientific artist of his time, and by him communicated to Apelles of Cos, or as Lucian will have it, of Ephesus *, his pupil; in whom, if we believe tradition, nature exhibited, *once*, a specimen what her union with education and circumstances could produce. The name of Apelles in Pliny is the synonyme of unrivalled and unattainable excellence, but the enumeration of his works points out the modification which we ought to apply to that superiority; it neither comprises exclusive sublimity of invention, the most acute discrimination of character, the widest sphere of comprehension, the most judicious and best balanced composition, nor the deepest pathos of expression: his great prerogative consisted more in the unison than in the extent of his powers; he knew better what he could do, what ought to be done, at what point he could arrive, and what lay beyond his reach than any other artist. Grace of conception and refinement of taste were his elements, and went hand in hand with grace of execution and taste in finish, powerful

* Μαλλον δὲ Ἀπελλῆς ὁ ἐφεσιος παλαι ταυτὴν προὔλαβε τὴν εἰκόνα· Καὶ γὰρ αὐ καὶ οὗτος διαβληθεὶς πρὸς Πτολεμαῖον—

Λουκιανὸς περὶ τοῦ μ. ῥ. Π. Τ. Δ.

erful and seldom possessed singly, irresistible when united : that he built both on the firm basis of the former system, not on its subversion, his well known contest of lines with Protogenes; not a legendary tale, but a well attested fact, irrefragably proves: what those lines were, drawn with nearly miraculous subtlety in different colours, one upon the other or rather within each other, it would be equally unavailing and useless, to inquire: but the corollaries we may deduce from the contest, are obviously these: that the schools of Greece recognized all one elemental principle; that acuteness and fidelity of eye and obedience of hand form precision, precision proportion, proportion, beauty; that it is the ‘little more ‘or less,’ imperceptible to vulgar eyes, which constitutes grace and establishes the superiority of one artist over another; that the knowledge of the degrees of things, or taste, presupposes a perfect knowledge of the things themselves; that colour, grace, and taste are ornaments not substitutes of form, expression and character, and when they usurp that title, degenerate into splendid faults.

Such were the principles on which Apelles formed his Venus, or rather the personification of the birth-day of Love, the wonder of art, the despair of artists; whose outline baffled every attempt at emendation, whilst
imitation

imitation shrunk from the purity, the force, the brilliancy, the evanescent gradations of her tints (*s*).

The refinements of the art were by Aristides of Thebes applied to the mind. The passions which history had organized for Timanthes, Aristides caught as they rose from the breast or escaped from the lips of nature herself; his volume was man, his scene society: he drew the subtle discriminations of mind in every stage of life, the whispers, the simple cry of passion and its most complex accents. Such, as history informs us, was the suppliant whose voice you seemed to hear, such his sick man's half extinguished eye and labouring breast, such the sister dying for her brother, and above all the half-slain mother shuddering lest the eager babe should suck the blood from her palsied nipple. This picture was probably at Thebes, when Alexander sacked that town; what his feelings were when he saw it, we may guess from his sending it to Pella. Its expression, poised between the anguish of maternal affection and the pangs of death, gives to commiseration an image, which neither the infant piteously caressing his slain mother in the group of Epigonus (*t*), nor the absorbed feature of the Niobe,

(*s*) Apelles was probably the inventor of what artists call *glazing*. See Reynolds on Du Fresnoy, note 37, vol. iii.

(*t*) In-matri interfectæ infante miserabiliter blandiente. Plin. l. xxxiv. c. 9.

Niobe, nor the struggle of the Laocoon, excite. Timanthes had marked the limits that discriminate terror from the excess of horror; Aristides drew the line that separates it from disgust. His subject is one of those that touch the ambiguous line of a squeamish sense.—Taste and smell, as sources of tragic emotion, and in consequence of their power, commanding gesture, seem scarcely admissible in art or on the theatre, because their extremes are nearer allied to disgust, and loathsome or risible ideas, than to terror. The prophetic trance of Cassandra, who scents the prepared murder of Agamemnon at the threshold of the ominous hall; the desperate moan of Macbeth's queen on seeing the visionary spot still uneffaced infect her hand—are images snatched from the lap of terror—but soon would cease to be so, were the artist or the actress to enforce the dreadful hint with indiscreet expression or gesture. This, completely understood by Aristides, was as completely missed by his imitators, Raphael (v) in the *Morbetto*, and Poussin in his plague of the Philistines. In the group of Aristides our sympathy is immediately interested by the mother, still alive though mortally wounded, helpless, beautiful, and forgetting herself in the anguish for her child, whose situation still suffers hope to mingle with our fears; he is only approaching the nipple of the mother.

In

(v) A design of Raphael, representing the lues of the Trojans in Creta, known by the print of Marc Antonio Raymondi.

In the group of Raphael, the mother dead of the plague, herself an object of apathy, becomes one of disgust, by the action of the man, who bending over her, at his utmost reach of arm, with one hand removes the child from the breast, whilst the other, applied to his nostrils, bars the effluvia of death. Our feelings alienated from the mother, come too late even for the child, who by his languor already betrays the mortal symptoms of the poison he imbibed at the parent corpse. It is curious to observe the permutation of ideas which takes place, as imitation is removed from the sources of nature: Poussin, not content with adopting the group of Raphael, once more repeats the loathsome attitude in the same scene; he forgot, in his eagerness to render the idea of contagion still more intuitive, that he was averting our feelings with ideas of disgust.

The refinements of expression were carried still farther by the disciple of Aristides, Euphranor the Isthmian, who excelled equally as painter and statuary, if we may form our judgment from the Theseus he opposed to that of Parrhasius and the bronze figure of Alexander Paris, in whom, says Pliny (w), the umpire of the goddesses, the lover of Helen, and yet the murderer of Achilles might

(w) Reynold's Disc. V. vol. i. p. 120. Euphranoris Alexander Paris est: in quo laudatur quod omnia simul intelligantur, judex dearum, amator Helenæ, et tamen Achillis interfector. Plin. l. xxxiv. 8.

might be traced. This account, which is evidently a quotation of Pliny's and not the assumed verdict of a connoisseur, has been translated with an emphasis it does not admit of, to prove that an attempt to express different qualities or passions at once in the same object, must naturally tend to obliterate the effect of each.

Pliny, says our critic, observes, that in a statue of Paris by Euphranor you might discover at the same time, three different characters: the dignity of a judge of the goddesses, the lover of Helen and the conqueror of Achilles. A statue in which you endeavour to unite stately dignity, youthful elegance and stern valour, must surely possess none of these to any eminent degree.' The paraphrase, it is first to be observed, lends itself the mixtures to Pliny it disapproves of, we look in vain for the coalition of 'stately dignity, stern valour, and youthful elegance' in the Paris, *he* describes: the murderer of Achilles was not his conqueror. But may not dignity, elegance, and valour, or any other legitimate qualities, be visible at once in a figure without destroying the primary feature of its character, or impairing its expression? Let us appeal to the Apollo. Is he not a figure of character and expression, and does he not possess all three in a supreme degree? will it imply mediocrity of conception or confusion of character, if we were to say that his countenance, attitude, and form combines divine majesty, enchanting grace,

grace, and lofty indignation? yet not all three, one ideal whole irradiated the mind of the artist who conceived the divine semblance. He gave, no doubt, the preference of expression to the action in which the god is engaged, or rather, from the accomplishment of which he recedes with lofty and contemptuous ease.—This was the first impression he meant to make upon us; but what contemplation stops here? what hinders us when we consider the beauty of these features, the harmony of these forms, to find in them the abstract of all his other qualities, to roam over the whole history of his achievements? we see him enter the celestial synod and all the gods rise at his august appearance (*y*); we see him sweep the plain after Daphne; precede Hector with the ægis and disperse the Greeks; strike Patroclus with his palm and decide his destiny.—And is the figure frigid because its great idea is inexhaustible? might we not say the same of the infant Hercules of Zeuxis or of Reynolds? did not the idea of the man inspire the hand that framed the mighty child? his magnitude, his crushing grasp, his energy of will, are only the germ, the prelude of the power that rid the earth of monsters, and which our mind pursues. Such was no doubt the Paris of Euphronor: he made his character so pregnant, that those who knew his history might trace in it the origin of all his future feats, though first impressed by the expression allotted

(*y*) See the Hymn (ascribed to Homer) on Apollo.

lotted to the predominant quality and moment. The acute inspector, the elegant umpire of female form receiving the contested pledge with a dignified pause, or with enamoured eagerness presenting it to the arbiters of his destiny, was probably the predominant idea of the figure: whilst the deserter of Oenone, the seducer of Helen, the subtle archer, that future murderer of Achilles, lurked under the insidious eyebrow, and in the penetrating glance of beauty's chosen minion. Such appeared to me the character and expression of the fitting Paris in the voluptuous Phrygian dress, formerly in the cortile of the palace Altheims, at Rome. A figure nearly colossal, which many of you may remember, and a faint idea of whom may be gathered from the print among those in the collection published of the Museum Clementinum. A work, in my opinion, of the highest style and worthy of Euphranor, though I shall not venture to call it a repetition in marble of his bronze.

From these observations on the collateral and unsolicited beauties which must branch out from the primary expression of every great idea, it will not, I hope, be suspected, that I mean to invalidate the necessity of its unity, or to be the advocate of pedantic subdivision. All such division diminishes, all such mixtures impair the simplicity and clearness of expression: in the group of the Laocoon the frigid ecstasies of German criticism have

discovered pity like a vapour swimming on the father's eyes; he is seen to suppress in the groan for his children the shriek for himself—his nostrils are drawn upward to express indignation at unworthy sufferings, whilst he is said at the same time to implore celestial help. To these are added the winged effects of the serpent-poison, the writhings of the body, the spasms of the extremities: to the miraculous organization of such expression, Agesander, the sculptor of the Laocoon, was too wise to lay claim. His figure is a class, it characterizes every beauty of virility verging on age; the prince, the priest, the father are visible, but absorbed in the man serve only to dignify the victim of *one* great expression; though poised by the artist, for us to apply the compass to the face of the Laocoon, is to measure the wave fluctuating in the storm: this tempestuous front, this contracted nose, the immersion of these eyes, and above all that longdrawn mouth, are, separate and united, seats of convulsion, features of nature struggling within the jaws of death.



S E C O N D L E C T U R E .

ART OF THE MODERNS.

ΟΙΤΙΝΕΣ ΗΓΕΜΟΝΕΣ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΙΡΑΝΟΙ ΗΣΑΝ.

ΠΛΗΘΥΝ. Δ' ΟΥΚ ἌΝ ΕΓΩ ΜΤΘΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΟΥΔ' ΟΝΟΜΗΝΩ
ΟΥΔ' ΕΙ ΜΟΙ ΔΕΚΑ ΜΕΝ ΓΛΩΣΣΑΙ, ΔΕΚΑ ΔΕ ΣΤΟΜΑΤ' ΕΙΕΝ,
ΦΩΝΗ Δ' ΑΡΡΗΚΤΟΣ.

Homer. Iliad. B. 487.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—different direction of the art. Preparative style—Masaccio—
Lionardo da Vinci. Style of establishment—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titiano
Correggio. Style of refinement, and depravation. Schools—of Tuscany, Rome,
Venice, Lombardy. The Ecclectic school. Machinists. The German school—
Albert Durer. The Flemish school—Rubens. The Dutch school—Rembrant.
Observations on art in Switzerland. The French School. The Spanish school.
England—Conclusion.

S E C O N D L E C T U R E.

I N the preceding discourse I have endeavoured to impress you with the general features of ancient art in its different periods of preparation, establishment, and refinement. We are now arrived at the epoch of its restoration in the fifteenth century of our æra, when religion and wealth rousing emulation, reproduced its powers, but gave to their exertion a very different direction. The reigning church found itself indeed under the necessity of giving more splendour to the temples and mansions destined to receive its votaries, of subduing their senses with the charm of appropriate images and the exhibition of events and actions, which might stimulate their zeal and inflame their hearts: but the sacred mysteries of divine being, the method adopted by revelation, the duties its doctrine imposed, the virtues it demanded from its followers, faith, resignation, humility, sufferings, substituted a medium of art as much inferiour to the resources of Paganism in a physical sense

sense as incomparably superiour in a spiritual one. Those public customs, that perhaps as much tended to spread the infections of vice as they facilitated the means of art, were no more; the heroism of the christian and his beauty were internal, and powerful or exquisite forms allied him no longer exclusively to his god. The chief repertory of the artist, the sacred records, furnished indeed a sublime cosmogony, scenes of patriarchal simplicity and a poetic race, which left nothing to regret in the loss of heathen mythology; but the stem of the nation whose history is its exclusive theme, if it abounded in characters and powers fit for the exhibition of passions, did not teem with forms sufficiently exalted, to inform the artist and elevate the art. Ingredients of a baser cast mingled their alloy with the materials of grandeur and of beauty. Monastic legends and the rubric of martyrology claimed more than a legitimate share from the labours of the pencil and the chisel; made nudity the exclusive property of emaciated hermits or decrepit age; and if the breast of manhood was allowed to bare its vigour, or beauty to expand her bosom, the antidotes of terroure and of horroure were ready at their side to stem the apprehended infection of their charms. When we add to this the heterogeneous stock on which the reviving system of arts was grafted, a race indeed inhabiting a genial climate, but
itself

itself the fœces of barbarity, the remnants of gothic adventurers, humanized only by the cross, mouldering amid the ruins of the temples they had demolished, the battered fragments of the images their rage had crushed—when we add this, I say, we shall less wonder at the languor of modern art in its rise and progress, than be astonished at the vigour by which it adapted and raised materials partly so unfit and defective, partly so contaminated, to the magnificent system which we are to contemplate.

Sculpture had already produced respectable specimens of its reviving powers in the bassorelievos of Lorenzo Ghiberti, some works of Donato, and the Christ of Filippo Brunelleschi (*a*), when the first symptoms of imitation appeared in the fresco's of Tommaso da St. Giovanni, commonly called Masaccio, from the total neglect of his appearance and person (*b*): Masaccio first conceived that parts are to constitute a whole; that composition

(*a*) See the account of this in Vafari; vita di P. Bruneschi, tom. ii. 114. It is of wood, and still exists in the chapel of the family Gondi, in the church of S. Maria Novella. I know that near a century before Donato, Giotto is said to have worked in marble two bassorelievos on the campanile of the cathedral of Florence; they probably excel the style of his pictures, as much as the bronze works executed by Andrea Pisani, from his designs, at the door of the Battisterio.

(*b*) Masaccio da S. Giovanni di Valdarno was born in 1402, died in 1443. He was the pupil of Masolino da Panicale.

position ought to have a centre; expression, truth; and execution, unity: his line deserves attention, though his subjects led him not to investigation of form, and the shortness of his life forbade his extending those elements which Raphael, nearly a century afterward, carried to perfection—it is sufficiently glorious for him to have been more than once copied by that great master of expression, and in some degree to have been the herald of his style: Masaccio lives more in the figure of Paul preaching on the areopagus, of the celebrated cartoon in our possession, and in the borrowed figure of Adam expelled from paradise in the loggia of the Vatican, than in his own mutilated or retouched remains.

The essays of Masaccio in imitation and expression, Andrea Mantegna (c) attempted to unite with form; led by the contemplation of the antique, fragments of which he ambitiously scattered over his works: though a Lombard, and born prior to the discovery of the best ancient statues, he seems to have been acquainted with a variety of characters, from forms that remind us of the Apollo, Mercury or Meleager, down to the fauns and satyrs: but his taste was too crude, his fancy too grotesque, and his comprehension too weak to advert from the parts that remained to the whole that inspired them:

(c) Andrea Mantegna died at Mantoua, 1517, aged 66.

them : hence in his figures of dignity or beauty we see not only the meagre forms of common models, but even their defects tacked to ideal Torso's ; and his fauns and satyrs, instead of native luxuriance of growth and the sportive appendages of mixed being, are decorated with heraldic excrescences and arabesque absurdity. His triumphs are known to you all ; they are a copious inventory of classic lumber, swept together with more industry than taste, but full of valuable materials. Of expression he was not ignorant : his burial of Christ furnished Raphael with the composition, and some of the features and attitudes in his picture on the same subject in the palace of the Borgheze's—the figure of St. John, however, left out by Raphael, proves that Mantegna sometimes mistook grimace for the highest degree of grief. His oil-pictures exhibit little more than the elaborate anguish of missal-painting ; his frescoes destroyed at the construction of the Clementine museum, had freshness, freedom and imitation.

To Luca Signorelli, of Cortona (*d*), nature more than atoned for the want of those advantages which the study of the antique had offered to Andrea Mantegna. He seems to have been the first who contemplated with a discriminating eye his object, saw what was accident and what

(*d*) Luca Signorelli died at Cortona 1521, aged 82.

what essential; balanced light and shade, and decided the motion of his figures. He foreshortened with equal boldness and intelligence, and thence it is, probably, that Vasari fancies to have discovered in the last judgment of Michael Angelo traces of imitation from the Lunetta, painted by Luca, in the church of the Madonna, at Orvieto; but the powers which animated him there, and before at Arezzo, are no longer visible in the gothic medley with which he filled two compartments in the chapel of Sixtus IV. at Rome.

Such was the dawn of modern art, when Lionardo da Vinci (*e*) broke forth with a splendour which distanced former excellence: made up of all the elements that constitute the essence of genius, favoured by education and circumstances, all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chemist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric (*f*), he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted

(*e*) Lionardo da Vinci is said to have died in 1517, aged 75, at Paris.

(*f*) The flying birds of paste, the lions filled with lilies, the lizards with dragons wings, horned and silvered over, favour equally of the boy and the quack. It is singular enough that there exists not the smallest hint of Lorenzo de Medici having employed or noticed a man of such powers and such early celebrity; the legend which makes him go to Rome with Juliano de Medici at the access of Leo X, to accept employment in the Vatican, whether sufficiently authentic or not, furnishes a characteristic trait of the man. The Pope passing through the room allotted for the pictures, and instead of designs and cartoons, finding nothing
but

chanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each. Fitter to scatter hints than to teach by example, he wasted life, insatiate in experiment. To a capacity which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy that at one moment lent him wings for the pursuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity: we owe him chiaroscuro with all its magic, we owe him caricature with all its incongruities. His notions of the most elaborate finish and his want of perseverance were at least equal:—want of perseverance alone could make him abandon his cartoon destined for the great council-chamber at Florence, of which the celebrated contest of horsemen was but one group; for to him who could organize that composition, Michael Angelo himself ought rather to have been an object of emulation than of fear: and that he was able to organize it, we may be certain from the remaining sketch in the ‘Etruria Pittrice’ lately published, but still more from the admirable print of it by Edelinck, after
a drawing

but an apparatus of distillery, of oils and varnishes, exclaimed, *Oimè, costui non è per far nulla, da che comincia a pensare alla fine innanzi il principio dell' opera!* From an admirable sonnet of Lionardo, preserved by Lomazzo, he appears to have been sensible of the inconstancy of his own temper, and full of wishes, at least, to correct it.

Much has been said of the honour he received by expiring in the arms of Francis I. It was indeed an honour, by which destiny in some degree atoned to that monarch for his future disaster at Pavia.

a drawing of Rubens, who was Lionardo's great admirer, and has said much to impress us with the beauties of his last supper in the refectory of the Dominicans at Milano, which he abandoned likewise without finishing the head of Christ, exhausted by a wild chase after models for the heads and hands of the apostles : had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii must have followed of course.

Bartolomeo della Porta, or di S. Marco, the last master of this period (*g*), first gave gradation to colour, form and masses to drapery, and a grave dignity, till then unknown, to execution. If he was not endowed with the versatility and comprehension of Lionardo, his principles were less mixed with base matter and less apt to mislead him. As a member of a religious order, he confined himself to subjects and characters of piety, but the few nudities which he allowed himself to exhibit, shew sufficient intelligence and still more style : he foreshortened with truth and boldness, and whenever the figure did admit of it, made his drapery the vehicle of the limb it invests. He was the true master of Raphael, whom his tuition weaned from the meanness of
Pietro

(*g*) Frà. Bartolomeo died at Florence 1517, at the age of 48.

Pietro Perugino, and prepared for the mighty style of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner are the elements of Michael Angelo's style (*h*). By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter, as sculptor, as architect, he attempted, and above any other man succeeded to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand: character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the 'terribil via' hinted at by Agostino Carracci, though perhaps as little understood by the Bolognese as by the blindest of his Tuscan adorers, with Vasari at their head. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo.

(*h*) Michael Angelo Buonarroti born at Castel-Caprese in 1474, died at Rome 1564, aged 90.

Angelo. He is the inventor of epic painting, in that sublime circle of the Sistine chapel, which exhibits the origin, the progress, and the final dispensations of theocracy. He has personified motion in the groups of the cartoon of Pisa; embodied sentiment on the monuments of St. Lorenzo, unravelled the features of meditation in the prophets and sibyls of the chapel of Sixtus; and in the last judgment, with every attitude that varies the human body, traced the master-trait of every passion that sways the human heart. Though as sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all who went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual; Julio the second only excepted, and in him he represented the reigning passion rather than the man (*i*). In painting he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament (*k*). The fabric of
St.

(*i*) Like Silanion—‘Apollodorum fecit, fictorem et ipsum, sed inter cunctos diligentissimum artis & inimicum sui judicem, crebro perfecta signa frangentem, dum satiare cupiditatem nequit artis, et ideo infanum cognominatum. Hoc in eo expressit, nec hominem ex ære fecit sed Iracundiam.’ Plin. l. xxxiv. 7.

(*k*) When M. Angelo pronounced oil-painting to be *Arte da donna e da huomini agiati e infingardi*, a maxim to which the fierce Venetian manner has given an air of paradox, he spoke relatively to fresco: it was a lash on the short-sighted insolence of Sebastian del Piombo, who wanted to persuade Paul III. to have the last judgment painted in oil. That he had a sense for the beauties of oil colour, its glow, its juice, its richness, its pulp, the praises which he lavished on Titiano, whom
he

St. Peter, scattered into infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his successors, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and to the most complex gave the air of the most simple of edifices. Such, take him all in all, was M. Angelo, the salt of art: sometimes he no doubt had his moments of dereliction, deviated into manner, or perplexed the grandeur of his forms with futile and ostentatious anatomy: both met with armies of copyists, and it has been his fate to have been censured for their folly.

The inspiration of Michael Angelo was followed by the milder genius of Raphael Sanzio (*l*), the father of dramatic painting, the painter of humanity; less elevated, less vigorous, but more insinuating, more pressing on our hearts, the warm master of our sympathies. What effect of human connexion, what feature of the mind, from the gentlest emotion to the most fervid burst
of

he called the only painter, and his patronage of Frà. Sebastian himself, evidently prove. When young, M. Angelo attempted oil-painting with success; the picture painted for Angelo Doni is an instance, and probably the only intire work of the kind that remains. The Lazarus, in the picture destined for the cathedral at Narbonne, rejects the claim of every other hand. The Leda, the cartoon of which, formerly in the palace of the Vecchietti at Florence, is now in the possession of W. Lock, Esq. the first judge of this age in whatever relates to the grand taste; the Leda was painted in distemper; (a tempera); all small or large oil pictures shewn as his, are copies from his designs or cartoons, by Marcello Venusti, Giacopo da Pontormo, Battista Franeo, and Sebastian of Venice.

(*l*) Raphael Sanzio, of Urbino; died at Rome 1520; at the age of 37.

of passion, has been left unobserved, has not received a characteristic stamp from that examiner of man? M. Angelo came to nature, nature came to Raphael—he transmitted her features like a lucid glass unstained, unmodified. We stand with awe before M. Angelo, and tremble at the height to which he elevates us—we embrace Raphael, and follow him wherever he leads us. Energy, with propriety of character and modest grace poise his line and determine his correctness. Perfect human beauty he has not represented; no face of Raphael's is perfectly beautiful; no figure of his, in the abstract, possesses the proportions that could raise it to a standard of imitation: form to him was only a vehicle of character or pathos, and to those he adapted it in a mode and with a truth which leaves all attempts at emendation hopeless. His invention connects the utmost stretch of possibility, with the most plausible degree of probability, in a manner that equally surprizes our fancy, persuades our judgment and affects our heart. His composition always hastens to the most necessary point as its centre, and from that disseminates, to that leads back as rays, all secondary ones. Group, form, and contrast are subordinate to the event, and common-place ever excluded. His expression, in strict unison with and decided by character, whether calm, animated, agitated, convulsed, or absorbed by the inspiring passion, unmixed and pure,

never contradicts its cause, equally remote from tame-ness and grimace: the moment of his choice never suffers the action to stagnate or to expire; it is the moment of transition, the crisis big with the past and pregnant with the future.—If, separately taken, the line of Raphael has been excelled in correctness, elegance, and energy; his colour far surpassed in tone and truth, and harmony; his masses in roundness, and his chiaroscuro in effect—considered as instruments of pathos, they have never been equalled; and in composition, invention, expression, and the power of telling a story, he has never been approached.

Whilst the superiour principles of the art were receiving the homage of Tuscany and Rome, the inferior but more alluring charm of colour began to spread its fascination at Venice, from the pallet of Giorgione da Castel Franco (*m*), and irresistibly entranced every eye that approached the magic of Titiano Vecelli of Cador (*n*). To no colourist before or after him, did nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to Titiano. His organ, universal and equally fit
for

(*m*) Giorgione, from his size and beauty called Giorgione, was born at Castel Franco in the territory of Venice, 1478, and died at Venice, 1511.

(*n*) Titiano Vecelli, or as the Venetians call him, Tizian, born at Cador in the Friulense, died at Venice, 1576, aged 99.

for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest to her most compound appearances with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substances before him, and on these established his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint which no imitation has attained; and first expressed the negative nature of shade: his are the charms of glazing, and the mystery of reflexes, by which he detached, rounded, connected, or enriched his objects. His harmony is less indebted to the force of light and shade, or the artifices of contrast, than to a due balance of colour, equally remote from monotony and spots. His backgrounds seem to be dictated by nature. Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him: he is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination.

Another charm was yet wanting to complete the round of art—harmony: it appeared with Antonio Lati (o) called.

(o) The birth and life of Antonio Allegri, or as he called himself Lati, surnamed Correggio, is more involved in obscurity than the life of Apelles. Whether he was born in 1490 or 94 is not ascertained; the time of his death in 1534 is more certain. The best account of him has undoubtedly been given by A. R. Mengs in his *Memorie concernenti la vita e le opere di Antonio Allegri denominato il Correggio*. Vol. ii. of his works, published by the Spaniard D. G. Niccola d'Azara.

called Correggio, whose works it attended like an enchanted spirit. The harmony and the grace of Correggio are proverbial: the medium which by breadth of gradation unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness by imperceptible transition, are the element of his style.—This inspires his figures with grace, to this their grace is subordinate: the most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones, in compliance with this imperious principle: parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. This unison of a whole, predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolâs to the smallest of his oil-pictures.—The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues, was entirely independent of colour: his great organ was chiaroscuro in its most extensive sense; compared with the expanse in which he floats, the effects of Lionardo da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness. The bland central light of a globe, imperceptibly gliding through lucid demitints into rich reflected shades, composes the spell of Correggio, and affects us with the soft emotions of a delicious dream.

Such was the ingenuity that prepared, and such the genius that raised to its height the fabric of modern art. Before we proceed to the next epoch, let us make an observation:

Form not your judgment of an artist from the exceptions which his conduct may furnish, from the exertions of accidental vigour, some deviations into other walks, or some unpremeditated flights of fancy, but from the predominant rule of his system, the general principle of his works. The line and style of Titian's design, sometimes expand themselves like those of Michael Angelo. His Abraham prevented from sacrificing Isaac; his David adoring over the giant-trunk of Goliath; the Friar escaping from the murderer of his companion in the forest, equal in loftiness of conception and style of design, their mighty tone of colour and daring execution: the heads and groups of Raphael's fresco's and portraits sometimes glow and palpitate with the tints of Titian, or coalesce in masses of harmony, and undulate with graces superiour to those of Correggio; who in his turn once reached the highest summit of invention, when he embodied silence and personified the mysteries of love in the voluptuous group of Jupiter and Io; and again exceeded all competition of expression in the divine features of his Ecce-Homo. But these sudden irradiations,

these flashes of power are only exceptions from their wonted principles; pathos and character own Raphael for their master, colour remains the domain of Titian, and harmony the sovereign mistress of Correggio.

The resemblance which marked the two first periods of ancient and modern art, vanishes altogether as we extend our view to the consideration of the third, or that of refinement, and the origin of schools. The pre-eminence of ancient art, as we have observed, was less the result of superiour powers, than of simplicity of aim and uniformity of pursuit. The Helladic and the Ionian schools appear to have concurred in directing their instruction to the grand principles of form and expression: this was the flamen which they drew out into one immense connected web. The talents that succeeded genius, applied and directed their industry and polish to decorate the established system, the refinements of taste, grace, sentiment, colour, adorned beauty, grandeur and expression. The Tuscan, the Roman, the Venetian, and the Lombard schools, whether from incapacity, want of education, of adequate or dignified encouragement, meanness of conception, or all these together, separated, and in a short time substituted the medium for the end. Michael Angelo lived to see the electric shock which his design and style had given to art, propagated.

pagated by the Tuscan and Venetian schools, as the ostentatious vehicle of puny conceits and emblematic quibbles, or the palliative of empty pomp and degraded luxuriance of colour. He had been copied but was not imitated by Andrea Vannucchi, surnamed del Sarto, who in his series of pictures on the life of John the Baptist, in preference adopted the meagre style of Albert Durer. The artist who appears to have penetrated deepest to his mind, was Pelegrino Tibaldi, of Bologna (*p*) ; celebrated as the painter of the fresco's in the academic institute of that city, and as the architect of the Escorial under Philip II. The compositions, groups, and single figures of the institute exhibit a singular mixture of extraordinary vigour and puerile imbecility of conception, of character and caricature, of style and manner. Polypheme groping at the mouth of his cave for Ulysses, and Æolus granting him favourable winds, are striking instances of both : than the cyclops, Michael Angelo himself never conceived a form of savage energy, with attitude and limbs more in unison ; whilst the god of winds is degraded to a scanty and ludicrous semblance of Thermites, and Ulysses with his companions travestied by the semibarbarous look and costume of the age of Constantine or Attila ; the manner of Michael Angelo

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(*p*) Pelegrino Tibaldi died at Milano in 1592, aged 70.

is the style of Pelegrino Tibaldi; from him Goltzius, Hemskerck, and Spranger borrowed the compendium of the Tuscan's peculiarities. With this mighty talent however, Michael Angelo seems not to have been acquainted, but by that unaccountable weakness incident to the greatest powers, and the severe remembrancer of their vanity, he became the superintendant and assistant tutor of the Venetian Sebastiano (*q*), and of Daniel Ricciarelli, of Volterra (*r*); the first of whom, with an exquisite eye for individual, had no sense for ideal colour, whilst the other rendered great diligence and much anatomical erudition, useless by meagreness of line and sterility of ideas: how far Michael Angelo succeeded in initiating either in his principles, the far-famed pictures of the resuscitation of Lazarus, by the first, once in the cathedral of Narbonne, and since inspected by us all at the Lyceum here*, and the fresco of the descent from the cross, in the church of La Trinità del Monte, at Rome, by the second, sufficiently evince: pictures which combine the most heterogeneous principles. The group of Lazarus in Sebastian del Piombo's, and

(*q*) Sebastiano, afterwards called del Piombo from the office of the papal signet, died at Rome in 1547, aged 62.

(*r*) Daniel Ricciarelli, of Volterra, died in 1566, aged 57.

* Now the first ornament of the exquisite collection of J. J. Angerstein, Esq;

and that of the women, with the figure of Christ, in Daniel Ricciarelli's, not only breathe the sublime conception that inspired, but the master-hand that shaped them: offsprings of Michael Angelo himself, models of expression, style, and breadth, they cast on all the rest an air of inferiority, and only serve to prove the incongruity of partnership between unequal powers; this inferiority however is respectable, when compared with the depravations of Michael Angelo's style by the remainder of the Tuscan school, especially those of Giorgio Vafari (s), the most superficial artist and the most abandoned mannerist of his time, but the most acute observer of men and the most dextrous flatterer of princes. He overwhelmed the palaces of the Medici and of the popes, the convents and churches of Italy, with a deluge of mediocrity, commended by rapidity and shameless 'bravura' of hand: he alone did more work than all the artists of Tuscany together, and to him may be truly applied, what he had the insolence to say of Tintoretto, that he turned the art into a boy's toy.

Whilst Michael Angelo was doomed to lament the perversion of his style, death prevented Raphael from witnessing the gradual decay of his. The exuberant
fertility

(s) Giorgio Vafari, of Arezzo, died in 1584, aged 68.

fertility of Julio Pipi called Romano (*t*), and the less extensive but classic taste of Polydoro da Caravagio deserted indeed the standard of their master, but with a dignity and magnitude of compass which command respect. It is less from his tutored works in the Vatican, than from the colossal conceptions, the pathetic or sublime allegories, and the voluptuous reveries which enchant the palace del T, near Mantoua, that we must form our estimate of Julio's powers; they were of a size to challenge all competition, had he united purity of taste and delicacy of mind with energy and loftiness of thought; as they are, they resemble a mighty stream, sometimes flowing in a full and limpid vein, but oftener turbid with rubbish. He has left models for composition from the most extensive to its most compact species; to a primeval simplicity of conception in his mythologic subjects, which transports us to the golden age of Hesiod, he joined a rage for the grotesque; to uncommon powers of expression a decided attachment to deformity and grimace, and to the warmest and most genial imagery, the most ungenial colour.

With nearly equal, but still more mixed fertility, Francesco Primaticcio (*u*) propagated the style and the
conceptions

(*t*) Julio Pipi, called Romano, died at Mantoua in 1546, aged 54.

(*u*) Francesco Primaticcio, made Abbé de St. Martin de Troyes, by Francis I. died in France 1570, aged 80.

conceptions of his master Julio on the gallic side of the Alps, and with the assistance of Nicolo, commonly called Dell' Abbate after him, filled the palaces of Francis I. with mythologic and allegoric works, in frescoes of an energy and depth of tone till then unknown. Theirs is the cyclus of pictures from the *Odyssæa* of Homer at Fontainebleau, a mine of classic and picturesque materials: they are decayed, and we may estimate their loss, even through the disguise of the mannered and feeble etchings of Theodore Van Tulden.

The compact style of Polydoro (x), formed on the antique, such as it is exhibited in the best series of the Roman military bass-relievos, is more monumental, than imitative or characteristic. But the virility of his taste, the impassioned motion of his groups, the simplicity, breadth, and never excelled elegance and probability of his drapery, with the forcible chiaroscuro of his compositions, make us regret the narrowness of the walk, to which he confined his powers.

No painter ever painted his own mind so forcibly as Michael Angelo Amerigi, surnamed Il Caravaggi (y). To none
nature

(x) Polydoro da Caravaggio was assassinated at Messina in 1543, aged 51.

(y) Michael Angelo Amerigi, surnamed Il Caravaggi, knight of Malta, died 1609, aged 40.

nature ever fet limits with a more decided hand. Darkness gave him light; into his melancholy cell light stole only with a pale reluctant ray, or broke on it, as flashes on a stormy night. The most vulgar forms he recommended by ideal light and shade, and a tremendous breadth of manner.

The aim and manner of the Roman school deserve little further notice here, till the appearance of Nicolas Poussin (z) a Frenchman, but grafted on the Roman stock. Bred under Simon Varin a French painter of mediocrity, he found on his arrival in Italy that he had more to unlearn than to follow of his master's principles, renounced the national character, and not only with the utmost ardour adopted, but suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the antique. Such was his attachment to the ancients, that it may be said he less imitated their spirit than copied their relics and painted sculpture; the costume, the mythology, the rites of antiquity were his element; his scenery, his landscape are pure classic ground. He has left specimens to shew that he was sometimes sublime, and often in the highest degree pathetic, but history

(z) Nicolas Poussin, of Andilly, died at Rome 1665, aged 71.

history in the strictest sense, was his property, and in that he ought to be followed. His agents only appear, to tell the fact, they are subordinate to the story. Sometimes he attempted to tell a story that cannot be told: of his historic dignity the celebrated series of Sacraments; of his sublimity, the vision he gave to Coriolanus; of his pathetic power, the infant Pyrrhus; and of the vain attempt to tell by figures what words alone can tell, the testament of Eudamidas, are striking instances. His eye, though impressed with the tint, and breadth, and imitation of Titiano, seldom inspired him to charm with colour, crudity and patches frequently deform his effects. He is unequal in his style of design; sometimes his comprehension fails him, he supplies like Pietro Testa, ideal heads and torso's with limbs and extremities transcribed from the model. Whether from choice or want of power he has seldom executed his conceptions on a larger scale than that which bears his name, and which has perhaps as much contributed to make him the darling of this country, as his merit.

The wildness of Salvator Rosa (*a*) opposes a powerful contrast to the classic regularity of Poussin. Terrific and grand in his conceptions of inanimate nature, he was
reduced

(*a*) Salvator Rosa, surnamed Salvatoriello, died at Rome 1673, aged 59.

reduced to attempts of hiding by boldness of hand, his inability of exhibiting her impassioned, or in the dignity of character : his line is vulgar : his magic visions less founded on the principles of terroure than on mythologic trash and caprice, are to the probable combinations of nature, what the paroxysms of a fever are to the flights of vigorous fancy. Though so much extolled and so ambitiously imitated, his banditti are a medley made up of starveling models, shreds and bits of armour from his lumber room, brushed into notice by a daring pencil. Salvator was a satyrist and a critic, but the rod which he had the insolence to lift against the nudities of Michael Angelo, and the anachronism of Raphael, would have been better employed in chastizing his own misconceptions.

The principle of Titiano, less pure in itself and less decided in its object of imitation, did not suffer so much from its more or less appropriate application by his successors, as the former two. Colour once in a very high degree attained, disdains subordination and engrosses the whole. Mutual similitude attracts. Body tends to body as mind to mind, and he, who has once gained supreme dominion over the eye, will hardly resign it to court the more coy approbation of mind, of a few opposed to nearly all. Add to this the character of the place and the

the nature of the encouragement held out to the Venetian artists. Venice was the centre of commerce, the repository of the riches of the globe, the splendid toyshop of the time: its chief inhabitants princely merchants, or a patrician race elevated to rank by accumulations from trade, or naval prowess; the bulk of the people mechanics or artisans, administering the means, and in their turn fed by the produce of luxury. Of such a system, what could the art be more than the parasite? Religion itself had exchanged its gravity for the allurements of ear and eye, and even sanctity disgusted, unless arrayed by the gorgeous hand of fashion—Such was, such will always be the birth-place and the theatre of colour: and hence it is more matter of wonder that the first and greatest colourists should so long have forbore to overstep the modesty of nature in the use of that alluring medium, than that they yielded by degrees to its golden solicitations (*b*).

The

(*b*) Of the portraits which Raphael in fresco scattered over the compositions of the Vatican, we shall find an opportunity to speak. But in oil the real style of portrait began at Venice with Giorgione, flourished in Sebastian del Piombo, and was carried to perfection by Titiano, who filled the masses of the first without entangling himself in the minute details of the second. Tintoretto, Bassan, and Paolo of Verona, followed the principle of Titiano. After these, it migrated from Italy to reside with the Spaniard Diego Velasquez; from whom Rubens and Vandyck attempted to transplant it to Flanders, France and England, with unequal

The principle of Correggio vanished with its author, though it found numerous imitators of its parts. Since him, no eye has conceived that expanse of harmony with which the voluptuous sensibility of his mind arranged and enchanted all visible nature. His grace, so much vaunted and so little understood, was adopted and improved to elegance by Francesco Mazzuoli, called Parmegiano (c), but instead of making her the measure of propriety

success. France seized less on the delicacy than on the affectation of Vandyck, and soon turned the art of representing men and women into a mere remembrance of fashions and airs. England had possessed Holbein, but it was reserved for the German Lely, and his successor Kneller, to lay the foundation of a manner, which, by pretending to unite portrait with history, gave a retrograde direction for near a century, to both. A mob of shepherds and shepherdesses in flowing wigs and dressed curls, ruffled Endymion's, humble Juno's, withered Hebe's, surly Allegroes and smirking Pensierosa's usurped the place of truth, propriety and character. Even the lamented powers of the greatest painter, whom this country and perhaps our age produced, long vainly struggled, and scarcely in the eve of life succeeded to emancipate us from this dastard taste.

(c) Francesco Mazzuoli, called il Parmegiano, died at Casal Maggiore in 1540, at the age of 36. The magnificent picture of the St. John, we speak of, was begun by order of the Lady Maria Bufalina, and destined for the church of St. Salvatore del Lauro at Città di Castello. It probably never received the last hand of the master, who fled from Rome, where he painted it, at the sacking of that city, under Charles Bourbon, in 1527; it remained in the refectory of the convent della Pace for several years, was carried to Città di Castello by Messer Giulio Bufalini, and is now in England. The Moses, a figure in fresco at Parma, together with Raphael's figure of God in the vision of Ezekiel, is said, by Mr. Macon, to have furnished Gray with the head and action of his bard: if that was the case, he would have done well, to acquaint us with the poet's method, of making 'Placidis coire immittia.'

propriety he degraded her to affectation : in Parmegiano's figures action is the adjective of the posture ; the accident of attitude ; they ' make themselves air, into which they vanish.' That disengaged play of delicate forms, the ' Sveltezza' of the Italians, is the prerogative of Parmegiano, though nearly always obtained at the expence of proportion. His grandeur as conscious as his grace, sacrifices the motive to the mode, simplicity to contrast : his St. John loses the fervour of the apostle in the orator ; his Moses the dignity of the law-giver in the savage. With incredible force of chiaroscuro, he united bland effects and fascinating hues, but their frequent ruins teach the important lesson, that the mixtures which anticipate the beauties of time, are big with the seeds of premature decay.

Such was the state of the art, when, towards the decline of the sixteenth century, Lodovico Carracci (*d*), with his cousins Agostino and Annibale, founded at
Bologna

(*d*) Lodovico Carracci died at Bologna 1619, aged 64.

Agostino Carracci died at Parma in 1602, at the age of 44. His is the St. Girolamo in the Certosa, near Bologna, his, the Thetis with the nereids, cupids, and tritons, in the gallery of the palace Farnese. Why, as an engraver, he should have wasted his powers on the large plate from the crucifixion, painted by Tintoretto, in the hospilio of the school of St. Roeco, a picture, of which he could not express the tone, its greatest merit, is not easily unriddled. Annibale Carracci died at Rome in 1609, at the age of 49.

Bologna that eclectic school which by selecting the beauties, correcting the faults, supplying the defects and avoiding the extremes of the different styles, attempted to form a perfect system. But as the mechanic part was their only object, they did not perceive that the projected union was incompatible with the leading principle of each master. Let us hear this plan from Agostino Carracci himself, as it is laid down in his sonnet (*e*)
on

(*e*) SONNET OF AGOSTINO CARRACCI.

Chi farsi un buon Pittor cerca, e desia,
Il disegno di Roma habbia alla mano,
La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
E il degno colorir di Lombardia.

Di Michel' Angiol la terribil via,
Il vero natural di Tiziano,
Del Correggio lo stil puro, e sovrano,
E di un Rafel la giusta simetria.

Del Tibaldi il decoro, e il fondamento,
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
E un po di gratia del Parmigianino.

Ma senza tanti studi, e tanto stento,
Si ponga l'opre solo ad imitare,
Che qui lascioci il nostro Niccolino.

Malvasia, author of the *Felsina Pittrice*, has made this sonnet the text to his drowsy rhapsody on the frescoes of Lodovico Carracci and some of his scholars, in the cloisters of St. Michelè, in Bosco, by Bologna. He circumscribes the '*Mossa Veneziana*,' of the sonnet, by '*Quel strepitoso motivo & quel divincolamento*,' peculiar to Tintoretto.

on the ingredients required to form a perfect painter, if that may be called a sonnet, which has more the air of medical prescription. ‘Take,’ says Agostino, ‘the design of Rome, Venetian motion and shade, the dignified tone of Lombardy’s colour, the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, the just symmetry of Raphael, Titiano’s truth of nature, and the sovereign purity of Correggio’s style: add to these the decorum and solidity of Tibaldi, the learned invention of Primaticcio, and a little of Parmegiano’s grace: but to save so much study, such weary labour, apply your imitation to the works which our dear Nicolo has left us here.’ Of such advice, balanced between the tone of regular breeding and the cant of an empiric, what could be the result? excellence or mediocrity? who ever imagined that a multitude of dissimilar threads could compose an uniform texture, that dissemination of spots would make masses, or a little of many things produce a legitimate whole? indiscriminate imitation must end in the extinction of character, and that in mediocrity—the cypher of art.

And were the Carracci such? separate the precept from the practice, the artist from the teacher; and the Carracci are in possession of my submissive homage. Lodovico, far from implicitly subscribing to a master’s dictates,

dictates, was the sworn pupil of nature. To a modest style of form, to a simplicity eminently fitted for those subjects of religious gravity which his taste preferred, he joined that solemnity of hue, that sober twilight, the air of cloistered meditation, which you have so often heard recommended as the proper tone of historic colour. Too often content to rear the humbler graces of his subject, he seldom courted elegance, but always, when he did, with enviable success. Even now, though nearly in a state of evanescence, the three nymphs in the garden scene of St. Michele in Bosco, seem moulded by the hand, inspired by the breath of love. Agostino, with a singular modesty which prompted him rather to propagate the fame of others by his graver, than by steady exertion to rely on his own power for perpetuity of name, combined with some learning a cultivated taste, correctness, though not elegance of form, and a corregiesque colour. Annibale, superiour to both in power of execution and academic prowess, was inferiour to either in taste and sensibility and judgment; for the most striking proof of this inferiority I appeal to his master-work, the work on which he rests his fame, the gallery of the Farnese palace: a work whose uniform vigour of execution, nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the subjects of

the Farnese gallery might be quoted as the most decisive instances. Criticism has attempted to dismiss Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto from the province of legitimate history with the contemptuous appellation of ornamental painters, not for having painted subjects inapplicable to the public and private palaces, the churches and convents, which they were employed to decorate, but because they treated them sometimes without regard to costume, or the simplicity due to sacred, heroic or allegoric subjects : if this be just, where shall we class him, who with the Capella Sistina, and the Vatican before his eye, fills the mansion of religious austerity and episcopal dignity, with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry, without allegory, void of allusion, merely to gratify the puerile ostentation of dauntless execution and academic vigour ? if the praise given to a work be not always transferable to its master ; if, as Milton says, ‘ the work some praise and some the architect,’ let us admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers displayed in the Farnese gallery, whilst we lament their misapplication by Annibale Carracci.

The heterogeneous principle of the eclectic school soon operated its own dissolution : the great talents which the Carracci had tutored, soon found their own

*

bias,

bias, and abandoned themselves to their own peculiar taste. Barto. Schidone, Guido Reni (*f*), Giovanni Lanfranco, Francesco Albani, Domenico Zampieri, and Francesco Barbieri, called Guercino, differed as much in their objects of imitation as their names. Schidone, all of whose mind was in his eye, embraced, and often to meaner subjects applied the harmony and colour of Correggio, whilst Lanfranco strove, but strove without success, to follow him through the expanse of his creation and masses. Grace attracted Guido, but it was the studied grace of theatres: his female forms are abstracts of antique beauty, attended by languishing attitudes, arrayed by voluptuous fashions. His male forms, transcripts of models, such as are found in a genial climate, are sometimes highly characteristic of dignified manhood or apostolic fervour, like his Peter and Paul, formerly in the Zampieri at Bologna: sometimes stately, courteous, insipid, like his Paris attending Helen, more with the air of an ambassadour, by proxy, than carrying her off with a lover's fervour. His Aurora deserved to precede a more majestic sun, and hours less clumsy: his colour varies with his style, sometimes bland and harmonious,

(*f*) Guido Reni died in 1642, aged 68. Giov. Lanfranco died at Naples in 1647, aged 66. Franc. Albani died in 1660, aged 82. Domenico Zampieri, called il Domenichino, died in 1641, aged 60. Franc. Barbieri, of Cento, called il Guercino, from a cast in his eye, died in 1667, aged 76.

harmonious, sometimes vigorous and stern, sometimes flat and insipid. Albani, chiefly attracted by soft mythologic conceits, formed nereids and oreads on plump Venetian models, and contrasted their pearly hues with the rosy tints of loves, the juicy brown of fauns and satyrs, and rich marine or sylvan scenery. Domenichino, more obedient than the rest to his masters, aimed at the beauty of the antique, the expression of Raphael, the vigour of Annibale, the colour of Lodovico, and mixing something of each, fell short of all; whilst Guercino broke like a torrent over all academic rules, and with an ungovernable itch of copying whatever lay in his way, sacrificed mind, form and costume, to effects of colour, fierceness of chiaroscuro, and intrepidity of hand.

Such was the state of art, when the spirit of machinery, in submission to the vanities and upstart pride of papal nepotism, destroyed what yet was left of meaning; when equilibration, contrast, grouping, engrossed composition, and poured a deluge of gay common-place over the platfonds, pannels, and cupolas of palaces and temples. Those who could not conceive a figure singly, scattered multitudes; to count, was to be poor. The rainbow and the seasons were ransacked for their hues, and every eye became the tributary of the great, but
abused

abused talents of Pietro da Cortona, and the fascinating but debauched and empty facility of Luca Giordano (g).

The same revolution of mind that had organized the arts of Italy, spread, without visible communication, to Germany, and towards the decline of the fifteenth century, the uncouth essays of Martin Schön, Michael Wolgemuth, and Albrecht Altorfer, were succeeded by the finer polish and the more dextrous method of Albert Durer. The indiscriminate use of the words genius and talent has perhaps nowhere caused more confusion than in the classification of artists. Albert Durer was in my opinion a man of great ingenuity, without being a genius. He studied, and, as far as his penetration reached, established certain proportions of the human frame, but he did not invent a style: every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation, of concluding from what he saw, to what he did not see, that he copied rather than selected the forms that surrounded him, and thus remorse tacked deformity

(g) Pietro Berretini, of Cortona, the painter of the cicling in the Barberini hall, and of the gallery in the lesser Pamphili palace; the vernal suavity of whose frescotics no pencil ever equalled, died at Rome in 1669, aged 73. Luca Giordano, nick-named Fa-presto, or Dispatch, from the rapidity of his execution, the greatest machinist of his time, died in 1705, aged 76.

deformity and meagreness to fulness, and sometimes to beauty (*b*). Such is his design; in composition copious without taste, anxiously precise in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather shewn us what to avoid than what to follow. He sometimes had a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse: the expanded agony of Christ on the mount of Olives, and the mystic conception of his figure of Melancholy, are thoughts of sublimity

(*b*) We are informed by the Editor of the Latin translation of Albert Durer's book, on the symmetry of the parts of the human frame, (Parisii, in officina Caroli Perier in vico Bellovaco, sub Bellerophonte, 1557, fol.) that, during Albert's stay at Venice, where he resided for a short time, to procure redress from the Signoria, for the forgery of Marc Antonio, he became familiar with Giovanni Bellini: and that Andrea Mantegna, who had heard of his arrival in Italy, and had conceived an high opinion of his execution and fertility, sent him a message of invitation to Mantoua, for the express purpose of giving him an idea of that form of which he himself had obtained a glimpse from the contemplation of the antique. Andrea was then ill, and expired (1517) before Albert, who immediately prepared to set out for Mantoua, could profit by his instructions. This disappointment, says my author, Albert never ceased to lament during his life. How fit the Mantouan was to instruct the German, is not the question here; but Albert's regret seems to prove that he felt a want which his model could not supply; and that he had too just an idea of the importance of the art to be proud of dexterity of finger or facility of execution, when employed on objects essentially defective or comparatively trifling. The following personal account of Albert deserves to be given in the Latin Editor's own words: 'E Pannonia oriundum accepimus—Erat caput argutum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus & quem Græci Τετράγωνον vocant; proceriusculum collum, pectus amplum, castigatus venter, femora nervosa, crura stabilia: sed digitis nihil dixisses vidisse elegantius.'

Albert Durer was the scholar of Martin Schön and Michael Wolgemuth, and died at Nuremberg in 1528, aged 57.

sublimity, though the expression of the last is weakened by the rubbish he has thrown about her. His Knight, attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible; and his Adam and Eve are two common models shut up in a rocky dungeon. If he approached genius in any part of art, it was in colour. His colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled in truth and breadth and handling the oil colour of Raphael, as Raphael excels him in every other quality. I speak of easel-pictures—his drapery is broad though much too angular, and rather snapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German school, though he neither reared scholars, nor was imitated by the German artists of his or the succeeding century. That the exportation of his works to Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscans who had studied Michael Angelo, of Andrea del Sarto, and Jacopo da Pontormo, is a fact which proves that minds at certain periods may be subject to epidemic influence as well as bodies.

Lucas of Leyden (*i*) was the Dutch caricature of Albert; but the forms of Aldegraver, Sebald Beheim, and

(i) Lucas Jacob, called Lucas of Leyden, and by the Italians, Luca d'Olanda, died at Leyden in 1533.

and George Pentz, appear to have been the result of careful inspection of Marc Antonio's prints from Raphael, of whom Pentz was a scholar; and ere long the style of Michael Angelo, as adopted by Pelegrino Tibaldi, and spread by the graver of Giorgio Mantuano, provoked those caravans of German, Dutch and Flemish students, who on their return from Italy, at the courts of Prague and Munich, in Flanders and the Netherlands, introduced that preposterous manner, (the bloated excrescence of swampy brains,) which in the form of man left nothing human, distorted action and gesture with insanity of affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes; the style of Golzius and Spranger, Heynz and ab Ach: but though content to feed on the husks of Tuscan design, they imbibed the colour of Venice, and spread the elements of that excellence which distinguished the succeeding schools of Flanders and of Holland.

This frantic pilgrimage to Italy ceased at the apparition of the two meteors of art, Peter Paul Rubens (*k*), and Rembrandt Van Rhyn; both of whom disdaining to
acknowledge

(*k*) Peter Paul Rubens, of Cologne, the disciple of Adam Van Ort and Otho Venius, died at or near Antwerp in 1641, aged 63.

See the admirable character given of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, annexed to his journey to Flanders, vol. ii. of his works.

acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of fame, boldly forged their own keys, entered and took possession, each, of a most conspicuous place by his own power. Rubens, born at Cologne, in Germany, but brought up at Antwerp, then the depository of western commerce, a school of religious and classic learning, and the pompous seat of Austrian and Spanish superstition, met these advantages with an ardour and success of which ordinary minds can form no idea, if we compare the period at which he is said to have seriously applied himself to painting, under the tuition of Otho Van Veen, with the unbounded power he had acquired over the instruments of art when he set out for Italy ; where we instantly discover him not as the pupil, but as the successful rival of the masters whose works he had selected for the objects of his emulation. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character, he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its fervour, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendour of Paolo Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto, that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school. He first spread that ideal pallet, which reduced to its standard the variety of nature, and once methodized, whilst his mind tuned the method, shortened or super-

feded individual imitation. His scholars, however dissimilar in themselves, saw with the eye of their master; the eye of Rubens was become the substitute of nature: still the mind alone that had balanced these tints, and weighed their powers, could apply them to their objects, and determine their use in the pompous display of historic and allegoric magnificence; for that they were selected, for that the gorgeous nosegay swelled: but when in the progress of depraved practice they became the mere palliatives of mental impotence, empty representatives of themselves, the supporters of nothing but clumsy forms and clumsier conceits, they can only be considered as splendid improprieties, as the substitutes for wants which no colour can palliate and no tint supply.

In this censure I am under no apprehension of being suspected to include either the illustrious name of Vandyck (1), or that of Abraham Diepenbeck. Vandyck, more elegant, more refined, to graces which the genius of Rubens dispensed him from courting, joined that exquisite taste, which in following the general principle of his master, moderated, and adapted its application to his

own

(1) Anthony Vandyck died in London, 1641, at the age of 42.—The poetic conception of Abraham Diepenbeck may be estimated from the *Temple des Muses* of Mr. de Marolles; re-edited but not improved by Bernard Picart.

own pursuits. His sphere was portrait, and the imitation of Titiano insured him the second place in that. The fancy of Diepenbeck, though not so exuberant, if I be not mistaken, excelled in sublimity the imagination of Rubens: his Bellerophon, Hippolytus, Ixion, Sisyphus, fear no competitor among the productions of his master.

Rembrandt (*m*) was in my opinion, a genius of the first class in whatever relates not to form. In spite of the most portentous deformity, and without considering the spell of his chiaroscuro, such were his powers of nature, such the grandeur, pathos, or simplicity of his composition, from the most elevated or extensive arrangement to the meanest and most homely, that the best cultivated eye, the purest sensibility, and the most refined taste dwell on them, equally enthralled: Shakspeare alone excepted, no one combined with so much transcendent excellence, so many, in all other men unpardonable faults—and reconciled us to them. He possessed the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints that float between them: he tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon day ray, in the livid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered

(*m*) Rembrandt died, at Amsterdam? in 1674, aged 68.

rendered darkness visible. Though made to bend a stedfast eye on the bolder phenomena of nature, yet he knew how to follow her into her calmest abodes, gave interest to insipidity or baldness, and plucked a flower in every desert. None ever like Rembrandt knew to improve an accident into a beauty, or give importance to a trifle. If ever he had a master he had no followers; Holland was not made to comprehend his power. The succeeding school of colourists were content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles and the haze of winter, with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns.

In turning our eye to Switzerland we shall find great powers without great names, those of Hans Holbein (*n*) and Francis Mola only excepted. But the scrupulous precision, the high finish, and the tizianesque colour of Hans Holbein, would make the least part of his excellence, if his right to that series of emblematic groups, known under the name of Holbein's Dance of Death, had not, of late, been too successfully disputed. From Belinzona to Basle, invention appears to have been the characteristic

(*n*) Hans Holbein, of Basle, died in London, 1544, at the age of 46. Peter Francis Mola, the scholar of Giuseppe d'Arpino and Franc. Albani, was born at the village of Coldre, of the diocese of Balerna, in the bailliage of Mendrisio, in 1621, and died at Rome in 1666.

characteristic of Helvetic art: the works of Tobias Stimmer, Christopher Murer, Joseph Amman, Gotthard Ringgli, are mines of invention; and exhibit a style of design, equally poised between the emaciated dryness of Albert Durer and the bloated corpulence of Golzius.

The seeds of mediocrity which the Carracci had attempted to scatter over Italy, found a more benign soil, and reared an abundant harvest in France: to mix up a compound from something of every excellence in the catalogue of art, was the principle of their theory and their aim in execution. It is in France where Michael Angelo's right to the title of a painter was first questioned. The fierceness of his line, as they call it, the purity of the antique, and the characteristic forms of Raphael are only the road to the academic vigour the librated style of Annibale Carracci, and from that they appeal to the model; in composition they consult more the artifice of grouping, contrast and richness, than the subject or propriety; their expression is dictated by the theatre. From the uniformity of this process, not to allow that the school of France offers respectable exceptions, would be unjust; without recurring again to the name of Nicolas Poussin, the works of Eustache

le Sueur (*o*), Charles le Brun, Sebastien Bourdon, and sometimes Pierre Mignard, contain original beauties and rich materials. Le Sueur's series of pictures in the Chartreux exhibit the features of contemplative piety, in a purity of style and a placid breadth of manner that moves the heart. His dignified martyrdom of St. Laurence and the burning of the magic books at Ephesus, breathe the spirit of Raphael. The powerful comprehension of a whole, only equalled by the fire which pervades every part of the battles of Alexander, by Charles le Brun, would entitle him to the highest rank in history, had the characters been less mannered, had he not exchanged the Argyraspidæ and the Macedonian phalanx for the compact legionaries of the Trajan pillar; had he distinguished Greeks from barbarians, rather by national feature and form than by accoutrement and armour. The seven works of charity by Seb. Bourdon teem with surprising pathetic and always novel images; and in the plague of David, by Pierre Mignard, our sympathy is roused by energies of terror and combinations of woe, which escaped Poussin and Raphael himself.

The

(*o*) Eustache le Sueur, bred under Simon Vouët, died at Paris in 1655, at the age of 38. His fellow scholar and overbearing rival Charles le Brun, died in 1690, aged 71.

The obstinacy of national pride (*p*), perhaps more than the neglect of government or the frown of superstition, confined the labours of the Spanish school, from its obscure origin at Sevilla to its brightest period, within the narrow limits of individual imitation. But the degree of perfection attained by Diego Velasquez, Joseph Ribera, and Morillo, in pursuing the same object by means as different as successful, impresses us with deep respect for the variety of their powers.

That the great style ever received the homage of Spanish genius, appears not; neither Alfonso Berruguette, nor Pellegrino Tibaldi left followers: but that the eyes and the taste fed by the substance of Spagnuololetto and Morillo, should without reluctance have submitted to the gay volatility of Luca Giordano, and the ostentatious flimsiness of Sebastian Conca, would be matter of surprise, did we not see the same principles successfully pursued in the plafonds of Antonio Raphael Mengs, the painter of philosophy, as he is styled by his biographer D'Azara. The cartoons of the frescoes painted for the royal palace at Madrid, representing the apotheosis
of

(*p*) For the best account of Spanish art, see Lettera di A. R. Mengs a Don Antonio Ponz. Opere di Mengs, vol. ii. Mengs was born at Augs, in Boemia, in 1728, and died at Rome in 1779.

of Trajan and the temple of Renown, exhibit less the style of Raphael in the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche in the Farnesina, than the gorgeous but empty bustle of Pietro da Cortona.

From this view of art on the continent, let us cast a glance on its state in this country, from the age of Henry VIII. to our own.—From that period to this Britain never ceased pouring its caravans of noble and wealthy pilgrims over Italy, Greece and Ionia, to pay their devotions at the shrines of virtù and taste: not content with adoring the obscure scholo, they have ransacked their temples, and none returned without some share in the spoil: in plaister or in marble, on canvas or in gems, the arts of Greece and Italy were transported to England, and what Petronius said of Rome, that it was easier to meet there with a god than a man, might be said of London. Without enquiring into the permanent and accidental causes of the inefficacy of these efforts with regard to public taste and support of art, it is observable, that, whilst Francis I. was busied, not to aggregate a mass of painted and chiselled treasures merely to gratify his own vanity, and brood over them with sterile avarice, but to scatter the seeds of taste over France, by calling, employing, enriching Andrea del Sarto, Rustici, Rosso, Primaticcio, Cellini, Niccolo; in England, Holbein and Torregiano

regiano under Henry, and Federigo Zuccherò under Elizabeth, were condemned to gothic work and portrait painting. Charles indeed called Rubens and his scholars to provoke the latent English spark, but the effect was intercepted by his destiny. His son, in possession of the cartoons of Raphael, and with the magnificence of Whitehall before his eyes, suffered Verio to contaminate the walls of his palaces, or degraded Lely to paint the Cymons and Iphigenias of his court; whilst the manner of Kneller swept completely what yet might be left of taste, under his successors: such was the equally contemptible and deplorable state of English art, till the genius of Reynolds first rescued from the mannered depravation of foreigners his own branch, and soon extending his view to the higher departments of art, joined that select body of artists who addressed the ever open ear, ever attentive mind of our Royal Founder, with the first idea of this establishment. His beneficence soon gave it a place and a name, his august patronage, sanction, and individual encouragement: the annually increased merits of thirty exhibitions in this place, with the collateral ones contrived by the speculations of commerce, have told the surprising effects: a mass of self-taught and tutored powers burst upon the general eye, and unequivocally told the world what might be expected from the concurrence of public encouragement—how far this

have been or may be granted or withheld, it is not here my province to surmise: the plans lately adopted and now organizing within these walls for the dignified propagation and support of art, whether fostered by the great, or left to their own energy, must soon decide what may be produced by the union of British genius and talent, and whether the painters school of that nation which claims the foremost honours of modern poetry, which has produced with Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough and Wilson, shall submit to content themselves with a subordinate place among the schools we have enumerated.

THIRD LECTURE.

INVENTION.

——— ΤΙ Τ' ΑΡ ΑΤ ΦΘΟΝΕΕΙΣ, ΕΡΙΗΡΟΝ ΑΟΙΔΟΝ
ΤΕΡΠΕΙΝ, ΟΠΠΗ ΟΙ ΝΟΟΣ ΟΡΝΥΤΑΙ; ΟΥ ΝΥ Τ' ΑΟΙΔΟΙ
ΑΙΤΙΟΙ, ΑΛΛΑ ΠΟΘΙ ΖΕΥΣ ΑΙΤΙΟΣ, 'ΟΣΤΕ ΔΙΔΩΣΙΝ
ΑΝΔΡΑΣΙΝ ΑΛΦΗΣΗΣΙΝ, ΟΠΩΣ ΕΘΕΛΗΣΙΝ ΕΚΑΣΤΩΙ.

Homer. Odyss. A. 346.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Discrimination of Poetry and Painting. General idea of Invention—its right to select a subject from nature itself. Visiones—Theon—Agafias.—Cartoon of Pifa—Incendio del Borgo. Specific idea of Invention: Epic subjects—Michael Angelo. Dramatic subjects—Raphael. Historic subjects—Pouffin, &c. Invention has a right to adopt ideas—examples. Duplicity of subject and moment inadmissible. Transfiguration of Raphael.

T H I R D L E C T U R E.

THE brilliant antithesis ascribed to Simonides, that ‘ painting is mute poesy and poetry speaking painting,’ made, I apprehend, no part of the technic systems of antiquity: for this we may depend on the general practice of its artists, and still more safely on the philosophic discrimination of Plutarch (*a*), who tells us, that as poetry and painting resemble each other in their uniform address to the senses, for the impression they mean to make on our fancy and by that on our mind, so they differ as essentially in their *materials* and their *modes* of application, which are regulated by the diversity of the organs they address, ear and eye. *Successive action* communicated by sounds, and *time*, are the medium

(a) Ἑλὴ καὶ τροποὶς μιμητικῆς διαφερεσι.

Πλάταρχ. π. Αθ. κατὰ

Π. ἢ καθ. Ε. ἐνδοξ.

See Lessings Laokoon. Berlin 1766. 8vo.

dium of poetry; *form* displayed in *space*, and momentaneous energy, are the element of painting.

As, if these premises be true, the distinct representation of continued action is refused to an art which cannot express even in a series of subjects, but by a supposed mental effort in the spectator's mind, the regular succession of their moments, it becomes evident, that instead of attempting to impress us by the indiscriminate, usurpation of a principle out of its reach, it ought chiefly to rely for its effect on its great characteristics space and form, singly or in apposition. In forms alone the idea of existence can be rendered permanent. Sounds die, words perish or become obsolete and obscure, even colours fade, forms alone can neither be extinguished nor misconstrued; by application to their standard alone description becomes intelligible and distinct. Thus the effectual idea of corporeal beauty can strictly exist only in the plastic arts: for as the notion of beauty arises from the pleasure we feel in the harmonious co-operation of the various parts of some favourite object to one end at once, it implies their immediate co-existence in the mass they compose; and therefore can be distinctly perceived and conveyed to the mind by the eye alone; hence the representation of form in figure is the *physical* element of the Art.

But as bodies exist in time as well as in space; as the pleasure arising from the mere symmetry of an object is as transient as it is immediate; as harmony of parts, if the body be the agent of an internal power, depends for its proof on their application, it follows, that the exclusive exhibition of inert and unemployed form, would be a mistake of the medium for the end, and that character or action is required to make it an interesting object of imitation. And this is the *moral* element of the art.

Those important moments then which exhibit the united exertion of form and character in a single object or in participation with collateral beings, *at once*, and which with equal rapidity and pregnancy give us a glimpse of the past and lead our eye to what follows, furnish the true materials of those technic powers, that select, direct, and fix the objects of imitation to their centre.

The most eminent of these, by the explicit acknowledgment of all ages, and the silent testimony of every breast, is *invention*. He whose eye athwart the outward crust of the rock penetrates into the composition of its materials, and discovers a goldmine, is surely superiour to him who afterwards adapts the metal for use. Colombo, when he from astronomic and physical in-

P

ductions

ductions concluded to the existence of land in the opposite hemisphere, was surely superiour to Amerigo Vespucci who took possession of its continent; and when Newton improving accident by meditation, discovered and established the laws of attraction, the projectile and centrifuge qualities of the system, he gave the clue to all who after him applied it to the various branches of philosophy, and was in fact the author of all the benefits accruing from their application to society. Homer, when he means to give the principal feature of man, calls him inventor (*αλφησης*.)

From what we have said it is clear that the term invention never ought to be so far misconstrued as to be confounded with that of *creation*, incompatible with our notions of limited being, an idea of pure astonishment, and admissible only when we mention Omnipotence: to *invent* is to find: to find something, presupposes its existence somewhere, implicitly or explicitly, scattered or in a mass: nor should I have presumed to say so much on a word of a meaning so plain, had it not been, and were it not daily confounded, and by fashionable authorities too, with the term creation.

Form in its widest meaning, the visible universe that envelops our senses, and its counterpart the invisible one
that

that agitates our mind with visions bred on sense by fancy, are the element and the realm of invention; it discovers, selects, combines the *possible*, the *probable*, the *known*, in a mode that strikes with an air of truth and novelty, at once. Possible strictly means an effect derived from a cause, a body composed of materials, a coalition of forms, whose union or co-agency imply in themselves no absurdity, no contradiction: applied to our art it takes a wider latitude; it means the representation of effects derived from causes, or forms compounded from materials, heterogeneous and incompatible among themselves, but rendered so plausible to our senses, that the transition of one part to another seems to be accounted for by an air of organization, and the eye glides imperceptibly or with satisfaction from one to the other and over the whole: that this was the condition on which, and the limits within which alone the ancients permitted invention to represent what was strictly speaking impossible, we may with plausibility surmise from the picture of Zeuxis, described by Lucian in the memoir to which he has prefixed that painter's name, who was probably one of the first adventurers in this species of imagery.—Zeuxis had painted a family of centaurs; the dam a beautiful female to the middle, with the lower parts gradually sliding into the most exquisite forms of a young Thessalian mare half reclined in playful repose

and gently pawing the velvet ground, offered her human nipple to one infant centaur, whilst another greedily sucked the ferine udder below, but both with their eyes turned up to a lyon-whelp held over them by the male centaur their father, rising above the hillock on which the female reclined, a grim feature, but whose ferocity was somewhat tempered by a smile. The scenery, the colour, the chiaroscuro, the finish of the whole was no doubt equal to the style and the conception. This picture the artist exhibited, expecting that justice from the penetration of the public which the genius deserved that taught him to give plausibility to a compound of heterogeneous forms, to inspire them with suitable soul, and to imitate the laws of existence : he was mistaken. The novelty of the conceit eclipsed the art that had embodied it, the artist was absorbed in his subject, and the unbounded praise bestowed, was that of idle restless curiosity, gratified. Sick of gods and goddesses, of demigods and pure human combinations, the Athenians panted only for what was new. The artist, as haughty as irritable, ordered his picture to be withdrawn; cover it, Micchio, said he to his attendant, cover it and carry it home, for this mob stick only to the clay of our art.—Such were the limits set to invention by the ancients; secure within these, it defied the ridicule thrown on that grotesque conglutination, which

Horace exposes; guarded by these, their mythology scattered its metamorphoses, made every element its tributary, and transmitted the privilege to us, on equal conditions: their Scylla and the Portrefs of Hell, their dæmons and our spectres, the shade of Patroclus and the ghost of Hamlet, their naiads, nymphs, and oreads, and our sylphs, gnomes, and fairies, their furies and our witches, differ less in essence, than in local, temporary, social modifications: their common origin was fancy, operating on the materials of nature, assisted by legendary tradition and the curiosity implanted in us of diving into the invisible (*b*); and they are suffered or invited to mix with or superintend real agency, in proportion of the analogy which we discover between them and ourselves. Pindar praises Homer less for that 'winged power' which whirls incident on incident with such rapidity, that absorbed by the whole, and drawn from the impossibility of single parts, we swallow a tale too gross to be believed in a dream; than for the greater power by which he contrived to connect his imaginary creation with the realities of nature.

(*b*) All minute detail tends to destroy terrour, as all minute ornament, grandeur. The catalogue of the cauldron's ingredients in Macbeth, destroys the terrour attendant on the mysterious darkness of preternatural agency; and the seraglio trappings of Rubens, annihilate his heroes.

nature and human passions (c); without this the fiction of the poet and the painter will leave us stupified rather by its insolence than impressed by its power, it will be considered only as a superiour kind of legerdemain, an exertion of ingenuity to no adequate end.

Before we proceed to the process and the methods of invention, it is not superfluous to advert to a question which has often been made, and by some has been answered in the negative; *whether it be within the artist's province or not, to find or to combine a subject from himself, without having recourse to tradition or the stores of history and poetry?* Why not, if the subject be within the limits of art and the combinations of nature, though it should have escaped observation? shall the immediate avenues of the mind, open to all its observers, from the poet to the novelist, be shut only to the artist? shall he be reduced to receive as alms from them what he has a right to share as common property? assertions like these, say in other words, that the Laocoon owes
the

(c) Ἐγὼ δὲ πλεον ἔλπομαι
 Λογὸν Ὀδυσσεὺς, ἢ παθεῖν,
 Διὰ τὸν ἄδυεπὴ γενεσθ' Ὀμηρεὺν
 Ἐπεὶ ψευδεσσὶν οἱ ποταναὶ γε μάχανα
 Σεμνον ἐπεσι τι. σοφία δὲ
 Κλεπτει παραγοῖσα μυθοῖς.

Πινδαρ. Νεμ. Ζ.

the impression he makes on us to his name alone, and that if tradition had not told a story and Pliny fixed it to that work, the artist's conception of a father with his sons, surprised and entangled by two serpents within the recesses of a cavern or lonesome dell, was inadmissible and transgressed the laws of invention. I am much mistaken, if, so far from losing its power over us with its traditional sanction, it would not rouse our sympathy more forcibly, and press the subject closer to our breast, were it considered only as the representation of an incident common to humanity. The ancients were so convinced of their right to this disputed prerogative that they assigned it its own class, and Theon the Samian is mentioned by Quintilian, whom none will accuse or suspect of confounding the limits of the arts, in his list of primary painters, as owing his celebrity to that intuition into the sudden movements of nature, which the Greeks called *φαντασιαις*, the Romans *visiones*, and we might circumscribe by the phrase of 'unpremeditated conceptions' the reproduction of associated ideas; he explains what he understood by it in the following passage adapted to his own profession, rhetoric (*d*).

‘ We

(*d*) M. F. Quintilianus, l. xii. 10.—Concipiendis visionibus (quas ΦΑΝΤΑΣΙΑΣ vocant) Theon Samius—est præstantissimus.

At quomodo fiet ut afficiamur? neque enim sunt motus in nostra potestate. Tentabo etiam de hoc dicere. Quas Φαντασιαις græci vocant, nos sanè visiones appellamus;

‘ We give, says he, the name of visions to what the
 ‘ Greeks call phantasies; that power by which the
 ‘ images of absent things are represented by the mind
 ‘ with the energy of objects moving before our eyes:
 ‘ he who conceives these rightly will be a master of
 ‘ passions; his is that well-tempered fancy which can
 ‘ imagine things, voices, acts, as they really exist, a
 ‘ power perhaps in a great measure dependent on our
 ‘ will. For if these images so pursue us, when our
 ‘ minds are in a state of rest, or fondly fed by hope,
 ‘ or in a kind of waking dream; that we seem to
 ‘ travel, to sail, to fight, to harangue in public, or to
 dispose

appellamus; per quas imagines rerum absentium ita repræsentantur animo, ut eas cernere oculis ac præsentibus habere videamur: has quisquis bene conceperit, is erit in affectibus potentissimus. Hunc quidam dicunt *ἐνφαντασιωτον*, qui sibi res, voces, actus, secundum verum optime finget: quod quidem nobis volentibus facile continget.

Nam ut inter otia animorum & spes inanes, & velut somnia quædam vigilantium, ita nos hæc de quibus loquimur, imagines persequuntur, ut peregrinari, navigare, præliari, populos alloqui, divitiarum quas non habemus, usum videamur disponere; nec cogitare, sed facere: hoc animi vitium ad utilitatem non transferemus? ut hominem occisum querar, non omnia quæ in re præsentī accidisse credibile est, in oculis habebō? non percussor ille subitus erumpet? non expavescet circumventus? exclamabit, vel rogabit, vel fugiet? non ferientem, non concidentem videbō? non animo sanguis, & pallor & gemitus, extremus denique expirantis hiatus infidebit?

Idem l. vi. c. 11.

Theon numbered with the ‘Proceres’ by Quintilian, by Pliny with less discrimination is placed among the ‘Primis Proximos;’ and in some passage of Plutarch, unaccountably censured for impropriety of subject, *ατοπία*, in representing the madness of Orestes.

‘ dispose of riches we possess not, and all this with an
‘ air of reality, why should we not turn to use this
‘ vice of the mind?—Suppose I am to plead the case
‘ of a murdered man, why should not every supposable
‘ circumstance of the act float before my eyes? shall I
‘ not see the murderer unawares rush in upon him, in
‘ vain he tries to escape—see how pale he turns—hear
‘ you not his shrieks, his entreaties? do you not see
‘ him flying, struck, falling? will not his blood, his
‘ ashy semblance, his groans, his last expiring gasp,
‘ seize on my mind?’

Permit me to apply this organ of the orator for one moment to the poet’s process: by this radiant recollection of associated ideas, the spontaneous ebullitions of nature, selected by observation, treasured by memory, classed by sensibility and judgment, Shakspeare became the supreme master of passions and the ruler of our hearts; this embodied his Falstaff and his Shylock, Hamlet and Lear, Juliet and Rosalind. By this power he saw Warwick uncover the corpse of Gloster, and swear to his assassination and his tugs for life; by this he made Banquo see the weird sisters bubble up from earth, and in their own air vanish; this is the hand that struck upon the bell when Macbeth’s drink was ready,

and from her chamber pushed his dreaming wife, once more to methodize the murder of her guest.—

And this was the power of Theon (*e*); such was the unpremeditated conception that inspired him with the idea of that warrior, who in the words of Ælian, seemed to embody the terrible graces and the enthusiastic furor of the god of war. Impetuous he rushed onward to oppose the sudden incursion of enemies; with shield thrown forward and high brandished faulchion, his step as he swept on, seemed to devour the ground: his eye flashed defiance; you fancied to hear his voice, his look denounce perdition and slaughter without mercy. This figure, single and without other accompaniments of war than what the havock of the distance shewed, Theon deemed sufficient to answer the impression he intended to make on those whom he had selected to inspect it. He kept it covered, till a trumpet, prepared for the purpose, after a prelude of martial symphonies, at once, by his command, blew with invigourated fierceness, a signal of attack—the curtain dropped, the terrific figure appeared to start from the canvas, and irresistibly assailed the astonished eyes of the assembly.

Te—

(*e*) Αἰλιανου ποιμ. ιστορ. l. iii. c. 44. Θεωνος του Ζωγράφου πολλά μεν και άλλα ὁμολογει την χειρουργίαν ἀγαθὴν ἔσαν, ἀτὰρ ἐν και τοδε το γραμμα.—Και εἶπες ἀν' αὐτον ἐνθεσιᾶν, ὥσπερ ἐξ Ἀρεος μανεντα.—Και σφαιτεῖν βλέπων, και ἀπειλῶν δι' ἐλε τῷ σχήματος, ὅτι μηδενος φείσεται.

To prove the relation of Ælian no hyperbolic legend, I need not insist on the magic effect which the union of two sister powers must produce on the senses: of what our art alone and unassisted may perform, the most unequivocal proof exists within these walls; your eyes, your feelings, and your fancy have long anticipated it: whose mind has not now recalled that wonder of a figure, the misnamed gladiator of Agasias, a figure whose tremendous energy embodies every element of motion, whilst its pathetic dignity of character enforces sympathies, which the undisguised ferocity of Theon's warrior in vain solicits. But the same irradiation which shewed the soldier to Theon, shewed to Agasias the leader: Theon saw the passion, Agasias (*f*) its rule.

But

(*f*) The name of Agasias, the scholar or son of Dositheos, the Ephesian, occurs not in ancient record; and whether he be the Egeſias of Quintilian and Pliny, or these the same, cannot be ascertained; though the style of sculpture, and the form of the letters in the inscription are not much at variance with the character which the former gives to the age and style of Calos and Egeſias; ‘Signa—duriora et Tuscanicis proxima.’ The impropriety of calling this figure a gladiator has been shewn by Winkelmann, and on his remark, that it probably exhibits the attitude of a soldier, who signalized himself in some moment of danger, Lessing has founded a conjecture, that it is the figure of Chabrias, from the following passage of Corn. Nepos: ‘elucet maxime inventum ejus in proelio, quod apud Thebas fecit, cum ‘Boeotiis subsidio venisset. Namque in eo victoriæ fidente summo duce Ageſilao, ‘fugatis jam ab eo conductitiis catervis, reliquam phalangem loco vetuit cedere; ‘obnixoque genu scuto, projectaque hasta, impetum excipere hostium docuit. Id ‘novum Ageſilaus intuens, progredi non est ausus, suosque jam incurrentes tubâ ‘revocavit. Hoc usque eo in Græcia famâ celebratum est, ut illo statu Chabrias

But the most striking instance of the eminent place due to this intuitive faculty among the principal organs
of

‘ *sibi statuam fieri voluerit, quæ publicè ei ab Atheniensibus in foro constituta est.*
‘ *Ex quo factum est, ut postea athletæ, cæterique artifices* his statibus in statuis ponendis uterentur, in quibus victoriam essent adepti ?’

On this passage, simple and unperplexed, if we except the words ‘ *cæterique artifices,*’ where something is evidently dropped or changed, there can, I trust, be but one opinion—that the manœuvre of Chabrias was defensive, and consisted in giving the phalanx a stationary, and at the same time—impenetrable posture, to check the progress of the enemy; a repulse, not a victory was obtained; the Thebans were content to maintain their ground, and not a word is said by the historian, of a pursuit, when Agesilaus, startled at the contrivance, called off his troops: but the warrior of Agasias rushes forward in an assailing attitude, whilst with his head and shield turned upwards he seems to guard himself from some attack above him. Lessing, aware of this, to make the passage square with his conjecture, is reduced to a change of punctuation, and accordingly transposes the decisive comma—after ‘ *scuto,*’ to ‘ *genu,*’ and reads ‘ *obnixo genu,*’ *scuto projectâque hastâ,—docuit.*’ This alone might warrant us to dismiss his conjecture as less solid than daring and acute.

The statue erected to Chabrias in the Athenian forum was probably of brass, for ‘ *statua*’ and ‘ *statuarius,*’ in Pliny at least, will I believe always be found relative to figures and artists in metal; such were those which at an early period the Athenians dedicated to Harmodios and Aristogiton: from them the custom spread in every direction, and ionic figures in metal, began, says Pliny, to be the ornaments of every municipal forum.

From another passage in Nepos, I was once willing to find in our figure an Alcibiades in Phrygia, rushing from the flames of the cottage fired to destroy him, and guarding himself against the javelins and arrows which the gang of Syfamithres and Bagoas showered on him at a distance. ‘ *Ille,*’ says the historian, ‘ *sonitu flammæ excitatus, quod gladius ei erat subductus, familiaris sui subalare telum eripuit—et —flammæ vim transit. Quem, ut Barbari incendium effugisse viderunt, telis eminus missis, interfecerunt. Sic Alcibiades annos circiter quadraginta natus, ætatem obiit supremam.*’

Such is the age of our figure; and it is to be noticed that the right arm and hand, now armed with a lance, are modern; if it be objected, that the figure is ionic, and
that

of invention, is that celebrated performance, which by the united testimony of cotemporary writers, and the evident traces of its imitation, scattered over the works of cotemporary artists, contributed alone more to the restoration of art and the revolution of style, than the united effort of the two centuries that preceded it: I mean the astonishing design commonly called the cartoon of Pisa, the work of Michael Agnolo Buonarroti, begun in competition with Lionardo da Vinci, and at intervals finished at Florence. This work, whose celebrity subjected those who had not seen it, to the supercilious contempt of the luckier ones who had; which was the common centre of attraction to all the students of Tuscany

that the head of Alcibiades, cut off after his death, was carried to Pharnabazus, and his body burned by his mistress; it might be observed in reply, that busts and figures of Alcibiades must have been frequent in Greece, and that the expression found its source in the mind of Agassias. On this conjecture however I shall not insist: let us only observe that the character, forms and attitude, might be turned to better use than what Poussin made of it. It might form an admirable Ulysses besriding the deck of his ship to defend his companions from the descending claws of Scylla, or rather, with indignation and anguish, seeing them already snatched up and writhing in the mysterious gripe:

Ἄνταρ ἐγὼ καταδύς κλυτὰ τευχέα, καὶ δύο δάρε

Μακρὸν ἐν χερσὶν ἔλων, εἰς ἱκρία νηὸς ἐβαίνων

Πρώτης ————— ἑκάμουν δέ μοι ὄσσε

Παῖντε παπῆλαινοντι πρὸς ἡέροειδεα πέτρην

Σκείψαμενος δέ —————

Ἦδη τῶν ἐνόησα ποδάσ καὶ χεῖρας ὑπερθεῖν

Ὑψος ἀείρομαιων ————— Odyss. M. 328, seq.

cany and Romagna, from Raphael Sanzio to Bastian da St. Gallo, called Aristotile, from his loquacious descants on its beauties ; this inestimable work itself is lost, and its destruction is with too much appearance of truth fixed on the mean villany of Baccio Bandinelli, who, in possession of the key to the apartment where it was kept, during the revolutionary troubles of the Florentine republic, after making what use he thought proper of it, is said to have torn it in pieces. Still we may form an idea of its principal groups from some ancient prints and drawings ; and of its composition from a small copy now existing at Holkham, the outlines of which have been lately etched. Crude, disguised, or feeble, as these specimens are, they will prove better guides than the half-informed rhapsodies of Vasari, the meagre account of Ascanio Condivi, better than the mere anatomic verdict of Benvenuto Cellini, who denies that the powers afterward exerted in the Capella Sistina, arrive at ‘ half its excellence (g).’

It

(g) Sebbene il divino Michel Agnolo fece la gran Cappella di Papa Julio, dappoi non arrivò a questo segno mai alla metà, la sua virtù non aggiunse mai alla forza di quei primi studi. Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, p. 13.—Vasari, as appears from his own account, never himself saw the cartoon: he talks of an ‘infinity of combatants on horseback,’ of which there neither remains nor ever can have existed a trace, if the picture at Holkham be the work of Bastiano da St. Gallo. This he saw, for it was painted, at his own desire, by that master, from his small cartoon

It represents an imaginary moment relative to the war carried on by the Florentines against Pisa: and exhibits a numerous group of warriors, roused from their bathing in the Arno, by the sudden signal of a war-horn, and rushing to arms. This composition may without exaggeration be said to personify with unexampled variety that motion, which Agasias and Theon embodied in single figures: in imagining this transient moment from a state of relaxation to a state of energy, the ideas
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in 1542, and by means of Monsignor Jovio transmitted to Francis I. who highly esteemed it; from his collection it however disappeared, and no mention is made of it by the French writers for near two centuries. It was probably discovered at Paris, bought and carried to England by the late Lord Leicestor. That Vasari, on inspecting the copy, should not have corrected the confused account he gives of the cartoon from hearsay, can be wondered at, only by those, who are unacquainted with his character as a writer. He tells us himself that he copied every figure in the stanze of Raphael; yet his memory was either so treacherous or his rapidity in writing so inconsiderate, that his account of them is a mere heap of errors and unpardonable confusion, and one might almost fancy that he had never entered the Vatican. Even Bottari, the learned editor of his work, his countryman and advocate against the complaints of Agostino Carracci and Federigo Zuccaro, though ever ready to fight his battles, is here at a loss to account for his mistakes. The history of modern art owes, no doubt, much to Vasari, he leads us from its cradle to its maturity, with anxious diligence. But more loquacious than ample, and less discriminating than eager to describe, he is, at an early period, exhausted by the superlatives lavished on inferior claims, and forced into frigid rhapsodies and astrologic nonsense to do justice to the greater. He has been called the Herodotus of our art, and if the main simplicity of his narrative, and the desire of accumulating anecdotes, intitle him in some degree to that appellation, we ought not to forget, that every day adds something to the authenticity of the Greek historian, whilst every day furnishes matter to question the credibility of the Tuscan.

of motion, to use the bold figure of Dante, seem to have showered into the artist's mind. From the chief, nearly placed in the centre, who precedes, and whose war-voice accompanies the trumpet, every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, eagerness, burst into so many rays. like the sparks flying from a red-hot iron. Many have reached, some boldly step, some have leaped on the rocky shore; here two arms emerging from the water grapple with the rock, there two hands cry for help, and their companions bend over or rush on to assist them; often imitated, but inimitable is the ardent feature of the grim veteran whose every sinew labours to force over the dripping limbs his cloaths, whilst gnashing he pushes the foot through the rending garment. He is contrasted by the slender elegance of a half averted youth, who sedulously eager buckles the armour to his thigh, and methodizes haste; another swings the high-raised hauberk on his shoulder, whilst one who seems a leader, mindless of dress, ready for combat, and with brandished spear, overturns a third, who crouched to grasp a weapon—one naked himself buckles on the mail of his companion, and he, turned toward the enemy, seems to stamp impatiently the ground.—Experience and rage, old vigour, young velocity, expanded or contracted, vie in exertions of energy. Yet in this scene
of

of tumult one motive animates the whole, eagerness to engage with subordination to command; this preserves the dignity of action, and from a straggling rabble changes the figures to men whose legitimate contest interests our wishes.

This intuition into the pure emanations of nature, Raphael Sanzio possessed in the most enviable degree, from the utmost conflict of passions, to the enchanting round of gentler emotion, and the nearly silent hints of mind and character. To this he devoted the tremendous scenery of that magnificent fresco, known to you all under the name of the *Incendio del Borgo*, in which he sacrificed the historic and mystic part of his subject to the effusion of the various passions roused by the sudden terrors of nocturnal conflagration. It is not for the faint appearance of the miracle which approaches with the pontiff and his train in the background, that Raphael bespeaks our eyes; the perturbation, necessity, hope, fear, danger, the pangs and efforts of affection grappling with the enraged elements of wind and fire, displayed on the foreground, furnish the pathetic motives that press on our hearts. That mother, who but half awake or rather in a waking trance, drives her children instinctively before her; that prostrate female half covered by her streaming hair, with

with elevated arms imploring heaven; that other who over the flaming tenement, heedless of her own danger, absorbed in maternal agony, cautiously reaches over to drop the babe into the outstretched arms of its father; that common son of nature, who heedless of another's woe, intent on his own safety, librates a leap from the burning wall; the vigorous youth who followed by an aged mother bears the palsied father on his shoulder from the rushing wreck; the nimble grace of those helpless damsels that vainly strive to administer relief—these are the real objects of the painter's aim, and leave the pontiff and the miracle, with taper, bell and clergy—unheeded in the distance.

I shall not at present expatiate in tracing from this source the novel combinations of affection by which Raphael contrived to interest us in his numerous repetitions of Madonnas and holy Families, selected from the warmest effusions of domestic endearment, or in Milton's phrase, from 'all the charities of father, son, and mother.' Nor shall I follow it in its more contaminated descent, to those representations of local manners and national modifications of society, whose characteristic discrimination and humorous exuberance, for instance, we admire in Hogarth, but which, like the fleeting fashions of the day, every hour contributes something

something to obliterate, which soon become unintelligible by time, or degenerate into caricature, the chronicle of scandal, the history-book of the vulgar.

Invention in its more specific sense receives its subjects from poetry or authenticated tradition; they are *epic* or sublime, *dramatic* or impassioned, *historic* or circumscribed by truth. The first *astonishes*; the second *moves*, the third *informs*.

The aim of the epic painter is to impress one general idea, one great quality of nature or mode of society, some great maxim, without descending to those subdivisions, which the detail of character prescribes: he paints the elements with their own simplicity, height, depth, the vast, the grand, darkness, light; life, death; the past, the future; man, pity, love, joy, fear, terror, peace, war, religion, government: and the visible agents are only engines to force *one* irresistible idea upon the mind and fancy, as the machinery of Archimedes served only to convey *destruction*, and the wheels of a watch serve only to tell *time*.

Such is the first and general sense of what is called the *sublime*, epic, allegoric, lyric substance. Homer, to impress one forcible idea of *war*, its origin, its progress,

and its end, set to work innumerable engines of various magnitude, yet none but what uniformly tends to enforce this and only this idea; gods and demigods are only actors, and nature but the scene of war; no character is discriminated but where discrimination discovers a new look of war; no passion is raised but what is blown up by the breath of war, and as soon absorbed in its universal blaze:—As in a conflagration we see turrets, spires, and temples illuminated only to propagate the horrors of destruction, so through the stormy page of Homer, we see his heroines and heroes, but by the light that blasts them.

This is the principle of that divine series of frescoes, with which under the pontificates of Julius II. and Paul III. Michael Angelo adorned the lofty compartments of the *Capella Sistina*, and from a modesty or a pride for ever to be lamented, only not occupied the *whole* of its ample sides. Its subject is *theocracy* or the empire of religion, considered as the parent and queen of man; the origin, the progress, and final dispensation of Providence, as taught by the sacred records. Amid this imagery of primeval simplicity, whose sole object is the relation of the race to its Founder, to look for minute discrimination of character, is to invert the principle of the artist's invention: here is only God with
man.

man. The veil of eternity is rent; time, space, and matter teem in the creation of the elements and of earth; life issues from God and adoration from man, in the creation of Adam and his mate; transgression of the precept at the tree of knowledge proves the origin of evil, and of expulsion from the immediate intercourse with God; the œconomy of justice and grace commences in the revolutions of the deluge, and the covenant made with Noah; and the germs of social character are traced in the subsequent scene between him and his sons; the awful synod of prophets and sibyls are the heralds of the Redeemer; and the host of patriarchs the pedigree of the Son of Man; the brazen serpent and the fall of Haman, the giant subdued by the stripling in Goliah and David, and the conquerour destroyed by female weakness in Judith, are types of his mysterious progress, till Jonah pronounces him immortal; and the magnificence of the last judgment by shewing the Saviour in the judge of man, sums up the whole, and reunites the founder and the race.

Such is the spirit of the Sistine chapel, and the outline of its *general* invention, with regard to the cycle of its subjects—as in their choice they lead to each other without intermediate chasms in the transition; as each preceding one prepares and directs the conduct of the next, this

this the following ; and as the intrinsic variety of all, conspires to the simplicity of one great end. The *specific* invention of the pictures separate, as each constitutes an independent whole, deserves our consideration next : each has its centre, from which it disseminates, to which it leads back all secondary points ; arranged, hid, or displayed, as they are more or less organs of the inspiring plan : each rigorously is circumscribed by its generic character, no inferiour merely conventional, temporary, local, or disparate beauty, however in itself alluring, is admitted ; each finally turns upon that transient moment, the moment of suspense, big with the past, and pregnant with the future ; the action no where expires, for action and interest terminate together. Thus in the creation of Adam, the Creator borne on a group of attendant spirits, the personified powers of omnipotence, moves on toward his last, best work, the lord of his creation : the immortal spark, issuing from his extended arm, electrifies the new-formed being, who tremblingly alive, half raised half reclined, hastens to meet his Maker. In the formation of Eve the astonishment of life, just organized, is absorbed in the sublimer sentiment of adoration ; perfect, though not all disengaged from the side of her dreaming mate, she moves with folded hands and humble dignity towards the majestic Form whose half raised hand attracts her---what words

can express the equally bland and irresistible velocity of that mysterious Being, who forms the sun and moon, and already past, leaves the earth, compleatly formed, behind him? who can be so frigid to misconstrue this double image of Omnipresence, into mere apposition? Here is the measure of immensity(*h*).

From these specimens of invention exerted in the more numerous compositions of this *sublime* cycle, let me fix your attention for a few moments on the powers it displays in the single figures of the Prophets, those organs of embodied sentiment: their expression and attitude, whilst it exhibits the unequivocal marks of inspired contemplation in all; and with equal variety, energy, and delicacy, stamps character on each; exhibits in the occupation of the present moment the traces of the past and hints of the future. Eisaiah, the image of *inspiration*, sublime and lofty, with an attitude expressive of the sacred trance in which meditation on the Messiah had immersed him, starts at the voice of an attendant genius, who seems to pronounce the words ‘to us a child is born, ‘to us a son is given.’ Daniel, the humbler image of eager *diligence*, transcribes from a volume held by a stripling,

(*h*) ‘Ο δε, πως μεγαθυρει τα Δαιμονια;—Την

‘Ορμην’ αυτων κοσμικη διασηματι καταμετρει.

Longinus, § 9.

stripling, with a gesture natural to those who, absorbed in the progress of their subject, are heedless of convenience ; his posture shews that he had inspected the volume from which now he is turned, and shall return to it immediately. Zachariah personifies *consideration*, he has read, and ponders on what he reads. *Inquiry* moves in the dignified activity of Joel ; hastening to open a sacred scrawl, and to compare the scriptures with each other. Ezechiel, the fervid feature of *fancy*, the seer of resurrection, represented as on the field strewn with bones of the dead, points downward and asks, ‘can these bones live?’ the attendant angel, borne on the wind that agitates his locks and the prophet’s vestments, with raised arm and finger, pronounces, they shall rise ; last, Jeremiah, subdued by *grief* and exhausted by lamentation, sinks in silent woe over the ruins of Jerusalem. Nor are the sibyls, those female oracles, less expressive, less individually marked—they are the echo, the counterpart of the prophets. If the artist, who absorbed by the uniform power and magnitude of execution, saw only breadth and nature in their figures, must be told that he has discovered the least part of their excellence ; the critic who charges them with affectation, can only be dismissed with our contempt.

On

On the immense plain of the last judgment, Michael Angelo has wound up the destiny of man, simply considered as the subject of religion, faithful or rebellious; and in one generic manner has distributed happiness and misery, the general feature of passions is given, and no more.—But had Raphael meditated that subject, he would undoubtedly have applied to our sympathies for his choice of imagery; he would have combined all possible emotions with the utmost variety of probable or real character: a father meeting his son, a mother torn from her daughter, lovers flying into each others arms, friends for ever separated, children accusing their parents, enemies reconciled; tyrants dragged before the tribunal by their subjects, conquerors hiding themselves from their victims of carnage; innocence declared, hypocrisy unmasked, atheism confounded, detected fraud, triumphant resignation; the most prominent features of connubial, fraternal, kindred connexion.—In a word, the heads of that infinite variety which Dante has minutely scattered over his poem—all domestic, politic, religious relations; whatever is not local in virtue and in vice: and the sublimity of the greatest of all events, would have been merely the minister of sympathies and passions(*i*).

If

(*i*) Much has been said of the loss we have suffered in the marginal drawings which Michael Angelo drew in his Dante. Invention may have suffered in being deprived of them; they can, however, have been little more than hints of a size

If opinions be divided on the respective advantages and disadvantages of these two modes; if to some it should appear, though from consideration of the plan which
guided

too minute to admit of much discrimination. The true terrors of Dante depend as much upon the medium in which he shews, or gives us a glimpse of his figures, as on their form. The characteristic outlines of his fiends, Michael Angelo personified in the dæmons of the last judgment, and invigourated the undisguised appetite, ferocity or craft of the brute, by traits of human malignity, cruelty, or lust. The Minos of Dante, in *Misser Biagio da Cesena*, and his Charon, have been recognized by all; but less the shivering wretch held over the barge by a hook, and evidently taken from the following passage in the *xxi*d of the *Inferno*:

Et graffiaean, ehe gli era più di contra
Gli arroncigliò l'impegolate chiome;
E trasse 'l fù, ehe mi parve una lontra.

None has noticed as imitations of Dante in the *xxiv*th book, the astonishing groups in the Lunetta of the brazen serpent; none the various hints from the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* scattered over the attitudes and expressions of the figures rising from their graves. In the Lunetta of Haman, we owe the sublime conception of his figure to the subsequent passage:

Poi piobbe dentro nell' alta phantasia
Un Crueiffisso, dispettoso e fiero moria
Nella sua vista, e lo qual si mòria.

The bassorelievo on the border of the second rock, in Purgatory, furnished the idea of the Annunziata, painted by Marcello Venusti from his design, in the sacristy of St. Giov. Lateran, by order of Tommaso de' Cavalieri, the select friend and favourite of Michael Angelo.

We are told that Michael Angelo represented the Ugolino of Dante, inclosed in the tower of Pisa; if he did, his own work is lost: but if, as some suppose, the bassorelievo of that subject by Pierino da Vinci, be taken from his idea, notwithstanding the greater latitude, which the sculptor might claim, in divesting the
figures

guided Michael Angelo, I am far from subscribing to their notions, that the scenery of the last judgment, might have gained more by the dramatic introduction of varied pathos, than it would have lost by the dereliction of its generic simplicity: there can, I believe, be but one opinion with regard to the methods adopted by him and Raphael in the invention of the moment that characterises the creation of Eve: both artists applied for it to their own minds, but with very different success: the elevation of Michael Angelo's soul, inspired by the operation of creation itself, furnished him at once with the feature that stamps on human nature its most glorious prerogative: whilst the characteristic subtilty, rather than sensibility of Raphael's mind, in this instance, offered nothing but a frigid succedaneum; a symptom incident to all, when after the subsided astonishment on a great and sudden event, the mind recollecting itself, ponders on it with inquisitive surmise. In Michael Angelo, the inferior sense of budding life reflected on itself, is absorbed in the sublimity of the sentiment which issues from the
august

figures of drapery and costume; he appears to me, to have erred in the means employed to rouse our sympathy. A sullen but muscular character, with groups of muscular bodies and forms of strength, about him, with the allegoric figure of the Furno at their feet, and that of Famine hovering over their heads, are not the fierce gothic chief, deprived of revenge, brooding over despair in the stony cage; are not the exhausted agonies of a father, petrified by the helpless groans of an expiring family, offering their own bodies for his food, to prolong his life.

august Presence that attracts Eve; 'her earthly,' in Milton's expression, 'by his heavenly overpowered,' pours itself in *adoration*: whilst in the inimitable cast of Adam's figure, we trace the hint of that half-conscious moment when sleep began to give way to the vivacity of the dream inspired. In Raphael, creation is complete—Eve is presented to Adam, now awake: but neither the new-born charms, the submissive grace and virgin purity of the beauteous image; nor the awful presence of her Introducer, draw him from his mental trance into effusions of love or gratitude; at ease reclined, with fingers pointing at himself and his new mate, he seems to methodize the surprising event that took place during his sleep, and to whisper the words 'flesh of my flesh.'

Thus, but far better adapted; has Raphael personified *Dialogue*, moved the lips of *Soliloquy*, unbent or wrinkled the features, and arranged the limbs and gesture of *Meditation*, in the pictures of the Parnassus and of the school of Athens, parts of the immense allegoric drama that fills the stanzas, and displays the brightest ornament of the Vatican; the immortal monument of the towering ambition, unlimited patronage, and refined taste of Julius II. and Leo X.; its cycle represents the origin, the progress, extent, and final triumph of
church

church empire, or ecclesiastic government; in the first subject, of the Parnassus, Poetry led back to its origin and first duty, the herald and interpreter of a first Cause, in the universal language of imagery addressed to the senses, unites man, scattered and savage, in social and religious bands. What was the surmise of the eye and the wish of hearts, is gradually made the result of reason, in the characters of the school of Athens, by the researches of philosophy, which from bodies to mind, from corporeal harmony to moral fitness, and from the duties of society, ascends to the doctrine of God and hopes of immortality. Here revelation in its stricter sense commences, and conjecture becomes a glorious reality: in the composition of the dispute on the sacrament, the Saviour after ascension seated on his throne, the attested son of God and Man, surrounded by his types, the prophets, patriarchs, apostles and the hosts of heaven, institutes the mysteries and initiates in his sacrament the heads and presbyters of the church militant, who in the awful presence of their Master and the celestial synod, discuss, explain, propound his doctrine. That the sacred mystery shall clear all doubt and subdue all heresy, is taught in the miracle of the blood-stained wafer; that without arms, by the arm of Heaven itself, it shall release its votaries, and defeat its enemies, the deliverance of Peter, the overthrow of Heliodorus, the flight of Attila, the captive Saracens,
bear

bear testimony ; that nature itself shall submit to its power and the elements obey its mandates, the checked conflagration of the Borgo, declares : till hastening to its ultimate triumphs, its union with the state, it is proclaimed by the vision of Constantine, confirmed by the rout of Maxentius, established by the imperial pupil's receiving baptism, and submitting to accept his crown at the feet of the mitred pontiff.

Such is the rapid outline of the cycle painted or designed by Raphael on the compartments of the stanzas sacred to his name. Here is the mass of his powers in poetic conception and execution, here is every period of his style, his emancipation from the narrow shackles of Pietro Perugino, his discriminations of characteristic form, on to the heroic grandeur of his line. Here is that master-tone of fresco painting, the real instrument of history, which with its silver purity and breadth unites the glow of Titiano and Corregio's tints. Every where we meet the superiority of genius, but more or less impressive, with more or less felicity in proportion as each subject was more or less susceptible of dramatic treatment. From the bland enthusiasm of the Parnassus, and the sedate or eager features of meditation in the school of Athens, to the sterner traits of dogmatic controversy in the dispute of the sacrament, and

and the symptoms of religious conviction or inflamed zeal at the mass of Bolsena. Not the miracle, as we have observed, the fears and terrors of humanity inspire and seize us at the conflagration of the Borgo: if in the Heliodorus the sublimity of the vision balances sympathy with astonishment, we follow the rapid ministers of grace to their revenge, less to rescue the temple from the gripe of sacrilege, than inspired by the palpitating graces, the helpless innocence, the defenceless beauty of the females and children scattered around; and thus we forget the vision of the labarum, the angels and Constantine in the battle, to plunge in the wave with Maxentius, or to share the agonies of the father who recognizes his own son in the enemy he slew.

With what propriety Raphaël introduced portrait, though in its most dignified and elevated sense, into some compositions of the great work we are contemplating, I shall not now discuss; the allegoric part of the work may account for it: he has, however, by its admission, stamped that branch of painting at once with its essential feature, character, and has assigned it its place and rank; ennobled by character, it rises to dramatic dignity, destitute of that, it sinks to mere mechanic dexterity, or floats, a bubble of fashion. Portrait is to historic painting in art, what physiognomy is to pathognomy in science;

science; *that* shews the character and powers of the being which makes its subject, in its formation and at rest: *this* shews it in exertion. Bembo, Bramante, Dante, Gonzaga, Savonarola, Raphael himself may be considered in the inferior light of mere characteristic ornament; but Julius the second authenticating the miracle at the mass of Bolsena, or borne into the temple, rather to authorize than to witness the punishment inflicted on its spoiler; Leo with his train calmly facing Attila, or deciding on his tribunal the fate of the captive Saracens, tell us by their presence that they are the heroes of the drama, that the action has been contrived for them, is subordinate to them, and has been composed to illustrate their character. For as in the epic, act and agent are subordinate to the maxim, and in pure history are mere organs of the fact; so the drama subordinates both fact and maxim to the agent, his character and passion: what in them was end is but the medium here.

Such were the principles on which he treated the beautiful tale of Amor and Psyche: the allegory of Apuleius became a drama under the hand of Raphael, though it must be owned, that with every charm of scenic gradation and lyric imagery, its characters, as exquisitely chosen as acutely discriminated, exhibit less
the

the obstacles and real object of affection, and its final triumph over mere appetite and sexual instinct, than the voluptuous history of his own favourite passion. The faint light of the maxim vanishes in the splendour which expands before our fancy the enchanted circle of wanton dalliance and amorous attachment.

But the power of Raphael's invention exerts itself chiefly in subjects where the drama, divested of epic or allegoric fiction, meets pure history, and elevates, invigorates, impresses the pregnant moment of a *real* fact, with character and pathos. The summit of these is that magnificent series of coloured designs commonly called the cartoons, so well known to you all, part of which we happily possess; formerly when complete and united, and now, in the copies of the tapestry annually exhibited in the colonnade of the Vatican, they represent in thirteen compositions the origin, sanction, œconomy and progress of the Christian religion. In whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of *one whole* relative to each other, or independent *each of the rest*, and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery of which the cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue; they are poised between perspicuity and pregnancy of moment; the death of Ananias, the sacrifice

at Lystra, Paul on the areopagus, will furnish us with conclusions for the remainder.

In the cartoon of Ananias, at the first glance, and even before we are made acquainted with the particulars of the subject, we become partners of the scene. The disposition is amphitheatric, the scenery a spacious hall, the heart of the action is the centre, the wings assist, elucidate, connect it with the ends. The apoplectic figure before us is evidently the victim of a Supernatural Power inspiring the apostolic figure, who on the raised platform with threatening arm pronounced, and with the word enforced his doom. The terroure occasioned by the sudden stroke, is best expressed by the features of youth and middle age on each side of the sufferer; it is instantaneous, because its shock has not yet spread beyond them, and this is done not to interrupt the dignity due to the sacred scene, and to stamp the character of devout attention on the assembly: what preceded and what followed is equally implied in their occupation, and the figure of a matron, entering and absorbed in counting money, whilst she approaches the fatal centre, and whom we may suppose to be Sapphira, the accomplice and the wife of Ananias, and the devoted partner of his fate; in this composition, of near thirty figures, none can be pointed out as a figure of
common

common place or mere convenience ; they are linked to each other, and to the centre, by one common chain ; all act, and all have room to act, repose alternates with energy. Pouffin, in his death of Sapphira, has imitated the moment, but has altogether missed the awful dignity due to the expression of the miracle, by substituting for the solemn hall and the devout assembly chosen by Raphael, the outside of a portico, and a few accidental spectators ; and Peter, whilst he pronounces death, seems as much to be surprised at the effect of the word that issues from his lips, as the by-standers, or the novice of an apostle at his side, whom, I hope, he did not design for John.

The cartoon of the sacrifice at Lystra, traces, in the moment of its choice, which is the ceremony attendant on the apotheosis of Paul and Barnabas, the motive that produced, and shews the disappointment that checks it : the sacrificer is arrested in the action of smiting the bull, by the gesture of the young man, who observes Paul rending his garment in horror of the idolatrous ceremony his miracle occasioned. The miracle itself is present in that characteristic figure of recovery, the man who rushes in with eyes fixed on the apostle and adoring hands ; whilst it is recognized by a man of gravity and rank, lifting up part of the garment that covered his
T 2 thigh,

thigh, and by this act attests him to have been the identic bearer of those useless crutches thrown on the pavement before him.

The same invention predominates in the cartoon of Paul announcing his God from the height of the areopagus. Enthusiasm and curiosity make up the subject; simplicity of attitude invests the speaker with sublimity; the parallelism of his action invigorates his energy; situation gives him command over the whole; the light in which he is placed, attracts the first glance; he appears the organ of a Superior Power. The assembly, though selected with characteristic art for the purpose, are the natural offspring of place and moment. The involved meditation of the Stoic, the Cynic's ironic sneer, the incredulous smile of the elegant Epicurean, the eager disputants of the Academy, the elevated attention of Plato's school, the rankling malice of the Rabbi, the Magician's mysterious glance, repeat in louder or in lower tones the novel doctrine; but whilst curiosity and meditation, loud debate and fixed prejudice, tell, ponder on, repeat, reject, discuss it, the animated gesture of conviction in Dionysius and Damaris, announce the power of its tenets, and what the artist chiefly aimed at, the established belief of *immortality*.

But

But the powers of Raphael in combining the drama with pure historic fact, are best estimated when compared with those exerted by other masters on the same subject. For this we select from the series we examine, that which represented the massacre, as it is called, of the innocents, or of the infants at Bethlem; an original, precious part of which still remains in the possession of a friend of art among us. On this subject Baccio Bandinelli, Tintoretto, Rubens, Le Brun, and Poussin, have tried their various powers.

The massacre of the infants by Baccio Bandinelli, contrived chiefly to exhibit his anatomic skill, is a complicated tableau of every contorsion of human attitude and limbs that precedes dislocation; the expression floats between a studied imagery of frigid horror and loathsome abomination.

The stormy brush of Tintoretto swept individual woe away in general masses. Two immense wings of light and shade divide the composition, and hide the want of sentiment in tumult.

To Rubens magnificence and contrast dictated the actors and the scene. A loud lamenting dame, in velvet robes, with golden locks dishevelled, and wide extended

tended arms, meets our first glance. Behind, a group of steel-clad satellites open their rows of spears to admit the nimble, naked ministers of murder, charged with their infant prey, within their ranks, ready to close again against the frantic mothers who pursue them: the pompous gloom of the palace in the middle ground is set off by cottages and village scenery in the distance.

Le Brun surrounded the allegoric tomb of Rachel with rapid horsemen, receiving the children whom the assassins tore from their parents arms, and strewed the field with infant-slaughter.

Poussin tied in one vigorous group what he conceived of blood-trained villany and maternal frenzy. Whilst Raphael, in dramatic gradation, disclosed all the mother through every image of pity and of terroure; through tears, shrieks, resistance, revenge, to the stunned look of despair; and traced the villain from the palpitations of scarce initiated crime to the sedate grin of veteran murder.

History, strictly so called, follows the drama: fiction now ceases, and invention consists only in selecting and fixing with dignity, precision, and sentiment, the mo-

ments of *reality*. Suppose that the artist choose the death of Germanicus—He is not to give us the highest images of *general* grief which impresses the features of a people or a family at the death of a beloved chief or father; for this would be epic imagery: we should have Achilles, Hector, Niobe. He is not to mix up characters which observation and comparison have pointed out to him as the fittest to excite the gradations of sympathy; not Admetus and Alceste, not Meleager and Atalanta; for this would be the drama. He is to give us the idea of a Roman dying amidst Romans, as tradition gave him, with all the real modifications of time and place, which may serve unequivocally to discriminate that moment of grief from all others. Germanicus, Agrippina, Caius, Vitellius, the legates, the centurions at Antioch; the hero, the husband, the father, the friend, the leader, the struggles of nature and sparks of hope must be subjected to the physiognomic character and the features of Germanicus, the son of Drusus, the Cæsar of Tiberius. Maternal, female, conjugal passion must be tinged by Agrippina, the woman absorbed in the Roman, less lover than companion of her husband's grandeur: even the bursts of friendship, attachment, allegiance, and revenge, must be stamped by the military, ceremonial, and distinctive costume of Rome.

The judicious observation of all this does not reduce the historic painter to the anxiously minute detail of a copyist. Firm he rests on the true basis of art, imitation: the fixed character of things determines all in his choice, and mere floating accident, transient modes and whims of fashion, are still excluded. If defects, if deformities are represented, they must be permanent, they must be inherent in the character. Edward the first and Richard the third must be marked, but marked, to strengthen rather than to diminish the interest we take in the man; thus the deformity of Richard, will add to his terror, and the enormous stride of Edward, to his dignity. If my limits permitted, your own recollection would dispense me from expatiating in examples on this more familiar branch of invention. The history of our own times and of our own country has produced a specimen, in the death of a military hero, as excellent as often imitated, which, though respect forbids me to name it, cannot, I trust, be absent from your mind.

Such are the stricter outlines of general and specific invention in the three principal branches of our art; but as their near alliance allows not always a strict discrimination of their limits; as the mind and fancy of men, upon the whole, consist of mixed qualities, we seldom

meet with a human performance exclusively made up of epic, dramatic, or pure historic materials.

Novelty and feelings will make the rigid historian sometimes launch out into the marvellous, or warm his bosom and extort a tear; the dramatist, in gazing at some tremendous feature, or the pomp of superiour agency, will drop the chain of sympathy and be absorbed in the sublime; whilst the epic or lyric painter forgets his solitary grandeur, sometimes descends and mixes with his agents. Thus Homer gave the feature of the drama in Hector and Andromache, in Irus and Ulysses; the spirit from the prison house stalks like the shade of Ajax, in Shakspeare; the daughter of Soranus pleading for her father, and Octavia encircled by centurions, melt like Ophelia and Alceste, in Tacitus; thus Raphael personified the genius of the river in Joshua's passage through the Jordan, and again at the ceremony of Solomon's inauguration; and thus Poussin raised before the scared eye of Coriolanus, the frowning vision of Rome, all armed, with her attendant, Fortune.

These general excursions from one province of the art into those of its congenial neighbours, granted by judicious invention to the artist, let me apply to the

grant of a more specific licence (*k*): Horace, the most judicious of critics, when treating on the use of poetic words, tells his pupils, that the adoption of an old word, rendered novel by a skilful construction with others, will entitle the poet to the praise of original diction. The same will be granted to the judicious adoption of figures in painting.

Far from impairing the originality of invention, the unpremeditated discovery of an appropriate attitude or figure in the works of antiquity, or of the great old masters after the revival, and its adoption, or the apt transposition of one misplaced in some inferiour work, will add lustre to a performance of commensurate or superiour power, by a kind coalition with the rest, immediately furnished by nature and the subject. In such a case it is easily discovered whether a subject have been chosen merely to borrow an idea, an attitude or figure, or whether their eminent fitness procured them their place. An adopted idea or figure in a work of genius is a foil or a companion of the rest; but an idea of genius borrowed by mediocrity, tears all associate shreds, it is the giant's thumb by which the pigmy offered the measure

(*k*) *Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.*——

Q. Horat. Flacci de A. P. v. 47.

measure of his own littleness. We stamp the plagiarist on the borrower, who, without fit materials or adequate conceptions of his own, seeks to shelter impotence under purloined vigour; we leave him with the full praise of invention, who by the harmony of a whole proves that what he adopted might have been his own offspring though anticipated by another. If he take now, he soon may give. Thus Michael Angelo scattered the Torso of Apollonius in every view, in every direction, in groups and single figures, over the composition of the last judgment; and borrowed the attitude of Judith and her maid from an antique gem, but added an expression and a grace unknown to the original: if the figure of Adam dismissed from Paradise, by Raphael, still own Masaccio for its inventor, he can scarcely be said to have furnished more than the hint of that enthusiasm and energy which we admire in Paul on the areopagus: in the picture of the covenant with Noah, the sublimity of the vision, and the graces of the mother entangled by her babes, find their originals in the Sistine chapel, but they are equalled by the fervour which conceived the Patriarch who, with the infant pressed to his bosom, with folded hands, and prostrate on his knees, adores. What figure or what gesture in the cartoon of Pisa, has not been imitated? Raphael, Parmegiano, Poussin, are

equally indebted to it; in the sacrament of baptism, the last did little more than transcribe that knot of powers, the fierce feature of the veteran who, eager to pull on his cloaths, pushes his foot through the rending garment.—Such are the indulgences which invention grants to fancy, taste, and judgment.

But a limited fragment of observations must not presume to exhaust what in itself is inexhaustible; the features of invention are multiplied before me as my powers decrease: I shall therefore no longer trespass on your patience, than by fixing your attention for a few moments on one of its boldest flights, the transfiguration of Raphael; a performance equally celebrated and censured; in which the most judicious of inventors, the painter of propriety, is said to have not only wrestled for extent of information with the historian, but attempted to leap the boundaries, and, with a less discriminating than daring hand, to remove the established limits of the art, to have arbitrarily combined two actions, and consequently two different moments.

Were this charge founded, I might content myself with observing, that the transfiguration, more than any other of Raphael's oil-pictures, was a public performance, destined by Julio de Medici, afterward Clement VII.

for

for his archiepiscopal church at Narbonne; that it was painted in contest with Sebastian del Piombo, assisted in his rival-picture of Lazarus by Michael Angelo; and thus, considering it as framed on the simple principles of the monumental style, established in my first discourse, on the pictures of Polygnotus at Delphi, I might frame a plausible excuse for the modern artist; but Raphael is above the assistance of subterfuge, and it is sufficient to examine the picture, in order to prove the futility of the charge. Raphael has connected with the transfiguration not the *cure* of the maniac, but his *presentation for it*; if, according to the (1) Gospel record, this happened at the foot of the mountain, whilst the apparition took place at the top, what improbability is there in assigning the *same moment* to both?

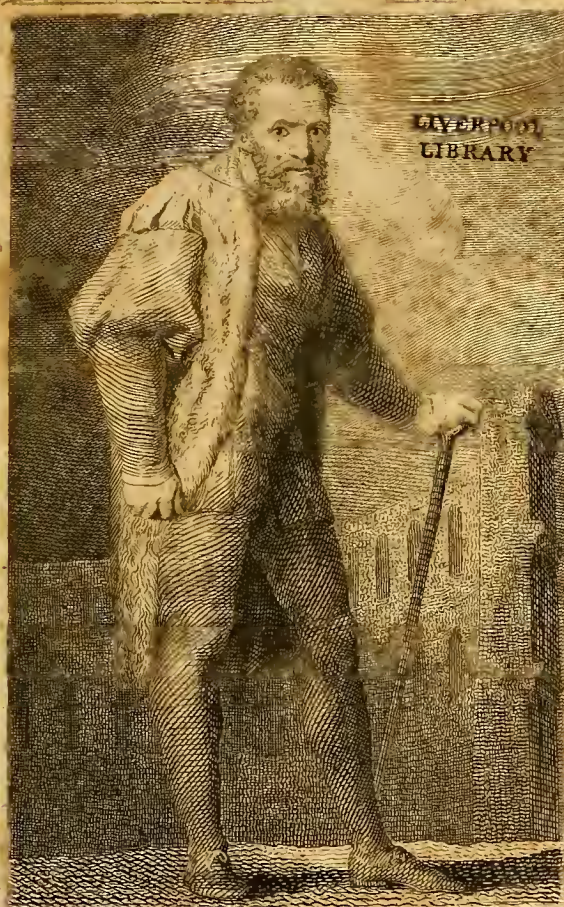
Raphael's design was to represent Jesus as the Son of God, and at the same time as the reliever of human misery, by an unequivocal fact. The transfiguration on Tabor, and the miraculous cure which followed the descent of Jesus, united, furnished that fact. The difficulty was how to combine two successive actions in one moment: he overcame it by sacrificing the moment of the cure to that of the apparition, by implying the lesser miracle

(1) Matth. 17. 5. 6. See Fiorillo, geschichte, &c. 104. seq.

miracle in the greater. In subordinating the cure to the vision he obtained sublimity, in placing the crowd and the patient on the foreground, he gained room for the full exertion of his dramatic powers ; it was not necessary that the dæmoniac should be represented in the moment of recovery, if its certainty could be expressed by other means : it is implied, it is placed beyond all doubt by the glorious apparition above ; it is made nearly intuitive by the uplifted hand and finger of the apostle in the centre, who without hesitation, undismayed by the obstinacy of the dæmon, unmoved by the clamour of the crowd and the pusillanimous scepticism of some of his companions, refers the father of the maniac in an authoritative manner for certain and speedy help to his master (*m*) on the mountain above, whom, though unseen, his attitude at once connects with all that passes below, even if it had not been assisted by the parallel gesture of another disciple, referring to the same source of assistance his seemingly doubting companion ; here is the point of contact,

(*m*) The vision on Tabor, as represented here, is the most characteristic produced by modern art. Whether we consider the action of the apostles overpowered by the divine effulgence and divided between adoration and astonishment ; or the forms of the prophets ascending like flame, and attracted by the lucid centre, or the majesty of Jesus himself, whose countenance, is the only one we know, expressive of his superhuman nature. That the union of such powers, should not, for once, have disarmed the burlesque of the French eritie, rouses equal surprise and indignation.

contact, here is that union of the two parts of the fact in one moment, which the purblind criticism of Richardson, and the flimsy petulance of Falconet could not discover.



*Ancora imparo:
M. Angelo Bonarroti.*



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