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The Right Hon.^{ble}
CHARLES BATHURST,
Sydney Park.

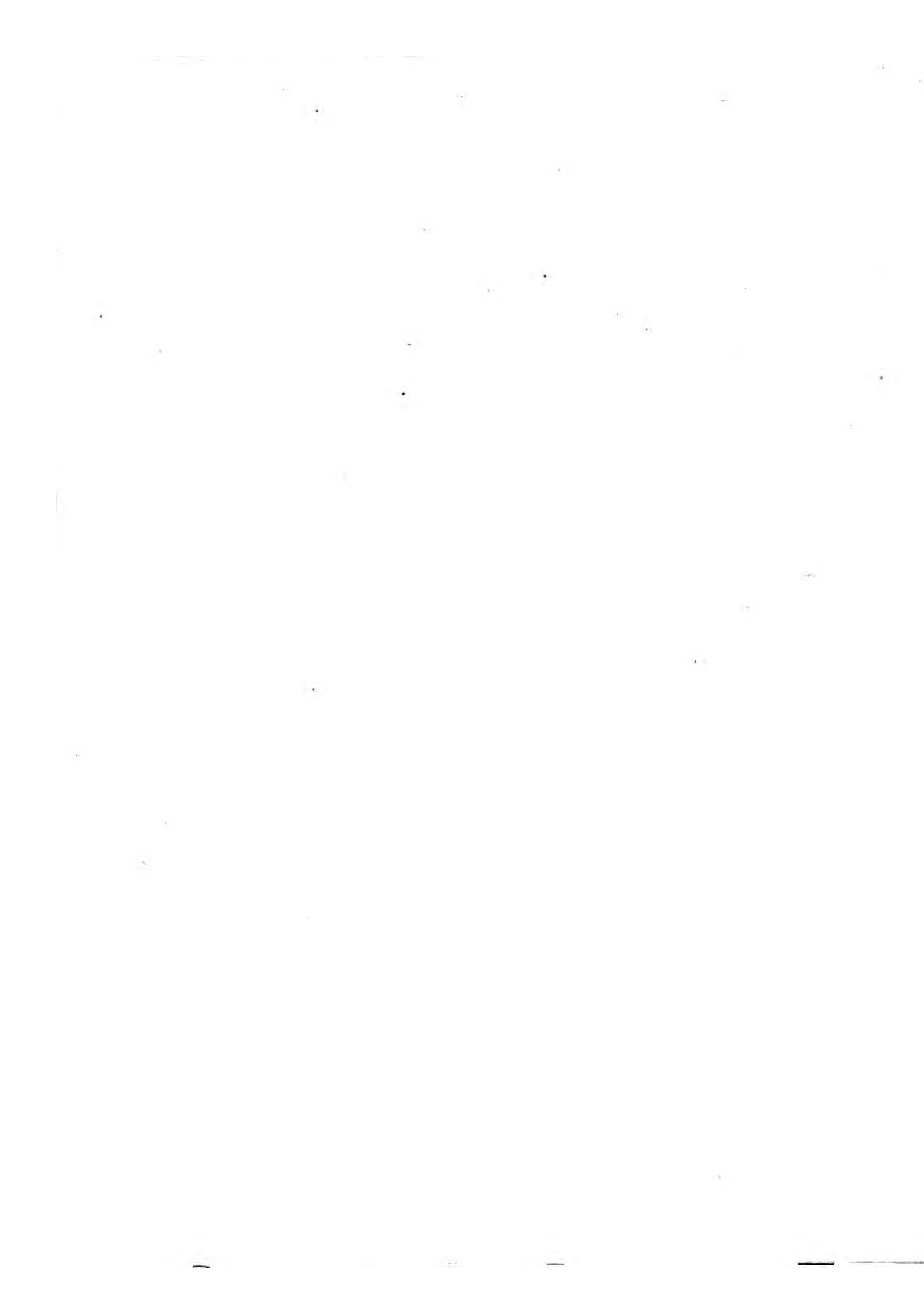
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S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

HON. HORACE WALPOLE'S

Anecdotes of Painters and Engravers.





Sir J. Reynolds.
Effig^{ei} Pictor. R. S. S.

Effigies del. 1788

D. J. Jarvis sculp.

THE
WORKS
OF
JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

- CONTAINING
I. THE THEORY OF PAINTING.
II. ESSAY ON THE ART OF CRITICISM,
(So far as it relates to PAINTING).
III. THE SCIENCE OF A CONNOISSEUR.

A NEW EDITION, corrected, with the Additions of
An ESSAY on the KNOWLEDGE OF PRINTS, and CAUTIONS to COLLECTORS.
Ornamented with Portraits by WORLIDGE, &c. of the most eminent PAINTERS mentioned.

Dedicated, by Permission, to SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Whole intended as a Supplement to the Anecdotes of Painters and Engravers.

PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.



Sold by B. WHITE and SON, *Fleetstreet*; T. and J. EGERTON, *Whitehall*; J. DEBRETT, *Piccadilly*; R. FAULDER, and W. MILLER, *New Bond-Street*; J. CUTHELL, *Middle-Row, Holborn*; J. BARKER, *Russell-Court*; and E. JEFFERY, *Pall-Mall*. 1792.

1937
MUSEUM

T O

Sir J O S H U A R E Y N O L D S,

President of the Royal Academy, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

S I R,

A New and improved Edition of the Works of JONATHAN RICHARDSON cannot be inscribed with so much Propriety to any Body as to you.

The Author has in his THEORY OF PAINTING discoursed with great Judgment on the Excellencies of this divine Art, and recommended the Study of it with a Warmth approaching to Enthusiasm. His Ideas are noble, and his Observations learned. I am emboldened to say this from a Conversation which I had the Honour to have with you on this subject.

Had

Had RICHARDSON lived to see the inimitable Productions of your Pencil, he would have congratulated his Country on the Prospect of a School of Painting likely to contend successfully with those of Italy.

At the same Time he would have confessed that your admirable Discourses would have rendered his own Writings less necessary.

I am, with the greatest Respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient and obliged

Humble Servant,

May 4, 1773.

The EDITOR.

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THE



HOLBENI



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T H E

THEORY OF PAINTING.

BECAUSE pictures are universally delightful, and accordingly make one part of our ornamental furniture, many, I believe, consider the art of Painting but as a pleasing superfluity; at best, that it holds but a low rank with respect to its usefulness to mankind.

If there were in reality no more in it than an innocent amusement; if it were only one of those sweets that the Divine Providence has bestowed on us, to render the good of our present being superior to the evil of it; or whether it be or no, to render life somewhat more eligible, it ought to be considered as a bounty from Heaven, and to hold a place in our esteem accordingly. Pleasure, however it be depreciated, is what we all eagerly and incessantly pursue; and when innocent, and consequently a divine benefaction, is to be considered in that view, and as an ingredient in human life, which the Supreme Wisdom has judged necessary.

Painting is that pleasant, innocent amusement, and as such it holds its place amongst our enjoyments. But it is more; it is of great use, as being one of the means whereby we convey our ideas to each other, and which, in some respects, has the advantage of all the rest. And thus it must be ranked with these, and accordingly esteemed not only as an enjoyment, but as another language, which completes the whole art of communicating our thoughts,

one of those particulars which raises the dignity of human nature so much above the brutes; and which is the more considerable, as being a gift bestowed but upon a few even of our own species.

Words paint to the imagination, but every man forms the thing to himself in his own way; language is very imperfect: there are innumerable colours and figures for which we have no name, and an infinity of other ideas which have no certain words universally agreed upon as denoting them: whereas the painter can convey his ideas of these things clearly, and without ambiguity; and what he says every one understands in the sense he intends it.

And this is a language that is universal; men of all nations hear the poet, moralist, historian, divine, or whatever other character the painter assumes, speaking to them in their own mother tongue.

Painting has another advantage over words, and that is, it pours ideas into our minds, words only drop them. The whole scene opens at one view, whereas the other way lifts up the curtain by little and little. We see (for example) the fine prospect at Constantinople, an eruption of Mount *Ætna*, the death of Socrates, the battle of *Blenheim*, the person of King *Charles I.* &c. in an instant.

The Theatre gives us representations of things different from both these, and a kind of composition of both: there we see a sort of moving, speaking pictures, but these are transient; whereas Painting remains, and is always at hand. And what is more considerable, the stage never represents things truly, especially if the scene be remote, and the story ancient. A man that is acquainted with the habits and customs of antiquity, comes to revive or improve his ideas relating to the misfortune of *Œdipus*, or the death of *Julius Cæsar*, and finds a sort of fantastical creatures, the like of which he never met with in any statue, bas-relief, or medal; his just notions of these things are all contradicted and disturbed. But Painting shews us these brave people as they were in their own genuine greatness, and noble simplicity.

The

The pleasure that Painting, as a dumb art, gives us, is like what we have from music; its beautiful forms, colours and harmony, are to the eye what sounds, and the harmony of that kind are to the ear; and in both we are delighted in observing the skill of the artist in proportion to it, and our own judgment to discover it. It is this beauty and harmony which gives us so much pleasure at the sight of natural pictures, a prospect, a fine sky, a garden, &c. and the copies of these, which renew the ideas of them, are consequently pleasant: thus we see Spring, Summer, and Autumn, in the depth of Winter; and frost and snow, if we please, when the Dog-star rages. By the help of this art we have the pleasure of seeing a vast variety of things and actions, of travelling by land or water, of knowing the humours of low life without mixing with it, of viewing tempests, battles, inundations; and in short, of all real, or imagined appearances in heaven, earth, or hell; and this as we sit at our ease, and cast our eye round a room: we may ramble with delight from one idea to another, or fix upon any as we please. Nor do we barely see this variety of natural objects, but in good pictures we always see nature improved, or at least the best choice of it. We thus have nobler and finer ideas of men, animals, landscapes, &c. than we should perhaps have ever had. We see particular accidents and beauties which are rarely, or never seen by us; and this is no inconsiderable addition to the pleasure.

And thus we see the persons and faces of famous men, the originals of which are out of our reach, as being gone down with the stream of time, or in distant places: and thus too we see our relatives and friends, whether living or dead, as they have been in all the stages of life. In picture we never die, never decay, or grow older.

But when we come to consider this art as it informs the mind, its merit is raised; it still gives pleasure, but it is not merely such. The painter now is not only what a wise orator who is a beautiful

person, and has a graceful action, is to a deaf man, but what such a one is to an understanding audience.

And thus Painting not only shews us how things appear, but tells us what they are. We are informed of countries, habits, manners, arms, buildings civil and military, animals, plants, minerals, their natures and properties; and in fine, of all kinds of bodies whatsoever.

This art is moreover subservient to many other useful sciences; it gives the architect his models; to physicians and surgeons, the texture and forms of all the parts of human bodies, and of all the phenomena of nature. All mechanics stand in need of it. But it is not necessary to enlarge here the many explanatory prints in books, and without which, those books would in a great measure be unintelligible, sufficiently shew the usefulness of this art to mankind.

I pretend not to go regularly through all particulars, or here, or elsewhere, throughout this whole undertaking, to say all that is to be said on the subject; I write as the scraps of time I can allow myself to employ this way will permit me; and I write for my own diversion, and my son's improvement (who well deserves all the assistance I can give, though he needs it as little as most young men; to whom I must do this further justice, as to own that I am beholden to him, in my turn, for some considerable hints in this undertaking.) And if, moreover, what I write may hereafter happen to be of use to any body else; whether it be to put a lover of art in a method to judge of a picture (and which in most things a gentleman may do altogether as well as a painter) or to awaken some useful hints in some of my own profession; at least to persuade such to do no dishonour to it by a low or vicious behaviour; if these consequences happen, it will be a satisfaction to me over and above. But to return, and to come to what is most material.

Painting gives us not only the persons, but the characters of great men. The air of the head, and the mein in general, gives strong indications



NICOLO POUSSIN



indications of the mind, and illustrates what the historian says more expressly and particularly. Let a man read a character in my Lord Clarendon (and certainly never was there a better painter in that kind) he will find it improved, by seeing a picture of the same person by Van Dyck. Painting relates the histories of past and present times, the fables of the poets, the allegories of moralists, and the good things of religion: and consequently a picture, besides its being a pleasant ornament, is useful to instruct and improve our minds, and to excite proper sentiments and reflections, as a history, a poem, a book of ethics, or divinity: the truth is, they mutually assist one another.

By reading, or discourse, we learn some particulars which we cannot have otherwise; and by Painting we are taught to form ideas of what we read; we see those things as the painter saw them, or has improved them, with much care and application; and if he be a *Rafaele*, a *Giulio Romano*, or some such great genius, we see them better than any one of an inferior character can, or even than one of their equals, without that degree of reflection they had made, possibly could. After having read *Milton*, one sees nature with better eyes than before; beauties appear, which else had been unregarded: so by conversing with the works of the best masters in Painting, one forms better images whilst we are reading or thinking. I see the divine airs of *Rafaele* when I read any history of our Saviour, or the Blessed Virgin; and the awful ones he gives an apostle when I read of their actions, and conceive of those actions, that he and other great men describe in a nobler manner than otherwise I should ever have done. When I think of the great action of the *Decii*, or the three hundred *Lacedemonians* at *Thermopylæ*, I see them with such faces and attitudes, as *Michelangelo* or *Giulio Romano* would have given them; and *Venus* and the *Graces* I see of the hand of *Parmeggiano*; and so of other subjects.

And

And if my ideas are raised, the sentiments excited in my mind will be proportionably improved. So that supposing two men perfectly equal in all other respects, only one is conversant with the works of the best masters (well chosen as to their subjects) and the other not; the former shall necessarily gain the ascendant, and have nobler ideas, more love to his country, more moral virtue, more faith, more piety and devotion than the other; he shall be a more ingenious, and a better man.

To come to portraits; the picture of an absent relation, or friend, helps to keep up those sentiments which frequently languish by absence, and may be instrumental to maintain, and sometimes to augment friendship, and paternal, filial, and conjugal love, and duty.

Upon the sight of a portrait, the character, and master-strokes of the history of the person it represents, are apt to flow in upon the mind, and to be the subject of conversation: so that to fit for one's picture, is to have an abstract of one's life written and published, and ourselves thus consigned over to honour or infamy. I know not what influence this has, or may have, but methinks it is rational to believe, that pictures of this kind are subservient to virtue; that men are excited to imitate the good actions, and persuaded to shun the vices of those whose examples are thus set before them; useful hints must certainly be frequently given, and frequently improved into practice. And why should we not also believe, that considering the violent thirst of praise which is natural, especially in the noblest minds, and the better sort of people, they that see their pictures are set up as monuments of good or evil fame, are often secretly admonished by the faithful friend in their own breasts, to add new graces to them by praise-worthy actions, and to avoid blemishes, or deface what may have happened, as much as possible, by a future good conduct. A flattering mercenary hand may represent my face with a youth, or beauty, which belongs not to me, and which I am not one jot the younger, or the handsomer for, though I may
be

be a just subject of ridicule for desiring, or suffering such flattery: but I myself must lay on the most durable colours, my own conduct gives the boldest strokes of beauty, or deformity.

I will add but one article more in praise of this noble, delightful, and useful art, and that is this: the treasure of a nation consists in the pure productions of nature, or those managed, or put together, and improved by art: now there is no artificer whatsoever that produces so valuable a thing from such inconsiderable materials of nature's furnishing, as the painter, putting the time (for that also must be considered as one of those materials) into the account: it is next to creation. This nation is many thousands of pounds the richer for Van Dyck's hand, and which is as current money as gold in most parts of Europe, and this with an inconsiderable expence of the productions of nature; what a treasure then have all the great masters here, and elsewhere given to the world!

It is nothing to the purpose to say, by way of objection to all this, that the art has also been subservient to impiety, and immorality; I own it has; but am speaking of the thing itself, and not the abuse of it: a misfortune to it in common with other excellent things of all kinds, poetry, music, learning, religion, &c.

Thus painters, as well as historians, poets, philosophers, divines, &c. conspire in their several ways to be serviceable to mankind; but not with an equal degree of merit, if that merit is to be estimated according to the talents requisite to excel in any of these professions.

But, by the way, it is not every picture-maker that ought to be called a painter, as every rhymers, or Grub-street tale-writer is not a poet, or historian: a painter ought to be a title of dignity, and understood to imply a person endued with such excellencies of mind, and body, as have ever been the foundations of honour amongst men.

He that paints a history well, must be able to write it; he must be thoroughly informed of all things relating to it, and conceive it
clearly,

clearly, and nobly in his mind, or he can never express it upon the canvass: he must have a solid judgment, with a lively imagination, and know what figures, and what incidents ought to be brought in, and what every one should say, and think. A painter, therefore, of this class must possess all the good qualities requisite to an historian; unless it be language, which however seldom fails of being beautiful, when the thing is clearly, and well conceived. But this is not sufficient to him, he must moreover know the forms of the arms, the habits, customs, buildings, &c. of the age, and country, in which the thing was transacted, more exactly than the other needs to know them. And as his business is not to write the History of a few years, or of one age, or country, but of all ages, and all nations, as occasion offers, he must have a proportionable fund of ancient, and modern learning of all kinds.

As to paint a history, a man ought to have the main qualities of a good historian, and something more; he must yet go higher, and have the talents requisite to a good poet; the rules for the conduct of a picture being much the same with those to be observed in writing a poem; and Painting, as well as poetry, requiring an elevation of genius beyond what pure historical narration does; the painter must imagine his figures to think, speak, and act, as a poet should do in a tragedy, or epic poem; especially if his subject be a fable, or an allegory. If a poet has, moreover, the care of the diction and versification, the painter has a task perhaps at least equivalent to that, after he has well conceived the thing over and above what is merely mechanical, and other particulars, which shall be spoken to presently, and that is, the knowledge of the nature and effects of colours, lights, shadows, reflections, &c. And as his business is not to compose one Iliad, or one Æneid only, but perhaps many, he must be furnished with a vast stock of poetical, as well as historical learning.

Besides





*Antony Allegri,
commonly called*

CORREGIO.

Besides all this, it is absolutely necessary to a history-painter that he understand anatomy, osteology, geometry, perspective, architecture, and many other sciences which the historian or poet has little occasion to know.

He must, moreover, not only see, but thoroughly study the works of the most excellent masters in painting and sculpture, ancient and modern; for though some few have gone vast lengths in the art by the strength of their own genius, without foreign assistance, these are prodigies, the like success is not ordinarily to be expected; nor have even these done with the advantages the study of other mens works would have given them. I leave Vasari and Bellori to dispute whether Rafaele was beholden to Michaelangelo's works for the greatness of his style, but that he improved upon his coming to Rome, and made advantages from what he saw there is incontestable. Nor am I certain that Coreggio saw the St. Cecilia of Rafaele at Bologna, as has been asserted, but that he would have been the better for it if he had seen that, and other works of that master, I can easily believe.

To be a good face-painter, a degree of the historical and poetical genius is requisite, and a great measure of the other talents and advantages which a good history-painter must possess. Nay some of them, particularly colouring, he ought to have in greater perfection than is absolutely necessary for a history-painter.

It is not enough to make a tame insipid resemblance of the features, so that every body shall know who the picture was intended for, nor even to make the picture what is often said to be prodigious like (this is often done by the lowest of face-painters, but then it is ever with the air of a fool, and an unbred person.) A portrait-painter must understand mankind, and enter into their characters, and express their minds as well as their faces: and as his business is chiefly with people of condition, he must think as a gentleman, and

a man of sense, or it will be impossible for him to give such their true, and proper resemblances.

But if a painter of this kind is not obliged to take in such a compass of knowledge as he that paints history, and that the latter upon some accounts is the nobler employment, upon others the preference is due to face-painting; and the peculiar difficulties such a one has to encounter will perhaps balance what he is excused from. He is chiefly concerned with the noblest, and most beautiful part of human nature, the face, and is obliged to the utmost exactness. A history-painter has vast liberties; if he is to give life, and greatness, and grace to his figures, and the airs of his heads, he may chuse what faces, and figures he pleases; but the other must give all that (in some degree at least) to subjects where it is not always to be found, and must find, or make variety in much narrower bounds than the history-painter has to range in.

Add to all this, that the works of the face-painter must be seen in all the periods of beginning, and progress, as well as when finished, when they are not, oftener than when they are fit to be seen, and yet judged of, and criticized upon, as if the artist had given his last hand to them, and by all sorts of people; nor is he always at liberty to follow his own judgment. He is, moreover, frequently disappointed, obliged to wait till the vigour of his fancy is gone off, and to give over when it is strong, and lively. These things, and several others which I forbear to mention, often times try a man's philosophy, and complaisance, and add to the merit of him that succeeds in this kind of Painting.

A painter must not only be a poet, an historian, a mathematician, &c. he must be a mechanic; his hand, and eye, must be as expert as his head is clear, and lively, and well stored with science: he must not only write a history, a poem, a description, but do it in a fine character; his brain, his eye, his hand, must be busied at the same time. He must not only have a nice judgment to distinguish be-
twixt

twixt things nearly resembling one another, but not the same, (which he must have in common with those of the noblest professions) but he must, moreover, have the same delicacy in his eye to judge of the Tincts of colours, which are of infinite variety, and to distinguish whether a line be strait, or curved a little; whether this is exactly parallel to that, or oblique, and in what degree; how this curved line differs from that, if it differs at all, of which he must also judge; whether what he has drawn is of the same magnitude with what he pretends to imitate, and the like; and must have a hand exact enough to form these in his work, answerable to the ideas he has taken of them.

An author must think, but it is no matter how he writes, he has no care about that, it is sufficient if what he writes be legible; a curious mechanic's hand must be exquisite, but his thoughts are commonly pretty much at liberty, but a painter is engaged in both respects. When the matter is well thought and digested in the mind, a work common to painters and writers, the former has still behind a vastly greater task than the other, and which, to perform well, would alone be a sufficient recommendation to any man who should employ a whole life in attaining it.

And here I must take leave, to endeavour to do justice to my profession as a liberal art.

It was never thought unworthy of a gentleman to be master of the Theory of Painting. On the contrary, if such a one has but a superficial skill that way, he values himself upon it, and is the more esteemed by others, as one who has attained an excellency of mind beyond those that are ignorant in that particular. It is strange, if the same gentleman should forfeit his character, and commence mechanic, if he added a bodily excellence, and was capable of making, as well as of judging of a picture. How comes it to pass, that one that thinks as well as any man, but has, moreover, a curious hand, should therefore be esteemed to be in a class of men at all

inferior? *an animal that has the use of hands, and speech, and reason*, is the definition of a man : the painter has a language in common with the rest of his species, and one superadded peculiar to himself, and exercises his hands, and rational faculties to the utmost stretch of human nature ; certainly he is not less honourable for excelling in all the qualities of a man as distinguished from a brute. Those employments are servile, and mechanical, in which bodily strength, or ability, is only, or chiefly required, and that because in such cases the man approaches more to the brute, or has fewer of those qualities that exalt mankind above other animals ; but this consideration turns to the painter's advantage : here is indeed a sort of labour, but what is purely human, and for the conduct of which the greatest force of mind is necessary.

To be employed at all will not be thought less honourable than indolence, and inactivity : but perhaps, though for a gentleman to paint for his pleasure without any reward is not unworthy of him, to make a profession of, and take money for this labour of the head and hand is the dishonourable circumstance, this being a sort of letting himself to hire to whosoever will pay him for his trouble. Very well ! and is it more unbecoming for a man to employ himself so as that he shall thereby be enabled to enjoy more himself, or be more useful to his family, or to whomsoever else he sees fit, than so as it shall turn to less account, or none at all ? And as to letting ourselves to hire, we painters are content to own this is really the case ; and if this has something low and servile in it, we must take our place amongst men accordingly. But here we have this to comfort us, we have good company, that is, all those that receive money for the exercise of their abilities of body or mind. And if a man looks abroad in the world, he may observe a great many of these ; they are in the courts of princes, and of judicature, in camps, in churches, in conventicles, in the streets, in our houses ; they abound everywhere ; some whereof are paid for each particular piece
of

of service they do, and others have yearly salaries, and perquisites, or vails; but this alters not the case.

Nor is it dishonourable for any of us to take money: he that stipulates for a reward for any service he does another, acts as a wise man, and a good member of the society: he gives what is pleasant, or useful to another, but considering the depravity of humane nature, trusts not to his gratitude, but secures himself a return; and money being in effect every thing that is purchasable, he takes that as choosing for himself what pleasure or conveniency he will have; as he to whom he performs the service also does when he employs him.

Thus painters, as the rest busy themselves, and make advantage to themselves, as well as to others, of their employments; they let themselves out to hire much alike; and one is a more honourable way than another in proportion to the kind, and degree of abilities they require, and their usefulness to mankind. What rank a painter (as such) is to hold amongst these money-takers, I submit to judgment, after what I have said has been considered; and I hope it will appear, that they may be placed amongst those whom all the world allow to be gentlemen, or of honourable employments, or professions.

And in fact by the politest people, and in the best ages, past, as well as present, the art has been much esteemed, and painters have liv'd in great reputation, and some of them with much magnificence; nor has those of the sublimest quality thought them unworthy of considerable additional honours, and amongst the rest of their conversation, and friendship: of which I might give many instances.

'Tis true, the word painter does not generally carry with it an idea equal to that we have of other professions, or employments not superior to it: the reason of which is, that term is appropriated to all sorts or pretenders to the art, which being numerous, and for the most part very deficient, (as it must needs happen, so few having abilities

ties and opportunities equal to such an undertaking) these consequently have fallen into contempt; whether upon account of such deficiency, or the vices or follies which were in part the occasions, or effects of it; and this being visible in a great majority, it has diminished the idea commonly applied to the term I am speaking of; which, therefore, is a very ambiguous one, and ought to be considered as such, if it be extended beyond this, that it denotes one practising such an art, for no body can tell what he ought to conceive farther of the man, whether to rank him amongst some of the meanest, or equal to the most considerable amongst men.

To conclude: to be an accomplished painter, a man must possess more than one liberal art, which puts him upon the level with those that do that, and makes him superior to those that possess but one in an equal degree: he must be also a curious artificer, whereby he becomes superior to one who equally possesses the other talents, but wants that. A *Rafaelle*, therefore, is not only equal, but superior to a *Virgil*, or a *Livy*, a *Thucydides*, or a *Homer*.

What I now advance may appear chimerical: in that case I only desire it may be considered, whether it is not a necessary consequence of what went before, and was, and must be granted. This I also insist upon as my right, if any thing else appears to be exaggerated: for my own part, I write as I think.

I thought fit to do justice to the art of Painting in the first place; and before I entered upon the rules to be observed in the conduct of a picture, to tell the painter what qualities he himself ought to have. To which I will add (but not as the least considerable) that as his profession is honourable, he should render himself worthy of it by excelling in it; and by avoiding all low, and sordid actions, and conversation; all base, and criminal passions; his business is to express great, and noble sentiments: let him make them familiar to him, and his own, and form himself into as bright a character as any he can draw. His art is of a vast extent, and he stands in need
of



RAFAELLE.



of all the time, and all the vigour of body, and mind, allowed to humane nature; he should take care to husband, and improve these as much as possible, by prudence and virtue. The way to be an excellent painter, is to be an excellent man; and these united make a character that would shine even in a better world than this.

But as a picture may be esteemed a good and a valuable one, in which all the good qualities of a picture are not to be found (for that never happens) and those that are, but in a degree short of the utmost; nay, if a picture have but one of them in a considerable degree it is to be valued; painters have a right to the same indulgence, and have had it in past ages, as well as in the present; for whether for their own sakes, or from principles of reason, virtue, good-nature, or whatever other motive the world is not wanting to cherish, and reward merit, though in a narrow compass, and inferior degrees. We have no reason to complain.

Only give me leave to add, that a painter that holds but a second or third rank in his profession, is entitled to an equal degree of esteem with one in the first in another, if to arrive at that inferior station, as many good qualities are requisite as to attain to the highest in that other.

The whole Art of PAINTING consists of these Parts:

INVENTION, EXPRESSION, COMPOSITION, DRAW-
ING, COLOURING, HANDLING, *and* GRACE,
and GREATNESS.

WHAT is meant by these terms, and that they are qualities requisite to the perfection of the art, and really distinct from each other, so that no one of them can be fairly implied by the other, will appear when I treat of them in their order; and this will justify my giving so many parts to Painting, which some others who have
wrote

wrote on it have not done. As to those properties in a picture so much spoken of, such as force, spirit, the understanding of the Clairobscuré, or whatever other there may be, they will be taken notice of hereafter, as being reducible to one or more of these principal heads.

The art in its whole extent being too great to be compassed by any one man in any tolerable degree of perfection, some have applied themselves to paint one thing, and some another: thus there are painters of faces, history, landscapes, battles, drolls, still-life, flowers, and fruit, ships, &c. but every one of these several kinds of pictures ought to have all the several parts, or qualities, just now mentioned; though even to arrive at that, in any one kind of Painting, is beyond the reach of any man. Even in drolls, there is a difference; there is a grace and greatness proper to them, which some have more than others. The history-painter is obliged oftentimes to paint all these kind of subjects, and the face-painter most of them; but besides that, they in such cases are allowed the assistance of other hands, the inferior subjects are in comparison of their figures as the figures in a landscape, there is no great exactness required, or pretended to.

Italy has unquestionably produced the best modern Painting, especially of the best kinds, and possessed it in a manner alone, when no other nation in the world had it in any tolerable degree; that was then consequently the great school of Painting. About a hundred years ago there were a great many excellent painters in Flanders; but when Van-Dyck came hither he brought face-painting to us; ever since which time, that is for above fourscore years, England has excelled all the world in that great branch of the art, and being well stored with the works of the greatest masters, whether paintings or drawings, here being, moreover, the finest living models, as well as the greatest encouragement. This may justly be esteemed as a complete, and the best school for face-painting now in the world;

world; and would probably have been yet better, had Van Dyck's model been followed: but some painters possibly finding themselves incapable of succeeding in his way, and having found their account in introducing a false taste, others have followed their example, and forsaking the study of nature, have prostituted a noble art, chusing to exchange the honourable character of good painters for that fordid one of professed mercenary flatterers, and so much worse than the meanest of these, in that they give under their hands, and to be seen of every body, what those only utter in words, and to those chiefly who they find weak enough to be their dupes.

As for the other branches of Painting, some few of several nations have been excellent in them; as the Borgognone for battles, Michelangelo the Battaglia and Campadoglio for fruit; Father Segers, Mario del Fiori, and Baptist for flowers; Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorrain, and Gasper Pouffin for landscapes; Brower and Hemskirk for drolls; Perfellis and Vande-Velde for sea-pieces; and several others. But I am not disposed to enlarge on this article.

Of INVENTION.

BEING determined as to the history that is to be painted, the first thing the painter has to do, is to make himself master of it as delivered from historians, or otherwise; and then to consider how to improve it, keeping within the bounds of probability. Thus the sculptors imitated nature; and thus the best historians have related their stories. No body can imagine (for example) that Livy, or Thucydides, had direct, express authorities for all the speeches they have given us at length, or even for all the incidents they have delivered to us as facts; but they have made their stories as beautiful, and considerable as they could; and this with very good reason,

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for not only it makes the reading of them the more pleasant, but their relations with such additions are sometimes more probably the truth, than when nothing more is supposed to have happened than what they might have had express warrant for. Such an improvement *Rafaelle* has made in the story of our Saviour's directing *St. Peter* to feed his flock, commonly called the Giving him the Keys. Our Lord seems, by the relation of the Evangelist (at least a Roman Catholic, as *Rafaelle* was, must be supposed to understand it so) to commit the care of his church to that apostle preferably to the rest, upon the supposition of his loving him better than any of them: Now, though the history be silent, it is exceeding probable that *St. John*, as he was the beloved disciple, would have expected this honour, and be piqued at his being thought to love his master less than *Peter*. *Rafaelle*, therefore, in that carton, makes him address himself to our Lord with extreme ardour, as if he was entreating him to believe he loved him no less than *St. Peter*, or any of the other apostles. And this puts one upon imagining some fine speeches, that it may be supposed, were made on this occasion, whereby *Rafaelle* has given a hint for every man to make a farther improvement to himself of this story.

The same liberty of heightening a story is very commonly taken in pictures of the crucifixion; the Blessed Virgin is represented as swooning away at the sight, and *St. John*, and the women, with great propriety, dividing their concern between the two objects of it, which makes a fine scene, and a considerable improvement; and probably was the truth, though the history says no such thing.

In like manner, when the sacred body was taken from the cross, the Virgin-mother is frequently introduced as swooning away also, when even her being present is not authorized by the sacred history; yet it being very probable, that she that could see her son crucified (which the scripture says she did) would see him also after he was dead, it is a liberty the painter not only may, but ought to take.

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An improvement much of the same nature is the angels that are frequently introduced in a nativity, or on other occasions, the noble, though not rich habit of the Virgin, and the like, though perhaps not altogether in the same degree of probability.

But that circumstance of the Blessed Virgin-mother being a spectator of the crucifixion of her son, ought not to have been introduced, notwithstanding any advantage it might give the picture, without express warrant from the history for reasons that are obvious; and the like restrictions are necessary in other such cases.

As the painter may add to the story for the advantage of it, he may, to improve his picture, leave out some things. I have a drawing of *Rafaelle*, wherein he has taken the liberties of both these kinds; the story is the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost (a most amazing event! and worthy to be described by the first painter of the world) the tongues of fire on the heads of the inspired, would have been sufficient to have informed us of the story, and what part the Holy Spirit had in the affair, and is all the sacred history relates; but he has added the dove hovering over all, and casting forth his beams of glory throughout all the void space of the picture over the figures, which gives a wonderful majesty, and beauty to the whole. This is his addition. On the other hand, because there were (as the scripture says) about one hundred and twenty persons, the whole number of the infant church, and which would not have had a good effect to have been all, or a crowd like that brought into the picture, he has only taken the twelve, and the Blessed Virgin, with two other women, as representatives of all the rest. This design is graven by *Marc Antonio*, but is very rare.

Under the present rule is comprehended all those incidents which the painter invents to enrich his composition; and here, in many cases, he has a vast latitude, as in a battle, a plague, a fire, the slaughter of the Innocents, &c. *Rafaelle* has finely imagined some of these (for example) in his picture called the *Incendio il Borgo*. The

story is of a fire at Rome miraculously extinguished by S. Leo IV. Because a fire is seldom very great but when there happens to be a high wind, he has painted such a one, as is seen by the flying of the hair, draperies, &c. There you see a great many instances of distress, and paternal, and filial love. I will mention but one, where the story of Æneas and Anchises was thought of; they were already out of the great danger, and the son carries the old man, not only as commodiously as possible, but with the utmost care, lest he should stumble or fall with his precious burthen. I refer you to the print, for there is one of this picture.

The same *Rafaelle*, in the story of the delivery of St. Peter out of prison (which by the way is finely chosen to complement his patron Leo X. the then Pope, for it alludes to his imprisonment and enlargement, when he was Cardinal Legate) has contrived three several lights, one from the angel, a second from a torch, and the other the moon gives; which being attended with proper reflexions, and all perfectly well understood, produces a surprising effect; especially where it is painted, which is over a window. There are other circumstances finely invented in this picture, for which I refer you to *Bellori's* description of it. One might give innumerable instances to this purpose, but let these suffice.

A painter is allowed, sometimes, to depart even from natural, and historical truth.

Thus in the carton of the draught of fishes, *Rafaelle* has made a boat too little to hold the figures he has placed in it; and this is so visible, that some are apt to triumph over that great man as having nodded on that occasion; which others have pretended to excuse, by saying, it was done to make the miracle appear the greater; but the truth is, had he made the boat large enough for those figures, his picture would have been all boat, which would have had a disagreeable effect; and to have made his figures small enough for a vessel of that size, would have rendered them unsuitable to the rest of the

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the fet, and have made those figures appear less considerable; there would have been too much boat, and too little figure. It is amiss as it is, but would have been worse any other way, as it frequently happens in other cases. Rafaele, therefore, wisely chose this lesser inconvenience, this seeming error, which he knew the judicious would know was none; and for the rest he was above being solicitous for his reputation with them. So that upon the whole, this is so far from being a fault, that it is an instance of the great judgment of that incomparable man, which he learned in his great school the Antique, where this liberty is commonly taken.

He has departed from historical truth in the pillars that are at the beautiful gate of the temple; the imagery is by no means agreeable to the superstition of the Jews at that time, and all along after the captivity, Nor were those kind of pillars known even in antique architecture in any nation; but they are so nobly invented by Rafaele, and so prodigiously magnificent, that it would have been a pity if he had not indulged himself in this piece of licentiousness, which undoubtedly he knew to be such.

But these liberties must be taken with great caution and judgment; for in the main, historical, and natural truth must be observed, the story may be embellished, or something of it pared away, but still so as it may be immediately known; nor must any thing be contrary to nature, but upon great necessity, and apparent reason. History must not be corrupted, and turned into fable, or romance: every person, and thing must be made to sustain its proper character; and not only the story, but the circumstances must be observed, the scene of action, the country, or place, the habits, arms, manners, proportions, and the like, must correspond. This is called the observing the *Costûme*. The story of the woman taken in adultery must not be represented in the open air, but in the temple. If that of Alexander coming to Diogenes, and the cynick desiring him not to deprive him of what he could not give, the light of the sun; I say, if this be painted,

ed, the light must not be made to come the contrary way, and Diogenes in the sun beams. Nor must our Saviour be made to help put himself into his sepulchre, as I have seen it represented in a drawing, otherwise a good one. These things are too obvious to need being enlarged on.

But there is one important instance which I cannot pass over ; and that is, when the Supreme Being is represented in picture : I will not enter into the question whether this should be done at all, or no, because our church dislikes it ; but certainly those that do undertake to delineate God in a humane form, ought to carry it up to the greatest dignity they possibly can. This *Rafaelle* was as capable of as ever man was, but *Rafaelle* has not always been equal to himself in this particular, for sometimes the figure appears to be not only as one would describe the ancient of days, but feeble, and decrepit. *Giulio Romano*, in a drawing I have of him, of the delivery of the law to *Moses*, has avoided this fault, but fallen into another ; he has made the face of a beautiful vigorous old man, but (what one would not have expected from him) there wants greatness, and majesty. In the histories of the Bible, which *Rafaelle* painted in the vatican, there are several representations of the Deity, which have a wonderful sublimity in them, and are perfectly well adapted to the Mosaical idea, some of them especially ; but this god is not our God, he appears to us under a more amiable view. When the Blessed Trinity is drawn, especially when the Virgin-mother of God is also introduced, it is something too much favouring of polytheism. I have a drawing of *Rafaelle*, where the idea he seems to have intended to give us his majesty, and awfulness, together with great benignity ; not, however, so lavish of his benefits, but that with our good things there is a mixture of unhappiness ; though still the good abundantly preponderates, and manifests the great Lord of the universe to be an indulgent, and wise father. This is an idea worthy of the mind of *Rafaelle*. The drawing is a single figure of a beautiful old man, not decayed, or
impaired

impaired by age ; there is majesty in his face, but not terror ; he sits upon the clouds, his right-hand lifted up, giving his benediction ; the left arm is wrapped in his drapery, and unemployed, only that hand appears, and rests on the cloud near his right elbow. A man cannot look upon, and consider this admirable drawing without secretly adoring, and loving the Supreme Being, and particularly for enduing one of our own species with a capacity such as that of Rafaele.

Every historical picture is a representation of one single point of time ; this then must be chosen ; and that in the story that is most advantageous must be it. Suppose, for instance, the story to be painted is, that of the woman taken in adultery, the painter seems to be at liberty to choose whether he will represent the Scribes and Pharisees accusing her to our Lord ; or, our Lord writing on the ground : or pronouncing the last of the words, *let him that is among you without sin cast the first stone at her*. Or lastly, his absolution, *go thy way, sin no more*. The first must be rejected, because in that moment the chief actors in the story are the Scribes, and Pharisees ; it is true, Christ may appear there with the dignity of a judge, but that he does afterwards, and with greater advantage. In the second, our Lord is in action ; but stooping down, and writing on the ground makes not so graceful, and noble an appearance as even the former would have done ; nor have we here the best choice of the actions of the accusers ; the first, and most vigorous moments of the accusation being already past. When our Saviour says the words, *let him that is without sin cast the first stone*, he is the principal actor, and with dignity ; the accusers are ashamed, vexed, confounded, and perhaps clamorous ; and the accused in a fine situation, hope and joy springing up after shame, and fear ; all which affords the painter an opportunity of exerting himself, and giving a pleasing variety to the composition. For besides the various passions, and sentiments naturally arising, the accusers begin to disperse, which will occasion a fine contrast in the attitudes of the figures being in profile, some fore-right, and some with

with their backs turned : some preſſing forward, as if they were attentive to what was ſaid, and ſome going off: and this I ſhould chuſe ; for as to the laſt, though there our Lord pronounces the deciſive ſentence, and which is the principal action, and of the moſt dignity in the whole ſtory ; yet now there was no body left but himſelf, and the woman ; the reſt were all dropped off one by one, and the picture would be diſfurniſhed.

The picture being to repreſent but one inſtant of time, no action muſt be repreſented which cannot be ſuppoſed to be doing in that inſtant. Thus the Scribes and Pharifees, in the ſtory juſt now mentioned, muſt not be accuſing when our Lord was ſpeaking ; that was then over, and they muſt appear in that ſituation as they might be then imagined to be in.

Theſe two laſt mentioned rules are finely obſerved by Rafaelle, in his carton of giving the keys, and the death of Ananias, to name no more. In the firſt, the moment is choſen of our Lord's having juſt ſpoken, and St. John's addreſſing himſelf to ſpeak ; and in the other, the inſtant of Ananias's fall, and before all the people were apprized of it ; in both which, as they are the moſt advantageous that could poſſibly have been imagined, nothing is doing but what might be ſuppoſed to be doing at that inſtant.

It has been attempted to bring a whole ſeries of hiſtory into one picture, as that of the prodigal ſon's going out, his voluptuous way of living, his diſtreſs, and return, which I have ſeen thus managed by Titian ; but this is juſt ſuch a fault as crowding a whole year into one play, which will always be condemned, though done by Shakeſpear himſelf.

There muſt be one principal action in a picture. Whatever under-actions may be going on in the ſame inſtant with that, and which it may be proper to inſert, to illuſtrate, or amplify the compoſition, they muſt not divide the picture, and the attention of the ſpectator. O divine Rafaelle, forgive me, if I take the liberty to ſay, I cannot approve

approve in this particular of that amazing picture of the transfiguration, where the incidental action of the man's bringing his son possessed with the dumb devil to the disciples, and their not being able to cast him out, is made at least as conspicuous, and as much a principal action as that of the transfiguration. The unity of time is indeed preserved, and this under-story would have made a fine episode to the other (though the other would not properly to this, as being of more dignity than the principal story in this case) but both together mutually hurt one another.

Rafaelle has managed an episode differently on other occasions. In the carton of the death of Ananias the principal action is that surprising event, and accordingly that is what immediately takes the eye, and declares itself to be the subject of the picture; but there are also some people offering money, and others receiving it, which are so intent upon what they are about, as not to seem (at that instant) to know any thing of the matter, though of that eclat. Which episode is very just, and agreeable to the history, but by no means comes in competition with the principal action. In a holy family of the same Raafaelle (an admirable copy of which I have, done by Perino del Vaga, as is judged) the Christ, and Virgin are most conspicuously distinguished, and appear with infinite beauty, grace, and dignity; but because St. Elizabeth, and St. Joseph should not be idle, or not employed worthily (which is frequently the case in such pictures) he has a book before him as having been reading, and she is speaking to him as assisting his understanding, and he attending to her exposition, which he seems to stand in need of. This discourse is carried on behind the principal figures, and is an action the most worthy, and proper that could possibly be imagined for these persons, but apparently inferior to that of the principal figures; the Virgin being employed in careffing, sustaining, and taking care of the Divine Child; and he, with as great dignity, as an infant God incarnate can be supposed to do, careffing, and rejoicing with his holy mother.

Here are two distinct actions, but no manner of distraction, ambiguity or competition.

Nor must the attention be diverted from what ought to be principal, by any thing how excellent soever in itself. Protogenes, in the famous picture of *Jaliffus*, had painted a partridge so exquisitely well, that it seemed a living creature, it was admired by all Greece; but that being most taken notice of, he defaced it entirely. That illustrious action of *Mutius Scævola's* putting his hand in the fire, after he had by mistake killed another instead of *Porfenna*, is sufficient alone to employ the mind: *Polydore*, therefore, in a capital drawing I have of him of that story, (and which by the way was one of his most celebrated works) has left out the dead man; it was sufficiently known that one was killed, but that figure, had it been inserted, would necessarily have diverted the attention, and destroyed that noble simplicity, and unity which now appears.

Every action must be represented as done, not only as it is possible it might be performed, but in the best manner. In the print, after *Rafaele*, graved by *Marc Antonio*, you see *Hercules* gripe *Anteus* with all the advantage one can wish to have over an adversary: so in the picture designed by *Michelangelo*, and painted by *Annibale Caracci*, the eagle holds *Ganymede* to carry him up commodiously, and withal to make a beautiful appearance together; the print of which is amongst those of the pictures of *Duke Leopold*. *Daniele da Volterra* has not succeeded so well in his famous picture of the descent from the cross, where one of the assistants, who stands upon a ladder drawing out a nail, is so disposed as is not very natural, and convenient for the purpose.

Nor is *Rafaele* himself so just in his management of the same story as he usually is; *St. John* is upon a ladder to assist, and is receiving the body with great affection, and tenderness, but it is evident the whole weight of it will fall upon him, which is too much for any one man to manage, especially standing upon a ladder: nor is there any
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below to receive the sacred load, or to assist him ; so that supposing every figure in the position as Rafaele has represented them, the dead body of our Lord must fall upon the heads of the Blessed Virgin, and the women that are with her. The picture is that graved by Marc Antonio.

No supernumerary figures, or ornaments ought to be brought into a picture. A painter's language is his pencil, he should neither say too little, nor too much, but go directly to his point, and tell his story with all possible simplicity. As in a play there must not be too many actors, in a picture there must not be too many figures. Annibale Caracci would not allow above twelve ; there are exceptions to this rule, but certainly all the management in the world cannot put together a great number of figures, and ornaments, with that advantage as a few.

Where the story requires that there be a crowd of people, there may be some figures without any particular character, which are not supernumerary, because the story requires a crowd. In the cartons there are very few such figures : and the others are finely varied ; the same passion shall run through the whole picture, but appear differently in the several persons in whom it is seen. Nor are all those figures idle that may seem to be so ; there are two in the carton of St. Paul preaching, that are walking at a distance amongst the buildings, but these serve well to intimate that there were some, who, like Gallio, cared for none of these things.

So far should the painter be from inserting any thing superfluous, that he ought to leave something to the imagination. He must not say all he can on his subject, and so seem to distrust his reader, and discover he thought no farther himself.

Nothing absurd, indecent, or mean ; nothing contrary to religion, or morality, must be put into a picture, or even intimated or hinted at. A dog with a bone, at a banquet, where people of the highest characters are at table ; a boy making water in the best company, or

the like, are faults which the authority of Paulo Veronese, or a much greater man cannot justify.

Rafaelle, in the picture of the donation of Constantine in the Vatican, has put a naked boy astride upon a dog in a void space in the fore-ground: what reason he had for it I cannot comprehend: it seems to be brought in only to fill up that space, which it had been better (at least I think so) to have left empty: but certainly in such company, and on so solemn an occasion as the Emperor making a present of Rome to the Pope, such a light incident should not have been inserted, much less made so conspicuous. I confess I have not seen the picture, but a drawing of this, by Battista Franco, and two other old copies I have, who all agree in this circumstance, though Bellori, in his description of this picture, takes no notice of it, as neither has he of several other particulars.

There is something lower yet than this, in the carton of giving the keys, which I have often wondered Rafaelle could fall into, or suffer in his picture; and that is, in the landscape, there is a house on fire, and in another place, linen drying on the hedges.

Polydore, in a drawing I have seen of him, has made an ill choice with respect to decorum; he has shewn Cato with his bowels gushing out, which is not only offensive in itself, but it is a situation in which Cato should not be seen, it is indecent; such things should be left to imagination, and not displayed on the stage. But Michelangelo, in his last judgment, has sinned against this rule most egregiously.

Methinks it would not be amiss if a painter, before he made the least drawing of his intended picture, would take the pains to write the story, and give it all the beauty of description, with an account of what is said, and whatever else he would relate, were he only to make a written history; or if he would describe the picture he designed as if it were already done. And, perhaps, though it may seem at first to be too much trouble, it may in the main save him some, as well as advance his reputation.

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There are pictures representing not one particular story, but the history of philosophy, of poetry, of divinity, the redemption of mankind, and the like: such is the school of Athens, the Parnassus, the picture in the Vatican, commonly called the Dispute of the Sacrament, all of Raffaele, and the large one of Frederico Zuccaro, of the Annunciation, and God the Father, with a heaven, and the prophets, &c. Such compositions as these being of a different nature, are not subject to the same rules with common historical pictures; but here must be principal, and subordinate figures and actions. As the Plato and Aristotle in the School of Athens, the Apollo in the Parnassus, &c.

Now I have mentioned this design, I cannot pass it over without going a little out of my way, to observe some particulars of that admirable group of the three poets, Homer, Virgil, and Dante; (for I consider it as it is in the print, engraved by Marc Antonio: in the painting, Raffaele has put himself with them; besides that, it is different in several other things.)

The figure of Homer is an admirable one, and managed with great propriety: he is grouped with others, but is nevertheless alone: he appears to be raised in contemplation, repeating some of his own sublime verses, which he does with a most becoming action. And that peculiarity of his works having been taken from his mouth as he happened to utter them, and so remembered, and written, and afterwards the scattered parts collected, and connected together, and formed into the volumes we have, is finely intimated by a young man attending to him, and ready to write what he says.

Behind this great, this ONLY man, stands Virgil, and Dante, the former directing the other to Apollo. This is a compliment Raffaele has made to Dante, by whose direction he has done this: for in his first canto of hell, he says,

*O de gli altri poeti honore e lume
Vagliami il lungo studio, el grande amore
Che mha fatto cercar lo tuo volume
Tu sei lo mio maestro, el mio autore :
Tu sei solo colui ; da tui io tolsi
Lo bello stilo, che mha fatto honore.*

In the same canto he makes Virgil say,

*Ondio per lo tuo me penso e discerno,
Che tu me segni ; & io sarò tua guida.*

Soon after Dante says,

*Et io a lui ; Poeta io ti richieggio
Per quello Dio ———
Che tu mi meni, &c.*

And ends the canto,

Allhor si mosse ; & io li tenni dietro.

But Rafaele has made his beloved Dante still a greater compliment, in placing him with Homer, and Virgil ; for though he was an excellent poet, his was another, and a very inferior kind of poetry : but this too Rafaele did by Dante's own direction, in his fourth canto of hell.

*Così vidi adunar la bella scuola ;
Di quel Signor de laltissimo canto ;
Che sovra gli altri, comaquila uola.
Da Chebber ragionato insieme alquanto ;
Volsersi a me con saluteuol cenno ;
El mio maestro sorrise di tanto
E piu dhonore ancor assai mi fenno :
Chessi mi fecer de la loro schiera.*

It appears that *Rafaelle* was fond of *Dante*; for besides what he has done here, he has put him amongst the divines in his dispute of the Sacrament, to which he had very little pretence; besides that, he calls the three parts of his poem Heaven, Earth, and Hell. To return.

In pictures representing the character of some person, if that person is in the picture, it is the principal figure; if not, the virtue he is intended to be chiefly celebrated for as the principal part of the character is it.

In pictures of humane life, or where some particular lesson is to be taught, or the like; that which a writer would chiefly insist upon is to be the principal figure, or group.

In all these kinds of pictures, the painter should avoid too great a luxuriancy of fancy, and obscurity. The figures representing any virtue, vice, or other quality, should have such insignia as are authorized by antiquity, and custom; or if any be necessarily of his own invention, his meaning should be apparent. Painting is a sort of writing, it ought to be easily legible. There are fine examples of these in the palace of *Chigi*, or the little *farnese* in *Rome*; *Rafaelle* has there painted the fable of *Cupid and Psyche*, and intermixed little loves with the spoils of all the gods; and lastly, one with a lion, and a sea-horse, which he governs as with a bridle, to shew the universal empire of love. *Signior Dorigny* has made prints of the whole work.

In portraits, the invention of the painter is exercised in the choice of the air, and attitude, the action, drapery, and ornaments, with respect to the character of the person.

He ought not to go in a road, or paint other people at he would choose to be drawn himself. The dress, the ornaments, the colours, must be varied in almost every picture. I remember a good observation of an ingenious gentleman concerning two painters; one
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(he said) could not paint an impudent fellow, nor the other a modest one.

That admirable family-picture* of the senators of Titian, which the Duke of Somerset had, is finely invented: the eldest of the three is apparently the principal figure, and has the action, and manner of an old man; the two others are well placed, and in proper attitudes: the boys are got upon the steps, with a dog amongst them; a rare amusement for them while the old gentlemen are at their devotions, which is their business! The girls are more orderly, and attend in appearance to the affair in hand: the attitudes of the figures in general are just, and delicate; the draperies, the sky, every thing throughout the whole picture is well thought, and conducted.

Some subjects are in themselves so disadvantageous as to stand in need of something to raise their character. Of this, I have a fine example in a head of marble, which seems to have been done for a monument, the face itself is something poor, and though never so well followed, would not have pleased; the sculptor, therefore, has raised the eye-brows, and opened the mouth a little, and by this expedient has given a spirit, and a dignity to a subject not considerable otherwise; besides that, probably the person was accustomed to give himself some such air, and then this has this farther advantage, that it makes the resemblance more remarkable.

I need not go through the other branches of Painting; as landscapes, battles, fruit, &c. what has been already said is (*mutatis mutandis*) applicable to any of these. Nor shall I concern myself with them hereafter, when I treat of the other parts of Painting, for the same reason.

Only I shall observe here, that there are an infinity of artifices to hide defects, or give advantages, which come under this head of Invention; as does all caprices, grotesque, and other ornaments,
masks,

* Now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

masks, &c. together with all uncommon and delicate thoughts: such as the cherubims attending on God, when he appeared to Moses in the burning bush, which Rafaele has painted with flames about them instead of wings; an angel running, and holding up both arms as just raising herself for flight, of which I have a drawing of Parmeggiano, as well as many other examples of these kinds, in drawings of Rafaele, Michelangelo, Giulio, Leonardo da Vinci, &c. They are to be found perpetually in the works of the great masters, and add much to their beauty, and value.

The mention of grotesques, suggests a rule to my mind which I will insert: it is this, That all creatures of imagination ought to have airs, and actions given them as whimsical and chimærical as their forms are. I have a drawing of the school of the Caracches of a male and female satyr sitting together: there is a great deal of humour in it, so as to be a fine burlesque upon Corydon and Phillis. The anatomy figures in Vesalius, said to be designed by Titian, are prettily fancied: there is a series of denuding a figure to the bone, and they are all in attitudes, seeming to have most pain as the operation goes on, till at last they languish and die: but Michelangelo has made anatomy figures, whose faces and actions are impossible to be described, and the most delicate that can be imagined for the purpose. Mr. Fontenelle, in his dialogue betwixt Homer and Æsop, after Homer had said he intended no allegory, but to be taken literally, makes the other demand how he could imagine mankind would believe such ridiculous accounts of the gods; O (says he) you need be in no pain about that; if you would give them truth, you must put that in a fabulous dress, but a lye enters freely into the mind of man in its own proper shape. Why then, says Æsop, I am afraid they will believe the beasts have spoken as I have made them. Ah (says Homer) the case is altered, men will be content, that the gods should be as great fools as themselves, but they will never bear that the beasts should be as wise. It would be well, if

painters could represent gods, heroes, angels, and other superior beings, with airs, and actions more than humane; but to give satyrs, and other inferior creatures a dignity equal to men, would be unpardonable.

In order to assist, and improve the invention, a painter ought to converse with, and observe all sorts of people, chiefly the best, and to read the best books, and no other: he should observe the different and various effects of mens passions, and those of other animals, and in short, all nature, and make sketches of what he observes to help his memory.

So should he do of what he sees in the works of great masters, whether painters, or sculptors, which he cannot always see, and have recourse to.

Nor need any man be ashamed to be sometimes a plagiarist, it is what the greatest painters, and poets have allowed themselves in. Rafaele has borrowed many figures, and groupes of figures from the antique; and Milton has even translated many times from Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Tasso, and put them as his own; Virgil himself has copied. And indeed it is hard, that a man having had a good thought, should have a patent for it for ever. The painter that can take a hint, or insert a figure, or groupes of figures from another man, and mix these with his own, so as to make a good composition, will thereby establish such a reputation to himself, as to be above fearing to suffer by the share those to whom he is beholden will have in it.

Rafaele, and Giulio Romano are especially excellent for invention: amongst their other works, those of the former, at Hampton-court, and in the Vatican; and of the latter, the palace of T. near Mantua, are sufficient proofs of it. There are prints of almost all these; and Bellori has described those in the Vatican, as Felibien has that stupendous work of Giulio, which in the last wars in Italy, has been almost destroyed.

Of E X P R E S S I O N .

WHATEVER the general character of the story is, the picture must discover it throughout, whether it be joyous, melancholy, grave, terrible, &c. The nativity, resurrection, and ascension, ought to have the general colouring, the ornaments, back-ground, and every thing in them riant, and joyous, and the contrary in a crucifixion, interment, or pietà. [The Blessed Virgin with the dead Christ.]

But a distinction must be made between grave, and melancholy, as in the copy of a holy family which I have, and has been mentioned already; the colouring is brown, and solemn, but yet all together, the picture has not a dismal air, but quite otherwise. I have another holy family of Rubens, painted as his manner was, as if the figures were in a sunny room: I have considered what effect it would have had, if Rafaele's colouring had been the same with Ruben's on this occasion, and doubtless it would have been the worse for it. There are certain sentiments of awe, and devotion, which ought to be raised by the first sight of pictures of that subject, which that solemn colouring contributes very much to, but not the more bright, though upon other occasions preferable.

I have seen a fine instance of a colouring proper for melancholy subjects in a pietà of Van Dyck: that alone would make one not only grave, but sad at first sight; and a coloured drawing that I have of the Fall of Phaeton, after Giulio Romano, shews how much this contributes to the expression. It is different from any colouring that ever I saw, but so adapted to the subject, as to answer to the great idea that every one that knows Giulio must have of him.

There are certain little circumstances that contribute to the expression. Such an effect the burning lamps have that are in the

carton of healing at the beautiful gate of the Temple; one sees the place is holy, as well as magnificent.

The large fowl that are seen on the fore-ground in the carton of the draught of fishes have a good effect. There is a certain seawildness in them that contributes mightily to express the affair in hand, which was fishing. They are a fine part of the scene.

Pafferotto has drawn a Christ's head as going to be crucified, the expression of which is marvellously fine; but excepting the air of the face, nothing is more moving, not the part of the cross that is seen, not the crown of thorns, nor the drops of blood falling from the wounds that makes, than an ignominious cord which comes upon part of the shoulder and neck. Raffaello Borghini, in his *Riposo*, in the Life of Pafferotto, has given an account of this drawing, which, with others of that master (by him also spoken of) I have.

The robes, and other habits of the figures; their attendants, and ensigns of authority, or dignity, as crowns, maces, &c. help to express their distinct characters, and commonly even their place in the composition. The principal persons and actors must not be put in a corner, or towards the extremities of the picture, unless the necessity of the subject requires it. A Christ, or an apostle, must not be dressed like an artificer or a fisherman; a man of quality must be distinguished from one of the lower orders of men, as a well-bred man always is in life from a peasant. And so of the rest.

Every body knows the common, or ordinary distinctions by dress: but there is one instance of a particular kind which I will mention, as being likely to give useful hints to this purpose, and moreover very curious. In the carton of give the keys to St. Peter, our Saviour is wrapped only in one large piece of white drapery, his left arm and breast, and part of his legs naked; which undoubtedly was done to denote him now to appear in his resurrection body, and not as before his crucifixion, when this dress would have been

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L. G. Forbiger
sculp. 1757

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PIETRO DA CORTONA

been altogether improper. And this is the more remarkable, as having been done upon second thought, and after the picture was perhaps finished, which I know, by having a drawing of this carton, very old, and probably made in Rafaele's time, though not of his hand, where the Christ is fully clad; he has the very same large drapery, but one under it that covers his breast, arm, and legs down to the feet. Every thing else pretty near the same with the carton.

That the face, and air, as well as our actions, indicates the mind, is indisputable. It is seen by every body in the extremes on both sides. For example; let two men, the one a wise man, and the other a fool, be seen together dressed, or disguised as you please, one will not be mistaken for the other, but distinguished with the first glance of the eye; and if these characters are stamped upon the face, so as to be read by every one when in the utmost extremes, they are so proportionably when more, or less removed from them, and legible accordingly, and in proportion to the skill of the reader. The like may be observed of good, and ill-nature, gentleness, rusticity, &c.

Every figure, and animal must be affected in the picture, as one should suppose they would, or ought to be. And all the expressions of the several passions, and sentiments must be made with regard to the characters of the persons moved by them. At the raising of Lazarus, some may be allowed to be made to hold something before their noses, and this would be very just, to denote that circumstance in the story, the time he had been dead; but this is exceedingly improper in the laying our Lord in the sepulchre, although he had been dead much longer than he was; however, Pordenone has done it. When Apollo fleas Marfyas, he may express all the anguish, and impatience the painter can give him, but not so in the case of St. Bartholomew. That the Blessed Mary should swoon away through excess of grief is very proper to suppose, but to throw her in such a posture as Daniel da Volterra has done in the descent
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from the cross, is by no means justifiable. He has succeeded much better in that article, if a drawing I have which is imputed to him is really of him (it was once in the collection of Giorgio Vasari, as appears by its border, which is of his hand;) there the expressions of sorrow are very noble, uncommon, and extraordinary. But even Raffaele himself could not have expressed this accident with more dignity and more affecting than Battista Franco, and Polydore have done in drawings I have of them: if at least that last is of the hand to whom it is ascribed, and not Raffaele, or some other not inferior to him in this instance.

Polydore, in a drawing of the same subject (which I also have) has finely expressed the excessive grief of the Virgin, by intimating it was otherwise inexpressible: her attendants discover abundance of passion, and sorrow in their faces, but hers is hid by drapery held up by both her hands: the whole figure is very composed, and quiet; no noise, no outrage, but great dignity appears in her suitable to her character. This thought Timanthes had in his famous picture of Iphigenia, which he probably took from Euripides; as perhaps Polydore might from one, or both of them.

Putting the fore-finger in the mouth to express an agony, and confusion of mind is rarely used. I do not remember to have seen it any where but in the tomb of the Nafonii, where the Sphynx is proposing the riddle to Œdipus; and in a drawing I have of Giulio Romano, who could not have taken the thought from the other, that not being discovered in his time; but in both these this expression is incomparably fine.

In that admirable carton of St. Paul preaching, the expressions are very just, and delicate throughout: even the back ground is not without its meaning: it is expressive of the superstition St. Paul was preaching against. But no historian, or orator can possibly give me so great an idea of that eloquent, and zealous apostle as that figure of his does; all the fine things related as said, or wrote by him cannot;

not ; for there I see a person, face, air, and action, which no words can sufficiently describe, but which assure me as much as those can, that that man must speak good sense, and to the purpose. And the different sentiments of his auditors are as finely expressed; some appear to be angry, and malicious, others to be attentive, and reasoning upon the matter within themselves, or with one another ; and one especially is apparently convinced. These last are the free-thinkers of that time, and are placed before the apostle ; the others are behind him, not only as caring less for the preacher, or the doctrine, but to raise his apostolic character, which would loose something of its dignity, if his maligners were supposed to be able to look him in the face.

Elymas, the forcerer, is blind from head to foot, but how admirably is terror, and astonishment expressed in the people present, and how variously, according to the several characters! the proconsul has these sentiments but as a Roman, and a gentleman, the rest in several degrees, and manners.

The same sentiments appear also in the carton of the death of Ananias, together with those of joy, and triumph, which naturally arises in good minds upon the sight of the effects of divine justice, and the victory of truth.

The airs of the heads in my holy family after Rafaele, are perfectly fine, according to the several characters; that of the Blessed Mother of God has all the sweetness, and goodness that could possibly appear in herself; what is particularly remarkable is, that the Christ, and the St. John are both fine boys, but the latter is apparently humane, the other, as it ought to be, divine.

Nor is the expression in my drawing of the descent of the Holy Ghost less excellent than the other parts of it. (I wish it had been equally well preserved.) The Blessed Virgin is seated in the principal part of the picture, and so distinguished as that none in the company seems to pretend to be in competition with her ; and the devotion,

tion, and modesty with which she receives the ineffable gift is worthy of her character. St. Peter is on her right-hand, and St. John on her left; the former has his arm crossed on his breast, his head reclined, as if ashamed of having denied such a master, and receives the inspiration with great composure; but St. John, with a holy boldness, raises his head, and hands, and is in a most becoming attitude; the women behind St. Mary are plainly of an inferior character. Throughout there is great variety of expressions of joy and devotion, extremely well adapted to the occasion.

I will add one example more of a fine expression, because, though it is very just and natural, it has not been done by any that I know of, except Tintoret, in a drawing I have seen of him. The story is our Saviour's declaration to the apostles at supper with him, that one of them should betray him: some are moved one way, and some another, as is usual, but one of them hides his face, dropped down betwixt both his hands, as burst into tears from an excess of sorrow, that his Lord should be betrayed, and by one of them.

In Portraits it must be seen whether the person is grave, gay, a man of business, or wit, plain, genteel, &c. Each character must have an attitude, and dress; the ornaments and back ground proper to it: every part of the portrait, and all about it must be expressive of the man, and have a resemblance as well as the features of the face.

If the person has any particularities as to the set, or motion of the head, eyes, or mouth (supposing it be not unbecoming) these must be taken notice of, and strongly pronounced. They are a sort of moving features, and are as much a part of the man as the fixed ones: nay, sometimes they raise a low subject, as in the case of my marble head already spoken of, and contribute more to a surprizing likeness than any thing else. Van Dyck, in a picture I have of him, has given a brisk touch upon the under lip which makes the form, and set of the mouth very particular, and doubtless was an air which

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Don Diego de Gusman, whose picture it is, was accustomed to give himself, which an inferior painter would not have observed, or not have dared to have pronounced, at least so strongly : but this as it gives a marvellous spirit, and smartness, undoubtedly gave a proportionable resemblance.

If there be any thing particular in the history of the person which is proper to be expressed, as it is still a farther description of him, it is a great improvement to the portrait to them that know that circumstance. There is an instance of this in a picture Van Dyck made of John Lyvens, who is drawn as if he was listening at something ; which refers to a remarkable story in that man's life. The print is in the book of Van Dyck's heads : which book, and the heads of the artists, in the lives of Giorgio Vasari, are worth considering with regard to the variety of attitudes suited to the several characters, as well as upon other accounts.

Robes, or other marks of dignity, or of a profession, employment, or amusement, a book, a ship, a favourite dog, or the like, are historical expressions common in portraits, which must be mentioned on this occasion ; and to say more of them is not necessary.

There are several kinds of artificial expressions indulged to painters, and practised by them, because of the disadvantage of their art in that particular, in comparison of words.

To express the sense of the wrath of God with which our Blessed Lord's mind was filled when in his agony, and the apprehension he was then in of his own approaching crucifixion. Frederico Barocci has drawn him in a proper attitude, and not only with the angel holding the cup to him (that is common) but in the back-ground you see the cross, and flames of fire. This is very particular, and curious. I have the drawing.

In the carton where the people of Lycaonia are going to sacrifice to St. Paul, and Barnabas, the occasion of all that is finely told : the

man who was healed of his lameness is one of the forwardest to express his sense of the divine power which appeared in those apostles; and to shew it to be him, not only a crutch is under his feet on the ground, but an old man takes up the lappet of his garment, and looks upon the limb which he remembered to have been crippled, and expresses great devotion, and admiration, which sentiments are also seen in the other with a mixture of joy. When our Saviour committed the care of his church to St. Peter, the words he used on that occasion are related by Rafaele, who has made him pointing to a flock of sheep, and St. Peter to have just received two keys. When the story of Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams was to be related, Rafaele has painted those dreams in two circles over the figures; which he has also done when Joseph relates his own to his brethren. His manner of expressing God's dividing the light from darkness, and the creation of the sun, and moon, is altogether sublime. The prints of those last mentioned pictures are not hard to be found, they are in what they call Rafaele's Bible, but the paintings are in the Vatican; the best treasury of the works of that divine painter, except Hampton-court.

The hyperbolical artifice of Timanthes to express the vastness of the Cyclops is well known, and was mightily admired by the ancients. He made several satyrs about him as he was asleep, some were running away as frightened, others gazing at a distance, and one was measuring his thumb with his thyrsis, but seeming to do it with great caution, lest he should awake. This expression was copied by Giulio Romano with a little variation. Correggio, in his picture of Danae, has finely expressed the sense of that story, for upon the falling of the golden shower, Cupid draws off her linen covering, and two loves are trying upon a touchstone a dart tipped with gold. I will add but one example more of this kind, and that is of Nicolas Poussin, to express a voice, which he has done in the baptism of our Saviour, by making the people look up, and about, as it is natural
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for men to do when they hear any such, and know not whence it comes, especially if it be otherwise extraordinary, as the case was in this history.

Another way practised by painters to express their sense, which could not otherwise be done in Painting, is by figures representative of certain things. This they learned from the ancients, of which there are abundance of examples, as in the Antonine Pillar, where, to express the rain that fell when the Roman army was preserved by the prayers of the Theban Legion, the figure of Jupiter Pluvius is introduced; but I need not mention more of these. Raffaele has been very sparing of this expedient in sacred story, though in the passage of Jordan, he has represented that river by an old man dividing the waters, which are rolled, and tumbled very nobly; but in poetical stories he has been very profuse of these, as in the Judgment of Paris, and elsewhere. The like has been commonly practised by Annibale Caracci, Giulio Romano, and others. And there are some entire pictures of this kind, as in those made to compliment persons, or societies, where their virtues, or what are attributed to them, are thus represented.

When we see in pictures of the Madonna those of St. Frances, St. Katherine, or others not cotemporary, nay even the portraits of particular persons living when the pictures were made: this is not so blameable as people commonly think. We are not to suppose these were intended for pure historical pictures, but only to express the attachment those saints or persons had for the Blessed Virgin, or their great piety and zeal: so I have seen families with the robe of the mother of God spread over their heads, doubtless to denote their putting themselves under her protection. With this key a great many seeming absurdities of good masters will be discovered to be none.

In the history of Heliodorus, who was miraculously chastised when he made a sacrilegious attempt upon the treasure in the

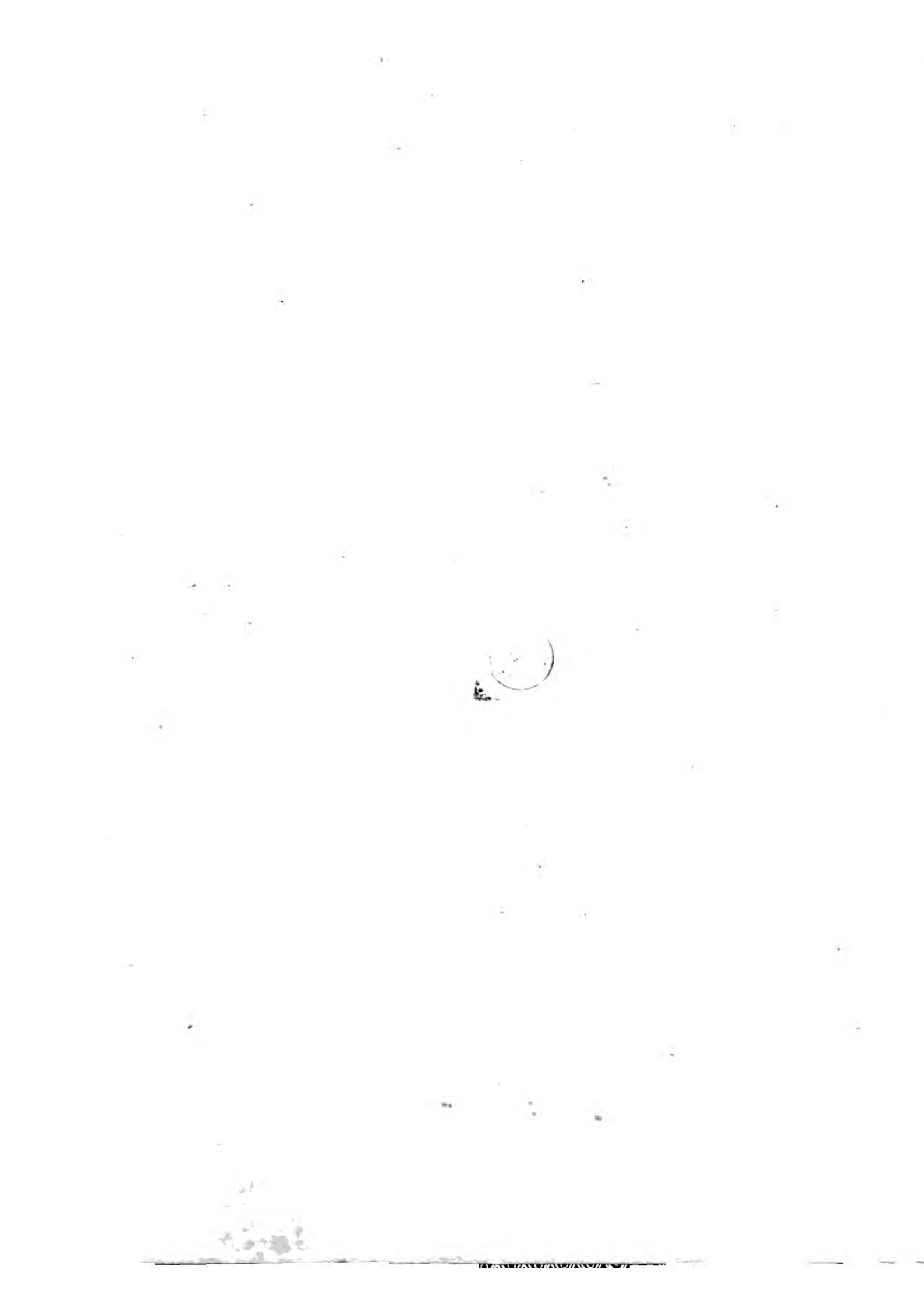
Temple of Jerufalem, Rafaele has brought in the then Pope (Julius II.) to compliment him, who gloried in having driven out the enemies of the ecclefiastical ftate.

The famous St. Cecilia at Bologna is accompanied by St. Paul, St. John, St. Auguftin, and St. Mary Magdalen, not as being fupposed to have lived together; but poffibly thofe being faints of different characters are introduced to heighten that of the faint, which is the principal one in the compofition. Though Francesco Albani thought it was done by Rafaele, in pure compliance with the poffitive direction of thofe for whom the picture was made; which (by the way) is not feldom the occafion of real faults in pictures, and which, therefore, are not to be imputed to the painter. My Lord Somers has a drawing of the fame fubject, attributed to Innocentio da Imola, which, I believe, was done after fome former defign of Rafaele, for there are the fame figures, placed juft in the fame manner, only the attitudes are confiderably varied; for there the other faints have regard only to the heroine of the picture. This helps to explain the other.

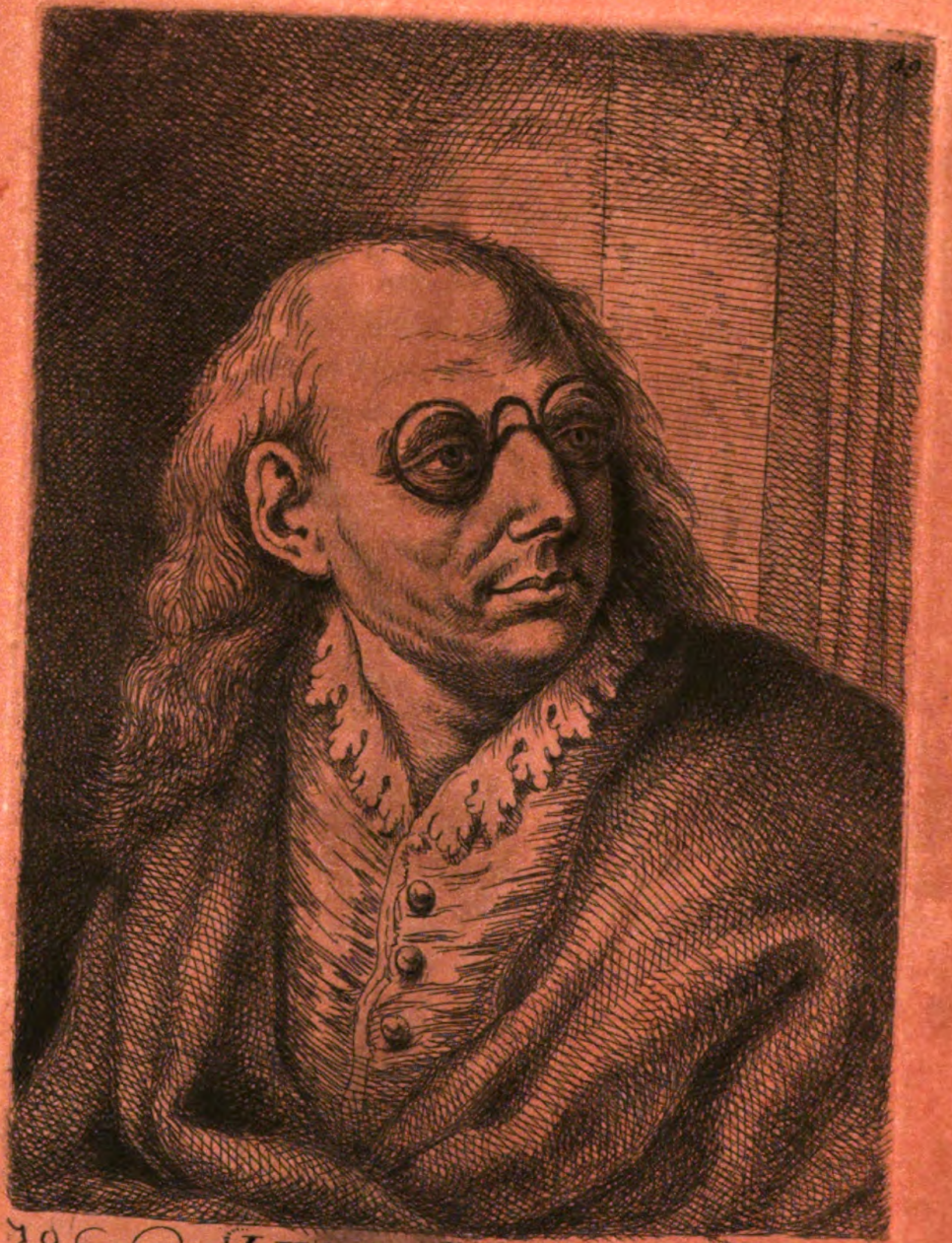
Of all the painters, Rubens has made the boldeft ufe of this kind of expreffion (by figures) in his pictures of the Luxembourg Gallery; and has been much cenfured for it. The truth is, it is a little choquing to fee fuch a mixture of antique, and modern figures, of Chriftianity, and Heathenifm in the fame pictures; but this is much owing to its novelty. He was willing not only to relate the actions done, but a great deal more than could be related any other way; and for the fake of that advantage, and the applaufe he fhould receive for it from thofe who judged of the thing in its true light, he had the courage to hazard the good opinion of others. He had, moreover, another very good reason for what he did on this occafion: the ftories he had to paint were modern, and the habits, and ornaments muft be fo too, which would not have had a very agreeable effect in Painting: thefe allegorical additions make a wonderful



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ful improvement; they vary, enliven, and enrich the work; as any one may perceive that will imagine the pictures as they must have been, had Rubens been terrified by the objections, which he certainly must have foreseen would be made afterwards, and so had left all these heathen gods and goddeses, and the rest of the fictitious figures out of the composition.

I will add but one way of expression more, and that is, plain writing.

Polygnotus, in the paintings made by him in the Temple of Delphos, wrote the names of those whom he represented.

The old Italian, and German masters improved upon this; the figures they made were speaking figures, they had labels coming out of their mouths, with that written in them which they were intended to be made to say; but even Rafaele, and Annibale Caracci, have condescended to write rather than leave any ambiguity, or obscurity in their work: thus the name of Sappho is written to shew it was she, and not one of the muses intended in the Parnassus: and in the Gallery of Farnese, that Anchises might not be mistaken for Adonis, *Genus unde Latinum* was written.

In the carton of Elymas, the Sorcerer, it does not appear that the Pro-consul was converted, otherwise than by the writing; nor do I conceive how it was possible to have expressed that important circumstance so properly any other way.

In the Pest of the same master, graved by Marc Antonio, there is a line out of Virgil which, as it is very proper (the plague being that described by that poet, as will be seen presently) admirably heightens the expression, though without it, it is one of the most wonderful instances of this part of the art that, perhaps, is in the world in black and white, and the utmost that humane wit can contrive; there is not the most minute circumstance throughout the whole design which does not help to express the misery there intended

tended to be shewn : but the print being not hard to be seen, need not be described.

Writing is again used in this design. In one part of it you see a person on his bed, and two figures by him. This is Æneas, who (as Virgil relates) was advised by his father to apply himself to the Phrygian gods, to know what he should do to remove the plague, and being resolved to go, the deities appeared to him, the moon shining very bright (which the print represents) here *Effigies Sacræ Divum Phrygiæ* is written, because otherwise, this incident would not probably have been thought on, but the group taken to be only a sick man, and his attendants.

The works of this prodigy of a man ought to be carefully studied by him who would make himself a master in expression, more especially with relation to those passions, and sentiments that have nothing of savage, and cruel; for his angelic mind was a stranger to these, as appears by his Slaughter of the Innocents, where, though he has had recourse to the expedient of making the soldiers naked to give the more terror, he has not succeeded so well even as Pietro Testa, who, in a drawing I have of him of that story, has shewn he was fitter for it than Rafaele; but you must not expect to find the true airs of the heads of that great master in prints, not even in those of Marc Antonio himself. Those are to be found only in what his own inimitable hand has done, of which there are many unquestionably right in several collections here in England; particularly in those admirable ones of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Lord Somers; to whom I take leave on this, as on all other occasions, to make my humble acknowledgments for the favour of frequently seeing, and considering those noble, and delicious curiosities. But Hampton-court is the great school of Rafaele! and God be praised, that we have so near us such an invaluable blessing. May the cartons continue in that place, and always to be seen; unhurt, and undecayed, so long as the
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the nature of the materials of which they are composed will possibly allow. May even a miracle be wrought in their favour, as themselves are some of the greatest instances of the divine power, which endued a mortal man with abilities to perform such stupendous works of art.

After him no other master must be named for expression, unless for particular subjects, as Michelangelo for infernal, or terrible airs. Amongst others, I have the drawing he made for the caron in the famous picture of his Last Judgment, which is admirable in this kind; and which (by the way) Vafari, who was well acquainted with him, says, he took from these three lines of Dante, an author he was very fond of:

*Caron demonio con occhi di bragia
Loro accennando tutte le raccoglie
Batte col remo qualunque s'adagia.*

Julio Romano has fine airs for masks, a filenus, satyrs, and the like, And for such stories as that of the Decii, the 300 Spartans, the destruction of the giants, &c. he is equal, if not superior to his great master. I have several proofs of this. Others have succeeded well in this part of the art, as Leonardo da Vinci, Polydore, &c. but these are the principal only for portraits; and herein, next to Rafaele, perhaps, no man has a better title to the preference than Van Dyck: no, not Titian himself, much less Rubens.

But there is no better school than nature for expression: a painter therefore should, on all occasions, observe how men look, and act, when pleased, grieved, angry, &c.

Of COMPOSITION.

THIS is putting together, for the advantage of the whole, what shall be judged proper to be the several parts of a picture; and if need be, of adding something for the common benefit: and moreover, the determination of the painter, as to certain attitudes, and colours which are otherwise indifferent.

Every picture should be so contrived, as that at a distance, when one cannot discern what figures there are, or what they are doing; it should appear to be composed of two, or more great masses, lighter, and darker, the forms of which must be agreeable to the eye, of whatsoever they consist, ground, trees, draperies, figures, &c. and the whole together should be sweet and delightful, lovely shapes and colours, without a name; of which there is infinite variety.

Sometimes one mass of light is upon a dark ground, and then the extremities of the light must not be too near the edges of the picture, and its greatest strength must be towards the centre; as in the descent from the cross, and the dead Christ, both of Rubens, and of both which there are prints, one by Vosterman, and the other by Pontius.

I have a painting of the holy family, by Rubens, of this structure; where, because the mass of light in one part would else have gone off too abruptly, and have made a less pleasing figure, he has set the foot of St. Elizabeth on a little stool; here the light catches, and spreads the mass so as to have the desired effect. Such another artifice, Raffaele has used in a Madonna, of which I have a copy; he has brought in a kind of an ornament to a chair, for no other end (that I can imagine) but to form the mass agreeably.

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Van Dyck, that he might keep his principal light near the middle of his picture, and to advantage the body which he seems to have intended to exert himself in, has even kept the head sombrous in an *ecce homo* I have of him, which makes the whole have a fine effect.

I have many times observed with a great deal of pleasure the admirable composition (besides the other excellencies) of a fruit piece of Michelangelo Compidoglio, which I have had many years. The principal light is near the centre (not exactly there, for those regularities have an ill effect;) and the transition from thence, and from one thing to another, to the extremities of the picture all round is very easy, and delightful; in which he has employed fine artifices by leaves, twigs, little touches of lights striking advantageously, and the like. So that there is not a stroke in the picture without its meaning: and the whole, though very bright, and consisting of a great many parts, has a wonderful harmony, and repose.

The drawing that Correggio made for the composition of his famous picture of the nativity, called *La Notte del Correggio*, I have, and is admirable in its kind: there is nothing one could wish were otherwise with respect to its composition, but that the full moon which he has made in one of the corners at the top had been omitted. It gives no light, that all comes from the new-born Saviour of the world, and sweetly diffuses itself from thence as from its centre all over the picture, only that moon a little troubles the eye:

The composition of my *Holy Family of Rafaele* is not inferior to its other parts, and the transition from one thing to another is very artful; to instance only in one particular: behind the Madonna is St. Joseph resting his head on his hand which is placed upon his mouth, and chin; this hand spreads that subordinate mass of light, and together with the coiffure of the Virgin, and the little ring of glory round her head (which contribute also to the same end) makes

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the transition from her face to that of St. Joseph very graceful, and easy. The whole figure of St. Joseph is connected with that of the Madonna, but subordinately, by one smart touch of the pencil artfully applied upon his drapery in the Holy Family I have of Rubens; than which there cannot be a more perfect example for composition, both as to the masses, and colour: but I will not multiply instances.

Sometimes the structure of a picture, or the tout ensemble of its form, shall resemble dark clouds on a light ground, as in the assumption of the Virgin by Bolswert after Rubens. I refer you to prints, because they are easy to be got, and explain this matter almost as well as drawings, or pictures.

Again: a picture sometimes consists of a mass of light, and another of shadow upon a ground of a middle tint, as a single figure by the life is usually managed. And sometimes it is composed of a mass of dark at the bottom, another lighter above that, and another for the upper part still lighter; (as commonly in a landscape) sometimes the dark mass employs one side of the picture also. I have a copy after Paolo Veronese where a large group of figures, the principal ones of the story, compose this lower brown mass; architecture, the second; more buildings, with figures and the sky, the third; but most commonly in pictures of this structure, the second mass is the place of the principal figures.

In a figure, and every part of a figure, and indeed in every thing else there is one part which must have a peculiar force, and be manifestly distinguished from the rest, all the other parts of which must also have a due subordination to it, and to one another. The same must be observed in the composition of an entire picture; and this principal, distinguished part ought (generally speaking) to be the place of the principal figure, and action: and here every thing must be higher finished, the other parts must be less so gradually.

Pictures





Pictures must be like bunches of grapes, but they must not resemble a great many single grapes scattered on a table ; there must not be many little parts of an equal strength, and detached from one another, which is as odious to the eye as it is to the ear to hear many people talking to you at once. Nothing must start, or be too strong for the place where it is ; as in a concert of music when a note is too high, or an instrument out of tune ; but a sweet harmony and repose must result from all the parts judiciously put together, and united with each other.

Ananias is the principal figure in the carton which gives the history of his death ; as the Apostle that pronounces his sentence is of the subordinate group, which consists of apostles. (Which therefore is subordinate, because the principal action relates to the criminal, and thither the eye is directed by almost all the figures in the picture.) St. Paul is the chief figure in that carton where he is preaching, and amongst his auditors one is eminently distinguished, who is principal of that group ; and is apparently a believer, and more so than any of them, or he had not had that second place in a picture conducted by so great a judgment as that of Rafaele's. These principal, and subordinate groupes, and figures, are so apparent, that the eye will naturally fix first upon one, then upon the other, and consider each in order, and with delight. I might give other examples were it necessary ; where it is not thus, the composition is less perfect.

It is to be noted, that the forcerer in the carton of his chastisement is the principal figure there, but has not the force in all its parts as it ought to have as such, and to maintain the harmony ; this is accidental, for it is certain his drapery was of the same strength, and beauty, as that on his head, however it has happened to have changed its colour.

The shadows in the drapery of St. Paul also, in that carton where the people are about to sacrifice to him, and Barnabas, have lost something of their force.

Sometimes the place in the picture, and not the force, gives the distinction; as in my drawing of the descent of the Holy Ghost: the principal figure is the symbol of that divine person in the Sacred Trinity, who is the great agent, and is distinguished both by the place it is in, and the glory which surrounds it. The principal of the next group is the Blessed Virgin, who is placed directly under the dove, and in the middle of the picture; but some of the apostles, who appear not to be the chief, have a greater force than she, or any of those that compose that group; however, the place she possesses preserves that distinction that the incomparable artist intended to give her.

In a composition, as well as in every single figure, or other part of which the picture consists, one thing must contrast, or be varied from another. Thus in a figure, the arms and legs must not be placed to answer one another in parallel lines. In like manner, if one figure in a composition stands, another must bend, or lie on the ground; and of those that stand, or are in any other position, if there be several of them, they must be varied by turns of the head, or some other artful disposition of their parts; as may be seen (for instance) in the carton of giving the keys. The masses must also have the like contrast, two must not be alike in form, or size, nor the whole mass composed of those less ones of too regular a shape. The colours must be also contrasted, and opposed, so as to be grateful to the eye: there must not (for example) be two draperies in one picture of the same colour, and strength, unless they are contiguous, and then they are but as one. If there be two reds, blues, or whatever other colour, one must be of a darker, or paler tint, or be some way varied by lights, shadows, or reflections. Rafaele, and others have made great advantage of changeable silks to unite the contrasting colours, as well as to make a part of the contrast themselves. As in the carton of giving the keys, the apostle that stands in profile, and immediately behind St. John, has
a yellow

a yellow garment with red sleeves, which connects that figure with St. Peter, and St. John, whose draperies are of the same species of colours. Then the same anonymous apostle has a loose changeable drapery, the lights of which are a mixture of red and yellow, the other parts are bluish. This unites itself with the other colours already mentioned, and with the blue drapery of another apostle which follows afterwards; between which, and the changeable silk, is a yellow drapery something different from the other yellows, but with shadows bearing upon the purple, as those of the yellow drapery of St. Peter incline to the red; all which, together with several other particulars, produce a wonderful harmony.

The exotic birds that are placed on the shore in the fore-ground, in the carton of the draught of fishes, prevent the heaviness which that part would otherwise have had, by breaking the parallel lines which would have been made by the boats, and base of the picture.

There is an admirable instance of this contrast in the carton of St. Paul preaching, his figure (which is a rare one) stands alone as it ought to do, and consequently is very conspicuous, which is also perfectly right; the attitude is also as fine as can be imagined; but the beauty of this noble figure, and with it of the whole picture, depends upon this artful contrast I have been speaking of; of so great consequence is that little part of the drapery flung over the apostle's shoulder, and hanging down almost to his waste; for (besides that, it poizes the figure, which otherwise would have seemed to have tumbled forwards) had it gone lower, so as to have, as it were, divided the outline of the hinder part of the figure in two equal, or near equal parts, it had been offensive; as it had been less pleasing if it had not come so low as it does. This important piece of drapery preserves the mass of light upon that figure, but varies it, and gives it an agreeable form, whereas without it, the whole figure would have been heavy and disagreeable; but there was no danger of that in *Rafaëlle*. There is another piece of drapery in the carton
of

of giving the keys, which is very judiciously flung in; the three outmost figures at the end of the picture, the contrary to that where our Lord is, made a mass of light of a shape not very pleasing, till that knowing painter struck in a part of the garment of the last apostle in the group as folded under his arm, this breaks the strait line, and gives a more graceful form to the whole mass; which is also assisted by the boat there; as the principal figure in this composition is by the flock of sheep placed behind him, and which, moreover, serves to detach the figure from its ground, as well as to illustrate the history.

The naked boys in the carton of healing the cripple are a farther proof of *Rafaëlle's* great judgment in composition: one of them is in such an attitude as finely varies the turns of the figures; but here is moreover another kind of contrast, and that is caused by their being naked, which, how odd soever it may seem at first, and without considering the reason of it, will be found to have a marvellous effect: cloath them in imagination; dress them as you will, the picture suffers by it, and would have suffered if *Rafaëlle* himself had done it.

It is for the sake of this contrast, which is of so great consequence in Painting, that this knowing man, in the carton we are now upon, has placed his figures at one end of the temple near the corner, where one would not suppose the beautiful gate was: but this varies the sides of the picture; and at the same time gives him an opportunity to enlarge his buildings with a fine portico, the like of which you must imagine must be on the other side of the main structure; all which together makes one of the noblest pieces of architecture that can be conceived.

He has taken a greater licence in the carton of the conversion of *Sergius Paulus*, where the architecture will be difficult to account for, otherwise than by saying it was done to give the contrast we are speaking of: but this will justify it sufficiently.

Nor

Nor is this contrast only necessary in every particular picture, but if several are made to hang in one room, they ought to contrast one another. This Titian considered, when he was making several pictures for our King Henry VIII. as appears by a letter he wrote to that prince, which (amongst others of Titian to the Emperor, and other great men) is to be found in a collection of letters printed at Venice, *an. 1574. lib. ii. p. 403.*

—*Et perche la Danae ch' iomandai gia a nostra maestà, si uedeua tutta dalla parte dinanzi, ho uoluto in questa altra Poesia uariare, & farle mostrare la contraria parte, accioche riesca il camerino doue hanno da stare più gratioso alla uista. Tosto le manderò la Poesia di Perseo, & Andromeda che haura un' altra uista differente da queste, & così Medea, & Iasone.*—

There is another sort of contrast, which I have often wondered painters have not more considered than we generally find, and that is, making some fat, and some lean people; such a face and air as Mr. Lock's, or Sir Isaac Newton's, would shine in the best composition that ever Raffaele made, as to express their characters would be a task worthy of that divine hand. In the cartons there is one or two figures something corpulent; but I think, not one remarkably lean; I have a drawing which is ascribed to Baccio Bandinelli, where this contrast is, and has a fine effect.

Whatever are the predominant colours of the principal figure, the same in kind, whether stronger or not, must be diffused over the whole composition. This Raffaele has observed remarkably in the carton of St. Paul preaching; his drapery is red, and green. These you see scattered about in the picture with great advantage to the whole; for subordinate colours as well as subordinate lights serve to soften, and support the principal ones, which otherwise would appear as spots, and consequently be offensive.

The masters to be studied for composition are Raffaele, and Rubens, most especially, though many others are worthy notice, and to be carefully considered; amongst which V. Velde ought not to be forgotten.

DESIGN *or* DRAWING.

BY these terms is sometimes understood the expressing our thoughts upon paper, or whatever other flat superficies; and that by resemblances formed by a pen, crayon, chalk, or the like. But more commonly, the giving the just form, and dimension of visible objects, according as they appear to the eye; if they are pretended to be described in their natural dimensions; if not, but bigger, or lesser, then drawing, or designing signifies only the giving those things their true form, which implies an exact proportionable magnifying, or diminishing in every part alike.

And this comprehends also giving the true shapes, places, and even degrees of lights, shadows, and reflections, because if these are not right, if the thing has not its due force or relief, the true form of what is pretended to be drawn, cannot be given. These shew the outline all around, and in every part, as well as where the object is terminated on its back ground.

In a composition of several figures, or whatever other bodies, if the perspective is not just the drawing of that composition is false. This therefore is also implied by this term. That the perspective must be observed in the drawing of a single figure cannot be doubted.

I know drawing is not commonly understood to comprehend the clair-obscur, relief, and perspective, but it does not follow however that what I advance is not right.

But

But if the outlines are only marked, this also is drawing, it is giving the true form of what is pretended to, that is, the outline.

The drawing in the latter, and most common sense, besides that it must be just, must be pronounced boldly, clearly, and without ambiguity: consequently, neither the outlines, nor the forms of the lights, and shadows must be confused, and uncertain, or woolly (as painters call it) upon pretence of softness; nor on the other hand may they be sharp, hard, or dry; for either of these are extremes; nature lies between them.

As there are not two men in the world who at this instant, or at any other time, have exactly the same set of ideas; nor any one man that has the same set twice, or this moment, as he had the last: for thoughts obtrude themselves, and pass along in the mind continually as the rivers

Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train; MILTON.

So neither are there two men, nor two faces, no, not two eyes, foreheads, noses, or any other features: nay farther, there are not two leaves, though of the same species, perfectly alike.

A designer therefore must consider when he draws after nature, that his business is to describe that very form, as distinguished from every other form in the universe.

In order to give this just representation of nature (for that is all we are now upon, as being all that drawing, in the present sense, and simply considered implies, grace and greatness, is to be spoken to afterwards) I say in order to follow nature exactly, a man must be well acquainted with nature, and have a reasonable knowledge of geometry, proportion (which must be varied according to the sex, age, and quality of the person) anatomy, osteology, and perspective. I will add to these an acquaintance with the works of the best painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern: for it is a certain maxim, no man sees what things are, that knows not what they ought to be.

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That

That this maxim is true, will appear by an academy figure drawn by one ignorant in the structure, and knitting of the bones, and anatomy, compared with another who understands these thoroughly: or by comparing a portrait of the same person drawn by one unacquainted with the works of the best masters, and another of the hand of one to whom those excellent works are no strangers: both see the same life, but with different eyes. The former sees it as one unskilled in music hears a concert, or instrument, the other as a master in that science: these hear equally, but not with like distinction of sounds, and observation of the skill of the composer.

Michelangelo was the most learned, and correct designer of all the moderns, if Raffaele were not his equal, or as some will have it, superior. The Roman and Florentine schools have excelled all others in this fundamental part of Painting, and of the first Raffaele, Giulio Romano, Polydore, Pierino del Vaga, &c. as Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, &c. have been the best of the Florentines. Of the Bolognese, Annibale Caracci, and Dominichino, have been excellent designers.

When a painter intends to make a history (for example) the way commonly is to design the thing in his mind, to consider what figures to bring in, and what they are to think, say, or do; and then to sketch upon paper this idea of his; and not only the invention, but composition of his intended picture: this he may alter upon the same paper, or by making other sketches, till he is pretty well determined as to that; (and this is that first sense, in which I said the term drawing, or designing was to be understood.) In the next place his business is to consult the life, and to make drawings of particular figures, or parts of figures, or of what else he intends to bring into his work, as he finds necessary; together also with such ornaments, or other things of his invention, as vases, frizes, trophies, &c. till he has brought his picture to some perfection on paper, either in these loose studies, or in one entire drawing, which
has

has frequently been done, and sometimes finished very highly by them, either that their disciples might be able from them to make a greater progress in the grand work, and so leave the less for the master himself to do; or because they made advantage of such drawings from the person who employed them, or some other; and perhaps sometimes for their own pleasure.

Of these drawings of all kinds those great masters (whose names, and memories are sweet to all true lovers of the art) made very many; sometimes several for the same thing, not only for the same picture, but for one figure, or part of a picture; and though too many are perished, and lost, a considerable number have escaped and been preserved to our times, some very well, others not, as it has happened: and these are exceedingly prized by all who understand, and can see their beauty; for they are the very spirit, and quintessence of the art; there we see the steps the master took, the materials with which he made his finished Paintings, which are little other than copies of these, and frequently (at least in part) by some other hand; but these are undoubtedly altogether his own, and true, and proper originals.

It must be confessed, in the Paintings you have the colours, and the last determination of the master, with the entire completion of the work. The thoughts, and finishings are in a great measure seen in the prints of such works of which prints are made, nor is a drawing destitute of colouring absolutely; on the contrary, one frequently sees beautiful tints in the paper, washes, ink, and chalks of drawings; but what is wanting in some respects is abundantly recompensed in others, for in these works, the masters not being embarrassed with colours have had a full scope, and perfect liberty, which is a very considerable advantage, especially to some of them. There is a spirit, and fire, a freedom, and delicacy in the drawings of Giulio Romano, Polydoro, Parmeggiano, Battista Franco, &c. which are not to be seen in their Paintings: a pen, or chalk will

perform what cannot be possibly done with a pencil ; and a pencil with a thin liquid only what cannot be done when one has a variety of colours to manage, especially in oil.

And there is this farther consideration to endear those drawings we have to us ; no more can be had than what are now in being ; no new ones can be made ; the number of these must necessarily diminish by time, and accidents, but cannot be supplied ; the world must be content with what it has : for though there are ingenious men endeavouring to tread in the steps of these prodigies of art, whose works we are speaking of, there is yet no appearance that any will equal them, though I am in hopes that our own country does, or will produce those that will come as near them as any other nation, I mean as to history Painting, for that we already excel all others in portraits is indisputable.

The vast pleasure I take in these great curiosities has carried me perhaps too far : I will only add, that the first sketches not being intended to express more than the general ideas, any incorrectness in the figures, or perspective, or the like, are not to be esteemed as faults ; exactness was not in the idea ; the sketch, notwithstanding such seeming faults, may shew a noble thought, and be executed with a vast spirit, which was all pretended to, and which being performed it may be said to be well drawn, although incorrect as to the other matters. But when correction is pretended to, (and this is always the case of a finished drawing, or picture) then to have any defect in drawing (in this sense of the term) is a fault.

COLOURING.

COLOURING.

COLOURS are to the eye what sounds are to the ear, tastes to the palate, or any other objects of our senses are to those senses; and accordingly an eye that is delicate takes in proportionable pleasure from beautiful ones, and is as much offended with their contraries. Good colouring therefore in a picture is of consequence, not only as it is a truer representation of nature, where every thing is beautiful in its kind, but as administering a considerable degree of pleasure to the sense.

The colouring of a picture must be varied according to the subject, the time, and place.

If the subject be grave, melancholy, or terrible, the general tint of the colouring must incline to brown, black, or red, and gloomy; but be gay, and pleasant in subjects of joy, and triumph. This I will not enlarge upon here, having spoken to it already in the chapter of Expression. Morning, noon, evening, night; sun-shine, wet, or cloudy weather, influence the colours of things; and if the scene of the picture be a room, open air, or partly open, and partly inclosed, the colouring must be accordingly.

The distance also alters the colouring, because of the medium of air through which every thing is seen, which being blue, the more remote any object is, the more it must partake of that colour, consequently must have less force, or strength; the ground therefore, or whatsoever is behind a figure (for example) must not be so strong as that figure is, nor any of its parts which round off, as those that come nearer the eye, and that not only for the reason already given, but because moreover there will always be reflections stronger, or weaker, that will diminish the force of the shadows; which reflections

tions (by the way) must partake of the colours of those things from whence they are produced.

Any of the several species of colours may be as beautiful in their kinds as the others, but one kind is more so than another, as having more variety, and consisting of colours more pleasing in their own nature; in which, and the harmony, and agreement of one tint with another, the goodness of colouring consists.

To shew the beauty of variety I will instance in a gelder-rose, which is white; but having many leaves one under another, and lying hollow so as to be seen through in some places, which occasions several tints of light and shadow; and together with these some of the leaves having a greenish tint, all together produce that variety which gives a beauty not to be found in this paper, though it is white, nor in the inside of an egg-shell though whiter, nor in any other white object that has not that variety.

And this is the case, though this flower be seen in a room in gloomy, or wet weather; but let it be exposed to the open air when the sky is serene, the blue that those leaves, or parts of leaves that lie open to it will receive, together with the reflections that then will also happen to strike upon it, will give a great addition to its beauty: but let the sunbeams touch upon its leaves where they can reach with their fine yellowish tint, the other retaining their sky-blue, together with the shadows, and brisk reflections it will then receive, and then you will see what a perfection of beauty it will have, not only because the colours are more pleasant in themselves, but there is greater variety.

A sky entirely blue would have less beauty than it has being always varied towards the horizon, and by the sunbeams whether rising, setting, or in its progress; but neither has it that beauty as when more varied with clouds tinged with yellow, white, purple, &c.

A piece of silk, or cloth hung, or laid flat, has not the beauty, though the colour of it be pleasing, as when slung into folds; nay,
a piece

a piece of filk that has little beauty in itself, shall be much improved only by being pinked, watered, or quilted; the reason is, in these cases there arises a variety produced by lights, shades, and reflections.

There are, as I said, certain colours less agreeable than others, as a brick-wall for example, yet when the sun strikes upon one part of it, and the sky tinges another part of it, and shadows and reflections the rest, this variety shall give even that a degree of beauty.

Perfect black, and white are disagreeable; for which reason a painter should break those extremes of colours, that there may be a warmth, and mellowness in his work: let him (in flesh especially) remember to avoid the chalk, the brick, and the charcoal, and think of a pearl, and a ripe peach.

But it is not enough that the colours in themselves are beautiful singly, and that there be variety, they must be set by one another, so as to be mutually assistant to each other; and this not only in the object painted, but in the ground, and whatsoever comes into the composition; so as that every part, and the whole together may have a pleasing effect to the eye; such a harmony to it as a good piece of music has to the ear; but for which no certain rules can be given no more than for that: except in some few general cases, which are very obvious, and need not therefore be mentioned here.

The best that can be done, is to advise one that would know the beauty of colouring, to observe nature, and how the best colourists have imitated her.

What a lightness, thinness, and transparency; what a warmth, cleanness, and delicacy is to be seen in life, and in good pictures!

He that would be a good colourist himself must moreover practise much after, and for a considerable time accustom himself to see well-coloured pictures only; but even this will be in vain unless he has a good eye in the sense, as one is said to have a good ear for music;

music; he must not only see well, but have a particular delicacy with relation to the beauty of colours, and the infinite variety of tints.

The Venetian, Lombard, and Flemish schools have excelled in colouring; the Florentine, and Roman in design; the Bolognese masters in both; but not to the degree generally as either of the other. Correggio, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, and Van Dyck, have been admirable colourists; the latter in his best things has followed common nature extremely close.

Rafaele's colouring, especially in his shadows, is blackish: this was occasioned by the use of a sort of printer's black, and which has changed its tint, though it was warm, and glowing at first, upon which account he was fond of it, though he was advised what would be the consequence. However by the vast progress he made in colouring after he applied himself to it, it is judged he would in this part of Painting also have excelled, as in the others: here would have been a double prodigy! since no one man has ever possessed even colouring, and designing to that, or any very considerable degree.

Though the cartons are some of the last of his works, it must be confessed the colouring of them is not equal to the drawing; but at the same time neither can it be denied but that he that painted those could colour well, and would have coloured better. It must be considered they were made for patterns for tapestry, and painted, not in oil, but in distemper, and besides are very near two hundred years old: if therefore one sees not the warmth, and mellowness, and delicacy of colouring which is to be found in Correggio, Titian, or Rubens, it may fairly be imputed in a great measure to these causes. A judicious painter has other considerations relating to the colouring when he makes patterns for tapestry to be heightened with gold, and silver, than when he paints a picture without any such view; nor can a sort of dryness, and harshness be avoided in distemper, upon paper: time moreover has apparently changed
some





some of the colours. In a word, the tout-ensemble of the colours is agreeable, and noble; and the parts of it are in general extremely, but not superlatively good.

I will only add one observation here concerning the colours of the draperies of the apostles, which are always the same in all the cartons, only St. Peter, when he is a fisherman, has not his large apostolical drapery on. This apostle, when dressed, wears a yellow drapery over his blue coat; St. John a red one over a green; so does St. Paul, which is also the same that he wears in the famous St. Cecilia, which was painted near ten years before.

H A N D L I N G.

BY this term is understood the manner in which the colours are left by the pencil upon the picture; as the manner of using the pen, chalk, or pencil in a drawing is the handling of that drawing.

This, considered in itself abstractedly, is only a piece of mechanics, and is well, or ill, as it is performed with a curious, expert, or heavy, clumsy hand; and that whether it is smooth, or rough, or however it is done; for all the manners of working the pencil may be well, or ill in their kind; and a fine light hand is seen as much in a rough, as in a smooth manner.

I confess I love to see a freedom and delicacy of hand in Painting as in any other piece of work; it has its merit. Though to say a picture is justly imagined, well disposed, truly drawn, is great, has grace, or the other good qualities of a picture; and withal that it is finely handled, is as if one should say a man is virtuous, wise, good-natured, valiant, or the like, and is also handsome.

But the handling may be such as to be not only good abstractedly considered, but as being proper, and adding a real advantage to

the picture: and then to say a picture has such, and such good properties, and is also well handled (in that sense) is as to say a man is wise, virtuous, and the like, and is also handsome, and perfectly well-bred.

Generally, if the character of the picture is greatness, terrible, or savage, as battles, robberies, witchcrafts, apparitions, or even the portraits of men of such characters there ought to be employed a rough, bold pencil; and contrarily, if the character is grace, beauty, love, innocence, &c. a softer pencil, and more finishing is proper.

It is no objection against a sketch if it be left unfinished, and with bold rough touches, though it be little, and to be seen near, and whatsoever its character be; for thus it answers its end, and the painter would after that be imprudent to spend more time upon it. But generally small pictures should be well wrought.

Jewels, gold, silver, and whatsoever has smart brightness require bold, rough touches of the pencil in the heightenings.

The pencil should be left pretty much in linen, silks, and whatsoever has a glossiness.

All large pictures, and whatsoever is seen at a great distance should be rough; for besides that it would be loss of time to a painter to finish such things highly, since distance would hide all that pains; those bold roughnesses give the work a greater force, and keep the tints distinct.

The more remote any thing is supposed to be, the less finishing it ought to have. I have seen a fringe to a curtain in the back-ground of a picture, which, perhaps, was half a day in painting, but might have been better done in a minute.

There is often a spirit, and beauty in a quick, or perhaps an accidental management of the chalk, pen, pencil, or brush in a drawing, or painting, which it is impossible to preserve if it be more finished; at least it is great odds but it will be lost: it is better therefore to
incur

incur the censure of the injudicious, than to hazard the losing such advantages to the picture. Appelle's comparing himself with Protogenes said, perhaps he is equal, if not superior to me in some things, but I am sure I excel him in this: I know when to have done.

Flesh in pictures, to be seen at a common distance, and especially portraits should (generally speaking) be well wrought up, and then touched upon every where in the principal lights, and shadows, and to pronounce the features; and this more, or less, according to the sex, age, or character of the person, avoiding narrow, or long continued strokes, as in the eye-lids, mouth, &c. and too many sharp ones: this being done by a light hand, judiciously, gives a spirit, and retains the softness of flesh.

In short, the painter should consider what manner of handling will best conduce to the end he proposes, the imitation of nature, or the expressing those raised ideas he has conceived of possible perfection in nature, and that he ought to turn his pencil to; always remembering, that what is soonest done is best, if it is equally good upon all other accounts.

There are two mistakes very common; one is, because a great many good pictures are very rough painted, people fancy that is a good picture that is so. There is bold Painting, but there is also impudent Painting. Others on the contrary, judge of a picture not by their eyes, but by their fingers ends, they feel if it be good. Those appear to know little of the true beauties of the art, that thus fix upon the least considerable circumstance of it as if it were all, or the principal thing to be considered.

The cartons, as they are properly no other than coloured drawings, are handled accordingly, and extremely well. The flesh is generally pretty much finished, and then finely touched upon. There is much hatching with the point of a large pencil upon a prepared ground. The hair is made with such a pencil for the most part.

Leonardo da Vinci had a wondrous delicacy of hand in finishing highly, but Giorgion, and Correggio have especially been famous for a fine, that is, a light, easy, and delicate pencil. You see a free, bold handling in the works of Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, Rubens, the Borgognone, Salvator Rosa, &c. the Maltese had a very particular manner, he painted chiefly Turkey-worked carpets, and left the pencil as rough as the carpet itself, and admirably well in its kind. But perhaps no man ever managed a pencil in all the several manners better than Van Dyck.

Of GRACE and GREATNESS.

THERE is some degree of merit in a picture where nature is exactly copied, though in a low subject; such as drolls, country-wakes, flowers, landscapes, &c. and more in proportion as the subject rises, or the end of the picture is this exact representation. Herein the Dutch, and Flemish masters have been equal to the Italians, if not superior to them in general. What gives the Italians, and their masters the ancients the preference, is, that they have not servilely followed common nature, but raised, and improved, or at least have always made the best choice of it. This gives a dignity to a low subject, and is the reason of the esteem we have for the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, Filippo Laura, Claude Lorrain, the Pouffins; the fruit of the two Michelangelo's, the Battaglia, and Campadoglio; and this, when the subject itself is noble, is the perfection of Painting: as in the best portraits of Van Dyck, Rubens, Titian, Rafaele, &c. and the histories of the best Italian masters; chiefly those of Rafaele; he is the great model of perfection! all the painters being ranked in three several classes according to the degrees of their merit, he must be allowed to possess the first alone.

Common

Common nature is no more fit for a picture than plain narration is for a poem : a painter must raise his ideas beyond what he sees, and form a model of perfection in his own mind which is not to be found in reality ; but yet such a one as is probable, and rational. Particularly with respect to mankind, he must as it were raise the whole species, and give them all imaginable beauty, and grace, dignity, and perfection ; every several character, whether it be good, or bad, amiable, or detestable, must be stronger, and more perfect.

At court, and elsewhere amongst people of condition, one sees another sort of beings than in the country, or the remote, and inferior parts of the town ; and amongst these there are some few that plainly distinguish themselves by their noble, and graceful airs, and manner of acting. There is an easy gradation in all nature ; the most stupid of animals are little more than vegetables, the most sagacious, and cunning are hardly inferior to the lowest order of men, as the wisest, and most virtuous of these are little below the angels. One may conceive an order superior to what can any where be found on our globe ; a kind of new world may be formed in the imagination, consisting as this, of people of all degrees, and characters, only heightened, and improved : a beautiful genteel woman must have her defects overlooked, and what is wanting to complete her character supplied : a brave man, and one honestly, and wisely pursuing his own interest, in conjunction with that of his country, must be imagined more brave, more wise, more exactly, and inflexibly honest than any we know, or can hope to see : a villain must be conceived to have something more diabolical than is to be found even amongst us ; a gentleman must be more so, and a peasant have more of the gentleman, and so of the rest. With such as these an artist must people his pictures.

Thus the ancients have done ; notwithstanding the great, and exalted ideas we may have of the people of those times from their histories (which probably are improved by the historians using the
same

same management in their writings as I am recommending to the painters: it was the poets proper business so to do) one can hardly believe them to be altogether such as we see in the antique statues, bas-reliefs, medals, and intaglios. And thus the best modern painters, and sculptors have done. Michelangelo no where saw such living figures as he cut in stone; and Rafaele thus writes to his friend the Count *Baldassar Castiglione*, *Ma essendo carestia e de i buoni giudicii, et di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente.* The letter is in Bellori's description of the pictures in the Vatican, and in the collection of letters I have cited heretofore.

When a man enters into that awful gallery at Hampton-Court, he finds himself amongst a sort of people superior to what he has ever seen, and very probably to what those really were. Indeed this is the principal excellence of those wonderful pictures, as it must be allowed to be that part of Painting, which is preferable to all others.

What a grace, and majesty is seen in the great apostle of the gentiles, in all his actions, preaching, rending his garments, denouncing vengeance upon the forcerer! what a dignity is in the other apostles wherever they appear, particularly the prince of them in the carton of the death of Ananias! how infinitely, and divinely great, and genteel is the Christ in the boat! but these are exalted characters which have a delicacy in them as much beyond what any of the gods, demi-gods, or heroes of the ancient heathens can admit of, as the christian religion excels the ancient superstition. The proconsul Sergius Paulus has a greatness, and grace superior to his character, and equal to what one can suppose Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, or the greatest among the Romans to have had. The common people are like gentlemen; even the fishermen, the beggars, have something in them much above what we see in those orders of men.

And

And the scenes are answerable to the actors; not even the beautiful gate of the temple, nor any part of the first temple, nor probably any building in the world had that beauty, and magnificence as appears in what we see in the carton of healing the cripple. Athens, and Lystra appear in these cartons to be beyond what we can suppose they were when Greece was in its utmost glory: even the place where the apostles were assembled (in the carton of Ananias) is no common room; and though the steps, and rails which were made on purpose for them for the exercise of their new function have something expressive of the poverty, and simplicity of the infant church, the curtain behind, which also is part of the apostolical equipage, gives a dignity even to that.

It is true there are some characters which are not to be improved, as there are others impossible to be perfectly conceived, much less expressed. The idea of God no created being can comprehend, the divine mind only can, and it is the brightest there. And infinitely bright! and would be judged to be so even by us, though the difficulties arising from the consideration of the moral, and natural evil which is in the world were not to be solved by the common expedients. I will only venture to say with respect to the latter, that this is so far from being an objection to the infinite goodness of God, that God could not have been infinitely good if he had not produced an order of beings, in which there was such a mixture of natural evils as to be just preponderated by the enjoyments, so as upon the foot of the account to render being eligible, for without this, one instance of goodness had been omitted.

No statue, or picture; no words can reach this character. The Colossian statue of Phidias, the pictures of Rafaele, are but faint shadows of this infinite, and incomprehensible Being. The Thunderer, the Best, and Greatest: the Father of Gods and Men, of Homer; the Elohim, the Jehovah, the I Am that I Am of Moses; the Lord of Hosts of the Prophets: nay the God and Father of our
 Lord

Lord Jesus Christ, the Alpha and Omega, the All in All of the new testament: these give us not an adequate idea of him; though that comes nearest where not terror, and fury, but majesty, power, wisdom and goodness, is best expressed.

*May thy idea ever dwell with me,
From Reason, not from prejudice derived.
Enlarged, improved, and brightened more and more,
As oriental day, serene, and sweet,
When spring, and summer for the prize contend:
The richest cordial for the heart! a light
Discovering errors infinite labyrinths!
The ornament, and treasure of the soul!
Imperfect as it is.———*

A God incarnate, and Saviour of mankind by obedience and suffering; a crucified God risen from the dead: these are characters that have something so sublime in them, that we must be contented to own, our beloved *Rafaelle* has failed here, more especially in some instances; I do not mean in the carton of giving the keys, for that I verily believe has received some injury, and is not now like what *Rafaelle* made it. That incomparable hand that painted the history of *Cupid and Psyche*, in the palace of *Chigi* at *Rome*, has carried the fictitious deities of the heathens as high as possible, but not beyond what should be conceived of them; as *Michelangelo Buonaroti* (particularly in two or three drawings I have of him) has made devils not such as low geniuses represent them, but like those of *Milton*;

————— *His face*
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge: Cruel his eye.———

But

But the proper idea of a devil has such an excess of evil in it as cannot be exaggerated; in all such cases it is sufficient if all be done that can be done. The painter must shew what he aims at, he must give him that sees the picture all the assistance he can, and then leave him to supply the rest in his own imagination.

There are other characters which though inferior to these are so noble, that he must be a happy man who can conceive them justly, but more so if he can express them: such are those of Moses, Homer, Xenophon, Alcibiades, Scipio, Cicero, Rafaele, &c. If we see these pretended to be given in picture, we expect to see them

————— *Come, and in act*
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience e'er the tongue.

MILTON.

We expect all that greatness, and grace I have been recommending; all is necessary here in order to satisfy us that the history is truly related: as the pleasure we take in having our minds filled with fine and extraordinary ideas is a sufficient reason for raising all the more inferior characters. Life would be an insipid thing indeed if we never saw or had ideas of any thing but what we commonly see; a company doing what is of no consequence but to themselves in their own little affairs; and to see such in picture can give no great pleasure to any that have a true, and refined taste.

A history painter must describe all the various characters, real, or imaginary; and that in all their situations, pleased, grieved, angry, hoping, fearing, &c. A face-painter has to do with all the real characters, except only some few of the meanest, and the most sub-

L

lime,

lime, but not with that variety of sentiments as the other. The whole business of his life is to describe the golden age, when

————— *Universal Pan*
Knit with the graces, and the hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring.

Every one of his people must appear pleased, and in good humour, but varied suitably to the raised character of the person drawn; whether this tranquility and delight be supposed to arise from the sight of a friend, a reflection upon a scheme well laid, a battle gained, success in love, a consciousness of one's own worth, beauty, wit, agreeable news, truth discovered, or from whatever other cause. If a devil were to have his portrait made, he must be drawn as abstracted from his own evil, and stupidly good; (to use Milton's words once again.)

If some grave characters require an air of thoughtfulness, as if engaged in a diligent search after truth, or in some important project, they must however not appear displeased, unless in some rare instances, as Van Dyck has put something of sorrow in one picture of his unfortunate patron King Charles I. (I mean that at Hampton-court) which I believe was done when he was entering into his troubles, and which is therefore in that respect historical. In general, the painting room must be like Eden before the fall, like Arcadia, the joyless, turbulent passions must not enter there.

Thus to raise the character: to divest an unbred person of his rusticity, and give him something at least of a gentleman. To make one of a moderate share of good sense appear to have a competency, a wise man to be more wise, and a brave man to be more so, a modest, discreet woman to have an air something angelical, and so of the rest; and then to add that joy, or peace of mind at least, and in such a manner as is suitable to the several characters, is absolutely

lutely necessary to a good face-painter : but it is the most difficult part of his art, and the last attained ; perhaps it is never so much as thought of by some : all that they aim at is to make such a likeness of the face as shall be known immediately, and that it be young, fair, and handsome ; and frequently those for whom the pictures are made expect no more ; whether the characters of wisdom, or folly be impressed upon them it matters not. Accordingly we see portraits which are perfect burlesques upon the minds of the persons drawn ; a wise man shall appear with the air of a fop ; a man of spirit, and wit, like a smart, or a pretty fellow ; a modest ingenious man like a beau, a virtuous lady as a mere coquet.

The late Duke of Buckingham when he heard a lady commended for her goodness, swore she was ugly ; because beauty being a woman's top-character, he concluded that would have been insisted on if there was any ground for it. A painter should observe, and pronounce strongly the brightest part of the character of him he draws. To give an air of youth, and gaiety to the portrait of one who is entitled to nothing higher is well enough ; but to overlook a noble and sublime character, and substitute this in the place of it is detestable. The only supposing a man capable of being pleased with such a piece of false flattery, is a lampoon upon his understanding.

Nor is the beauty of the face, and person, whether as to the age, features, shape, or colour to be unregarded, or (where it can be done) unimproved : indeed something of this will naturally fall in when the mind is expressed, which cannot be done to advantage without giving some to the body.

But the face-painter is under a greater constraint in both respects than he that paints history ; the additional grace, and greatness he is to give, above what is to be found in the life, must not be thrown in too profusely, the resemblance must be preserved, and appear with vigour ; the picture must have both. Then it may be

said, that the gentleman, or lady makes a fine, or a handsome picture: but the likeness not being regarded it is not they, but the painter that makes it; nor is there any great difficulty in making such fine pictures.

I was lately observing with a great deal of pleasure how the ancients had succeeded in the three several ways of managing portraits: I happened to have then before me (amongst others) several medals of the Emperor Maximinus, who was particularly remarkable for a long chin: one medal of him had that, but that the artist might be sure of a likeness he had exaggerated it: another had a mind to flatter, and he had pared off about half of it: but these as they wanted the just resemblance, so there was a poverty in them; they were destitute of that life, and spirit which the other had, where nature seems to have been more closely followed. In making portraits we must keep nature in view; if we launch out into the deep we are lost. Even a copy after a picture from the life, though done by the same hand, shall want something which the original has; for here is one remove from nature, a copy from this copy shall still be worse: and so on.

What it is that gives the grace and greatness I am treating of, whether in history or portraits, is hard to say. The following rules may however be of some use on this occasion.

The airs of the heads must especially be regarded. This is commonly the first thing taken notice of when one comes into company, or into any public assembly, or at the first sight of any particular person; and this first strikes the eye, and affects the mind when we see a picture, a drawing, &c.

The same regard must be had to every action, and motion. The figures must not only do what is proper, and in the most commodious manner, but as people of the best sense, and breeding (their character being considered) would, or should perform such actions. The painter's people must be good actors; they must have learned
to

to use a human body well; they must sit, walk, lie, salute, do every thing with grace. There must be no awkward, sheepish, or affected behaviour, no strutting, or silly pretence to greatness; no bombast in action: nor must there be any ridiculous contortions of the body, nor even such appearances, or fore-shortnings as are displeasing to the eye, though the same attitude in another view might be perfectly good.

Not that it is possible that every part of a picture, or even of a single figure can be equally well disposed; something may not be as one might wish it; yet in the main it may be better than if it were otherwise; more may be lost than gained by the alteration; it is here as it is in life; we are frequently uneasy under certain circumstances, but those being removed, we wish ourselves as we were before; the present grievance strikes strongly on our minds, we either do not see, or are not so lively affected with the consequences of a change.

The contours must be large, square, and boldly pronounced to produce greatness; and delicate, and finely waved, and contrasted to be gracious. There is a beauty in a line, in the shape of a finger, or toe, even in that of a reed, or leaf, or the most inconsiderable things in nature: I have drawings of Giulio Romano of something of this kind; his insects, and vegetables are natural, but as much above those of other painters as his men are: there is that in these things which common eyes see not, but which the great masters know how to give, and they only.

The draperies must have broad masses of light, and shadow, and noble large folds to give a greatness; and these artfully subdivided, add graces. As in that admirable figure of St. Paul preaching, of which I have already spoken, the drapery would have had a greatness, if that whole broad light had been kept, and that part which is flung over his shoulder, and hangs down his back had been omitted; but that adds also a grace. Not only the large folds, and
masses

masses must be observed, but the shapes of them, or they may be great, but not beautiful.

The linen must be clean, and fine; the silks, and stuffs new; and the best of the kind.

Lace, embroidery, gold, and jewels, must be sparingly employed. Nor are flowered silks so much used by the best masters as plain; nor these so much as stuffs, or fine cloth; and that not to save themselves trouble, of which at the same time they have been profuse enough. In the cartons *Rafaelle* has sometimes made silks, and some of his draperies are scolloped, some a little striped, some edged with a kind of gold lace, but generally they are plain.— Though he seems to have taken more pains than needed in the landscapes, as he has also in those badges of spiritual dignity on the heads of *Christ*, and the apostles: but these, as all other ensigns of grandeur, and distinction, as they have been wisely invented to procure respect, awe, and veneration, give a greatness, as well as beauty to a picture.

It is of importance to a painter, to consider well the manner of cloathing his people. Mankind have shewn an infinite variety of fancy in this, and for the most part have disguised, rather than adorned human bodies. But the truest taste in this matter the ancient Greeks, and Romans seem to have had; at least the great ideas we have of those brave people prejudice us in favour of whatever is theirs, so that it shall appear to us to be graceful, and noble: upon either of which accounts, whether of a real, or imagined excellence, that manner of cloathing is to be chosen by a painter when the nature of his subject will admit of it. Possibly improvements may be made, and should be endeavoured, provided one keeps this antique taste in view, so as to preserve the benefit of prejudice just now spoken of. And this very thing *Rafaelle* has done with great success, particularly in the cartons. Those that have followed the habits of their own times, or gone off from the antique, have suffered by it;

as

as Andrea del Sarto (who first led the way) and most of those of the Venetian school have done.

But howsoever a figure is clad, this general rule is to be observed, that neither must the naked be lost in the drapery, nor too conspicuous; as in many of the statues, and bas-reliefs of the ancients, and (which by the way) they were forced to, because to have done otherwise would not have had a good effect in stone. The naked in a clothed figure is as the anatomy in a naked figure; it should be shewn, but not with affectation.

Portrait painters seeing the disadvantage they were under in following the dress commonly worn, have invented one peculiar to pictures in their own way, which is a composition partly that, and partly something purely arbitrary.

Such is the ordinary habit of the ladies, that how becoming soever they may be fancied to be as being worn by them, or what we are accustomed to, or upon whatever other account, it is agreed on all hands that in a picture they have but an ill air; and accordingly are rejected for what the painters have introduced in lieu of it, which is indeed handsome, and perhaps may be improved.

In the gentlemen's pictures the case is very different; it is not so easy to determine, as to their drapery.

What is to be said for the common dress is, that

It gives a greater resemblance; and

Is historical as to that article.

The arguments for the other are, that

They suit better with the ladies pictures, which (as has been observed) are universally thus dressed:

They are not so affected with the change of the fashion as the common dress; and

Are handsomer; that is, have more grace, and greatness.

Let us see how the case will stand, this latter consideration of handsomeness being for the present set aside.

The

The first argument in favour of the arbitrary loose dress seems to have no great weight; nor is there so much as is commonly thought in the second; because in those pictures which have that kind of drapery, so much of the dress of the time is always, and must be retained, and that in the most obvious, and material parts, that they are influenced by the change of fashion in a manner as much as those in the habit commonly worn. For proof of this, I refer you to what was done when the great wigs, and spreading huge neck-cloths were in fashion. So that here does not seem to be weight enough to balance against what is on the other side, even when the greatest improvement as to the colour, or materials of the common dress is made, for still there will be a sufficient advantage upon account of resemblance, and history to keep down the scale.

Let us now take in the argument of grace, and greatness, and see what effect that will have.

The way to determine now is, to fix upon the manner of following the common dress, whether it shall be with, or without improvement, and in what proportion: this being done, let that you have fixed upon be compared with the arbitrary, loose dress in competition with it, and see if the latter has so much the advantage in grace and greatness as to over-balance what the other had when these were not taken in: if it has, this is to be chosen; if not, the common dress.

Thus I have put the matter into the best method I was able, in order to assist those concerned to determine for themselves, which they can best do, fancy having so great a part in the affair. And so much for this controversy.

There is an artificial grace and greatness arising from the opposition of their contraries. As in the tent of Darius by Le Brun, the wife and daughters of that prince owe something of their beauty, and majesty to the hideous figures that are about them. But a greater man than he seems to have condescended to be beholden to this artifice in the banquet of the gods at the marriage of Cupid and Psyche,

Pfyché, for Venus which comes in dancing is surrounded with foils, as the Hercules, the face of his lion's skin, Vulcan, Pan, and the mask in the hand of the muse next to her. Some subjects carry this advantage along with them; as the story of Andromeda and the monster; Galatea with the Tritons; and in all such where the two contraries, the masculine, and feminine beauties are opposed (as the figures of Hercules and Dejanira for instance) these mutually raise and strengthen each other's characters. The holy family is also a very advantageous subject for the same reason. I need not enlarge here; the artifice is well known, and of great extent; it is practised by poets, historians, divines, &c. as well as painters.

What I have hitherto said will be of little use to him who does not fill and supply his mind with noble images. A painter should therefore read the best books, such as Homer, Milton, Virgil, Spencer, Thucydides, Livy, Plutarch, &c. but chiefly the Holy Scripture; where is to be found an inexhaustible spring, and the greatest variety of the most sublime thoughts, expressed in the noblest manner in the world. He should also frequent the brightest company, and avoid the rest: Raffaele was perpetually conversant with the finest geniuses, and the greatest men at Rome; and such as these were his intimate friends. Giulio Romano, Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, &c. to name no more, knew well how to set a value upon themselves in this particular. But the works of the best masters in Painting, and sculpture should be as a painter's daily bread, and will afford him delicious nourishment.

Good God, what a noble spirit has human nature been honoured with! Look upon what the ancients have done; look into the gallery of Hampton-court; turn over a book of well-chosen drawings, then will it be found, that the Psalmist was divinely inspired when applying himself to his Creator he said of man, thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory, and honour!

If I had been shewn a picture of *Rafaelle* (said *Carlo Maratti* to a friend of mine) and not having ever heard of him had been told it was the work of an angel, I should have believed it. The same friend assured me he had seen an entire book, consisting of about two or three hundred drawings of heads which the same *Carlo* had made after that of the *Antinous*, and which he said he had selected out of about ten times the number he had drawn after that one head; but confessed he had never been able to reach what he saw in his model. Such was the excellency of the sculptor! and such the diligence, perseverance, and modesty of *Carlo*!

The ancients possessed both the excellent qualities I have been treating of, amongst whom *Apelles* is distinguished for grace.—*Rafaelle* was the modern *Apelles*, not however without a prodigious degree of greatness. His style is not perfectly antique, but seems to be the effect of a fine genius accomplished by study in that excellent school: it is not antique, but (may I dare to say it) it is better, and that by choice, and judgment. *Giulio Romano* had grace, and greatness, more upon the antique taste, but not without a great mixture of what is peculiarly his own, and admirably good, but never to be imitated. *Polydore* in his best things was altogether antique. The old Florentine school had a kind of greatness that, like *Hercules* in his cradle, promised wonders to come, and which was accomplished in a great measure by *Leonardo da Vinci* (who also had grace) but more fully and perfectly by *Michelangelo Buonarota*: his style is his own, not antique, but he had a sort of greatness in the utmost degree, which sometimes ran into the extreme of terrible; though in many instances he has a fine seasoning of grace. I have a woman's head of him of a delicacy hardly inferior to *Rafaelle*, but retains the greatness which was his proper character. When *Parmeggiano* copied him, and flung in his own sweetness, they together make a fine composition, of which I have several examples; I do not say however that they are preferable to
what

what is entirely of Michelangelo, or even to what is entirely of Parmeggiano, especially his best; but they are as if they were of another hand, or of a character between both: for Parmeggiano was infinitely sweet! Grace shines in all he touched, and a greatness that supports it, so as one would not wish him other than he is; his style is entirely his own, not in the least modern, nor very much upon the antique: what he did seems to flow from nature, and are the ideas of one in the golden age, or state of innocence: I have a great many drawings of him, and but two or three where blood, or death is concerned, and in those it is evident he did what his genius was not fit for. Baccio Bandinelli had a great style, and sometimes not without grace. Correggio had grace not inferior to Parmeggiano, and rather more greatness; but different in both from him; and from the antique: what he had was also his own, and was chiefly employed on religious subjects, or what had nothing terrible in them. Titian, Tintoret, Paolo Veronese, and others of the Venetian school have greatness, and grace, but it is not antique; however it is Italian. Annibale Caracci was rather great, than gentle; though he was that too; and Guido's character is grace.—Rubens was great, but raised upon a Flemish idea. Nicholas Pouffin was truly great, and graceful, and justly styled the French Raphaelle. Salvator Rosa's landscapes are great, as those of Claude Lorraine are delicate: such is the style of Filippo Laura; that of the Borgognone is great. To conclude, Van Dyck had something of both these good qualities, but not much, nor always; he generally kept to nature, chosen in its best moments, and something raised, and improved; for which reason he is in that particular, and when he fell not lower, the best model for portrait-painting, unless we prefer a chimæra of the painter, to a true, or at most a civil representation of ourselves, or friends; and would have a cheat put upon posterity, and our own, or friends resemblance lost, and forgotten for the sake of it.

As in reasoning a man ought not to rest upon authorities, but to have recourse to those principles on which those are, or ought to be founded, so to rely upon what others have done is to be always copying. A painter therefore should have original ideas of grace, and greatness, taken from his own observation of nature, under the conduct, and assistance however of those who with success have trod the same path before him. What he sees excellent in others he must not implicitly follow, but make his own by entering into the reason of the thing, as those must have done who originally produced that excellence; for such things happen not by chance.

The notions of mankind vary in relation to beauty, and in some particulars with respect to magnanimity: it may be worth a painter's while to observe what were those the ancients had in these matters, and then to consider whether they agree with the present taste, and if they do not, whether they, or we are in the right, if it can be determined by reason; if it depends upon fancy only, then let him consider whether the prejudices we are apt to have for the ancients will balance against the opinion of the present age. As to the draperies the ancients must be studied with caution, as has been already noted.

Instead of making caricatures of people's faces (a foolish custom of burlesquing them, too much used) painters should take a face, and make an antique medal, or bas-relief of it, by divesting it of its modern disguises, raising the air, and the features, and giving it the dress of those times, and suitable to the character intended. Our nation is allowed on all hands to furnish as proper models as any other in the world, with respect to external grace and beauty: nor perhaps can ancient Greece or Rome boast of brighter characters than we: would to God we had not also as great instances of the contrary!

Lastly, a painter's own mind should have grace, and greatness; that should be beautifully and nobly formed.

So

*So much the rather, thou Cæstrial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge, and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.*

MILTON.

And this partly because when the mind enjoys tranquillity and repose, when it is pleased and joyous, then is the season for great, and beautiful ideas.

*Not frighten'd, or asham'd with retrospect
To view the annals of a chequer'd life ;
Nor with anxiety inquisitive
What future times, in this, or other worlds
May possibly produce ; resign'd to fate,
Eternal reason, God's unerring will
Directing all, past, present, and to come.*

————— In present things
*Enjoying all that is to be enjoy'd
(With unpolluted heart, and hands ;) the rest
With patience bearing 'till there comes a change :
For good in the barometer of life
Ascends, and falls, nor ever fix'd remains :
But every season has peculiar sweets,
Or more, or less, which he who can extract,
And feed upon has learn'd the art to live.
Content, believing all that is is right,
The will of him who rules the universe ;
Nor could have been prevented, or delay'd.
Neither in vain regretting what is past,
Nor with impatience wishing for a day
Hid in the womb of time. ———*

I live

*I live not on to-morrows : airy food !
To-day is mine, but whose they are fate knows.*

Some people may fancy it is of use to them to depreciate, and be out of humour with every thing ; it is of none to painters : they ought to view all things in the best light, and to the greatest advantage ; they should do in life as I have been saying they must in their pictures ; not make caricatures, and burlesques ; not represent things worse than they are ; not amuse themselves with drollery, and buffoonery, but raise, and improve what they can, and carry the rest as high as possible.

*Thee I behold, I hear thy praises sung,
I find thy will fulfill'd perpetually ;
Rejoycing, and triumphing in my joy ;
Adoring, praising, loving, serving thee.
As when the patriarch in vision saw
Cælestial inhabitants descend
From heaven by steps, and thitherward return
Started from sleep, and suddenly cry'd out
This is the gate of heaven ; I who see,
Not dream I see, not angels, but thyself ;
And hear, not dream I hear thy praises sung :
Who find thy will is here fulfill'd, and join
In adoration, joy, obedience, love,
Discover, and possess a heaven on earth.*

And as a painter ought to have a sweet, and happy turn of mind, that great, and lovely ideas may have a reception there ; these contribute to this happiness : few other professions have this advantage ; lawyers, physicians, and divines are forced to admit a great many ideas, which though custom may render tolerable, can never
be

be agreeable; and moreover have to do with people too often when they are out of humour: but as a painter is to have his head filled with the noblest thoughts of the deity, the bravest actions of mankind in all ages, the finest, and most exalted ideas of human nature, and to observe all the beauties of the creation, this if he has a true pittoresque taste of pleasure will contribute exceedingly to produce this happy state of mind which is so necessary to him. How great a variety soever there may be in men's tastes of pleasure, and what unhappy mixtures soever they may make, this will be generally allowed to be delightful. And there is one particular which I will remark, because I believe it is not commonly taken notice of; and this is the vast advantage the sight has above the other senses with respect to pleasure. Those receive it, but it is by starts and flashes, with long insipid intervals, and frequently worse; but the pleasures of the eye are like those of Heaven, perpetual, and without satiety; and if offensive objects appear we can reject them in an instant. It is true other men may see as well as a painter, but not with such eyes; a man is taught to see as well as to dance, and the beauties of nature open themselves to our sight by little and little, after a long practice in the art of seeing. A judicious well instructed eye sees a wonderful beauty in the shapes and colours of the commonest things, and what are comparatively inconsiderable; but the sky alone is capable of giving a degree of pleasure sufficient to balance against a great many of the inconveniencies, and miseries of life.

I am very sensible as all created beings in the universe seek pleasure as their chiefest good, there is an infinite variety of tastes with relation to it: every species has some peculiar to themselves, and man is in this an epitome of the whole; there are certain classes amongst them who can no more relish, or enjoy, the pleasure of others than a fish can those of a bird, or a tyger of a lamb: an enthusiast that shuts himself up in a monastery does not forsake, but pursue

purſue pleaſure as eagerly as a debauchee, only both reject what the other calls pleaſure. but which themſelves (as their minds are conſtituted) cannot enjoy, for what themſelves can have, and reliſh.

*I will not bolt this matter to the bran
As Bradwardine, and holy Auſtin can,*

DRYDEN.

because it is not my preſent buſineſs, which is only to obſerve, that though another man may poſſibly deſpiſe what I have been ſpeaking of as a delicious enjoyment, he that is incapable of this kind of pleaſure has not a mind truly turned for Painting.

But not only that the mind may be at liberty, and in the humour to apply itſelf to the fine ideas neceſſary to painters, they ſhould have grace, and greatneſs there in order to put thoſe properties into their works: for (as it has been obſerved by others before me, and muſt be true in the main from the nature of things) painters paint themſelves. A trifling ſpirit will naturally look about for, and fix upon ſomething comical, and foppiſh if it be to be found, and will imagine it if it be not; that to him, is what great, and beautiful is to another whoſe mind has a better turn. One will overlook, and debase a fine character, the other will raiſe a mean one. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Suppose one well acquainted with the ſeveral ſtyles of Rafaele, and Michelangelo, but a ſtranger to their characters; and let him be told that one of theſe artiſts was a fine gentleman, good-natured, prudent, modeſt, a companion, and friend of the greateſt men, whether for quality, or wit, then in Rome, and a favourite of Leo X. the politeſt man in the world; and that the other was rough, bold, fierce, &c. that he, and Julius II. (the moſt impetuous ſpirit alive) mutually loved each other; I ſay let ſuch a one be told this, it would be impoſſible for him not to know which was the work of Rafaele, and which

which of Michelangelo. One might make the same experiment upon others with the like success.

That the Greeks have had a beauty, and majesty in their sculpture, and Painting beyond any other nation is agreed on all hands; the reason is they painted and carved themselves. When you see, and admire what they have done remember Salamis, and Marathon, where they fought, and Thermopylæ where they devoted themselves for the liberty of their country. Go, stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians we lie here by their command was written on the graves of these latter. When at the theatre in a play of Æschylus something was said which favoured of impiety the whole audience took fire, and rose at once, crying out, let us destroy the reproacher of the gods: Amynias his brother immediately leaped upon the stage, and produced his shoulder from whence he had lost his arm at the battle of Salamis; alledging also the merit of his other brother Cynægirus, who at the same time bravely sacrificed himself for his country. The people unanimously condemned Æschylus, but gave his life to his brother Amynias. These were Greeks! these were the people who shortly after carried Painting, and sculpture to so great a height; it was such men as those who had that prodigious grace, and greatness in their works which we so justly admire. Other nations have had greater advantages than they, except in this, but magnanimity was their characteristic.

The ancient Romans fill the second place; grace, and greatness is also in their works, for they were a brave people; but they confessed the superiority of the other in condescending to be their imitators.

Longinus says the Iliad of Homer is the flowing, and the Odysses the ebbing of a great ocean. The same may be said of the ancient and modern Italians.

O Rome! thou happy repository of so many stupendous works of art which my longing eyes have never seen, nor shall see, thou wert

fated to be the mistress of the world ! when (as in the natural course of sublunary things it must happen) thou couldest no longer support an empire raised, and maintained by arms, thou (upon a foundation improbable enough at first sight, and without attentively considering the folly, credulity, and superstition of the bulk of mankind) hast raised another, of a different nature indeed, but of vast extent, and power ; and governed at ease, and without hazard. It is one of the most amazing instances of human policy that the world ever saw ! No wonder then that as ancient Rome, so modern Italy, has carried Painting to such a height.

Whatever degeneracy may have crept in from causes which it is not my present business to enquire into, no nation under heaven so nearly resembles the ancient Greeks, and Romans as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity, and honesty amongst us, which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as Englishmen ; and it is in these this resemblance consists. I could exhibit a long catalogue of soldiers, statesmen, orators, mathematicians, philosophers, &c. and all living in, or near our own times, which are proofs of what I advance, and consequently do honour to our country, and to human nature. But as I confine myself to arts, and such as have an affinity to Painting, and moreover avoid to mention on this occasion the names of any now alive (though many of those I have in view will immediately occur to the thoughts of every man) I will only instance in Inigo Jones for architecture, and Shakespear, and Milton, the one for dramatic, the other for epic poetry, and leave them to seat themselves at the table of fame amongst the most illustrious of the ancients.

A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an English painter. But as it is in nature where from the seed is first produced the blade, then the green ear, and lastly the ripe corn, so national virtues sprout up first in lesser excellencies,
and

and proceed by an easy gradation. Greece and Rome had not Painting and sculpture in their perfection till after they had exerted their natural vigour in lesser instances. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but considering the necessary connection of causes and events, and upon seeing some links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce (as exceeding probable) that if ever the ancient great, and beautiful taste in Painting revives it will be in England: but not till English painters, conscious of the dignity of their country, and of their profession, resolve to do honour to both by piety, virtue, magnanimity, benevolence, and industry; and a contempt of every thing that is really unworthy of them.

And now I cannot forbear wishing that some younger painter than myself, and one who has had greater, and more early advantages would exert himself, and practise the magnanimity I have been recommending, in this single instance of attempting, and hoping only to equal the greatest masters of whatsoever age, or nation. What were they which we are not, or may not be? what helps had any of them which we have not? nay we have several which some of them were destitute of: I will only mention one; and that is a very considerable one, it is our religion, which has opened a new, and a noble scene of things; we have more just, and enlarged notions of the Deity, and more exalted ones of human nature than the ancients could possibly have: and as there are some fine characters peculiar to the christian religion, it moreover affords some of the noblest subjects that ever were thought of for a picture.

To conclude. By having the mind filled with great and beautiful sentiments; by conversing with the works of the best masters; by studying nature with this view, to raise, and improve it; and by being what others should be made to appear in picture, a painter will not only attain to grace and greatness in his works, but will really see more of it in nature than another can; nay he will even discover those properties where otherwise he would have seen only deformity, and poverty.

Of the S U B L I M E.

HYPERIDES (according to Longinus) had no faults, and Demosthenes many; yet whoever had once read Demosthenes could never after taste Hyperides; for Hyperides with all his virtues could never rise above mediocrity, but Demosthenes possessed some in a sovereign degree. Whether this had been the judgment of Longinus or no, certain it is that to possess a thousand good qualities moderately, will but secure one from blame, without giving any great pleasure; whereas the sublime wherever it is found, though in company with a thousand imperfections, transports and captivates the soul; the mind is filled, and satisfied; nothing appears to be wanting, nothing appears amiss, or if it does it is easily forgiven. What Milton says on another occasion is applicable here,

————— *and must confess to find*
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As used, or not works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire: —————
 ————— *But here*
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 ————— *Here passion first I felt,*
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else,
Superior, and unmoved.

A painter therefore should not content himself to avoid faults, and to do tolerably well; he should not endeavour to please only, but to surprize. This is what the great men I have so often mentioned with delight (because the mention of them has brought some of their
 works

works to my mind) have done, though none to that degree as *Rafaëlle*. But there is not a more remarkable example of the force of this sublime than that of *Michelangelo*, who having had it in drawing, and greatness, has been, and ever will be considered as a prodigy of art, notwithstanding the notorious defects which shew themselves together with these excellencies.

And here it will not be improper, nor unacceptable to the curious any where, to give an exact description of the picture of the martyrdom of *St. Peter* painted by that great man, which though a very celebrated, and particular one has not been so described; nor is there any print after it. *Giorgio Vasari*, and others mention, and applaud it: it is painted in the *Capella Paulina* at *Rome*, and takes up one side of that chapel, the story of the Conversion of *St. Paul* is on the other; these are the last of *Michelangelo's* painting, who was then about seventy-five years old, and complained that painting in fresco then grew troublesome to him. The *Earl of Carnarvan* has a copy of it, and (as I have good reason to believe) it is a very faithful one.

The height of the picture in proportion to its breadth is as fifteen is to nineteen, or thereabouts; the saint is about the middle between the two sides; something more to the right-hand; he is entirely naked, and with his head downwards is fixed to the cross which they are about to erect, and which makes a line a little more raised than a diagonal: the figure goes away a little in perspective, the head being something nearer the eye than the feet; these are placed so near the cross-beam to which the hands are nailed, that all the burthen must be borne by those when put into its right position, and the body must be considerably bent; as it is it makes a fine sweep (as the painters call it) it is in the form of a bow, the head is shaven as that of a Monk, and hangs not down, the saint raises it, and with some vigour and sternness looks towards you; this doubtless in the original must be one of the finest figures in the world, as its
attitude

attitude is one of the most advantageous that Michelangelo could possibly have chosen to have given it grace, and to have shewn his profound skill in anatomy, and drawing.

Six figures are employed in raising the cross; which together with one behind the furthest, and another just under the cross who rests upon his knees and one elbow, with the other arm in the hole which he has dug as taking out the loose earth (the digging instruments lie by him) these with the apostle compose the principal group.

The cross has a considerable length below the head to be put into the ground.

It must be here observed, that the place where this is to be set into the earth is near the bottom of the picture, and almost exactly in the middle, upon a rising ground, for on each side are steps cut out of the earth which go directly forward, so that they that would go to the place where the cross is must turn to the right, or left, after they are up those steps, and then come back. There are no buildings, and hardly any trees, a very few only on some distant hills, behind which others form the horizon, which is very high, so as to be above the heads of all the figures, some of which are however pretty near the top.

There are between fifty and threescore figures in the picture, all divided into several distinct groups, except three figures which are scattered betwixt the second and third, which shall be presently spoken of; of which groups that principal one already described is in the centre, the rest encompass it.

I will begin with that which is in the corner of the picture on the left-hand; this consists of soldiers chiefly, who are going up the steps there, the lowermost of which is little more than a half figure, as being cut off by the base line of the picture, there are seven of these. My Lord Somers has a drawing of this group, or the greatest part of it.

The

The like number compose the next group, who are also soldiers and horsemen, except one on foot mixed with them. There are no bridles or stirrups.

Then follow the three scattered figures abovementioned.

In the third group are nine figures, amongst which two seem to be priests. This group being placed directly behind the principal one first described, and being of equal strength with it; both seem to make but one, though there is a considerable distance between them.

The fourth group stands highest in the picture, and is almost at the top of it on the right-hand; here are eight figures, who are coming from behind a rising ground, which hides some part of most of their legs.

The next group is of men, and women. (There are but two, or three women in all the others already described.) This also has eight figures; they are coming down the steps on the right-side; as those on the other are going up: the lowermost figure of these is an entire one, it is an old man with his arms folded; of which I have a drawing.

Lastly, almost directly under the principal group is one consisting of four women, two of which turn back their heads to regard the faint, though their bodies are towards you; and in motion as if they intended to march round him, which seems to be the humour of most of the people here; that is, this, and both the groups at each end of the picture have this appearance. These four women are little more than half figures appearing above the base line.

The principal group, and that other which seems to join to it, are (as has been noted) in the centre of the picture; the rest seem to be put to fill up the void spaces: thus the heads of the four women just now spoken of are clapped in where there was room between, and under the feet of those who are employed to raise the cross; the heads of the next group coming down the steps on the
right-

right-hand are just so disposed with respect to the group that is over them, whose heads form much the same line as the hill over them. Almost the same may be said of the two groups on the left-hand.

The invention of this picture is fine; for to do honour to the apostle and the faith of Christ, the martyr appears with great magnanimity; and for the rest the general sentiment is compassion, with a disposition to believe, and this sufficiently varied in several different characters: accordingly one of the spectators seems to be already converted, and preaching to the rest, him another has laid hold on, but so as if he did it unwillingly, as generally the rest of the assistants act their several parts. The position of the body on the cross, which is such as to make even that kind of death more painful, is admirably considered, as raising the merit of the faint, as well as contributing to excite the sentiments intended to be excited.

And the time is finely chosen, it is that of the cross being erecting, for now the figure comes in that advantageous position which has been already remarked.

The sentiments are expressed with great force, but in a manner peculiar to Michelangelo.

The composition is not to be justified, except in that fine contrast that is made by the principal figure; the groups are too regularly placed, and without any keeping in the whole, that is, they appear too near of an equal strength.

Ascanio Condiui, who was Michelangelo's disciple, and wrote his life, says this great master was so fond of variety as to put out, or alter any thing that too much resembled something else that he had done; now it is observable, that in the picture before us he has repeated one limb four times, and another three, all very near each other.

The perspective is not well observed, whether as to the strength, or magnitude of the figures.

These



These are cloathed entirely in the manner of Michelangelo, which is far from the antique, without the least tendency to the modern taste. The colours of them are various, and much upon the red, the orange, the yellow, the blue, and many are broken ones, but all together would have pleased well enough, if the aerian perspective had been well observed.

But the wonderful, the astonishing greatness of style, and the perfect drawing of Michelangelo (in which he had the true sublime) is what infallibly makes this picture inestimable: for these one may be allowed to presume it has from the character of this great master, and even from what is seen in the copy; though the best copy in the world must lose much of these qualities, especially the greatness, which is of so delicate a nature as to languish under the hand of a copier, though never so correct, and expert.

One might enlarge with infinite pleasure upon so noble a subject as that of the sublime in Painting; and particularly in giving instances of it in the works of the greatest masters, with which one might be plentifully supplied from the admirable collections I have already mentioned, and one which I could not take notice of before, as not having seen it until most of these sheets were printed off; it is that very lately procured from abroad by Dr. Mead, who seems to be resolved to merit well of his country otherwise as well as in his profession. But enough has been said to serve my present purpose; to treat this subject fully requires an entire discourse; and as I have already done as much as may reasonably be judged to come to my share to shew my hearty love to my profession, having sacrificed a great many of those hours to it which would otherwise have been given (as they ought) to rest, and diversion, I take leave to recommend what I now propose to some other hand without the common flourish of excusing myself upon account of inability; though I am also very sensible of that. But the true reason of my declining it is that just now given.

As for the present performance, nobody can be more ready to say, than I to acknowledge, that it is not so well as it should be: but as in drawings those are good that answer their end; if no more than the composition (for example) is pretended to, it is impertinent to say they are incorrect; here the reader should distinguish between the writer, and the painter: my business is Painting: if I have succeeded tolerably well in that character, the public has no reason to complain. Such as it is, and such as my abilities, and the proportion of time, and application I have thought it reasonable for me to bestow has enabled me to make it, I now offer it to the world, though I was not resolved so to do when I began to write. I remember to have heard a story which (like others told on such occasions) is not to be too strictly applied, however the reader may do as he thinks fit. A man of quality, Sir Peter Lely's intimate friend, was pleased to say to him one day, for God's sake, Sir Peter, how came you to have so great a reputation? you know I know you are no painter.—My Lord, I know I am not, but I am the best you have.

THE
CONNOISSEUR:

AN

ESSAY

ON THE WHOLE

ART OF CRITICISM

AS IT RELATES TO

PAINTING.

SHEWING HOW TO JUDGE

- I. Of the Goodness of a Picture;
- II. Of the Hand of the Master; and
- III. Whether it is an Original, or a Copy.



ON THE ART OF
CRITICISM, &c.

I HAVE been often asked how we know the hands of the several masters, and distinguish copies from originals; and was persuaded, a satisfactory answer to these questions would be very acceptable to most gentlemen, as well as to those particular enquirers; to gratify the public therefore, together with such of my own friends, I was determin'd to take this way of answering them all at once, and that more fully, and accurately than could possibly have been done off-hand, and in the time I could have bestowed in making particular answers; this moreover, together with what else I shall add in this discourse, I saw would compleat what I had to offer on the subject I had already given the world some of my thoughts upon.

I will only plead one piece of merit, which I pretend to have with the public, and that is, that I have made a new acquisition for the commonwealth of letters; I believe this is the only book extant upon the subject. Apelles wrote many volumes upon Painting, perhaps among them something might be said on the knowledge of hands, and how to distinguish copies from originals,
but

but these have long ago had the fate of all things not immortal. Father Orlandi, in his *Abcedario Pittorico*, printed at Bologna 1704, has given us a catalogue of about one hundred and fifty books relating to Painting in several languages, but none that I can find treats of this science. M. de Piles (to whom we are obliged for some curious, and useful hints he has furnished us with in his several works) is the only one I know of that has so much as entered upon this matter, he has a slight sketch of some common, and obvious thoughts, and very little more. Whether the subject is worthy of a more elaborate essay the reader will judge for himself; it is evident I thought it was, and I flatter myself it will appear it was not without reason; and as many gentlemen pique themselves of having some share of this kind of knowledge, and value themselves upon it; that is, as many as pretend to judge of what hand a picture is, or that it is an original, or not, one must suppose that all these think as I do in this particular.

In a word, as this is the only book extant on the subject, in any language that I know of, and the last that I am like to write, I have endeavoured to lay together, in as good a method as I was able, all my thoughts on these matters; which, together with what I have done in my former discourse, is all that I can recollect as material on the Theory of Painting: and thus to my power I have acquitted myself to my country, to the art, and to the lovers of it.

Of the Goodness of a Picture, &c.

WHEREFORE callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is God, said the Son of God to the young man who pre-
faced a noble question with that compliment. This is that goodness that is perfect, simple, and properly so called, it is what is peculiar
to

to the Deity, and so to be found no where else. But there is another improper, imperfect, comparative goodness, and no other than this is to be had in the works of men, and this admits of various degrees. This distinction well considered, and applied to all the occurrences of life, would contribute very much to the improvement of our happiness here; it would teach us to enjoy the good before us, and not reject it upon account of the disagreeable companion which is inseparable from it; but the use I now would make of it is only to shew that a picture, drawing, or print may be good though it has several faults; to say otherwise is as absurd as to deny a thing is what it is said to be, because it has properties which are essential to it.

In one of the *Tatlers* there is fine reasoning to this purpose; “ The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected amongst men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. We hear no exceptions against the beauty of Minerva, or the wisdom of Venus. These wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person that had it.”

If in a picture the story be well chosen, and finely told (at least) if not improved, if it fill the mind with noble, and instructive ideas, I will not scruple to say it is an excellent picture, though the drawing be as incorrect as that of Correggio, Titian, or Rubens; the colouring as disagreeable as that of Polydore, Baptista Franco, or Michelangelo. Nay, though there is no other good but that of the colouring, and the pencil, I will dare to pronounce it a good picture; that is, that it is good in those respects. In the first instance, here is a fine story artfully communicated to my imagination, not by speech, nor writing, but in a manner preferable to
either

either of them; in the other there is a beautiful, and delightful object, and a fine piece of workmanship, to say no more of it.

There never was a picture in the world without some faults, and very rarely is there one to be found which is not notoriously defective in some of the parts of Painting. In judging of its goodness as a connoisseur, one should pronounce it such in proportion to the number of the good qualities it has, and their degrees of goodness. I will add, and as a philosopher, one should only consider the excellency we see, and enjoy that, as being, all belonging to it. No more regretting what it has not, or thinking of it so as to diminish our pleasure in that it has, than we do the want of taste in a rose, speech in a picture of Van Dyck, or life in one of Raffaele.

There are two ways whereby a gentleman may come to be persuaded of the goodness of a picture, or drawing; he may neither have leisure, or inclination to become a connoisseur himself, and yet may delight in these things, and desire to have them; he has no way then but to take up his opinions upon trust, and implicitly depend upon another's judgment. Here his own is determined, but upon arguments in favour of the honesty, and understanding of the man he relies upon; not at all relating to the intrinsic worth of the thing in question; and this may be the wisest, and best course he can take, all things considered: though it is certain when a man judges for himself, he may arrive at a higher degree of persuasion that the picture, or drawing is good; because one man may be as good a judge as another if he applies himself to it; so that here the gentleman, and his guide are upon an equality; either indeed may be mistaken, but he that relies upon the judgment of another, has a double chance against him over and above, for he may be mistaken in his opinion of the honesty, or understanding of this other.

This way of judging upon the authority of another I meddle not with: The first thing then to be done, in order to become a good connoisseur one's self, is to avoid prejudices, and false reasoning.

We

We must consider ourselves as rational beings at large, no matter of what age, or of what country, nor even of what part of the universe we are inhabitants, no more than it would be to consider ourselves as of such a city, or such a parish. Opinions taken up early, and from those we have loved, and honoured, and which we see to be approved, and applauded by such, be their numbers never so great must have no advantage with us upon these accounts. Neither must our own passions, or interest be allowed to give the least bias to our judgments when we are upon a rational enquiry, where all these things are entirely heterogeneous. A connoisseur must consider the ancients, the Italians, V. Dyck, Annibale Caracci, Giulio Romano, Michelangelo, and even the divine Rafaele himself as fallible, and examine their works with the same unbiassed indifference, as if he had never heard of such men. Nor must any thing be taken for granted; we must examine up to first principles, and go on step by step in all our deductions, contenting ourselves with that degree of light we can thus strike out, without fancying any degree of assent is due to any proposition beyond what we can see evidence for (or what we conceive to be such, which is effectively so to us) as to give any such assent in reality is utterly impossible: / if the nature of the thing admits of no proof we are to give no assent. And as truth is uniform, and evermore consistent with itself, the mind thus finds itself in perfect serenity; whereas we must be eternally perplexed, and uneasy if we mix reason with prejudice, and when we discover a bright beam of truth by rational evidence, endeavour to reconcile it with propositions taken up in another manner, if those happen to be erroneous; and still the more, if for the sake of those unexamined notions we reject what our reason is otherwise convinced of; for this is offering violence to that light which we received from above, and wherein our resemblance with the father of light consists.

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There are certain arguments, which a connoisseur is utterly to reject, as not being such by which he is to form his judgment, of what use soever they may be to those who are incapable of judging otherwise, or who will not take the pains to know better. Some of these have really no weight at all in them, the best are very precarious, and only serve to persuade us the thing is good in general, not in what respect it is so. That a picture, or drawing has been, or is much esteemed by those who are believed to be good judges; or is, or was part of a famous collection, cost so much, has a rich frame, or the like. Whoever makes use of such arguments as these besides that they are very fallacious, takes the thing upon trust, which a good connoisseur should never condescend to do. That it is old, Italian, rough, smooth, &c. These are circumstances hardly worth mentioning, and which belong to good and bad. A picture, or drawing may be too old to be good; but in the golden age of Painting, which was that of *Rafaelle*, about two hundred years ago, there were wretched painters, as well as before, and since, and in Italy, as well as elsewhere. Nor is a picture the better, or the worse, for being rough, or smooth, simply considered. One of the commonest, and most deluding arguments, that is used on this occasion is, that it is of the hand of such a one. Though this has no great weight in it, even admitting it to be really of that hand, which very often it is not: the best masters have had their beginnings, and decays, and great inequalities throughout their whole lives, as shall be more fully noted hereafter. That it is done by one who has had great helps, and opportunities of improving himself; or one that says he is a great master, is what people are very ready to be cheated by, and not one jot the less, for having found that they have been so cheated again and again before, nay, though they justly laugh at, and despise the man at the same time. To infer a thing is, because it ought to be, is unreasonable, because experience should teach us better, but often we think there are opportunities, and advantages where there are none, or not in the degree we imagine;

imagine; and to take a man's own word, where his interest, or vanity should make us suspect him is sufficiently unaccountable. Whoever builds upon a supposition of the good sense, and integrity of mankind has a very sandy foundation, and yet it is what we find many a popular argument rests upon, in other cases, as well as in this. But, (as I said) whether these kinds of arguments above-mentioned have any thing in them, or not, a connoisseur has nothing to do with them; his business is to judge from the intrinsic qualities of the thing itself; as when a man receives a proposition in divinity, (for example) not because it was believed by his ancestors, or established a thousand years ago, or for whatever other such like reasons: but because he has examined, and considered the thing itself, as if it were just now offered to the world, and absolutely divested of all those collateral advantages.

In making our remarks upon a picture, or a drawing, we are only to consider what we find, without any regard to what, perhaps, the master intended. It is commonly said of commentators, that they discover more beauties than the author ever thought of: perhaps they do: and what then? are they less beauties for that, or less worthy our notice? or are there not defects also that were never intended? if one may not be brought to account, neither let the other: this is the advantage a writer, or painter, or any other artist ought to have, his lucky inadvertencies should help to balance against his unlucky ones.

But after all, perhaps these beauties were thought of, and intended by the master, or author; and perhaps a great many more than the commentator ever dreamt of: and perhaps also what are judged to be defects are not so. The author, or artist of what sort soever (if he be a good one especially) is in more danger of suffering by the oversights, ignorance, malice, or other evil quality of his commentators than he is likely to gain by their penetration, indulgence, good nature, or whatever other good quality. Com-

mentators are in a fine situation! we like the poor mariners with infinite pains, and hazards fetch in from all parts things for use, or delight, they, like the merchants at their ease receive all from our hands, and say this is well, or that ill, as their fancy is. For God's sake let us have justice, if we are not allowed indulgence: Let there not be a draw-back upon what is well, and none on what is amiss: either let supposes, and peradventures be equally admitted on both sides; or (which is better) let them be entirely excluded.

To judge of the goodness of a picture, drawing, or print, it is necessary to establish to ourselves a system of rules to be applied to what we intend to give a judgment of.

Here in order to make this discourse as complete as I could I should have been obliged to have given such a system. But having done that at large in my former essay that affair is over, it is at the reader's service, and he may use that, or any other, or one composed out of several, with additions, and improvements, or without as he thinks fit: however I will here make him an offer of an abstract of what I take to be those by which a painter, or connoisseur may safely conduct himself, referring to the book itself for further satisfaction.

I. The subject must be finely imagined, and if possible improved in the painter's hands; he must think well as a historian, poet, philosopher, or divine, and moreover as a painter in making a wise use of all the advantages of his art, and finding expedients to supply its defects.

II. The expression must be proper to the subject, and the characters of the persons; it must be strong, so that the dumb-show may be perfectly well, and readily understood. Every part of the picture must contribute to this end; colours, animals, draperies,

draperies, and especially the actions of the figures, and above all the airs of the heads.

III. There must be one principal light, and this, and all the subordinate ones with the shadows, and repeses, must make one, intire, harmonious mass; the several parts must be well connected, and contrasted, so as that the tout-ensemble must be grateful to the eye; as a good piece of music is to the ear. By this means the picture is not only more delightful, but better seen, and comprehended.

IV. The drawing must be just; nothing must be flat, lame, or ill proportioned; and these proportions should vary according to the characters of the persons drawn.

V. The colouring whether gay, or solid, must be natural, beautiful, and clean, and what the eye is delighted with, in shadows as well as lights, and middle tints.

VI. And whether the colours are laid on thick, or finely wrought it must appear to be done by a light, and accurate hand.

Lastly, Nature must be the foundation, that must be seen at the bottom; but nature must be raised; and improved, not only from what is commonly seen, to what is but rarely, but even yet higher, from a judicious, and beautiful idea in the painter's mind, so that grace and greatness may shine throughout; more, or less however as the subject may happen to be. And herein consists the principal excellency of a picture, or drawing.

These few plain rules being thoroughly comprehended, and remembered, which may be done with a tolerable measure of good sense,

fense, a little trouble in reading, and a good deal of observation on nature, and pictures, and drawings of good masters I will venture to say are sufficient to qualify a gentleman to be a good judge.

And let me be permitted to say I advance nothing upon the foot of authority. Whatever authorities there are for any proposition, their value consists in their being derived from reason, and they weigh with me in proportion as I see they do so; they then become my own, and I have no occasion to produce the author but the reason.

And the matter would terminate here though we had a book of rules for Painting said to be written by Apelles himself, and it was allowed that what Apelles said were infallibly true; for then, instead of saying are these rules good, are they founded upon reason? the question would only be, are they really of him? their authority then will rest, not upon the credit of Apelles, but upon the testimony of those that say they are his. Which I shall not want if I find the rules to be good, and if I do not it will be insufficient: and all this without the least prejudice to the profound respect I have for Apelles, nay it is a necessary consequence of it.

To judge of the degrees of goodness of a picture or drawing it is necessary that the connoisseur should be thoroughly acquainted, and perpetually conversant with the best. For how perfectly soever he may be master of the rules of the art he will know that those are like what divines call precepts of perfection; that is they are given as what we should endeavour to go by as far as we are able. The best things we know will be the standard by which we shall judge of those and all the rest. Carlo Maratti, and Giuseppe Chiari will be a Raffaele, and Giulio Romano to him who has never seen better; and then an inferior master will make a good Carlo. I have been surprized to observe what pleasure some connoisseurs have taken in what another looked upon with little, if not with contempt, till I have

have considered one was not so well acquainted with the works of the best masters as the other, and that accounts for it sufficiently.

All the different degrees of goodness in Painting may be reduced to these three general classes. The mediocre, or indifferently good, the excellent, and the sublime. The first is of a large extent; the second much narrower; and the last still more so. I believe most people have a pretty clear, and just idea of the two former; the other is not so well understood; which therefore I will define according to the sense I have of it; and I take it to consist of some few of the highest degrees of excellence in those kinds, and parts of Painting which are excellent; the sublime therefore must be marvellous, and surprizing, it must strike vehemently upon the mind, and fill, and captivate it irresistibly.

*As when autumnal rains, or melted snows
From off the mountains with impetuous haste
Descend to seek repose in lower grounds,
Or in some neighb'ring river's ouzy bed,
No more the peaceful stream within its banks
With crooked wandering regularly flows,
But with communicated rage usurps
Unjust dominion, and with course direct
Despising opposition drives along.*

I confine the sublime to history, and portrait Painting; and these must excel in grace, and greatness, invention, or expression; and that for reasons which will be seen anon. Michelangelo's great style intitles him to the sublime, not his drawing; it is that greatness, and a competent degree of grace, and not his colouring that makes Titian capable of it: As Correggio's grace, with a sufficient mixture of greatness gives this noble quality to his works. Van Dyck's colouring, nor pencil though perfectly fine would never introduce

roduce him to the sublime; it is his expression, and that grace, and greatness he possessed (the utmost that portrait Painting is justly capable of) that sets some of his works in that exalted class; in which on that account he may perhaps take place of Rafaele himself in that kind of Painting, if that great man's fine, and noble ideas carried him as much above nature then, as they did in history, where the utmost that can be done is commendable; a due subordination of characters being preserved; and thus (by the way) Van Dyck's colouring, and pencil may be judged equal to that of Correggio, or any other master.

In writing, the sublime is consistent with great irregularity; nay that very irregularity may produce that noble effect; as in that wonderful place in Milton.

————— *Headlong themselves they threw*
Down from the verge of Heaven, eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

The last bad verse contributes to the horrible idea which is to be raised here; but if it did not, the thought would be sublime, not the verse: so in Painting the sublimity of the thought, or expression may be consistent with bad colouring, or drawing, and these may help to produce that fine effect; if they do not, that will make them overlooked, or even prejudice us in their favour; however it is not those defects, but what is excellent that is sublime.

Upon this occasion it is fit to enquire (en passant) Whether it is our interest to have so refined a taste in general, as to be pleased only with a very few things, and which are rarely to be found, which therefore contracts our enjoyments, whereas it is our business rather to enlarge them. It will be readily suggested in answer to this, that what is lost upon account of the number of our pleasures, will be gained in the weight of them: the question then will be, whether

whether the noisy, tumultuous pleasures of the vulgar are not equivalent to those which the most refined wits taste; that is, whether one man is not as happy, or pleased (which is the same thing) with an uncommon, diverting accident at the Bear-garden, or with a bad picture, as another in considering some of the noblest instances of the sublime in *Rafaelle*, or *Homer*: the answer to which is very short, he is not; and that for the same reason as an oyster is not capable of the same degree of pleasure as a man. It will not follow however, that upon the foot of the account one is more happy than the other, because that delicacy, and acuteness of mind, which is susceptible of the greatest pleasure, is proportionably so with respect to its contrary: but the competition is not now betwixt enjoyment, and misery, but one pleasure, and another. And thus it appears, that a man is in no danger of diminishing his happiness by refining his taste.

Hitherto I have been considering the goodness of a picture as being done according to the rules of the art; there is another kind of goodness, and that is, as the picture, or drawing answers the ends intended to be served by them; of which there are several, but all reducible to these two general ones, pleasure, and improvement.

I am sorry the great, and principal end of the art has hitherto been so little considered; I do not mean by gentlemen only, or by low, pretended connoisseurs, but by those who ought to have gone higher, and to have taught others to have followed them. It is no wonder if many who are accustomed to think superficially, look on pictures as they would on a piece of rich hangings; or if such as these (and some painters among the rest) fix upon the pencil, the colouring, or perhaps the drawing, and some little circumstantial parts in the picture, or even the just representation of common nature, without penetrating into the idea of the painter, and the beauties of the history, or fable. I say it is no wonder if this so frequently happens when those whether ancients or moderns, who

have written of Painting, in describing the works of painters in their lives, or on other occasions have very rarely done any more; or in order to give us a great idea of some of the best painters, have told us such silly stories as that of the curtain of Parrhasius which deceived Zeuxis, of the small lines one upon another in the contention between Apelles and Protogenes (as I remember, it is no matter of whom the story goes) of the circle of Giotto, and such like trifles, which if a man were never so expert at without going many degrees higher, he would not be worthy the name of a painter, much less of being remembered by posterity with honour.

It is true there are some kinds of pictures which can do no more than please, as it is the case of some kinds of writings; but one may as well say a library is only for ornament, and ostentation, as a collection of pictures, or drawings.

I repeat it again, and would inculcate it, Painting is a fine piece of workmanship; it is a beautiful ornament, and as such gives us pleasure; but over and above this, we PAINTERS are upon the level with writers, as being poets, historians, philosophers, and divines; we entertain, and instruct equally with them. This is true and manifest beyond dispute whatever men's notions have been;

*To wake the Soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.*

Mr. POPE.

is the business of Painting as well as of tragedy.

There being pictures of several kinds, some capable only of pleasing, and others also of instructing, and improving the mind; which is the nobler end, a difference ought to be made accordingly; two pictures may be equally good, with respect to the rules of the art, equally well drawn, coloured, &c. but very different with respect to the rank they ought to hold in our estimation: a boor opening

opening of muscles, and a St. John may be one as well painted as the other, but there can be no dispute when the question is which of these two is preferable.

So several of the parts of Painting may be equally well in the same picture, but they are not equally considerable in themselves; a fine pencil (for example) is not comparable to a fine invention.

When therefore we are to make a judgment in what degree of goodness a picture or drawing is we should consider its kind first, and then its several parts. A history is preferable to a landscape, sea-piece, animals, fruit, flowers, or any other still-life, pieces of drollery, &c. the reason is, the latter kinds may please, and in proportion as they do so they are estimable, and that is according to every one's taste, but they cannot improve the mind, they excite no noble sentiments; at least not as the other naturally does: these not only give us pleasure, as being beautiful objects, and furnishing us with ideas as the other do, but the pleasure we receive from hence is greater (I speak in general, and what the nature of the thing is capable of) it is of a nobler kind than the other; and then moreover the mind may be enriched, and made better.

A portrait is a sort of general history of the life of the person it represents, not only to him who is acquainted with it, but to many others, who upon occasion of seeing it are frequently told, of what is most material concerning them, or their general character at least; the face; and figure is also described and as much of the character as appears by these, which oftentimes is here seen in a very great degree. These therefore many times answer the ends of historical pictures. And to relations, or friends give a pleasure greater than any other can.

There are many single heads which are historical, and may be applied to several stories. I have many such; I have for instance a boy's head of Parmeggiano, in whose every feature appears such an overflowing joy, and that too not common, but holy, and divine

that I imagine him a little angel rejoicing at the birth of the Son of God. I have another of Leonardo da Vinci of a youth very angelical, and in whom appears an air such as Milton describes,

————— *Dim sadness did not spare*
That time celestial visages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliss.

This I suppose to be present at the agony of our Lord, or his crucifixion, or seeing him dead, with his Blessed Mother in that her vast distress. Single figures may be also thus applied, and made historical. But heads not thus applicable, must be reckoned in an inferior class and more, or less so according as they happen to be. As portraits unknown are not equally considerable with those that are; though upon account of the dignity of the subject they may be reckoned in the first class of those wherein the principal end of Painting is not fully answered; but capable however of the sublime.

The kind of picture, or drawing having been considered, regard is to be had to the parts of Painting; we should see in which of these they excel, and in what degree.

And these several parts do not equally contribute to the ends of Painting: but (I think) ought to stand in this order:

GRACE and GREATNESS,
 INVENTION,
 EXPRESSION,
 COMPOSITION,
 COLOURING,
 DRAWING,
 HANDLING.

The last can only please; the next (by which I understand pure nature, for the great, and genteel style of drawing falls into another part)

part) this also can only please, Colouring pleases more; Composition pleases at least as much as Colouring, and moreover helps to instruct, as it makes those parts that do so more conspicuous; Expression pleases, and instructs greatly; the Invention does both in a higher degree, and Grace and Greatness above all. Nor is it peculiar to that story, fable, or whatever the subject is, but in general raises our idea of the species, gives a most delightful, virtuous pride, and kindles in noble minds an ambition to act up to that dignity thus conceived to be in human nature. In the former parts the eye is employed, in the other the understanding.

By thus considering in what rank of estimation the several parts of Painting ought to stand, we may (by the way) observe what degrees of merit each master has, for that is more, or less in proportion as he has excelled in those parts which are preferable. Thus Albert Durer, though his design was very correct, can by no means stand in competition with Correggio, who was defective in that particular, because the latter had grace and greatness, which the other had not.

And thus too it is seen that drawings (generally speaking) are preferable to paintings, as having those qualities which are most excellent in a higher degree than Paintings generally have, or can possibly have, and the others (excepting only colouring) equally with them. There is a grace, a delicacy, a spirit in drawings which when the master attempts to give in colours is commonly much diminished, both as being a sort of copying from those first thoughts, and because the nature of the thing admits of no better.

There are other considerations relating to pictures, drawings, and more particularly to prints; but as these are entirely distinct from that of their goodness as works of art, and are only concerning their value to the buyer, or seller, such as the condition they are in, their rarity, or other such-like circumstances; though these things

things are of importance on some occasions, they are foreign to the subject of my present discourse, and so it is enough just to have mentioned them.

Whatever we look upon therefore should be considered distinctly, and particularly, and not only seen in general to be fine, or not, but wherein it is one, or the other. Most of our writers have been very superficial in this respect; they have said where a picture of such a master was, and have told us the subject, and bestowed certain epithets upon it, as that it was divine, surprizing, or that such a figure seemed to be alive, and the like; and this without distinction to works of very different characters, but the same general descriptions serve for all; so that we can have no clear idea of them from those authors; and I do not doubt but most of those that look upon pictures, or drawings take in such imperfect, unformed, and confused ideas; if we are pleased or displeas'd, if our minds are improved, or hurt, we should observe from what cause this has happened; What part of Painting has the master succeeded, or been defective in, and to what degree? or is this owing to the subject, rather than to the manner of treating it, and how far? Such, and the like considerations will help to give us clear, and distinct ideas of the work, and the master, which a good connoisseur should always form in his mind. And the better to do this he should

Lastly, observe method, and order in his way of thinking; not mixing and jumbling observations of different kinds, but going on gradually from one thing to another, dispatching the first before we embarrass ourselves with any other.

Gentlemen may do as they please, the following method seems to me to be the most natural, convenient, and proper.

Before you come so near the picture to be considered as to look into particulars, or even to be able to know what the subject of it is, at least before you take notice of that, observe the tout-ensemble of the masses, and what kind of one the whole makes together. It will

will be propen at the same distance to consider the general colouring; whether that be grateful, cheering, and delightful to the eye, or disagreeable; then let the composition be examined near, and see the contrasts, and other particularities relating to it, and so finish your observations on that head. The same then may be done with respect to the colouring; then the handling, and afterwards the drawing; these being dispatched, the mind is at liberty carefully to consider the invention; then to see how well the expression is performed, and lastly, what grace and greatness is spread throughout, and how suitable to each character.

Monfieur de Piles has a pretty invention of a scale, whereby he gives an idea in short of the merit of the painters, I have given some account of it in the latter end of my former essay: this, with a little alteration and improvement, may be of great use to lovers of art, and connoisseurs.

I will keep to the number eighteen, to denote the highest degree of excellence, and that, and the preceding one shall stand for the sublime in those parts of Painting that are capable of it. Sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, shall denote excellence in these four degrees, as from twelve to five inclusive shall signify the mediocre: and though bad pictures are not worth our notice, good ones may be bad in some particulars, I will therefore reserve the other four numbers to express that. Not that the province of bad is equal in extent to that of excellent, but because good masters, whose works I am only concerned about very rarely, sink many degrees into ill; if it should so happen, let that be marked with a cypher only.

The use to be made of this scale is this: a little pocket-book might be always ready, every leaf of which should be prepared; as shall be seen presently, and when one considers a picture, an estimate might be made of it, by putting such figures under each head as shall be judged proper; or more than one, if in one part
of

of the picture there be any considerable difference from what is in another ; or if there be a double consideration requiring it.

I will give a specimen of what I have been proposing, and the subject shall be a portrait of Van Dyck which I have, it is a half length of a Countess Dowager of Exeter, as I learn from the print made of it by Faithorn, and that is almost all one can learn from that concerning the picture besides the general attitude, and disposition of it.

The dress is black velvet, and that appearing almost one large spot, the lights not being so managed as to connect it with the other parts of the picture ; the face, and linen at the neck, and the two hands, and broad cuffs at the wrists being by this means three several spots of light, and that near of an equal degree, and forming almost an equilateral triangle, the base of which is parallel to that of the picture, the composition is defective ; and this occasioned chiefly from the want of those lights upon the black. But so far as the head, and almost to the waist, with the curtain behind, there is an admirable harmony ; the chair also makes a medium between the figure, and the ground. The eye is delivered down into that dead black spot the drapery with great ease, the neck is covered with linen, and at the breast the top of the stomacher makes a strait line. This would have been very harsh, and disagreeable, but that it is very artfully broken by the bows of a knot of narrow ribbon which rise above that line in fine, well-contrasted shapes. This knot fastens a jewel on the breast, which also helps to produce the harmony of this part of the picture, and the white gloves which the lady holds in her left-hand, helps the composition something, as they vary that light spot from that which the other hand, and linen makes.

The tout-ensemble of the colouring is extremely beautiful ; it is solemn, but warm, mellow, clean, and natural ; the flesh, which is exquisitely good, especially the face, the black habit, the linen and
cushion,

cushion, the chair of crimson velvet, and the gold flowered curtain mixt with a little crimson have an admirable effect, and would be perfect were there are a middle tint amongst the black.

The face, and hands, are a model for a pencil in portrait Painting :* it is not V. Dyck's first laboured Flemish manner, nor in the least careles, or slight ; the colours are well wrought, and touched in his best style ; that is, the best that ever man had for portraits ; nor is the curtain in the least inferior in this particular, though the manner is varied as it ought to be, the pencil is there more seen than in the flesh : the hair, veil, chair, and indeed throughout except the black gown is finely handled.

The face is admirably well drawn ; the features are pronounced clean, and firmly, so as it is evident he that did that conceived strong, and distinct ideas, and saw wherein the lines that formed these differed from all others ; there appears nothing of the antique, or Rafaele-taste of designing, but nature, well understood, well chosen, and well managed ; the lights, and shadows are justly placed, and shaped, and both sides of the face answer well to each other. The jewel on the breast is finely disposed, and directs the eye to the line between the breasts, and gives the body there a great relief, the girdle also has a good effect, for by being marked pretty strongly the eye is shown the waist very readily. The linen, the jewel, the gold curtain, the gauze veil are all extremely natural, that is they are justly drawn, and coloured. But the want of those lights I have so often lamented is the cause that the figure does not appear to sit firmly, the thighs and knees are lost. Nor is the drawing of the arms, nor even of the hands altogether as one would wish, particularly the left, and that not only in the outline, but the lights, and shadows ; especially of that hand, which by being too light is brought out of

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* This is in the possession of the Hon. Horace Walpole, who bought it at Richardson's sale.

its true place, it is nearer the eye than it ought to be. There are also some oversights in the perspective of the chair, and curtain; in the lineal part of the former, and in the aerial part in both.

These being thus dispatched we are at liberty to consider the invention. Van Dyck's thought seems to have been that the lady should be sitting in her own room receiving a visit of condolence from an inferior with great benignity; as shall be seen presently, I would here observe the beauty, and propriety of this thought. For by this the picture is not an insipid representation of a face, and dress, but here is also a picture of the mind, and what more proper to a widow than sorrow? And more becoming a person of quality than humility and benevolence? Besides had she been supposed to have appeared to her equals, or superiors, the furniture of the place must have been mourning, and her gloves on, but the colours of the curtain, and chair, and the contrast occasioned by the gloves in her hand have a fine effect.

Never was a calm becoming sorrow better expressed than in this face, chiefly there where it is always most conspicuous, that is in the eyes: not Guido Reni, no, nor Raffaele himself could have conceived a passion with more delicacy, or more strongly expressed it! To which also the whole attitude of the figure contributes not a little, her right-hand drops easily from the elbow of the chair which her wrist lightly rests upon, the other lies in her lap towards her left knee, all which together appear so easy, and careless, that what is lost in the composition by the regularity I have taken notice of, is gained in the expression; which being of greater consequence justifies Van Dick in the main, and shews his great judgment, for though as it is, there is (as I said) something amiss, I cannot conceive any way of avoiding that inconvenience without a greater.

And notwithstanding the defects I have taken the liberty to remark with the same indifferency as I have observed the beauties, that is, without the least regard to the great name of the master,
there

there is a grace throughout that charms, and a greatness that commands respect; she appears at first sight to be a well-bred woman of quality; it is in her face, and in her mien; and as her dress, ornaments, and furniture contribute something to the greatness, the gauze veil coming over her forehead, and the hem of it hiding a defect (which was want of eye-brows) is a fine artifice to give more grace. This grace, and greatness is not that of *Rafaelle*, or the antique, but it is what is suitable to a portrait; and one of her age, and character, and consequently better than if she had appeared with the grace of a *Venus*, or *Helena*, or the majesty of a *Minerva*, or *Semiramis*.

It remains to consider this picture in the other view; we have seen in what degree the rules of Painting have been observed: let us now enquire how far the ends of pleasure, and advantage are answered.

And this is more, or less as my fancy, judgment, or other circumstances happen to be; these considerations are purely personal, and every man must judge for himself. Here therefore I shall be very short, I will omit many reflections that I might make, and expatiate upon, and only touch some of the principal.

The beauty, and harmony of the colouring gives me a great degree of pleasure; for though this is grave, and solid, it has a beauty not less than what is bright and gay. So much of the composition as is good does also much delight the eye; and though the lady is not young, nor remarkably handsome, the grace, and greatness that is here represented pleases exceedingly. In a word, as throughout this whole picture one sees instances of an accurate hand, and fine thought, these must give proportionable pleasure to so hearty a lover as I am.

The advantages of this picture to me, as a painter are very considerable. A better master for portrait Painting never was, and a better manner of this master I have never seen: there is such a be-

nignity, such a genteel, becoming behaviour, such a decent sorrow, and resignation expressed here, that a man must be very insensible that is not the better for considering it, the mourning habit excites serious thoughts, which may produce good effects. But what I confess I am particularly affected with, I who (I thank God) have for many years been happy as a husband, is the circumstance of widowhood, not that it gives me sorrow as remembering the conjugal knot must be cut, but I rejoice that it yet subsists.

*Hail Sacred wedlock where discretion join'd
With virtue chooses, and approves the choice.
" Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets !
" Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
" His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
" Reigns here, and revels ;" not in the bought smile
Of harlots, equally obtained by all,
And with contempt, and various terrors mixt.
This sweet society dissolves our fears,
Doubles our pleasures, and divides our cares ;
Here love with friendship, and esteem is found,
And mutual joy with innocence is crown'd.*

I will only add before I produce my scale, that this being a portrait, and the face therefore by much the most considerable, I have made a particular column for that which for other pictures is not necessary.

Countess

Countess Dowager of EXETER.

V. D Y C K.

OCTOBER the 16th, 1717.

			FACE.	
<i>Composition</i>	—	—	10	18
<i>Colouring</i>	—	—	17	18
<i>Handling</i>	—	—	17	18
<i>Drawing</i>	—	—	10	17
<i>Invention</i>	—	—	18	18
<i>Expression</i>	—	—	18	18
<i>Grace and Greatness</i>		—	18	18

Advantage

18

Sublime

Pleasure

16

The blank is for landkip, or animals, or any other particular in a history, or portrait that is worthy remarking in an article by itself. That at the bottom is for any memorandum that may be thought proper besides what is said at top, where the picture, owner, time seen, &c. may be specified.

Whoever

Whoever practises a regular way of considering a picture, or drawing, will, I am confident, find the benefit of it; and if they will moreover note down the degrees of estimation in this manner, it will be of further use; it will give a man a more clear, and distinct idea of the thing, it will be a further exercise of his judgment, a remembrance of what he has seen, and by considering it together with the picture months or years afterwards, he will see whether his judgment is altered, and wherein.

And if still any one will give himself the trouble to make a dissertation upon what he thinks worthy of it, such a scale of merit made upon the place will serve as short notes to help his memory, if he has not the picture before him; but the making such a dissertation will be a fine exercise of a gentleman's abilities as a connoisseur, and may moreover be an agreeable amusement.

In such dissertation it will not be necessary for any one to confine himself to the order in which it is best to consider the picture; he may begin at the invention, if a history, or at the face, if a portrait, or how he thinks best; and remark on the advantage, and pleasure to be had from it, or not.

Notwithstanding what I have already done, I fancy an example of such a dissertation will not be unacceptable, because it shall be of a very capital picture, and one wherein there is an instance of expression, which will be supplemental to the chapter in my theory on that head; it is what I have not mentioned there, for I had not seen one of that kind when I wrote that.

The specimen I am now about to give is part of a letter (though in another language) written to a gentleman at Rotterdam, an excellent connoisseur, a hearty lover of the art, and master of a noble collection of pictures, drawings, and antiques; and one for whom I have upon these, and many other accounts the utmost respect, and friendship that it is possible to have for one whom I have never had the happiness to see, or converse with otherwise than at this distance,
 though

though my son has, and has received particular marks of his favour. The correspondence we have the honour to have with him is by me, and my son jointly, for reasons not here necessary to be given, only in general, I cannot forbear saying that the virtue, dutiful behaviour, industry, learning, good sense, and other excellent qualities of my son, together with his taste, and judgment, in our art, which is equal to a father's utmost hopes, and expectations, justly demand my friendship, besides something more than common paternal love. This I the rather choose to say, because I know his modesty would oppose it, and perhaps it is the only instance where one of us will do what he knows the other would not approve.

————— A friend of ours (Mr. Thornhill, an excellent history painter) has been in France lately, and has bought several good pictures, some of which are arrived, the principal of these is a capital one indeed; we will give you as good an account of it as we can, and of the others when they arrive if they merit it, as we believe they will.

This is of N. Pouffin, it is three feet three inches long, and two feet six inches high, perfectly well preserved; it was Monsieur ———'s who was so severely squeezed by the Chamber of Justice, that all his goods were sold, and this picture amongst the rest. Poor Gentleman! — It is a story in Taffo's Gerusalemme, cant. 19, which is briefly this, Tancred, a Christian hero, and Argante, a Pagan giant, retire to a solitary place amongst the mountains to try their fortune in single combat; Argante is slain, the other so desperately wounded, that after he had gone a little way he dropped, and fell into a swoon. Erminia, who was in love with him, and Vafrino his 'squire (by what accident it is too long to tell) found him in this condition, but after the first fright perceiving life in him, she bound up his wounds, and her veil not being sufficient for that purpose, she cut off her fine hair to supply that defect, and so recovered him, and brought him safe to the army.

Pouffin

Pouffin has chosen the instant of her cutting off her hair ; Tancred lies in a graceful attitude, and well contrasted towards one end of the picture, his feet coming about the middle, and at a little distance from the bottom ; Vafrino is at his head raising him up against a little bank on which he supports himself kneeling on his left knee. Erminia is at his feet, kneeling on the ground with her right knee ; beyond her at a distance lies Argante dead ; behind are the horses of Erminia, and Vafrino ; and towards the top at that end of the picture which is on the left-hand as you look upon it, and over the heads of Tancred, and Vafrino, are two loves with their torches in their hands ; the back-ground is the rocks, trunks of trees with few leaves, or branches, and a fombrous sky.

The goût is a mixture of Pouffin's usual manner and (what is very rare) a great deal of Giulio, particularly in the head, and attitude of the lady, and both the horses ; Tancred is naked to the waist having been stripped by Erminia and his 'squire to search for his wounds, he has a piece of loose drapery which is yellow, bearing upon the red in the middle tints, and shadows, this is thrown over his belly, and thighs, and lies a good length upon the ground ; it was doubtless painted by the life, and is entirely of a modern taste. And that nothing might be shocking, or disagreeable, the wounds are much hid, nor is his body, or garment stained with blood, only some appears here and there upon the ground just below the drapery, as if it flowed from some wounds which that covered ; nor is he pale, but as one reviving, and his blood, and spirits returning to their usual motion.

The habits are not those of the age in which the scene of the fable is laid, these must have been Gothic, and disagreeable, it being at the latter end of the eleventh, or beginning of the twelfth century : Erminia is clad in blue, admirably folded, and in a great style, something like that of Giulio, but more upon the antique, or Rafabelle ; one of her feet is seen which is very genteel, and artfully disposed ; her
fandal

fandal is very particular, for it is a little raised under the heel as our children's shoes. Vafrino has a helmet on with a large, bent plate of gold instead, and something with the turn of a feather. We do not remember any thing like it in the antique; there is no such thing in the column of Trajan, nor that of Antonine (as it is usually called, though it is now known to be of M. Aurelius) nor (I believe) in the works of Rafaele, Giulio, or Polydore, when they have imitated the ancients, though these, especially the two former, have taken like liberties, and departing from the simplicity of their great masters have, in these instances, given a little into the Gothic taste; this is probably Pouffin's own invention, and has such an effect, that I cannot imagine any thing else could possibly have been so well. This figure is in armour, not with labels, but scarlet drapery where those usually are, which also is antique. The two Cupidons are admirably well disposed, and enrich, and enliven the picture; as does the helmet, shield, and armour of Tancred which lies at his feet. The attitudes of the horses are exceeding fine, one of them turns his head backwards with great spirit, the other has his hinder part raised, which not only has a noble effect in the picture, but helps to tell what kind of place it was, which was rough, and unfrequented.

It is observable that though Taffo says only Erminia cuts off her hair, Pouffin was forced to explain what she cut it off withal, and he has given her her lover's sword. We do not at all question but there will be those who will fancy they have here discovered a notorious absurdity in Pouffin, it being impossible to cut hair with a sword; but though it be, a pair of scissars instead of it, though much the fitter for the purpose, had spoiled the picture; Painting, and poetry equally disdain such low, and common things. This is a licence much of the same kind with that of Rafaele in the carton of the draught of fishes, where the boat is by much too little for the figures that are in it; or with the Laacon, who is naked, whereas
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being a priest in his sacerdotal office, he must have been supposed to have been clad: but we need not tell you, sir, why those noble pieces of Painting, and sculpture were so managed. 'This puts me in mind of a fine distich of Mr. Dryden:

*For he that servilely creeps after sense
Is safe, but ne'er arrives at excellence.*

We know not whether it will be worth while to observe a small circumstance; one of the horses is fastened to a tree; if it be supposed to be Erminia's, and done by herself, it would be intolerable, she must have had other thoughts than to secure her horse when she dismounted, for it was not till Vafrino had found that he who at first sight they took to be a stranger (as well as Argante) was Tancred, and then she is finely described by Taffo as tumbling, rather than lighting from her horse.

Non scese no, precipito di sella.

But as this may possibly be Vafrino's, or if it was her's, perhaps his care was divided betwixt the wounded hero, and the lady, to whom it was of consequence to have her horse secured, it will not be thought partiality to suppose so great a man as Pouffin would not make such a blunder as this, taking it in the worst sense; but it would be unjust to determine otherwise when the most favourable opinion is most probable; and that being taken, here is a beauty, not a fault; it amplifies, and raises the character of Vafrino, though it would have spoiled that of Erminia. Whether a painter ought to go so far into these little parts, is a question which will bear reasoning upon, but not here.

The expression of this picture is excellent throughout. The air of Vafrino is just, but he hath a character evidently inferior, but nevertheless,

nevertheless, he appears brave, and full of care, tenderness, and affection. Argante seems to be a wretch that died in rage, and despair, without the least spark of piety. Tancred is good, amiable, noble, and valiant. There are two circumstances in Tasso which finely raise these two characters. When these champions withdrew to fight, it was in the view of the Christian soldiers, whose fury against the Pagan could hardly be restrained, Tancred protected him from them, and as they retired together covered him with his shield: afterwards when he had him at his mercy, and Tancred would have given him his life, and in a friendly manner approached him with the offer, the villain attempted basely to murder him, upon which provocation he dispatched him immediately with scorn, and fury. These incidents could not be inserted in the picture, but Poussin has told us by the airs he has given them, that either were capable of any thing in these several kinds. Erminia must appear to have a mixture of hope, and fear, joy, and sorrow, this being the time when she had discovered life in her lover after having supposed him dead; to express this (you know, sir) must be exceeding difficult, and yet absolutely necessary, and that strongly, and apparently, that those who look upon the picture may know to what end she cuts off her hair; and that it is not a transport of distracted grief for the death of him she loved, who is not yet recovered from his swoon; because this mistake would lose all the beauty of the story. For this reason the two loves are admirably contrived to serve this purpose, besides the other already mentioned; one of them, and that the farthest from the eye has sorrow, and fear, the other joy, and hope evidently in his face; and to express this yet more perfectly (and this is Mr. Thornhill's observation) the former has two arrows in his hand to denote these two passions, and their pungency; but the quiver of his companion is fast shut up with a sort of a cap on the top of it. He has also a chaplet of jessamine on his head.

The composition is unexceptionable: there are innumerable instances of beautiful contrasts; of this kind are the several characters of the persons (all which are excellent in their several kinds) and the several habits: Tancred is half naked: Ermina's sex distinguishes her from all the rest; as Vafrino's armour, and helmet shew him to be inferior to Tancred (his lying by him) and Argante's armour differs from both of them. The various positions of the limbs in all the figures are also finely contrasted, and altogether have a lovely effect; nor did I ever see a greater harmony, nor more art to produce it in any picture of what master soever, whether as to the easy gradation from the principal, to the subordinate parts, the connection of one with another, by the degrees of the lights, and shadows, and the tints of the colours.

And these two are good throughout; they are not glaring, as the subject, and the time of the story (which was after sun-set) requires: Nor is the colouring like that of Titian, Coreggio, Rubens, or those fine colourists, but it is warm, and mellow, it is agreeable, and of a taste which none but a great man could fall into: And without considering it as a story, or the imitation of any thing in nature, the tout-ensemble of the colours is a beautiful, and delightful object.

You know (sir) the drawing of Pouffin who have several admirable pictures of his hand, this we believe is not inferior to any to be seen of him. But there is an oversight, or two in the perspective; the sword Erminia holds appears by the pommel of it to incline with the point going off, but by the blade it seems to be upright the other is not worth mentioning.

The picture is highly finished, even in the parts the most inconsiderable, but in one, or two places there is a little heaviness of hand; the drawing is firmly pronounced, and sometimes, chiefly in the faces, hands, and feet it is marked more than ordinarily with the point of the pencil.

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And (to say all in one word,) there is such a grace and greatness shines throughout that it is one of the most desirable pictures we have yet seen; there is nothing to be desired, or imagined which it has not, nothing to be added, or omitted but would have diminished its excellency; unless we have leave to except those little particulars we have remarked, hardly worth mentioning; and whether we are in the right in those is submitted to better judgments. But there are a great many beauties we have not mentioned, and some that cannot be expressed in words, nor known without seeing the picture. And perhaps some of both kinds we have not penetration enough to observe.

It is hard to quit so agreeable a subject. Let us observe for the honour of Pouffin, and of the art, what a noble, and comprehensive thought! what richness! and force of imagination! what a fund of science, and judgment! what a fine, and accurate hand is absolutely necessary to the production of such a work! that two or three strokes of a pencil (for example) as in the face of Argante can express a character of mind so strongly, and significantly!

We will only observe further the different idea given by the painter, and the poet. A reader of Taffo that thought less finely than Pouffin would form in his imagination a picture, but not such a one as this. He would see a man of a less lovely, and beautiful aspect, pale, and all cut, and mangled, his body, and garments smeared with blood: he would see Erminia, not such a one as Pouffin has made her: and a thousand to one with a pair of scissars in her hand, but certainly not with Tancred's sword: the two amoretos would never enter into his mind: horses he would see, and let them be the finest he had ever seen they would be less fine than these, and so of the rest. The painter has made a finer story than the poet, though his readers were equal to himself, but without all comparison much finer than it can appear to the generality of them. And he has moreover not only known how to make use of the advantages

advantages this art has over that of his competitor, but in what it is defective in the comparison he has supplied it with such address that one cannot but rejoice in the defect which occasioned such a beautiful expedient.

I confess we have not always time, and opportunity thus to consider a picture, how excellent soever it may be; in those cases let us not employ that time we have in amusing ourselves with the less considerable incidents, but remark upon the principal beauties, the thought, expression, &c.

Mr. Thornhill has lately brought from France another picture no less worthy a particular dissertation than the former, as will easily be allowed, for it is of Annibale Caracci: here (as it is for my present purpose) I will only observe in short upon what is most remarkable in this surprizing picture; which has not been long out of my mind since the first moment that I saw it.

The subject of it is the Blessed Virgin as protectress of Bologna; as appears by the prospect of that city at the bottom of the picture under the clouds on which she is seated in glory, encompassed with cherubims, boy-angels, and others as usually described: but oh! the sublimity of expression! what dignity, and devotion appears in the Virgin! what awful regard! what love! what delight, and complacency is in these angelic beings towards the Virgin-Mother of the Son of God! the aspect of the Christ is proper to the character he here sustains; he is now only to denote the Virgin, as St. Jerome's lion, St. John's eagle, and the like, he is not here as the second person in the adorable Trinity; the Virgin is the only principal figure; this is as it were a part of her, whose character is alone to be considered in this case; and accordingly every thing contributes to raise it as much as possible; and that is done prodigiously. But as every thing else in the picture is addressed towards her, she in the humblest, and most devout manner lifts up her eyes towards
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the invisible Supreme Being, directing our thoughts thither also, with like humble, pious and devout sentiments. If she to whom the angels appear so vastly inferior is in his presence but a poor suppliant, What an exalted idea must this give us of him!

*Angelic minds the nearest to thyself,
 Those who conceive of thee as far beyond
 Our low conceptions as the eagles flight,
 Transcends our utmost stretch, these see thee not,
 Nor canst thou be discerned but by thyself;
 What art thou then as by thyself beheld?
 Just as thou art! unclouded! undiminished!
 In full perfection! O the joy divine!
 Ineffable! of that enlightened mind
 Where this idea shines eternally!
 The noblest, loveliest, and most excellent,
 Thy mind divine can possibly conceive!*

OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF HANDS.

IN all the works of art there is to be considered, the thought, and the workmanship, or manner of expressing, or executing that thought. What ideas the artist had we can only guess at by what we see, and consequently cannot tell how far he has fallen short, or perhaps by accident exceeded them, but the work like the corporeal, and material part of man is apparent, and to be seen to the utmost. Thus in the art I am discoursing upon, every thing that is done is in pursuance of some ideas the master has, whether he can reach with his hand, what his mind has conceived, or no; and this
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is true in every part of Painting. As for invention, expression, disposition, and grace, and greatness. These every body must see direct us plainly to the manner of thinking, to the idea the painter had; but even in drawing, colouring, and handling, in these also are seen his manner of thinking upon those subjects, one may by these guess at his ideas of what is in nature, or what was to be wished for, or chosen at least. Nevertheless when the idea, or manner of thinking in a picture or drawing is opposed to the executive part, it is commonly understood of these four first mentioned, as the other three are implied by its opposite.

No two men in the world think, and act alike, nor is it possible they should, because men fall into a way of thinking, and acting from a chain of causes which never is, nor can be the same to different men. This difference is notorious, and seen by every one with respect to what is the object of our senses, and it is as evident to our reason; as it is that what I have assigned as the cause of it is the true one. There are two instances that are very familiar, and well known, and those are our voices, and hand-writing; people of the same age, the same constitution, and in several other particulars in the same circumstances for ought appears to common observation are yet as easily distinguished by their voices, as by any other means: and it is wonderful to consider that in so few circumstances as what relates to the tone of the voice there should be (as there is) an infinite variety so as to produce the effect I am speaking of. So in the other case; if one hundred boys learn of the same master, at the same time, yet such will be the difference in other respects that their hands shall be distinguished even while they are at school, and more easily afterwards; and thus it would be if one thousand, or ten thousand could learn in the same manner. They see differently, take in different ideas, retain them variously, have a different power of hand to form what they conceive, &c. Nay if in any one circumstance they be unlike the effect is a proportionable degree of difference.

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And as it is in the cases I have mentioned so it is in all others.

So it is therefore in the works of the painters, and that in a degree proportionable to what those works are; in Paintings, therefore more than in drawings, and in large compositions more than in single figures, or other things consisting of a few parts. If in forming an A, or a B, no two men are exactly alike, neither will they agree in the manner of drawing a finger or a toe, less in a whole hand, or foot, less still in a face, and so on.

And if there is really a difference it will be discernable if things be attentively considered, and compared, as is evident from experience in a thousand instances besides those I have mentioned.

The several manners of the painters consequently are to be known, whether in pictures, or drawings; as also those of the gravers in copper, or wood; etchers, or others by whom prints are made, if we have a sufficient quantity of their works to form our judgments upon.

But though there is a real difference in things, this is in various degrees, and so proportionably more, or less apparent. Thus, some of the manners of the painters are as unlike one another as Alcibiades, and Therfites; others are less remarkably unlike, as the generality of men's faces are; some again have a fraternal resemblance; and there are some few which have that which is frequently found in twins where the difference is but just discernable.

There are such peculiarities in the turn of thought, and hand to be seen in some of the masters (in some of their works especially) that it is the easiest thing in the world to know them at first sight; such as Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo Buonarotti, Giulio Romano, Battista Franco, Parmeggiano, Paolo Farinati, Cangiagio, Rubens, Castiglione, and some others; and in the divine Rafaele one often sees such a transcendent excellence that cannot be found in any other man, and assures us this must be the hand of him who was what Shakespear calls Julius Cæsar: The foremost man of all the world.

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There are several others, who by imitating other masters, or being of the same school, or from whatsoever other cause have had such a resemblance in their manners as not to be so easily distinguished, Timoteo D'Urbino, et Pellegrino da Modena, imitated Raffaele; Cæfare da Sesto, Leonardo da Vinci; Schidone, Lanfranco, and others imitated Corregio; Titian's first manner was a close imitation of that of Giorgione; Gio. Battista Bertano followed his master Giulio Romano, the sons of Bassano, and those of Pafferotto imitated their fathers, Romanino, Andrea Schiavone, and Giovanni Battista Zelotti severally imitated Titian, Parmeggiano, and Paolo Veronese. Biaggio Bolognese imitated sometimes Raffaele, and sometimes Parmeggiano. Rubens was imitated by Abraham Jansens, and Van Dyck by Long-John in history, and Gildenaifel in portraits. Matham followed Giuffepino and Ciro Ferri Pietro da Cortona. There is a great resemblance of the manner of Michelangelo in some of the works of Andrea del Sarto, greater in the hands of the two Zuccaroes; and greater yet in those of Maturino, and Polydore.

The rest of the masters are generally of a middle class, not so easily known as the former, nor with so much difficulty as the latter.

There is but one way to come to the knowledge of hands; and that is to furnish our minds with as just, and complete ideas of the masters (not as men at large, but meerly as painters) as we can: and in proportion as we do thus we shall be good connoisseurs in this particular.

For when we judge who is the author of any picture, or drawing, we do the same thing as when we say who such a portrait resembles; in that case we find the picture answers to the idea we have laid up in our minds of such a face; so here we compare the work under consideration with the idea we have of the manner of such a master, and perceive the similitude.

And as we judge of the resemblance of a picture by the idea we have of the person whether present or absent, (for we cannot see
both





both at the same instant) just so we do in the present case, though we compare that in question with one, or more works allowed to be of the same master, which we have before us at the same time.

These ideas of the several masters are to be had from history, and from their works.

The former of these gives us general ideas of these great men as to the turn of their minds, the extent of their capacity; the variations of their styles, how their characters were singly, or as compared one with another, &c.

And as the description of a picture is a part of the history of the master, a copy or a print after such a one may be considered as a more exact, and perfect description of it than can be given by words; these are of great advantage, in giving us an idea of the manner of thinking of that master, and this in proportion as such a print, or copy happens to be. And there is one advantage which these have in this matter, which even the works themselves have not; and that is, in those commonly their other qualities divert, and divide our attention, and perhaps sometimes bias us in their favour throughout; as who that sees the vastness of style, and profound skill in designing of Michelangelo; or the fine colouring, and brave pencil of Paolo Veronese can forbear being prejudiced in favour of the extravagance, and indecorum of the one, and the other's neglect of history, and the antique; whereas in these what one sees of the manner of thinking of the master one sees naked, and without danger of being prejudiced by any other excellencies in the work itself.

But it is on the works themselves we must chiefly, and ultimately depend, not only as expositors of the histories of the masters, but as carrying much further, principally by giving us ideas which no words possibly can, being such for which we have no name, and which cannot be communicated but by the things themselves; nor probably can even those give you exactly the same I have, as I shall not conceive as

you do, though we see the thing, and consider it together at the same instant of time.

History will inform us of some particulars which are necessary to be known, and which we could not learn from their works, but with this alone it would be impossible to be a connoisseur in hands; and what is worse we shall be frequently misled if we trust too much to the ideas we receive from thence. History, whether written or traditional, commonly gives us exalted characters of great men; he of whom the historian treats is his hero for that time, and it is commonly such a one's intention not to make a just, but a fine picture of them; to which our own prejudices in their favour do not a little contribute. By this means it is natural for us to imagine a work in which we see great defects could not be of a hand, of which we have so favourable an idea. It is necessary therefore to correct this way of thinking, and remember that great men are but men still, and that there are degrees, and kinds of excellence of which we may have an idea, but to which the greatest of men could never arrive; God has said to every man as to the ocean, hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther; there are certain bounds set to the most exalted amongst men beyond which they are upon the level with the most inferior: nor can any man always do as he sometimes can, nor even as he generally does; a notorious fault, or more than one in a work, nay in a single figure, is consistent with a just idea of *Rafaelle* himself, and that in his best time: *Rafaelle* indeed could not have made a lame, ill proportioned figure or limb; that is if he had taken care, and did as well as he could; but *Rafaelle* might be in haste, negligent, or forget himself: he might be weary, indisposed, or out of humour. Could the inferior master to whom the work is to be attributed upon account of these faults be supposed capable of doing the rest? if we had seen an intire work of that bad kind could we have believed the hand that did that could have done like the good part of the thing in question? it is easier to descend than

than to mount: *Rafaelle* could more easily do like an inferior master in certain instances, than such a one could do like *Rafaelle* in all the rest.

And as the ideas we have of men frequently mislead us in judging from thence of their works with respect to their goodness, the same happens as to the kinds of them. When one is possessed of the character of *Michelangelo* (for instance) as fierce, bold, impetuous, haughty, and even gone beyond great; so as to have a mixture of the savage; when one reads such an account of him as this I have

—— Je puis dire avoir veu Michel l'Ange, bien qu'agé de plus de soixante ans, & encore non de plus robustes, abattre plus d'escailles d'un tres-dur marbre en un quart d'heure que trois jeunes tailleurs de pierre, n'eussent peu faire en trois ou quatre, chose presqu'incroyable qui ne le verroit, & alloit d'une telle impetuosite, & furie que je pensois que tout l'ouvrage deust aller en pieces, abbatant par terre d'un seul coup de gros morceaux de trois ou quatre doigts d'espoisseur, si ric à ric de sa marque que si l'eust passé outre tant soit peu plus qu'il ne falloit, il y avoit danger de perdre tout, parceque cela ne se peut plus reparer par apres, ny replaster comme les images d'Argille, ou de Stuc.

Annotations de Blaise de Vigenere
sur le Callistrate.

masters, in order to judge of their hands, as has been seen already in part, and will further appear presently; but these ideas must be corrected, regulated, and perfected by the works themselves.

A picture or drawing has so many particulars relating to it, such as the style of thinking, manner of the composition, way of folding the draperies, airs of heads; handling of the pen, chalk, or pencil; colouring,

put in the margin (and which I was the more inclined to put there because it is curious, and gives one a more lively idea of the man than I have found almost any where else, and is withal little known) one finds it hard to conceive that such a one drew very neatly, and finished very highly, and consequently young connoisseurs having this idea of this great master, will not very readily believe such drawings to be of him, and yet it is incontestable that he did make such very frequently.

History nevertheless has its use in giving us ideas of the

colouring, &c. that it is no difficult matter to fix upon such peculiarities of each master in some one, or more of these as to form a clear, and distinct idea of them: if they resemble one another in some things, in others the difference will be more apparent: the colouring of several of the masters of the Venetian school have been like one another, but Titian's majesty, Tintoret's fierceness, Bassan's rusticity, Paolo Veronese's magnificence, have eminently distinguished them: as do the particular shapes of the legs, and fingers of Parmeggiano; the firmness of the contours and vastness of style of Michelangelo, the remarkable kind of drapery, and hair of Giulio, the divine airs of the heads of Raffaele; and so of the others: every one of them have something whereby they are more especially known; and which may be observed by conversing with their works, but cannot be expressed by words.

In forming our ideas of the masters on their works, care must be taken of such of them as have been copied, wholly, or in part from other masters; or are imitations of them. A connoisseur therefore must observe how much is every man's own, and what is not so. Battista Franco (for example) drew from the antique, after Raffaele, Michelangelo, Polydore, &c. You see the same small pen throughout, that is always his own, but the manner of thinking cannot be so: nor is the handling always his entirely; because he has sometimes imitated that of the master he has copied; as when he has in drawing copied a drawing, and not a Painting, or the antique: but neither is it then entirely that of him he copies, but partly his own. These occasional manners must not make a part of our ideas of the masters, unless considered as such.

To complete our ideas of the masters, it is necessary to take in their whole lives, and to observe their several variations so far as we possibly can. It is true, he that knows any one manner of a master may judge well of the works he meets with in that manner, but no farther. And the mischief is, men are apt to confine their ideas of the

the master to so much only as they know, or have conceived of him ; so that when any thing appears different from that, they attribute it to some other, or pronounce it is not of him ; as he that fixes only upon the Roman manner of Rafaele will be apt to do by a work of his done before he was called to Rome ; or if he builds his ideas only on the best works of that great man, he will reject the others, and ascribe them to some other hand known, or unknown.

There is none of the masters but must have had their first, their middle, and their latter times : generally (though not always) their beginnings have been moderately good, and their latter works (when they have happened to out-live themselves, and to decay, through age, or infirmities) are like what their bodies then were, they have no more of their former beauty, and vigour. If they died early, their latter time was probably the best ; Michelangelo, Titian, and Carlo Maratti, lived and painted to a very great age ; Rafaele

Dropt from the zenith like a falling star.

MILTON.

Other men by slow and easy steps, advance in their improvements : he flew from one degree of excellence to another with such a happy vigour, that every thing he did seemed better than what he had done before, and his last works, the cartons at Hampton-court, and the famous history of the Transfiguration are esteemed to be his best. His first manner, when he came out of the school of his master, was like those of that age, stiff, and dry ; but he soon meliorated his style by the strength of his own fine genius, and the sight of the works of other good masters of that time, in and about Florence, chiefly of Leonardo da Vinci ; and thus formed a second manner with which he went to Rome. Here he found, or procured whatever might contribute to his improvement, he saw great variety of the precious remains of antiquity, and employed several good hands to
design

design all of that kind in Greece, and elsewhere, as well as in Italy, of which he formed a rare collection: here he saw the works of Michelangelo, whose style may be said to be rather gigantic, than great, and which abundantly distinguished him from all the masters of that age; I know it has been disputed, whether Raffaele made any advantage from seeing of the works of this great sculptor, architect, and painter; which though it was (I believe) intended as a compliment to him, seems to me to be directly the contrary; he was too wise, and too modest not to serve himself of whatsoever was worthy of his consideration; and that he did so in this case is evident by a drawing I have of his hand, in which one sees plainly the Michelangelo taste. Not that he rested here, his noble mind aspired to something beyond what the world had then to shew, and he accomplished it in a style, in which there is such a judicious mixture of the antique, of the modern taste, and of nature, together with his own admirable ideas, that it seems impossible that any other could have been so proper for the works he was to do, in his own, and succeeding times. What further views he might have had, and how much higher he would have carried the art had the Divine Providence (who, to the honour of human nature, endued him with such excellent qualities) thought fit to have lent him longer to the world, that Divine Wisdom only knows.

*Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

Epitaph by Card. BEMBO.

Thus Raffaele had three several manners, which are called his Perugino, his Florentine, and his Roman manners; in all which this great genius is evidently seen. But having in the two former raised himself above all the other masters, the competition afterwards was only between Raffaele to-day, and Raffaele yesterday.

A great

A great variety is to be found in the works of the same men from causes as natural as youth, maturity, and old age. Our bodies, and minds have their irregular, and seemingly contingent changes as well as those stated, and certain ones; such are indisposition, or weariness, the weather, the season of the year, joy, and gaiety, or grief, heaviness, or vexation, all these, and a thousand other accidents influence our works, and produce a great variety in them. Sometimes the work itself does not please us as to the kind of it, sometimes it does not succeed as we endeavour it should; this is for those we honour, and desire to please, for what reasons soever, that goes on heavily being for those who are less obliging, or less capable of seeing, or being touched with what we do for them. Some are done in hopes of considerable recompence, others without any such prospect. Tintoret was particularly remarkable for undertaking all sorts of business, and at all prices, and performed accordingly.

The nature of the works they did make another variety in the hands of the masters. Parmeggiano in his drawings, appears to be a greater man than one sees him in his Paintings, or etched prints. Polydore upon paper, or in chiaro scuro, is one of the foremost in the school of Raffaele, but give him colours, and you remove him back many degrees. Battista Franco's drawings are exquisitely fine, his Paintings contemptible; even Giulio Romano's pencil in oil has not the transcendent merit of his pen in drawings, this has a spirit, a beauty, and delicacy inimitable, that is comparatively heavy, and disagreeable, for the most part, for I know of some exceptions. The subject also makes a vast difference in the works of these great men; Giulio Romano was fitter to paint the birth of the son of Saturn, than that of the Son of God; as Michelangelo was better qualified to paint a Hercules and Anteus, than the Last Judgment; but Parmeggiano and Correggio, who were prodigies in all subjects that were lovely, and angelical would have been almost upon the

level with common men in either of those other ; a holy family of Rafaele is as the work of an angel of the highest order, a slaughter of the innocents of him seems to be done by one of the lowest.

It is no unusual thing for masters to go from one manner to another that they like better, whether to imitate some other masters, or otherwise. Spagnoletto set out finely, imitating Correggio with great success, this good manner he forsook for that terrible one he is so well known by, and in which he continued to the last. Giacomo Pontormo from a good Italian style fell to imitating Albert Durer, Cau. Giacinto Brandi left his first Caravaggio-manner in which he was an excellent master, and applied himself to its direct opposite, that of Guido, in which not succeeding, he endeavoured to return to his former way of Painting, but could never regain the ground he had lost. Besides this, one master imitates another occasionally, and copies their works, or their style at least to try experiments, or to please themselves, or those that employ them, or perhaps sometimes to deceive, or for whatever other reasons.

In copying, though never so servilely, there will be such a mixture of the copier as to make what is done a different manner ; but it is very apparently so when this is done by a master who cannot, or will not so strictly confine himself. Sometimes such a one copies as it were but in part, that is, he takes the thought of another, but keeps to his own manner of executing it ; this was frequently done by Rafaele after the antique, Parmeggiano, and Battista Franco thus copied Rafaele, and Michelangelo ; and so Rubens copied Rafaele, Titian, Pordonone, &c. of which I have many instances. In these cases, the master will be evidently seen, but being mixed with the idea of other men, this compound work will be very different from one entirely his own.

In drawings one finds a great variety, from their being first thoughts (which often are very slight, but spiritous scrabbles) or more advanced, or finished. So some are done one way, some
another ;

another; a pen, chalks, washes of all colours; heightened with white, wet or dry, or not heightened. All the masters have had the first kind of variety, though some more than others, there are few finished works of Titiano, Bassano, Tintoretto, Baccio Bandinelli, Correggio, Annibale, Caracci, and others, I mean few in proportion to the number of drawings we have of them; which indeed may be said of them all, though of those I have named more particularly; but of Rubens, Giuseppino, Paolo Farinato, Primaticcio, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, many such are seen; Biaggio Bolognese rarely made any other. And of Parmeggiano, Battista Franco, Pierino del Vaga, Polidoro, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, and even of Rafaele himself, one frequently sees finished drawings. As for the latter kind of variety it is to be found chiefly in Rafaele, Polidoro, and Parmeggiano; whereas Michelangelo, Baccio Bandinelli, Biaggio Bolonese, Giulio Romano, Battista Franco, Paolo Farinato, Cangiagio, Passerotto, and the two Zuccaros kept generally to the same manner; and some of them are very remarkable for it.

There are instances (lastly) of some whose manners have been changed by some unlucky circumstances. Poor Annibale Caracci! he sunk at once, his great spirit was subdued by the barbarous usage of Cardinal Farnese, who for a work which will be one of the principal ornaments of Rome so long as the palace of that name remains, which cost that vast genius many years incessant study, and application, and which he had all possible reason to hope would have been rewarded in such a manner as to have made him easy the remainder of his life: for this work, that infamous ecclesiastic paid him as if he had been an ordinary mechanic. After this he lived not long, painted but little, and that in no degree equal to what he had done before.

*Why couldst thou not, O Annibale sustain
 Thy odious wrongs with generous disdain?
 Why sink beneath their weight that future times
 Might do thee right, and curse his purpled crimes?
 Unhappy man! how great thy vertues were!
 O that thou hadst had fortitude to bear
 The ills that fate allotted to thy share:
 Vain wish! for fate allotted to thy fall,
 Fate uncontroulable that governs all;
 Or fate, or what we Providence may call.
 Else other thoughts had fill'd thy lab'ring mind,
 Thoughts to the world, and to thyself more kind:
 Transcendent was thy art; no reason why
 Because 'twas unrewarded it must die:
 Injur'd thou wert; but why must Aunibale,
 Why he, and not the guilty prelate fall?*

Guido Reni from a prince-like affluence of fortune (the just reward of his angelic works) fell to a condition like that of a hired servant to one who supplied him with money for what he did at a fixed rate, and that by his being bewitched with a passion for gaming, whereby he lost vast sums of money, and even what he got in this, his state of servitude by day, he commonly lost at night; nor could he ever be cured of this cursed madness. Those of his works therefore, which he did in this unhappy part of his life, may easily be conceived to be in a different style from what he did before, which in some things, that is in the airs of his heads (in the gracious kind) had a delicacy in them peculiar to himself, and almost more than human. But I must not multiply instances. Parmeggiano is one that alone takes in all the several kinds of variation, one sees (in his drawings) all the several manners of handling; pen, red chalk, black chalk, washing, with, and without heightening;

heightening; on all coloured papers, and in all the degrees of goodness, from the lowest of the indifferent up to the sublime; I can produce evident proofs of this in so easy a gradation, that one cannot deny but that he that did this, might do that, and very probably did so; and thus one may ascend, and descend, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, whose foot was upon the earth, but its top reached to Heaven.

And this great man had his unlucky circumstance, he became mad after the philosopher's stone, and did but very little in Painting or drawing afterwards; judge what that was, and whether there was not an alteration of style, from what he had done before this devil possessed him. His creditors endeavoured to exorcise him, and did him some good, for he set himself to work again in his own way; but if a drawing I have of him of a Lucretia be that he made for his last picture, as it probably is (Vafari says that was the subject of it) it is an evident proof of his decay, it is good indeed, but it wants much of the delicacy which is commonly seen in his works, and so I always thought before I knew, or imagined it to be done in this his ebb of genius.

Thus it is evident, that to be good connoisseurs in judging of hands, we must extend our thoughts to all the parts of the lives, and to all the circumstances of the masters; to the various kinds, and degrees of goodness of their works, and not confine ourselves to one manner only, and a certain excellency found only in some things they have done, upon which some have formed their ideas of those extraordinary men, but very narrow, and imperfect ones.

Great care must be taken as to the genuineness of the works on which we form our ideas of the masters, for abundance of things are attributed to them, chiefly to those that are most famous which they never saw.

If two, or more considerable masters resemble each other, the most considerable usually fathers the works of them both: thus
Annibale

Annibale has the honour, or the disgrace of much of what was done by Lodovico, or Agostino Caracci; and many of our Carlo Maratti's are of Giuseppe Chiari, or some other of his scholars; a copy, or an imitation of a great man, or even the work of an obscure hand that has any similitude to his is presently of him. Nay pictures, or drawings are frequently christened (as they call it) arbitrarily, or ignorantly, as avarice, vanity, or caprice has directed. I believe there are few collections without instances of these mis-named works, some that I have seen are notorious for it. Nor do I pretend that my own has not some few on which I would not have the least dependance in forming an idea of the masters whose names they bear. They are as I found them, and may be rightly christened for ought I know; I leave the matter as doubtful, in hopes of future discoveries; but a name I know, or believe to be wrong I never suffer to remain, I either expunge it, and leave the work without any, or give it such as I am assured, or have probable arguments to believe is right.

It cannot be denied but that this is a considerable discouragement to one that is desirous to be a connoisseur, but there are certain pictures, and drawings of several of the masters, chiefly of the most considerable ones, that a beginner in the business of a connoisseur will find at his first setting out, and always meet within his way that will serve him as safe, and sufficient guides in this affair.

Such are those whose genuineness is abundantly established by history, tradition, and universal consent; as the works of Rafaele in the Vatican, and at Hampton-court; those of Correggio in the Cupolla at Parma; of Annibale Caracci in the gallery of Farnese at Rome: of Van Dyck in many families in England, and a great many more of these, and other masters all over Europe.

The descriptions of works in Vafari, Cinelli and other writers, or the prints extant of them prove abundance of pictures, and drawings to be genuine, supposing them not to be copies; which their excellency

lency may be as certain a proof of to a good judge of that, and proportionably to one that is less advanced in that branch of science.

The general consent of connoisseurs is what I believe will be allowed to be sufficient to constitute a picture, or a drawing to be a guide in this case.

Many masters have something so remarkable, and peculiar that their manner in general is soon known, and the best in these kinds sufficiently appear to be genuine so that a young connoisseur can be in no doubt concerning them.

Now though some masters differ exceedingly from themselves, yet in all there is something of the same man ; as in all the stages of our lives there is a general resemblance ; something of the same traits are seen in our old faces as we had in our youth ; when we have fixed a few of the works of the masters as genuine, these will direct us in the discovery of others, with greater or less degrees of probability as the similitude betwixt them, and those already allowed to be genuine happens to be.

An idea of the most considerable masters who have had a great variety in them may be soon gotten as to their most common manner, and general character, which by seeing pictures, and drawings, with care, and observation will be improved, and enlarged perpetually.

And there are some masters who when you have seen two or three of their works will be known again easily, having had but very little variety in the manners, or something so peculiar throughout as to discover them immediately.

As for obscure masters, or those whose works are little known it is impossible to have any just idea of them, and consequently to know to whom to attribute a work of their hands when we happen to meet with them.

When we are at a loss, and know not to what hand to attribute a picture, or drawing it is of use to consider of what age, and what school it probably

probably is ; this will reduce the enquiry into a narrow compass, and oftentimes lead us to the master we are seeking for. So that besides the history of the particular masters, which (as has been seen already) is necessary to be known by every one that would be connoisseurs in hands ; the general one of the art, and the characters of the several schools is so too. Of the first I have occasionally given some few touches throughout this, and my former book ; of the other I shall make light sketches in the second part of this, referring you for the whole to the accounts at large in the authors who have professedly treated on those subjects.

He that would be a good connoisseur in hands must know how to distinguish clearly, and readily, not only betwixt one thing, and another, but when two different things nearly resemble, for this he will very often have occasion to do, as it is easy to observe by what has been said already. But I shall have a further occasion to enlarge on this particular.

Lastly, To attain that branch of science of which I have been treating a particular application to that very thing is requisite. A man may be a good painter, and a good connoisseur as to the merit of a picture, or drawing, and may have seen all the fine ones in the world, and not know any thing of this matter ; it is a thing entirely distinct from all these qualifications, and requires a turn of thought accordingly.

Of ORIGINALS and COPIES.

ALL that is done in picture is done by invention ; or from the life ; or from another picture ; or lastly it is a composition of one, or more of these.

The

The term picture I here understand at large as signifying a painting, drawing, graving, &c.

Perhaps nothing that is done is properly, and strictly invention, but derived from something already seen, though sometimes compounded, and jumbled into forms which nature never produced: these images laid up in our minds are the patterns by which we work when we do what is said to be done by invention; just as when we follow nature before our eyes, the only difference being that in the latter case these ideas are fresh taken in, and immediately made use of, in the other they have been repositied there, and are less clear, and lively.

So that is said to be done by the life which is done the thing intended to be represented being set before us, though we neither follow it intirely, nor intend so to do, but add or retrench by the help of preconceived ideas of a beauty, and perfection we imagine nature is capable of, though it is rarely, or never found.

We say a picture is done by the life as well when the object represented is a thing inanimate, as when it is an animal; and the work of art, as well as nature: but then for distinction the term still-life is made use of as occasion requires.

A copy is the repetition of a work already done when the artist endeavours to follow that; as he that works by invention, or the life endeavouring to copy nature, seen, or conceived makes an original.

Thus not only that is an original Painting that is done by invention, or the life immediately; but that is so too which is done by a drawing or sketch so done; that drawing, or sketch not being ultimately intended to be followed but used only as a help towards the better imitation of nature, whether present, or absent.

And though this drawing, or sketch is thus used by another hand than that by which it is made, what is so done cannot be said to be

a copy : the thought indeed is partly borrowed, but the work is original.

For the same reason if a picture be made after another, and afterwards gone over by invention, or the life, not following that, but endeavouring to improve upon it, it thus becomes an original.

But if a picture, or drawing be copied, and the manner of handling be imitated, though with some liberty so as not to follow every stroke, and touch it ceases not to be a copy ; as that is truly a translation where the sense is kept though it be not exactly literal.

If a larger picture be copied though in little, and what was done in oil is imitated with water colours, or crayons, that first picture being only endeavoured to be followed as close as possible with those materials, and in those dimensions, this is as truly a copy as if it were done as large, and in the same manner as the original.

There are some pictures, and drawings which are neither copies, nor originals, as being partly one and partly the other. If in a history, or large composition, or even a single figure, a face, or more is inserted, copied from what has been done from the life, such picture is not intirely original. Neither is that so, nor intirely copy where the whole thought is taken, but the manner of the copier used as to the colouring and handling. A copy retouched in some places by invention, or the life is of this equivocal kind. I have several drawings first copied after old masters (Giulio Romano for example,) and then heightened, and endeavoured to be improved by Rubens ; so far as his hand has gone is therefore original, the rest remains pure copy. But when he has thus wrought upon original drawings (of which I have also many instances,) the drawing looses not its first denomination, it is an original still, made by two several masters.

The ideas of better, and worse are generally attached to the terms original, and copy ; and that with good reason ; not only because copies are usually made by inferior hands ; but because
 though

though he that makes the copy is as good, or even a better master than he that made the original whatever may happen rarely, and by accident, ordinarily the copy will fall short: our hands cannot reach what our minds have conceived; it is God alone whose works answer to his ideas. In making an original our ideas are taken from nature; which the works of art cannot equal: when we copy it is these defective works of art we take our ideas from; those are the utmost we endeavour to arrive at; and these lower ideas too our hands fail of executing perfectly; an original is the echo of the voice of nature, a copy is the echo of that echo. Moreover, though the master that copies be equal in general to him whose work he follows, yet in the particular manner of that master he is to imitate he may not: Van Dyck (for example) might have as fine a pencil as Correggio; Parmeggiano might handle a pen, or chalk as well as Rafaele; but Van Dyck was not so excellent in the manner of Correggio, nor Parmeggiano in that of Rafaele as they themselves were: lastly, in making an original we have a vast latitude as to the handling, colouring, drawing, expression, &c. in copying we are confined; consequently a copy cannot have the freedom, and spirit of an original; so that though he that made the original copies his own work it cannot be expected it should be as well.

But though it be generally true that a copy is inferior to an original, it may so happen that it may be better; as when the copy is done by a much better hand; an excellent master can no more sink down to the badness of some works than the author of such can rise to the other's excellence. A copy of a very good picture is preferable to an indifferent original; for there the invention is seen almost intire, and a great deal of the expression, and disposition, and many times good hints of the colouring, drawing, and other qualities. An indifferent original has nothing that is excellent, nothing that touches, which such a copy I am speaking of has, and that in proportion to its goodness as a copy.

When we consider a picture or a drawing, and the question is whether it is a copy, or an original, the state of that question will be.

I. In those very terms.

II. Is this of such a hand, or after him?

III. Is such a work, seen to be of such a master, originally of him, or a copy after some other?

Lastly, Is it done by this master from the life, or invention? or copied after some other picture of his own?

In the first of these cases neither the hand, nor the idea is known; in the second the idea is supposed to be so, but not the hand; in the third the hand is known, but not the idea, and in the last both the hand, and the idea is known, but not whether it is original, or copy.

There are certain arguments made use of in determining upon one, or more of these questions which are to be rejected; if there are two pictures of the same subject, the same number of figures, the same attitudes, colours, &c. it will by no means follow that one is a copy; for the masters have frequently repeated their works either to please themselves, or other people, who seeing, and liking one have desired another like it. Some have fancied the great masters made no finished drawings, as not having time, or patience sufficient, and therefore pronounce all such to be copies; I will not oppose this false reasoning by something in the same way, though I might; (I hate arguments ad hominem, because if I dispute it is not for victory but truth) but let the drawing have the other good properties of an original those will be arguments in it's favour which the finishing cannot overthrow, or so much as weaken. Nor will the numbers of drawings which we have here in England, which are attributed to *Rafaelle*, or any other master be any argument not only against the originality of any one of them in particular (for that for certain it cannot be) no, nor even that some of them must be

be copies. That these great men made vast numbers of drawings is certain, and oftentimes many for the same work; and that they are hardly to be found in Italy is nothing to the purpose; the riches of England, Holland, France, and other countries of Europe may well be supposed to have drawn away by much the greatest number of what curiosities could be had. But I have no inclination to dwell upon such a poor, and low way of arguing, and so unworthy of a connoisseur; let us judge from the things themselves, and what we see, and know, and thus only.

I. There are some pictures, and drawings which are seen to be originals, though the hand, and manner of thinking are neither of them known, and that by the spirit, and freedom of them: which sometimes appears to such a degree as to assure us it is impossible they should be copies. But we cannot say on the contrary when we see a tame, heavy handling that it is not original merely upon that account, because there have been many bad originals, and some good masters have fallen into a feebleness of hand, especially in their old age.

Sometimes there appears such a nature, together with so much liberty that this is a further evidence of the originality of such works.

There is another, and a more masterly way of judging, and that is by comparing the unknown hand, and manner of thinking one with another. The invention, and disposition of the parts in a copy, and some of the expression always remains, and are the same as in the original; let these be compared with the airs of the heads, the grace, and greatness, the drawing, and handling; if these be all of a piece, and such as we can believe all may be the work of the same person it is probable it is an original, at least we cannot pronounce it to be otherwise. But if we see a wise, and ingenious invention, a judicious disposition, but want of harmony, graceful, and noble actions but ill performed, silly airs of heads, bad drawing,

drawing, a low taste of colouring, and a timorous, or heavy hand, this we may be assured is a copy in a degree proportionable to the difference we see in the head, and hand that contributed to the production of this linsley-woolsey performance.

II. To know whether a picture or drawing be of the hand of such a master, or after him one must be so well acquainted with the hand of that master, as to be able to distinguish what is genuine, from what is not so; the best counterfeiter of hands cannot do it so well as to deceive a good connoisseur; the handling, the colouring, the drawing the airs of heads, some, nay all of these discover the author; more, or less easily however, as the manner of the master happens to be; what is highly finished (for example) is more easily imitated than what is loose, and free.

It is impossible for any one to transform himself immediately, and become exactly another man; a hand that has been always moving in a certain manner cannot at once, or by a few occasional essays get into a different kind of motion, and be as perfect as he that practises it continually: It is the same in colouring, and drawing; they are as impossible to be counterfeited as the handling: every man will naturally, and unavoidably mix something of himself in all he does, if he copies with any degree of liberty: if he attempts to follow his original servilely, and exactly, that cannot but have a stiffness which will easily distinguish what is so done, from what is performed naturally, easily, and without restraint.

I have perhaps one of the greatest curiosities of this kind that can be seen, because I have both the copy, and the original; both are of great masters, the copier was moreover the disciple of him he endeavoured to imitate, and had accustomed himself to do so, for I have several instances of it, which I am very certain of though I have not seen the originals. Michelangelo made that I am now speaking of, and which I joyfully purchased lately of one that had just brought it from abroad; it is a drawing with a pen upon

upon a large half sheet, and consists of three standing figures : the copy is of Battista Franco, and which I have had several years, and always judged it to be what I now find it is. It is an amazing thing to see how exactly the measures are followed, for it does not appear to have been done by any other help than the correctness of the eye, if it has been traced off, or measured throughout, it is as strange that the liberty should be preserved that is seen in it; Battista has also been exact in following every stroke, even what is purely accidental, and without any meaning; so that one would think he endeavoured to make as just a copy as possible, both as to the freedom, and exactness. But himself is seen throughout most apparently : as great a master as he was, he could no more counterfeit the vigorous, blunt pen of Michelangelo, and that terrible fire that is always seen in him, than he could have managed the club of Hercules.

I am well aware of the objection that will be made to what I am saying, founded upon the instances of copies that have deceived very good painters, who have judged them to be of the hands they were only counterfeits of, and even when these hands have been their own ; to which I answer,

1. A man may be a very good painter, and not a good connoisseur in this particular. To know, and distinguish hands, and to be able to make a good picture are very different qualifications, and require a very different turn of thought, and both a particular application.

2. It is probable those that have been thus mistaken, have been too precipitate in giving their judgments ; and not having any doubt upon the matter, have pronounced without much examination.

Lastly, admitting it to be true that there have been instances of copies of this kind not possible to be detected by the ablest connoisseurs (which however I do not believe) yet this must needs happen so very rarely, that the general rule will however subsist.

III. The

III. The next question to be spoken to is, whether a work seen to be of such a master is originally of him, or a copy after some other.

And here the first enquiry will be, whether as we see the hand of such master in the picture, or drawing before us, his idea is also in it: and if it be judged the thought is not originally of him, we must further enquire whether he who did the work under consideration endeavoured to follow that other master as well as he could, so as to make what he did properly a copy; or took such a liberty as that his work thereby becomes an original.

This mixture, the hand of one, and the idea of another is very frequently seen in the works of some of the greatest masters.—Rafaelle has much of the antique in his, not only imitations, but copies. Parmeggiano, and Battista Franco drew after Rafaelle, and Michelangelo; and the latter made abundance of drawings from the antique, having had an intention to etch a book of that kind. Rubens drew very much from other masters, especially from Rafaelle; almost all that Biaggio Bolonese did was borrowed from Rafaelle, or Parmeggiano, or imitations of their way of thinking. But this mixture is rarely, or never seen in Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Correggio, and others: Giulio Romano, and much more Polydore had so imbibed the taste of the ancients as to think much in their way, though easily to be distinguished however. It would be too tedious to be more particular; those who acquaint themselves thoroughly with the works of these great men, will furnish themselves with observations of this kind sufficient for their purpose: and this, he that would judge in the present case must do; for it is obvious the only way to know whether the idea, and the hand are of the same master, is by being a good connoisseur with relation to the hands, and ideas of the masters. And then to know whether the work ought to be considered as an original, or not; he must clearly conceive

ceive what are the just definitions of a copy, and an original, as distinguished from each other.

IV. Copies made by a master after his own work are discoverable, by being well acquainted with what that master did when he followed nature; these shall have a spirit, a freedom, a naturalness, which even he cannot put into what he copies from his own work, as has been noted already.

As for prints, though what I have been saying not only in the present, but precedent chapters is for the most part applicable to them, as well as to pictures, and drawings (which I have all along had almost wholly in my mind) yet there being something peculiar to these I have chosen to reserve what I had to say concerning them in particular to this place.

Prints, whether graved in metal, or wood, etched or mezzotinto, are a sort of works done in such a manner as is not so proper as that whereby Paintings or drawings are performed, it not being possible by it to make any thing so excellent as in the others. But this way of working is chosen upon other accounts, such as that thereby great numbers are produced instead of one, so that the thing comes into many hands; and that at an easy price.

Of prints there are two kinds: such as are done by the masters themselves, whose invention the work is; and such as are done by men not pretending to invent, but only to copy (in their way) other men's works.

The latter sort of prints are always professed copies with respect to the invention, composition, manner of designing, grace, and greatness. But these prints may be also copied as they frequently are, and to know what are so, and what are originals is, by being well acquainted with the hands of the graver, or etcher, who in this respect are the masters, as the painter from whom they copied were to them.

The former fort may again be subdivided into three kinds. 1. Those they have done after a Painting of their own. 2. Those done after a drawing also done by themselves; or lastly, what is designed upon the plate which has been sometimes done especially in etching. The first of these are copies after their own works; and so may the second, or they may not, according as the drawing they have made previously to it happens to be: but both are so but in part; what is thus done being a different way of working. But if it be designed on the plate it is a kind of drawing (as the others are) though in a manner different from the rest, but it is purely, and properly original.

And the hands of the masters are to be known in this way as in all others, and so what are genuine, and what are copies, and how far.

The excellence of a print, as of a drawing, consists not particularly in the handling; this is but one, and even one of the least considerable parts of it: it is the invention, the grace, and greatness, and those principal things that in the first place are to be regarded. There is better graving, a finer burin in many worthless prints than in those of Marc Antonio, but those of him that come after Raffaele are generally more esteemed than even those which are graved by the masters themselves; though the expression, the grace, and greatness, and other properties wherein that inimitable man so much excelled all mankind, appear to be but faintly marked if compared with what Raffaele himself has done; yet even that shadow of him has beauties that touch the soul beyond what the best original works of most of the other masters, though very considerable ones, can do: and this must be said too, that though Marc Antonio's gravings come far short of what Raffaele himself did, all others that have made prints after Raffaele come vastly short of him, because he has better imitated what is most excellent in that beloved, wonderful man than any other has done.

The

The prints etched by the masters themselves; such as those of Parmeggiano, Annibale Caracci, and Guido Reni (who are the chief of those of whom we have works of this kind) are considerable upon the same account; not for the handling, but the spirit, the expression, the drawing, and other the most excellent properties of a picture, or drawing; though by the nature of the work, they are not equal to what they have done in those ways of working.

And it is further to be observed, that as prints cannot be so good as drawings they abate in the goodness they have by the wearing of the plates; they thus become to have less beauty, less spirit, the expression is fainter, the airs of the heads are lost, and the whole is the worse in proportion as the plate is worn: unless it be too hard at first, and then those prints are the better that are taken after that hardness is worn off.

It were much to be wished that all who have applied themselves to the copying of other men's works by prints (of what kind soever) had more studied to become masters in those branches of science which are necessary to a painter (except what are peculiar to them as such) than they have generally done; their works would then have been much more desirable than they are. Some few indeed have done this, and their prints are esteemed accordingly.

To conclude; it must be observed, to the advantage of prints as compared with drawings; though they are by no means equal to them upon other accounts (as has been already noted) they are usually done from the finished works of the masters, and so are their last, their utmost thoughts on the subject, whatever it be. So much for prints.

There is one qualification absolutely necessary to him that would know hands, and distinguish copies from originals; as it also is so whosoever would judge well of the goodness of a picture, or drawing; or indeed of any thing else whatsoever, and with which therefore I will finish this discourse; and that is, he must know how,

and accustom himself to take in, retain, and manage clear, and distinct ideas.

To be able to distinguish betwixt two things of a different species (especially if those are very much unlike) is what the most stupid creature is capable of, as to say this is an oak, and that a willow; but to come into a forest of a thousand oaks, and to know how to distinguish any one leaf of all those trees from any other whatsoever, and to form so clear an idea of that one, and to retain it so clear as (if occasion be) to know it so long as its characteristics remain, requires better faculties than every one is master of; and yet this may certainly be done. To see the difference between a fine metaphysical notion, and a dull jest; or between a demonstration, and an argument but just probable, these are things which he that cannot do is rather a brute, than a rational creature; but to discern wherein the difference consists when two notions very nearly resemble each other, but are not the same; or to see the just weight of an argument, and that through all its artificial disguises; to do this it is necessary to conceive, distinguish, methodize, and compare ideas in a manner that few of all those multitudes that pretend to reasoning have accustomed themselves to. But thus to see, thus nicely to distinguish things nearly resembling one another, whether visible, or immaterial, is the business of a connoisseur. It is for want of this distinguishing faculty, that some whom I have known, and from whom one might reasonably have expected better, have blundered as grossly as if they had mistaken a Correggio for a Rembrandt; or (to speak more intelligibly to those who are not well acquainted with these things) an apple for an oyster: but lesser mistakes have been made perpetually when the difference between the two manners, that which we saw before us, and that which it was judged to be, whether as to the master's way of thinking, or of executing his thoughts, was nevertheless very easily discernable.

It

It is as necessary to a connoisseur as to a philosopher, or divine to be a good logician; the same faculties are employed, and in the same manner, the difference is only in the subject.

1. He must never undertake to make any judgment without having in his mind certain, determined ideas, he must not think, or talk at random, and when he is not clear in the thing; as those gentlemen Mr. Lock speaks of somewhere who were disputing warmly upon a certain liquor in the body, and might probably never have come to any conclusion if he had not put them upon settling the meaning of that term liquor; they talked all the while in the clouds.

2. A good connoisseur will take care not to confound things in which there is a real difference because of the resemblance they may seem to have. This he has perpetual occasion to be upon his guard against, for many times the hands, and manners of different masters very near resemble each other: mistakes of this kind are very common in other cases.

That there are indifferent actions, that is, such as are neither commanded, nor forbidden passes currently with almost every body; this is imagined to be a sort of waste ground between the frontiers of the two empires of God, and the devil; but it is no other than imaginary: for though there are many actions of which no revealed, or positive law has taken any notice, there are none which fall not under the cognizance of the moral law, the law of nature; and there is a wide difference between being left free by one of these, and both of them.

So it will be thought it was indifferent whether (for example) I had taken up the pen I have in my hand, or that which lay by it, as good as this for ought I know: and it was indifferent as to the principal consideration concerning it, because I knew not which of the two was the best; but other circumstances, as they determined my
choice

choice of this rather than that, destroyed that seeming indifference ; this was what my eye first struck upon, was readiest to my hand, &c. If there are a thousand circumstances relating to two things, and they agree exactly in all but one of them ; this gives us two as distinct ideas as of any two things in the universe. And if we carefully observe it we shall find some such distinguishing circumstances in every action we do, which determines us to the doing of that rather than some other, how indifferent soever it may seem to be which of them we do.

There is the same difference between the demonstration Mr. Lock* gives us (as such) of the being of a God, and a real demonstration, as between a copy, and an original ; or between the hand of Michelangelo, and that of Baccio Bandinelli ; that is, it resembles such a one, but is not it : it is not an absolute demonstration, as we had reason to expect, it is only hypothetical. I remember I was much surpris'd when I found this after the great expectation he had rais'd in me : I gave it my son (who was then about twelve or thirteen years old)—My dear, read this, and give me your opinion of it—he came to me again in a quarter of an hour, and said ; supposing the world to have been created in time this is a demonstration, otherwise it is not : and he judg'd right. Mr. Lock should first of all have demonstrat'd that great point of the birth of the world, till that was done he was in the case of Archimedes, he wanted ground to plant his engine upon.

3. A good connoisseur will take care not to make a difference where there is none, and so attribute those works to two several masters which were both done by the same hand, or call that a copy which is truly an original. Errors of this kind are common in other sciences as well as in this.

4. Con-

* Essay of Human Understanding, book 4. chap. 10.

4. Connoisseurs having fixed their ideas should keep close to them, and not flutter about in confusion from one to another, and should assent according to the evidence they have.

Every one will readily agree that our assent, and dissent should be proportionable to the appearance the evidence has to us; this being certainly the idea of evidence.

A
D I S C O U R S E

O N T H E

Dignity, Certainty, Pleasure, and Advantage

O F

The SCIENCE of a CONNOISSEUR.

IT is remarkable that in a country as ours, rich, and abounding with gentlemen of a just, and delicate taste in music, poetry, and all kinds of literature: such fine writers! such solid reasoners! such able statesmen! gallant soldiers! excellent divines, lawyers, physicians, mathematicians, and mechanicks! and yet so few! so very few lovers, and connoisseurs in Painting!

In most of these particulars there is no nation under Heaven which we do not excel; in some of the principal most of them are barbarous compared with us; since the best times of the ancient Greeks and Romans when this art was in its greatest esteem, and perfection, such a national magnanimity as seems to be the characteristic of our nation has been lost in the world; and yet the love, and knowledge of Painting, and what has relation to it bears no proportion to what is to be found not only in Italy, where they are all lovers, and almost all connoisseurs, but in France, Holland, and Flanders.

Every

Every event in the natural, and moral world has its causes, which are caused by other causes, and so on up to the first cause, the immutable, and unerring will, without which not so inconsiderable an accident (as it will be called) as the falling of a sparrow, or the change of the colour of a single hair can happen; so that there is nothing strange: what is commonly the subject of admiration is so for no other reason but that we do not see its causes, nor remember it must needs have had such, and which must as infallibly operate in that manner as those we see, and which are most ordinary, and familiar to us. We are apt to wonder (for example) that such a man got such an estate, or that another had so little, whereas did we see all the causes we should see it could not have been otherwise: there goes a great many of these to the producing such an event, I mean those that may be said to stand in front, and not in depth, those that are concomitant, such as the man's opportunities, humour, a certain mixture of abilities; he may be well qualified in some respects, deficient in others, and abundance of other circumstances always operating at the same instant, I say I mean these, and not their causes, and the causes of those causes, and so on: and these being known, and weighed, the wonder ceases; it must needs have happened thus: the Mercury in the tube will rise and fall just as the composition of the atmosphere happens to be. That so few here in England have considered that to be a good connoisseur is fit to be part of the education of a gentleman, that there are so few lovers of Painting; not merely for furniture, or for ostentation, or as it represents their friends, or themselves; but as it is an art capable of entertaining, and adorning their minds as much as, nay perhaps more than any other whatsoever; this event also has its causes, to remove which, and consequently their effects, and to procure the contrary good is what I am about to endeavour, and hope in some measure to accomplish.

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Nor

Nor is this a trivial undertaking ; I have already been giving the principles of it, and here I recommend a New Science to the world, or one at least little known, or considered as such : so new, or so little known that it is yet without a name ; it may have one in time, till then I must be excused when I call it as I do, the Science of a Connoisseur for want of a better way of expressing myself : I open to gentlemen a new scene of pleasure, a new innocent amusement : and an accomplishment which they have yet scarce heard of, but no less worthy of their attention than most of those they have been accustomed to acquire. I offer to my country a scheme by which its reputation, riches, virtue, and power may be increased. And this I will do (by the help of God) not as an orator, or as an advocate, but as a strict reasoner, and so as I am verily persuaded will be to the conviction of every one that will impartially attend to the argument, and not be prejudiced by the novelty of it, or their own former sentiments.

My present business then in short is to endeavour to persuade our nobility, and gentry to become lovers of Painting, and connoisseurs ; which I crave leave to do (with all humility) by shewing the dignity, certainty, pleasure, and advantages of that science.

One of the principal causes of the general neglect of the science I am treating of I take to be, that very few gentlemen have a just idea of Painting ; it is commonly taken to be an art whereby nature is to be represented, a fine piece of workmanship, and difficult to be performed, but produces only pleasant ornaments, mere superfluities.

This being all they expect from it no wonder they look no farther ; and not having applied themselves to things of this nature, overlook beauties which they do not hope to find ; so that many an excellent picture is passed over, and disregarded, and an indifferent or a bad one admired, and that upon low, and even trivial considerations ; from whence arises naturally an indifference, if not a contempt for the
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the art, at best a degree of esteem not very considerable: especially since there are (comparatively) so few pictures in which is to be found nature represented, or beauty, or even fine workmanship.

Though I have already in the entrance of my Theory of Painting, and indeed throughout all I have published endeavoured to give the world a just idea of the art, I will in this place more particularly attempt it, as being very pertinent to my present design; and perhaps it may be some advantage (as we find it is to pictures,) to place it in several lights.

Painting is indeed a difficult art, productive of curious pieces of workmanship, and greatly ornamental; and its business is to represent nature. Thus far the common idea is just; only that it is more difficult, more curious, and more beautiful than is commonly imagined.

It is an entertaining thing to the mind of man to see a fine piece of art in any kind; and every one is apt to take a sort of pride in it as being done by one of his own species, to whom with respect to the universe he stands related as to one of the same country, or the same family. Painting afford us a great variety of this kind of pleasure in the delicate, or bold management of the pencil; in the mixture of its colours, in the skilful contrivance of the several parts of the picture, and infinite variety of the tints, so as to produce beauty, and harmony. This alone gives great pleasure to those who have learned to see these things. To see nature justly represented is very delightful, (supposing the subject is well chosen) it gives us pleasing ideas, and perpetuates, and renews them; whether by their novelty, or variety; or by the consideration of our own ease, and safety, when we see what is terrible in themselves as storms, and tempests, battles, murders, robberies, &c. or else when the subject is fruit, flowers, landscapes, buildings, histories, and above all ourselves, relations, or friends.

Thus far the common idea of Painting goes, and this would be enough if these beauties were seen, and considered as they are to be found in the works of the best masters (whether in Paintings, or drawings) to recommend the art. But this is such an idea of it as it would be of a man to say he has a graceful, and noble form, and performs many bodily actions with great strength, and agility, without taking his speech, and his reason into the account.

The great, and chief ends of Painting are to raise, and improve nature; and to communicate ideas; not only those which we may receive otherwise, but such as without this art could not possibly be communicated; whereby mankind is advanced higher in the rational state, and made better; and that in a way, easy, expeditious, and delightful.

The business of Painting is not only to represent nature, but to make the best choice of it; nay to raise, and improve it from what is commonly, or even rarely seen, to what never was, or will be in fact, though we may easily conceive it might be. As in a good portrait, from whence we conceive a better opinion of the beauty, goodness, breeding, and other good qualities of the person than from seeing themselves, and yet without being able to say in what particular it is unlike: for nature must be ever in view;

*Unerring nature still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light:
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art:
That art is best which most resembles her,
Which still presides, yet never does appear.*

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I believe there never was such a race of men upon the face of the earth, never did men look, and act like those we see represented in the

the works of Rafaele, Michelangelo, Correggio, Parmeggiano, and others of the best masters, yet nature appears throughout; we rarely, or never see such landscapes as those of Titian, Annibale Caracci, Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorrain, Rubens, &c. Such buildings and magnificence as in the pictures of Paolo Veronese, &c. but yet there is nothing but what it may easily be conceived may be. Our ideas even of fruits, flowers, insects, draperies, and indeed of all visible things, and of some that are invisible, or creatures of the imagination are raised, and improved in the hands of a good painter; and the mind is thereby filled with the noblest, and therefore the most delightful images. The description of one in an advertisement of a news-paper is nature, so is a character by my Lord Clarendon, but it is nature very differently managed.

I own there are beauties in nature which we cannot reach; chiefly in colours, together with a certain spirit; vivacity, and lightness; motion alone is a vast advantage; it occasions a great degree of beauty purely from that variety it gives; so that what I have said elsewhere is true, it is impossible to reach nature by art; but this is not inconsistent with what I have been saying just now; both are true in different senses. We cannot reach what we set before us, and attempt to imitate, but we can carry our ideas so far beyond what we have seen, that though we fall short of executing them with our hands, what we do will nevertheless excel common nature, especially in some particulars, and those very considerable ones.

When I say nature is to be raised, and improved by Painting, it must be understood that the actions of men must be represented better than probably they really were, as well as that their persons must appear to be nobler, and more beautiful than is ordinarily seen. In treating a history, a painter has other rules to go by than a historian, whereby he is as much obliged to embellish his subject, as the other is to relate it justly.

Not

Not only such ideas are conveyed to us by the help of this art as merely give us pleasure, but such as enlighten the understanding, and put the soul in motion. From hence are learned the forms, and properties of things, and persons, we are thus informed of past events; by this means joy, grief, hope, fear, love, aversion, and the other passions, and affections of the soul are excited, and above all, we are not only thus instructed in what we are to believe, and practise; but our devotion is enflamed, and whatever may have happened to the contrary, it may thus also be rectified.

Painting is another sort of writing, and is subservient to the same ends as that of her younger sister; that by characters can communicate some ideas which the hieroglyphic kind cannot, as this in other respects supplies its defects.

And the ideas thus conveyed to us have this advantage, they come not by a slow progression of words, or in a language peculiar to one nation only; but with such a velocity, and in a manner so universally understood, that it is something like intuition, or inspiration; as the art by which it is affected resembles creation; things so considerable, and of so great a price, being produced out of materials so inconsiderable, of a value next to nothing.

What a tedious thing would it be to describe by words the view of a country (that from Greenwich hill for instance) and how imperfect an idea must we receive from hence! Painting shews the thing immediately, and exactly. No words can give you an idea of the face, and person of one you have never seen; Painting does it effectually; with the addition of so much of his character as can be known from thence; and moreover in an instant recalls to your memory, at least the most considerable particulars of what you have heard concerning him, or occasions that to be told which you have never heard. Agostino Caracci* discoursing one day of the excellency

* Bellori in the life of Annibale Caracci.

cellency of the ancient sculpture, was profuse in his praises of the Laocoon, and observing his brother Annibale neither spoke, nor seemed to take any notice of what he said, reproached him as not enough esteeming so stupendous a work: he then went on describing every particular in that noble remain of antiquity. Annibale turned himself to the wall, and with a piece of charcoal drew the statue as exactly as if it had been before him: the rest of the company were surpris'd, and Agostino was silenced; confessing his brother had taken a more effectual way to demonstrate the beauties of that wonderful piece of sculpture: *li Poeti dipingono con le Parole, li Pittori parlano con l'Opere*, said Annibale.

When Marius being driven from Rome by Sylla, was prisoner at Minturnæ, and a soldier was sent to murder him, upon his coming into the room with his sword drawn for that purpose, Marius said aloud, "Darest thou, man, kill Caius Marius?" which so terrified the ruffian, that he retired without being able to effect what he came about. This story, and all that Plutarch has written concerning him, gives me not a greater idea of him, than one glance of the eye upon his statue that I have seen; it is in the noble collection of antiques at my Lord Lemster's seat at Towcester, in Northamptonshire. The Odysses cannot give me a greater idea of Ulysses than a drawing I have of Polydore, where he is discovering himself to Penelope, and Telemachus, by bending the bow. And I conceive as highly of St. Paul, by once walking through the gallery of Rafaele at Hampton-court, as by reading the whole book of the Acts of the Apostles, though written by Divine Inspiration. So that not only Painting furnishes us with ideas, but it carries that matter farther than any other way whatsoever.

The business of history is a plain, and just relation of facts; it is to be an exact picture of human nature.

Poetry

Poetry is not thus confined, but provided natural truth is at the bottom nature must be heightened, and improved, and the imagination filled with finer images than the eye commonly sees, or in some cases ever can, whereby the passions are more strongly touched, and with a greater degree of pleasure than by plain history.

When we painters are to be rallied upon account of the liberties we give to our inventions, Horace's *Pictoribus atque Poetis* never fails. We own the charge; but then the parallel must be understood to consist in such a departure from truth as is probable, and such as pleases and improves, but deceives no body.

The poets have peopled the air, earth, and waters with angels, flying boys, nymphs, and satyrs; they have imagined what is done in heaven, earth, and hell, as well as on this globe, and which could never be known historically; their very language, as well as their measures and rhymes, must be above what is in common use. The Opera has carried this matter still farther, but so far as that, being beyond probability, it touches not as tragedy does, it ceases to be poetry, and degenerates into mere shew, and sound; if the passions are affected it is from thence, though the words were not only heard distinctly, but understood. (By the way) let it be considered in this light, let the opera be considered as shew, and music, one of the instruments being a human voice, the common objection to its being in an unknown tongue falls to the ground.

As the poets, so the painters have stored our imaginations with beings, and actions that never were; they have given us the finest natural, and historical images, and that for the same end, to please, whilst they instruct, and make men better. I am not disposed to carry on the parallel, by descending to particulars, nor is it my present business: Mr. Dryden has done it, though it were to be wished he had been in less haste, and had understood Painting better when his fine pen was so employed.

Sculpture

Sculpture carries us yet farther than poetry, and gives us ideas that no words can: such forms of things, such airs of heads, such expressions of the passions that cannot be described by language.

It has been much disputed which is the most excellent of the two arts, Sculpture or Painting, and there is a story of its having been left to the determination of a blind man, who gave it in favour of the latter, being told that what by feeling seemed to him to be flat, appeared to the eye as round as its competitor. I am not satisfied with this way of deciding the controversy. For it is not the difficulty of an art that makes it preferable, but the ends proposed to be served by it, and the degree in which it does that, and then the less difficulty the better.

Now the great ends of both these arts are to give pleasure, and to convey ideas, and that of the two which best answers those ends is undoubtedly preferable; and that this is Painting is evident, since it gives us as great a degree of pleasure, and all the ideas that sculpture can, with the addition of others; and this not only by the help of her colours; but because she can express many things which brass, marble, or other materials of that art cannot, or are not so proper for. A statue indeed is seen all round, and this is one great advantage which it is pretended sculpture has, but without reason: if the figure is seen on every side, it is wrought on every side, it is then as so many several pictures, and a hundred views of a figure may be painted in the time that that figure is cut in marble, or cast in brass.

As the business of Painting is to raise, and improve nature, it answers to poetry (though upon occasion it can also be strictly historical) and as it serves to the other, more noble end, this hieroglyphic language completes what words, or writing began, and sculpture carried on, and thus perfects all that human nature is capable of in the communication of ideas till we arrive to a more angelical, and spiritual state in another world.

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I believe

I believe it will not be unacceptable to my readers, if I illustrate what I have been saying by examples, and the rather because they are very curious, and very little known.

Villani, in his Florentine History, lib. vii. cap. 120, 127. says, that anno 1288, there were great divisions in the city of Pisa upon account of the sovereignty; one of the parties was headed by the Judge Nino di Gallura de 'Visconti; the chief of another party was Count Ugolino de 'Gherardeschi; and the Archbishop Ruggieri, of the family of the Ubaldini, was at the head of the third party, in which were also the Lanfranchi, the Sigismondi, the Gualandi, and others; the two first of these parties were Guelfs, the other Ghibellines (factions that at that time, and for many years before, and after made dismal havock in Italy.) Count Ugolino, to get the power into his own hands, caballed secretly with the Archbishop to ruin the Judge, who never suspected that, he being a Guelf as the Count was, and moreover his near relation; however the thing was effected; the Judge, and his followers were driven out of Pisa, and thereupon went to the Florentines, and stirred them up to make war upon the Pisans: these in the mean time submitted themselves to the Count, who thus became Lord of Pisa. But the number of the Guelfs being diminished by the departure of the Judge, and his followers; and that faction growing daily weaker and weaker, the Archbishop laid hold of the opportunity, and betrayed him in his turn; he put it into the heads of the populace, that the Count intended to give up their castles to their enemies the Florentines, and Luccheses: this was easily swallowed; the mob suddenly rose, and ran with great fury to the palace, which they soon gained with little loss of blood; their new sovereign they clapt up in a prison, together with his two sons, and two grandsons; and drove all the rest of his family, and followers, and in general all the Guelfs out of the city. A few months after this, the Pisans being become deeply engaged in the intestine war

war of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and having chose Count Guido de Montifeltro for their general, the Pope excommunicated them, and him, and all his family; this incensed them the more against Count Ugolino, so that having seen the gates of the prison well secured, they flung the keys into the river Arno, to the end that none might relieve him, and his children with food; who therefore in a few days perished by famine. This farther circumstance of cruelty was exercised on the Count; he was denied either priest, or monk to confess him, though he begged it of his enemies with bitter cries.

The poet carries this story farther than the historian could, by relating what passed in the prison. This is Dante, who was a young man when this happened, and was ruined by the commotions of these times. He was a Florentine, which city, after having been long divided by the Guelf and Ghibelline faction, at last became intirely Guelf: but this party then split into two others, under the names of the Bianchi, and the Neri, the latter of which prevailing, plundered, and banished Dante; not because he was of the contrary party, but for being neuter, and a friend to his country.

*When virtue fails, and party-heats endure,
The post of honour is the least secure.*

This great man (in the thirty-third canto of the first part of his Comedia) in his passage through hell, introduces Count Ugolino gnawing the head of his treacherous, and cruel enemy the Archbishop, and telling his own sad story. At the appearance of Dante.

*La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto
Quel peccator, &c.*

He from the horrid food his mouth withdrew,
And wiping with the clotted, offal hair
His shudd'ring lips, raising his head thus spake,

You will compel me to renew my grief
Which ere I speak oppresses my sad heart ;
But if I infamy accumulate
On him whose head I gnaw, I'll not forbear
To speak tho' tears flow faster than my words.

I know not who you are, nor by what power,
Whether of fairs, or devils you hither came,
But by your speech you seem a Florentine ;
Know then that I Count Ugolino am,
Archbishop Ruggieri this, which known
That I by him betray'd was put to death
Is needless to relate, you must have heard ;
But what must be unknown to mortal men,
The cruel circumstances of my death,
These I will tell, which dreadful secret known
You will conceive how just is my revenge.

The ancient tower in which I was confin'd,
And which is now the tower of famine call'd,
Had in her sides some symptoms of decay,
Through these I saw the first approach of morn,
After a restless night, the first I slept
A prisoner in its walls ; unquiet dreams
Oppress'd my lab'ring brain. I saw this man
Hunting a wolf, and her four little whelps
Upon that ridge of mountains which divides
The Pisan lands from those which Lucca claims ;
With meagre, hungry dogs the chase was made,
Nor long continued, quick they seiz'd the prey,
And tore their bowels with remorseless teeth.

Soon

Soon as my broken slumbers fled, I heard
My fons (who also were confin'd with me)
Cry in their troubled sleep, and ask for bread:
O you are cruel if you do not weep
Thinking on that, which now you well perceive
My heart divin'd; if this provoke not tears,
At what are you accustomed to weep?

The hour was come when food should have been brought,
Instead of that, O God! I heard the noise
Of creaking locks, and bolts, with doubled force
Securing our destruction. I beheld
The faces of my fons with troubled eyes;
I look'd on them, but utter'd not a word:
Nor could I weep; they wept, Anselmo said
(My little, dear Anselmo) What's the matter
Father, why look you so? I wept not yet,
Nor spake a word that day, nor following night.

But when the light of the succeeding morn
Faintly appear'd, and I beheld my own
In the four faces of my wretched fons
I in my clinched fists fasten'd my teeth:
They judging 'twas for hunger, rose at once,
You, sir, have giv'n us being, you have cloath'd
Us with this miserable flesh, 'tis yours,
Sustain yourself with it, the grief to us
Is less to die, than thus to see your woes.
Thus spake my boys: I like a statue then
Was silent, still, and not to add to theirs
Doubled the weight of my own miseries:

This, and the following day in silence pass'd.
Why, cruel earth, didst thou not open then!

The fourth came on ; my Gaddo at my feet
 Cry'd, father, help me ! said no more but died :
 Another day two other sons expir'd ;
 The next left me alone in woe : their griefs
 Were ended. Blindness now had seiz'd my eyes,
 But no relief afforded ; I saw not
 My sons, but grop'd about with feeble hands
 Longing to touch their famish'd carcasses,
 Calling first one, then t'other by their names,
 'Till after two days more what grief could not
 That famine did. He said no more, but turn'd
 With baleful eyes distorted all in haste,
 And seiz'd again, and gnaw'd the mangled head.

The historian and poet, having done their parts, comes Michelangelo Buonarotti, and goes on in a bas-relief I have seen in the hands of Mr. Trench, a modest, ingenious painter, lately arrived from his long studies in Italy. He shews us the Count sitting with his four sons, one dead at his feet, over their heads is a figure representing Famine, and underneath is another to denote the river Arno, on whose banks this tragedy was acted. Michelangelo was the fittest man that ever lived to cut, or paint this story ; if I had wished to see it represented in sculpture, or Painting, I should have fixed upon this hand ; he was a Dante in his way, and he read him perpetually. I have already observed, and it is very true, there are certain ideas which cannot be communicated by words, but by sculpture, or Painting only ; it would be ridiculous then on this occasion, to undertake to describe this admirable bas-relief ; it is enough for my present purpose to say there are attitudes, and airs of heads so proper to the subject, that they carry the imagination beyond what the historian, or poet could possibly ; for the rest I must refer to the thing itself. It is true a genius equal to that of
 Michelangelo

Michelangelo may form to itself as strong, and proper expressions as these, but where is that genius! nor can even he communicate them to another, unless he has also a hand like that of Michelangelo, and will take that way of doing it.

And could we see the same story painted by the same great master it will be easily conceived that this must carry the matter still farther; there we might have had all the advantages of expression which the addition of colours would have given, and the colouring of Michelangelo was as proper to that, as his genius was to the story in general; these would have shewn us the pale, and livid flesh of the dead, and dying figures, the redness of eyes, and bluish lips of the Count, the darkness, and horror of the prison, and other circumstances, besides the habits (for in the bas-relief all the figures are naked as more proper for sculpture) these might be contrived so as to express the quality of the persons the more to excite our pity, as well as to enrich the picture by their variety.

Thus history begins, poetry raises higher, not by embellishing the story, but by additions purely poetical: sculpture goes yet farther, and Painting completes and perfects, and that only can; and here ends, this is the utmost limits of human power in the communication of ideas.

I have observed elsewhere, and will take leave to put my reader in mind of it once more. It is little to the honour of Painting, or of the masters of whom the stories are told that the birds have been cheated by a painted bunch of grapes; or men by a fly, or a curtain, and such like; these are little things in comparison of what we are to expect from the art. Whoever have fancied these kinds of things considerable have been wretched connoisseurs, how excellent soever they may have been in other respects. Raffaele would have disdained to have attempted such trifles, or would have blushed to have been praised for them; but Raffaele would have painted a god, a hero, an angel, a madonna; or he
would

would have related some noble history, or made a portrait in such a manner, as whoever saw it with genius, and attention, should treasure up in his mind an idea that should always give him pleasure, and be a wiser, and better man all his life after.

The business of Painting is to do almost all that discourse, and books can, and in many instances much more, as well as more speedily, and more delightfully; so that if history, if poetry, if philosophy, natural, or moral, if theology, if any of the liberal arts, and sciences are worthy the notice, and study of a gentleman, Painting is so too. To read the scripture I know will be allowed to be an employment worthy of a gentleman, because (amongst other reasons) from hence he learns his duty to God, his neighbour, and himself; he is put in mind of many great, and instructive events, and his passions are warmed, animated, and turned into a right channel; all these noble ends are answered, I will not say as effectually, but I will repeat it again and again they are answered when we look upon, and consider what the great masters have done when they have assumed the characters of divines, or moralists, or have in their way related any of the sacred stories. Is it an amusement, or an employment worthy of a gentleman to read Homer, Virgil, Milton, &c.? the works of the most excellent painters have the like beautiful descriptions, the like elevation of thought, and raise, and move the passions, instruct and improve the mind as these do. Is it worthy of a gentleman to employ, or divert himself by reading Thucydides, Livy, Clarendon, &c.? the works of the most excellent painters have the like beauty of narration, fill the mind with ideas of the like noble events, and inform, instruct and touch the soul alike. Is it worthy of a gentleman to read Horace, Terence, Shakespear, the Tatlers, and Spectators, &c.? the works of the most excellent painters do also thus give us an image of human life, and fill our minds with useful reflections, as well as diverting ideas; all these ends are answered,
and

and oftentimes to a greater degree than any other way. To consider a picture aright is to read, but in respect of the beauty with which the eye is all the while entertained, whether of colours, or figures, it is not only to read a book, and that finely printed, and well bound, but as if a concert of music were heard at the same time: you have at once an intellectual, and a sensual pleasure.

I plead for the art, not its abuses; it is a sublime passage that in Job; if when I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, this also was an iniquity to be punished by the judge, for I should have denied the God that is above. If when I see a madonna though painted by Rafaele I be enticed and drawn away to idolatry; or if the subject of a picture, though painted by Annibale Caracci pollutes my mind with impure images, and transforms me into a brute; or if any other, though never so excellent, rob me of my innocence, and virtue, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning if I am its advocate as it is instrumental to such detested purposes: but these abuses excepted (as what has not been? that is not abused?) the praise of Painting is a subject not unworthy of the tongue, or pen of the greatest orator, poet, historian, philosopher, or divine; any of which when he is considering the works of our great masters will not only find him to be one of themselves, but sometimes all these at once, and in an eminent degree. I know I speak with zeal, and an ardent passion for the art, but I am serious, and speak from conviction, and experience, and whoever considers impartially, and acquaints himself with such admirable works of painters as I have done, will find what I have said is solid, and unexaggerated truth.

The dignity of the science I am recommending will farther appear if it be considered, that if gentlemen were lovers of Painting, and connoisseurs, it would be of great advantage to the public, in

1. The reformation of our manners.
2. The improvement of our people.
3. The increase of our wealth, and with all these of our honour, and power.

Anatomists tell us there are several parts in the bodies of animals that serve to several purposes, any of which would justify the wisdom, and goodness of Providence in the making of them; but that they are equally useful, and necessary to all, and serve the end of each as effectually as if they were applied to one only: this is also true of Painting; it serves for ornament, and use; it pleases our eyes, and moreover informs our understandings, excites our passions, and instructs us how to manage them.

Things ornamental, and things useful are commonly distinguished, but the truth is ornaments are also of use, the distinction lies only in the ends to which they are subservient. The wise creator in the great fabrick of the world has abundantly provided for these, as well as for those that are called the necessaries of life: let us imagine ourselves always inhabiting between bare walls, wearing nothing but only to cover our bodies, and protect them from the inclemencies of the weather, no distinction of quality, or office, seeing nothing to delight, but merely what serves for the maintenance of our being; how savage, and uncomfortable must this be! ornaments raise, and exhilarate our spirits, and help to excite more useful sentiments than is commonly imagined; and if any have this effect, pictures (considered only as such) will, as being one of the principal of this kind.

But pictures are not merely ornamental, they are also instructive; and thus our houses are not only unlike the caves of wild beasts, or the huts of savages, but distinguished from those of Mahometans, which are adorned indeed, but with what affords no instruction to the mind: our walls like the trees of Dodona's grove speak to us, and teach us history, morality, divinity; excite in us joy, love,
pity,

pity, devotion, &c. if pictures have not this good effect, it is our own fault in not chusing well, or not applying ourselues to make a right use of them. But I have spoken of this sufficiently already, and will only take leave to add here, that if not only our houses, but our churches were adorned with proper histories, or allegories well painted, the people being now so well instructed as to be out of danger of superstitious abuses, their minds would be more sensibly affected than they can possibly be without this efficacious means of improvement, and edification. But this (as indeed every thing else advanced by me) I humbly submit to the judgment of my superiors.

If gentlemen were lovers of painting, and connoisseurs this would help to reform them, as their example, and influence would have the like effect upon the common people. All animated beings naturally covet pleasure, and eagerly pursue it as their chiefest good; the great affair is to chuse those that are worthy of rational beings, such as are not only innocent, but noble, and excellent: men of easy, and plentiful fortunes have commonly a great part of their time at their own disposal, and the want of knowing how to pass those hours away in virtuous amusements contributes perhaps as much to the mischievous effects of vice, as covetousness, pride, lust, love of wine, or any other passion whatsoever. If gentlemen therefore found pleasure in pictures, drawings, prints, statues, intaglios, and the like curious works of art; in discovering their beauties, and defects; in making proper observations thereupon; and in all the other parts of the business of a connoisseur, how many hours of leisure would here be profitably employed, instead of what is criminal, scandalous, and mischievous! I confess I cannot speak experimentally because I have not tried those; nor can any man pronounce upon the pleasures of another, but I know what I am recommending is so great a one, that I cannot conceive the other can be equal to it,

especially if the drawbacks of fear, remorse, shame, pain, &c. be taken into the account.

2. Our common people have been exceedingly improved within an age, or two, by being taught to read and write; they have also made great advances in mechanics, and in several other arts, and sciences; and our gentry, and clergy are more learned, and better reasoners than in times past; a farther improvement might yet be made, and particularly in the arts of design, if as children are taught other things they, together with these learnt to draw; they would not only be qualified to become better painters, carvers, gravers, and to attain the like arts immediately, and evidently depending on design, but they would thus become better mechanics of all kinds.

And if to learn to draw, and to understand pictures, and drawings were made a part of the education of a gentleman, as their example would excite the others to do the like, it cannot be denied but that this would be a farther improvement even of this part of our people: the whole nation would by this means be removed some degrees higher into the rational state, and make a more considerable figure amongst the polite nations of the world.

3. If gentlemen were lovers of Painting, and connoisseurs, many sums of money which are now lavished away, and consumed in luxury would be laid up in pictures, drawings, and antiques, which would be, not as plate, or jewels, but an improving estate; since as time, and accidents must continually waste, and diminish the number of these curiosities, and no new supply (equal in goodness to those we have) is to be hoped for, as the appearances of things at present are, the value of such as are preserved with care must necessarily encrease more and more: especially if there is a greater demand for them, as there certainly will be if the taste of gentlemen takes this turn: nay it is not improbable that money laid out this way,

way, with judgment, and prudence, (and if gentlemen are good connoisseurs they will not be imposed upon as they too often are) may turn to better account than almost in any other.

We know the advantages Italy receives from her possession of so many fine pictures, statues, and other curious works of art: if our country becomes famous in that way, as her riches will enable her to be if our nobility, and gentry are lovers and connoisseurs, and the sooner if an expedient be found (as it may easily be) to facilitate their importation, we shall share with Italy in the profits arising from the concourse of foreigners for the pleasure and improvement that is to be had from the seeing, and considering such rarities.

If our people were improved in the arts of designing, not only our Paintings, carvings, and prints, but the works of all our other artificers would also be proportionably improved, and consequently coveted by other nations, and their price advanced, which therefore would be no small improvement of our trade, and with that of our wealth.

I have observed heretofore, that there is no artist whatsoever, that produces a piece of work of a value so vastly above that of the materials of nature's furnishing as the painter does; nor consequently that can enrich a country in any degree like him: now if Painting were only considered as upon the level with other manufactures, the employment of more hands, and the work being better done would certainly tend to the increase of our wealth; but this consideration over and above adds a great weight to the argument in favour of the art as instrumental to this end.

Instead of importing vast quantities of pictures, and the like curiosities for ordinary use, we might fetch from abroad only the best, and supply other nations with better than now we commonly take off their hands: for as much a superfluity as these things are thought to be, they are such as no body will be without, not the meanest cottager

tager in the kingdom, that is not in the extremeſt poverty, but he will have ſomething of picture in his ſight. The ſame is the cuſtom in other nations, in ſome to a greater, in others to a leſs degree : theſe ornaments people will have as well as what is abſolutely neceſſary to life, and as ſure a demand will be for them as for food and clothes ; as it is in ſome other inſtances thought at firſt to be equally ſuperfluous, but which are now become conſiderable branches of trade, and conſequently of great advantage to the public.

Thus a thing as yet unheard of, and whoſe very name (to our diſhonour) has at preſent an uncouth ſound may come to be eminent in the world, I mean the English ſchool of Painting ; and whenever this happens who knows to what heights it may riſe ? for the English nation is not accuſtomed to do things by halves.

Arts and politeneſs have a conſtant rotation : theſe parts of Europe have twice received them from Italy, ſhe from Greece, who had them from Egypt, and Perſia, in one age ſuch a part of the globe is enlightened, and the reſt in darkneſs ; and thoſe that were ſavages for many centuries, in a certain revolution of time became the fineſt gentlemen in the world. The arts of deſign have long ago forſaken Perſia, Egypt, and Greece, and are now a third time much declined in Italy ; ſome other country may ſucceed her in this particular, as ſhe ſucceeded Greece. Or if the arts continue there, they may ſpread themſelves, and other nations may equal, if not excel the Italians : there is nothing unreaſonable in the thing, nay it is exceeding probable.

I have ſaid it heretofore, and will venture to repeat it, notwithstanding the national vanity of ſome of our neighbours, and our own falſe modeſty, and partiality to foreigners (in this reſpect, though in others we have ſuch demonſtrations of our ſuperiority that we have learned to be conſcious of it) if ever the great taſte in Painting, if ever that delightful, uſeful, and noble art does revive in the world it is probable it will be in England.

Befides

Besides that greatness of mind which has always been inherent in our nation, and a degree of solid sense not inferior to any of our neighbours, we have advantages greater than is commonly thought. We are not without our share of drawings, of which Italy has been in a manner exhausted long since: we have some fine antiques, and a competent number of pictures of the best masters. But whatever our number, or variety of good pictures is, we have the best history-pictures that are any where now in being, for we have the cartons of Rafaele at Hampton-court, which are generally allowed even by foreigners, and those of our own nation, who are the most biggotted to Italy or France, to be the best of that master, as he is incontestably the best of all those whose works remain in the world. And for portraits we have admirable ones, and perhaps the best of Rafaele, Titian, Rubens, and above all of Van Dyck, of whom we have very many: and these are the best portrait painters that ever were.

In ancient times we have been frequently subdued by foreigners, the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, have all done it in their turns; those days are at an end long since; and we are by various steps arrived to the height of military glory, by sea, and land. Nor are we less eminent for learning, philosophy, mathematics, poetry, strong and clear reasoning, and a greatness, and delicacy of taste; in a word, in many of the liberal, and mechanical arts we are equal to any other people, ancients or moderns; and in some perhaps superior. We are not yet come to that maturity in the arts of design; our neighbours, those of nations not remarkable for their excelling in this way, as well as those that are, have made frequent, and successful inroads upon us, and in this particular have lorded it over our natives here in their own country. Let us at length disdain as much to be in subjection in this respect as in any other; let us put forth our strength, and employ our national virtue, that haughty impatience of subjection, and inferiority, which seems

to be the characteristic of our nation in this, as on many other illustrious occasions, and the thing will be effected; the English school will rise and flourish.

And to this, and to the obtaining the benefits to the public consequent thereupon, what I have been pleading for would greatly contribute: for if our nobility, and gentry were lovers, and connoisseurs, public encouragement, and assistance would be given to the art; academies would be set up, well regulated, and the government of them put into such hands, as would not want authority to maintain those laws, without which no society can prosper, or long subsist. These academies would then be well provided of all necessaries for instruction in geometry, perspective, and anatomy, as well as designing, for without a competent proficiency in the three former, no considerable progress can be made in the other. They would then be furnished with good masters to direct the students, and good drawings, and figures, whether casts, or originals, antique or modern, for their imitation. Nor should these be considered merely as schools, or nurseries for Painters, and sculptors, and other artists of that kind, but as places for the better education of gentlemen, and to complete the civilizing, and polishing of our people, as our other schools, and universities, and the other means of instruction are.

If our nobility, and gentry were lovers of Painting, and connoisseurs, a much greater treasure of pictures, drawings, and antiques would be brought in, which would contribute abundantly to the raising, and meliorating our taste, as well as to the improvement of our artists.

And then too people of condition would know that at present, whatever has been the state of things heretofore, foreigners (be they Italians, or of whatever other country) have not the advantage over us whether as connoisseurs, or as painters, as they have been accustomed to imagine: they will then know that if in some instances the

the advantage is on their side, in others it is on ours: thus that partiality so discouraging, and pernicious to our own people will be removed.

Such men being connoisseurs, and lovers of Painting, and zealous for the honour and interest of their country in this particular, would raise the same spirit in others, and amongst the rest, in the artists themselves, if it were not there before: and these would then be obliged to labour to improve in their several ways, because they must be otherwise without employment, whereas they will be tempted to indulge themselves in sloth and ignorance, when they find there are easier methods of attaining fame, and riches, at least of living tolerably well, than by making any considerable progress in their art.

A good taste, and judgment in those who employ them would not only compel painters to study, and be industrious, but put them in a right way if they fell not into it of themselves: it has been said, and I verily believe it is true, that King Charles I. took such delight in Painting, that he frequently spent several hours with Van Dyck; remarking upon his works, and giving him such hints as much contributed to the excellence we see in them. Painters would thus learn not to attach themselves meanly, and servily to the imitation of this, or that particular manner, or master, and those perhaps none of the best, but to have more noble, open, and extensive views; to go to the fountain head, from whence the greatest men have drawn that which has made their works the wonder of succeeding ages; they would thus learn to go to nature, and to the reason of things. Let them receive all the warmth, and light they can from drawings, pictures, and antiques, but let them not stop there, but endeavour to discover what rules the great masters went by, what principles they built upon, or might have built upon, and let them do the same; not because they did so, or were supposed to have done so, but because it was reasonable.

If (lastly) men of birth and fortunes were generally lovers of Painting, and connoisseurs, as they would be convinced of the dignity of the profession, they would cause more of their younger sons (at least) to be applied this way, as well as to law, divinity, arms, navigation, &c. These by a generous education, and not being obliged to work for bare subsistence, would be better qualified for so noble a study, and have better opportunities of improvement in it. There can be no such thing as a mere painter; to merit the name of a painter it is necessary to be much more, he must be considerable without that addition. It is not here as in numbers, where if a unit be set before several cyphers it may make a sum; there must be a large sum first, and then this unit set at the head of them has a value, and makes the whole ten times more.

I have been shewing how beneficial the art of Painting is, and how much more it might be made to the public in the reformation of our manners, improvement of our people, and increase of our wealth, all which would bring a proportionable addition of honour, and power to this brave nation; and I have shewn that for a gentleman to become a lover of the art, and a connoisseur, is the means to attain this end: this alone, if there was no other argument, would prove it to be worthy of such a one to turn his thoughts this way.

Here being a full period, and the first opportunity I have had, I will inform the public, that I have at length found a name for the science of a connoisseur of which I am treating, and which I observed at the entrance of this subject wanted one. After some of these sheets were printed, I was complaining of this defect to a friend, who I knew, and every body will readily acknowledge was very proper to be advised with on this, or a much greater occasion; and the next day had the honour of a letter from him on another affair, wherein however the term CONNOISSANCE was used; this I immediately found was that he recommended, and which I shall use hereafter. And indeed since the term Connoisseur, though it
has

has a general signification, has been received as denoting one skilful in this particular science, there can be no reason why the science itself should not be called Connoissance. Perhaps it is not without some mixture of vanity in myself, but in justice to my friend, I must not conceal his name ; it is Mr. Prior,

I will now go on with my discourse.

There are few that pretend to be connoisseurs, and of those few, the number of such as deserve to be so called is very small : it is not enough to be an ingenious man in general, nor to have seen all the finest things in Europe, nor even to be able to make a good picture, much less the having the names, and something of the history of the masters : all this will not make a man a good connoisseur, to be able to judge of the goodness of a picture, most of those qualifications are necessary, which the painter himself ought to be possessed of ; that is, all that are not practical ; he must be master of the subject, and if it be improveable he must know it is so, and wherein ; he must not only see, and judge of the thought of the painter in what he has done, but must know moreover what he ought to have done ; he must be acquainted with the passions, their nature, and how they appear on all occasions. He must have a delicacy of eye to judge of harmony, and proportion, of beauty of colours, and accuracy of hand ; and lastly, he must be conversant with the better sort of people, and with the antique, or he will not be a good judge of grace, and greatness. To be a good connoisseur (I observed heretofore) a man must be as free from all kinds of prejudice as possible ; he must moreover have a clear, and exact way of thinking, and reasoning ; he must know how to take in, and manage just ideas ; and throughout he must have not only a solid, but an unbiassed judgment. These are the qualifications of a connoisseur ; and are not these, and the exercise of them, well becoming a gentleman ?

The knowledge of history has ever been esteemed to be so. And this is absolutely necessary to a connoisseur, not that only which may enable him to judge how well the painter has managed such, and such a story, which he will have frequent occasion to do, but the particular history of the arts, and especially of Painting.

It might be worth the while of some one duly qualified for such an undertaking, instead of the accounts of revolutions in empires, and governments, and the means, or accidents, whereby they were effected, military, or political, to give us the history of mankind with respect to the place they hold amongst rational beings; that is, a history of arts, and sciences; wherein it would be seen to what heights some of the species have risen in some ages, and some countries, whilst at the same time on other parts of the globe, men have been but one degree above common animals; and the same people, who in this age gave a dignity to human nature, in another sunk almost to brutality, or changed from one excellency to another. Here we might find where, and when such an invention first appeared, and by what means; what improvements, and decays happened: when such another luminary rose, and what course it took; and whether it is now ascending, in its zenith, declining, or set. Here it would be considered what improvements the moderns have made upon the ancients, and what ground they have lost: such a history well written, would give a clear idea of the noblest species of beings we are acquainted with in that particular wherein their pre-eminence consists. And (by the way) I will take leave to observe, that we should find them to have arrived to a vast extent of knowledge, and capacity in natural philosophy, in astronomy, in navigation, in geometry, and other branches of the mathematics, in war, in government, in Painting, poetry, music, and other liberal, and mechanic arts; in other respects, particularly in metaphysics, and religion, to have been ridiculous, and contemptible: except where the Divine goodness has vouchsafed an extraordinary portion of
light,

light, like the sun beams darting out here, and there upon the earth in a cloudy day, or where it has blazed out plentifully by supernatural revelation.

In such a history it would be found, that the arts of design, Painting, and sculpture were known in Persia and Egypt, long before we have any accounts of them amongst the Greeks; but that they carried them to an amazing height, from whence they afterwards spread themselves into Italy, and other parts, with various revolutions, till they sunk with the Roman empire, and were lost for many ages, so that there was not a man upon the face of the earth able to delineate the form of a house, a bird, a tree, a human face, a body, or whatever other figure consisting of any variety of curved lines, otherwise than as a child amongst us; to do this right, and as it is done now, was as much above the capacity of the species at that time, as it is now to make a voyage to the moon. In this state of things, about the middle of the thirteenth century, Giovanni Cimabue, a Florentine, prompted to it by a natural genius, and assisted at first by some wretched painters from Greece began to restore those arts, which were improved by his disciple Giotto.

In such a history it would follow, that after several endeavours and advances had been made by Simone Memmi, Andrea Verrocchio, and others, Massaccio, born about anno 1417, at Florence (who indeed I ought to have inserted in the chronological list in my former book) this great man, in his short life of six and twenty years, made so considerable an improvement upon what he found had been done before him, that he may justly be (as he is) esteemed, the father of the second age of modern Painting. The light thus happily kindled in Tuscany, diffused itself into Lombardy, for soon after the death of Massaccio, the Bellini's, Jacopo, and his two sons first introduced the art in Venice; and soon after Francesco Francia appeared at Bologna, and was the Massaccio of that city; for the art had raised its head there long before, and some say more early than

than even at Florence ; though it was but just kept alive there till many years after. About this time too Andrea Mantegna shewed the art to those of Mantua, and Padua. Germany also had her Albert Durer about the latter end of the same century, and in the beginning of the next Lucas Van Leyden was famous in Holland ; as was Hans Holbein quickly after here in England. But Florence was still the centre of light, where it brightened more and more ; for in the year 1445, Leonardo da Vinci was born there : this was a universal man, and amongst other arts was excellent in Painting, and designing, especially the latter, in which he sometimes almost equalled the best masters the world ever saw. About thirty years after him, arose Michelangelo Buonarotti, the head of the Florentine school, a vast genius, superior to all the moderns in sculpture, and perhaps in designing, and a profound knowledge in anatomy ; and moreover as excellent an architect. These two great men coming to Rome, where (though there was so great a disproportion in their years) they were competitors, transferred the seat of the art to that happy city. Though in Venice it went on improving, and growing up to maturity and perfection, which it attained to (in some of its parts, particularly colouring) in Giorgione, and more eminently in Titian, and in Correggio, upon the terra firma of Lombardy. And now, that is, upon the entrance of the sixteenth century, the great luminary of Painting appeared above the horizon, the undoubted head of the Roman school, and of the modern painters Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino. Whether any of the ancients excelled him, and if they did, in what degree are questions which the history I am recommending as proper to be written, may endeavour to resolve ; I will not. But such an historian will go on to shew how the flame which blazed so gloriously in Raffaello, and continued bright, though with a diminished lustre in his disciples Giulio Romano, Polidoro, Pierino, and others ; and at Florence, in Andrea del Sarto ; and there, and elsewhere, as well as at Rome,

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in Baldassar Peruzzi, Primaticcio, Battista Franco, Parmeggiano, the elder Palma, Tintoretto, Baroccio, Paolo Veronese, the two Zuccaroes, Cigoli, and many others, decayed by little, and little, till it was blown up again in the school of the Caracci in Bologna about an hundred and forty years ago; and continued with great brightness in their disciples, and others; Giuseppino, Vanni, Guido, Albani, Dominichino, Lanfranco, &c. but as the Jews wept when they saw the second temple, which though magnificent was not equal to the first, so neither was this great effort capable of producing such stupendous works of art as those of the Raffaele age. And though we have had great men in their several ways, as Rubens, Spagnoletto, Guercino, Nicolas Poussin, Pietro da Cortona, Andrea Sacchi, Van Dyck, Castiglione, Claude Lorenese, the Borgognone, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, Luca Giordano; and several others of lesser note, though nevertheless of considerable merit, yet the art has visibly declined. As for its present state in Italy, here and elsewhere the historian I am speaking of may write what he thinks fit, and perhaps by that time new matter may arise; I, for my part, instead of entering upon that subject, will content myself with observing in general, that though mankind have always expressed a love to it, and been ready to encourage the weakest endeavours this way, (I only except the Jews, an Arabian impostor, and his fanatick disciples, and some few enthusiasts, and four stupid people) the species in all the many ages of their existence have been rarely able, and in a narrow extent of country, at any one time to perform any thing considerable in Painting. There have been innumerable great masters in other arts and sciences, but in this the number is very small; great masters in many other arts have appeared in all ages; of Painting there have been none in all the six thousand years since the birth of the world (at least we have no account of them) except those in Greece, and Italy two thousand years ago, and that perhaps for about the space
of

of five hundred years; and those in this latter age of the art of which I have been offering a cursory view.

*So ancient Ætna's sulph'rous caverns give
Sufficient food to keep the flame alive;
The kindled stream through every chasm strays
On each combustible with gladness preys,
But in large spaces ampler fires displays;
Deep sunk below 'tis hid from mortal eyes,
But smoke, andinders moderately rise;
'Till nature furnishing uncommon stores,
The hill from out her gaping summit pours
Ascending ruddy flames, and with a sound
Loud, and triumphant fills the air around,
Supplies the heavens with another day,
And shews the mariner far off his way;
The stock exhausted to her wont returns,
And silently, unseen the mountain burns.*

It must have been observed that the art has flourished at Florence, Rome, Venice, Bologna, &c. in each of which places the style of Painting has been different; as it has been in the several ages in which it has flourished. When it first began to revive after the terrible devastations of superstition, and barbarity, it was with a stiff, lame manner, which mended by little, and little till the time of Masaccio, who rose into a better taste, and began what was reserved for Rafaele to complete. However this bad style had something manly, and vigorous; whereas in the decay, whether after the happy age of Rafaele, or that of Annibale one sees an effeminate, languid air, or if it has not that it has the vigour of a bully, rather than of a brave man: the old bad Painting has more faults than the modern, but this falls into the insipid.

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The painters of the Roman school were the best designers, and had a kind of greatness, but it was not antique. The Venetian, and Lombard schools had excellent colourists, and a certain grace but entirely modern, especially those of Venice; but their drawing was generally incorrect, and their knowledge in history, and the antique very little: and the Bolognese school is a sort of composition of the others; even Annibale himself possessed not any part of Painting in the perfection as is to be seen in those from whom his manner is composed, though to make amends he possessed more parts than perhaps any other master, and in a very high degree. The works of those of the German school have a dryness, and ungraceful stiffness, not like what is seen amongst the old Florentines, that has something in it pleasing however, but this is odious, and as remote from the antique as gothicism could carry it. The Flemings have been good colourists, and imitated nature as they conceived it, that is, instead of raising nature, they fell below it, though not so much as the Germans, nor in the same manner; Rubens himself lived, and died a Fleming, though he would fain have been an Italian; but his imitators have caricatured his manner, that is they have been more Rubens in his defects than he himself was, but without his excellencies. The French (excepting some few of them, N. Pouffin, Le Seur, Sebastien Bourdon, &c.) as they have not the German stiffness, nor the Flemish ungracefulness, neither have they the Italian solidity; and in their airs of heads, and manners, they are easily distinguished from the antique, how much soever they may have endeavoured to imitate them.

Which have been the most excellent painters the ancients, or the moderns is a question often proposed, and which I will try to resolve. That the painters of those times were equal to the sculptors in invention, expression, drawing, grace, and greatness is so exceeding probable that I think it may be taken for granted. If so, that in drawing, grace, and greatness the ancients have the advantage is

certain; and little less than certain that in colouring, and composition the moderns have it more. But though that be true, those parts of Painting being not so considerable as the other in which the moderns are outdone, it will hardly reduce the matter to an equality, the advantage will remain to the ancients so far as we have gone. It remains that we consider the other parts of Painting, the invention, and expression: the manner of thinking of the ancients is such as is not to be mentioned without the utmost veneration allowed to be given to mortal men; but when I see what some of the moderns have done in these parts of Painting I profess I dare not determine which has the preference. It would be a fine amusement, or rather a noble, and a useful employment for a gentleman to collect, and compare the many fine thoughts, and expressions, on one side, and the other: for me to do it here would be too tedious, and too great a task, having already undertaken what will cost me more pains, and time than I intended, or perhaps is fit for me to bestow this way. Whether even this would end the dispute is uncertain; but as the matter stands at present, allowing an equality in these last mentioned parts of Painting, and an advantage to the modern in some others, the superiority of the ancients in drawing, grace, and greatness determines in favour of them.

Another part of history no less worthy a gentleman's consideration than necessary to a connoisseur, is that of the lives of the particular masters. When we reflect upon the vigorous fallies which some of the species have made, whereby they have as it were connected ours with that of the next order of beings above us, we must naturally desire to have a more exact account of every step they made towards that glorious distinction: this also will be of use to ourselves, and help to excite us to do something, whereby we also may be distinguished with honour, and our memories be sweet to posterity.

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As in reading the lives of the great captains, and statesmen we are instructed in the history of their times, and their own, and neighbouring nations ; in those of philosophers, and divines we see the state of learning, and religion, so in the lives of the painters we see the history of the art ; and I believe there has been as many accounts of these great men who have done so much honour to human nature, and many of them as well written, as of any class of men whatsoever.*

The general idea I have of those excellent men, I mean of the principal of them, such as those of whom I have given an historical, and chronological list at the end of my former book is this, they

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* *Le vite dei pittori e de scultori co' Ritratti*, descritte in tre tomi da Giorgio Vasari pittore Aretino. Firenze 1586. Bolog. 1647. 4to.

Le Maraviglie dell' arte, ovvero delle vite de pittori Veneti, e dello stato, in due parti dal Cav. Carlo Ridolfi. Venezia, 1648. 4to.

Felsina Pittrice : vite de 'pittori Bolognesi composte dal conte Carlo Cesare Malvasia. lib. 4. in 2 tomi, co' Ritratti de pittori Bolog. 1678. 4to.

Le vite de 'pittori, & architetti, dal 1572 fino al 1640, fioriti in Roma, dal Cav. Gio. Baglioni Roma, 1642, & 1649.

Le vite de 'pittori, de 'scultori, & de gli architetti moderni scritte da Gio. Pietro Bellorio. Parte prima Roma, 1672. 4to.

Notitia de professori del disegno da Cimabue in qua dal Filippo Baldinucci. In several volumes printed at Florence at several times, the first anno 1681.

Abecedario Pittorico nel quale compendiosamente sono descritte le patrie, i maestri, ed i tempi ne quali fiorirono circa 4000 professori di pittura, di scultura, e di architettura da Fr. Pel. Ant. Orlandi. Bolog. 1704. 4to.

Entretiens sur les vies, & sur les ouvrages de plus excellens peintres anciens & modernes, par Filibien. tom. 1. Paris 1666. tom. 2. 1672. 4to. Reprime Paris 1685. Amst. 8vo.

Academia nobilissimæ artis pictoriæ Joachimi Sandrart. a Stockau Nornub. 1683. fol.

Abrege de les vies de pientres, par M. de Piles. Paris 1715.

In the English translation of the Art of Painting by C. A. du Fresnoy, the lives of the painters are abridged by Mr. Grahme. Lond. 1716.

were most of them men of fine, natural parts, and some of them went very far into learning, and other sciences, particularly music, and poetry; many of them have received the honour of knighthood, and some have entailed nobility on their posterity; most of them advanced their fortunes very considerably, they have generally been in great favour with their sovereigns, or at least were much esteemed, and honoured by men of the first quality; lived in great reputation, and died much lamented: several of them were remarkably fine gentlemen, and if any of them were not so, they were not fordid, low, vicious creatures. Correggio was an obscure man whilst he lived, but is one of the greatest instances of a genius that the world ever saw; he was obscure, not vicious. Annibale Caracci took more pleasure in his Painting than in the gaieties of a court, or the conversation, or friendship of the great, which with a sort of stoical, and perhaps a mixture of a cynical pride he despised, but he had a greatness of mind that pleads effectually in his behalf, and compels us to overlook his faults, which were much owing to his natural melancholy. The histories of Raffaele, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Titiano, Giulio Romano, Guido, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Sir Peter Lely, (to name no more,) are well known, they lived in great honour, and made a very considerable figure in their several times, and countries.

That the generality of good painters have been idle, and fots, is a vulgar error, on the contrary I know not even one instance of this among those great masters who I have all along been speaking of, and who alone are considerable in their profession; though indeed those that have given occasion for this scandal may possibly have been the best whose works those people who have thus thought have been acquainted with.

Another mistake of this kind is, that the painters how excellent soever they may have been in their art, have been inconsiderable creatures otherwise: but (as I have observed heretofore) a valuable
man

man will remain though a good painter is deprived of his eyes, and hands.

When after a brouillerie between Pope Julius, and Michelangelo, upon account of flight the artist conceived the pontiff had put upon him, (the story is at large in Vafari) Michelangelo was introduced by a bishop (who was a stranger to him, but was deputed by Cardinal Soderini, who being sick could not do it himself as was intended) this bishop thinking to serve Michelangelo by it made it an argument that the Pope should be reconciled to him because men of his profession were commonly ignorant, and of no consequence otherwise; his holiness enraged at the bishop struck him with his staff, and told him it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himself would not offend: the prelate was driven out of the chamber, and Michelangelo had the Pope's benediction accompanied with presents. This bishop had fallen into this vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly.

What I have been saying, puts me in mind of a story which passes very currently of this great master, and that is, that he had a porter fixed as to a cross, and then stabbed him, that he might the better express the dying agonies of our Lord in a crucifix he was painting: I find no good ground for this slander. Perhaps it is a copy of a like story of Parrhasius, the truth of which is also much doubted of; it is said he fastened a slave he had bought to a machine, and then tormented him to death, and whilst he was dying, painted the Prometheus he made for the temple of Minerva at Athens.

Now that I am upon particulars, there is one of a different sort relating to Titian, which I will take this occasion to make more public than has yet been done: it is a letter written by him to the Emperor Charles V. I find it in a collection of Italian letters printed at Venice 1574. Ridolphi, nor any other writer that I know of has this, though he has another written to the Emperor,
and

and one to Philip II. King of Spain, as he has also one or two letters from that king to Titian.

Invittissimo Principe, se dolse alla sacra maestà uostra la falsa nuova della morte mia, a me è stato di consolatione d'essere perciò fatto più certo che l' altezza uostra della mia seruitù si ricordi onde la uita m' è doppiamente cara. Et humilmente prego N. S. Dio a conseruarmi (se non più) tanto che finisca l' opera della Cesarea maestà uostra, la quale si truoua in termine che a Settembre prossimino potrà comparire dinanzi l' altezza uostra, alla quale fra questo mezzo con ogni humilla m'inchino, & riuerentemente in sua gratia mi raccomando.

TITIANO VECELLIO.

Lomazzo, in his *Idea del Tempio della Pittura*, pag. 57, prettily characterizes several of those great masters I have been speaking of by animals, and famous men, chiefly philosophers. To Michelangelo he assigns a dragon, and Socrates; to Gaudentio an eagle, and Plato; to Polidoro a horse, and Alcides; to Leonardo da Vinci a lion, and Prometheus; to Andrea Mantegna a serpent, and Archimedes; to Titiano an ox, and Aristotle; to Rafaele a man, and Solomon. For the rest I refer you to the books.

But what completes the history of these great painters is their works; of which a great number, especially of drawings, is preserved to our times. Here we see their beginning, progress, and completion; their several various ways of thinking; their different manners of expressing their thoughts; the ideas they have of beauty in visible objects; and what accuracy, and readiness of hand they had in expressing what they conceived. Here we see the steps they made in some of their works, their diligence, carelessness, or other inequalities, the variation of their styles, and abundance of other circumstances relating to them. If therefore history, if the history of the arts; if the history of the particular artists, if these are
worthy

worthy of a gentleman ; this part of the history, thus written, where almost every page, every character is an instance of the beauty, and excellency of the art, and of the admirable qualities of the men of whom it treats is also well worthy his perusal, and study.

I will conclude this branch of my argument relating to the dignity of Painting, and connoissance, with observing that those of the greatest quality have not thought it unworthy of them to practise, not the latter only, but the other. And that if it is not yet a diminution of such a one's character not to be a connoisseur, it is an addition to it if he is ; and is judged to be so by every body. And some such we have of our own nation, who are distinguished not only by their births and fortunes, but by other the most amiable qualities, that justly endear them to all that have the honour and happiness of knowing them, and being known to them, if withal they have any sense of virtue, integrity, honour, love of one's country, and other noble qualities, which those illustrious connoisseurs possess in so eminent a degree.

S E C T. II.

All nature is in perpetual motion ; as time never stands still, neither do our bodies continue the same, but are ever changing ; and the tenderness of infancy is transformed to withered old age by insensible steps ; but we are always stepping on : so it is with our minds, ideas are continually arising ; whether (as seems) spontaneously, or suggested to us by our senses, or by what means soever ; these pass away to give place to others, so that the scene within is eternally shifting from what it was. That great set of ideas which is composed of all those now possessed by all mankind is already changed, and whilst I am writing this line is almost entirely different from what it was when the thought first came into my own mind ; even this thought, though it appears still to be right, and
perhaps

perhaps always will do so whenever it returns, if it ever does, yet there is a change whilst I am forming every letter; it is stronger, it is weaker, it disappears, others arise, it returns; things have a different view every moment.

Now as when one would compose a certain tint of colour (to illustrate what I am saying by something in my own way) the same colours, and exactly the same quantities of each must be employed; the least particle more or less, makes it impossible it should be the same: so to produce exactly the same idea as I have had heretofore: or the same in my mind as you are possessed of, the very same circumstances must concur, which being impossible, there must be a difference, though (as in the former case) it is sometimes so little as to be imperceptible; but still that there is such difference in reality, is evident to a demonstration.

Whether that incomprehensible mind that presides over every the smallest particle of matter throughout the universe, does alike produce, direct, and govern every one of that great, and eternally changing set of ideas, from time to time, possessed by every intelligent being; and consequently their causes *ad infinitum*: whether we have any greater power over our minds than over our bodies and can add to, or alter our ideas any more than we can raise ourselves a cubit higher, or change the colour of a single hair; in short, whether our wills are free is a noble enquiry, because the effect of it may be a most beautiful, simple, and unexceptionable system of things. But as this would be to go out of that train of thought I am upon, and which is my present affair, I chuse rather to go on to observe, that

However different we are from ourselves; or one man is from another, every man is an epitome of the whole species: the wisest amongst us is a fool in some things, as the lowest amongst men has some just notions, and therein is as wise as Socrates; so that every man resembles a statue made to stand against a wall, or in a nich,

on

on one side it is a Plato, an Apollo, a Demosthenes; on the other it is a rough, unformed piece of stone.

And notwithstanding this vast variety of sentiments amongst men; notwithstanding truth is always the same, and is a single point, though error is infinite; every man (as he must necessarily) thinks himself in the right, and that all that differ from him are mistaken; and accordingly every man is contented with himself, and laughs at, or pities all the rest. I know not who has said it, but he has given a fine image of mankind in this light.

*So one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.*

Thus (to sum up what I have been saying) our knowledge arising from imperfect evidence, imperfectly conveyed, must be imperfect, and mixed with doubt, and error, and that in all degrees; and every man differs from himself in these particulars, and from every other man; and the scene is eternally changing: but every man is partly a wise man, and partly a fool; however we all see the fool's cap on every body's head but our own.

The reflection we shall naturally make upon the view of the state of human understanding hitherto is but a melancholy one; especially when it is remembered that (being supposed free, and therefore accountable for all our thoughts and actions) among the other uncertainties we are in, it is made a question whether, and how far an erroneous judgment will excuse our deviations from what is good absolutely considered; it is not my business to decide in this nice case, only for myself, which I do as well as I can; but instead of that, I will take leave to set down a passage in my beloved Milton, applicable to my present purpose. Eve upon a certain occasion says,

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Frail

*Frail is our happiness if this be so,
An Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.*

*To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd ;
O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfect, or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force, within himself
The danger lies——*

A very little reflection on what has been said, and on what is seen abroad in the world, will give us an idea of other sciences as to the particular we are at present upon.

I will now shew how that matter stands with relation to connoissance in its several branches, the knowledge of the goodness of a picture, drawing, &c. the distinguishing of hands, and originals, and copies.

Rules may be established so clearly derived from reason as to be incontestible. If the design of the picture be (as in general it is) to please, and improve the mind (as in poetry) the story must have all possible advantages given to it, and the actors must have the utmost grace, and dignity their several characters will admit of: if historical, and natural truth only be intended, that must be followed; though the best choice of these must be made; in both cases unity of time, place, and action ought to be observed: the composition must be such as to make the thoughts appear at first sight, and the principal of them the most conspicuously; and the whole must be so contrived as to be a grateful object to the eye, both as to the colours, and the masses of light and shadow. These things are so evident as not to admit of any dispute or contradiction;

tion; as it also is that the expression must be strong, the drawing just, the colouring clean and beautiful, the handling easy, and light, and all these proper to the subject. Nor will it be difficult to know assuredly what is so, unless with relation to the justness of the drawing; but to know in the main whether any thing is lame, distorted, mis-shapen, ill proportioned, or flat, or on the contrary round, and beautiful is what any eye that is tolerably curious can judge of.

The rules being fixed, and certain; whether a picture, or drawing has the properties required is easily seen, and when they are discovered, a man is as certain he sees what he thinks he sees, as in any other case where his own senses convey the evidence to his understanding.

And by being accustomed to see, and observe the best pictures, a man may judge in what degree these excellencies are in that under consideration; for all things must be judged of by comparison, that will be thought the best that is the best we know of.

If a picture has any of the good properties I have been speaking of (as none has all) we can see which, or how many they have, and what they are, and can tell what rank they ought to hold in our estimation, and whether the excellencies they have will atone for those they want, as the most delicate pencil, the finest colouring, the greatest force (though these are valuable) will not make amends for a lewd, or profane subject, a poor and insipid way of thinking, lameness, or stiffness, want of harmony, and tameness, meanness, and ungracefulness throughout; for this would be like good language, and musical numbers in a poem without sense, invention, elevation, propriety, and the other requisites in poetry.

Without principles a man is in the dark, and fluctuates in uncertainty, but having these one may be steady and clear; if care be taken to keep to them, and that we do not judge by something else besides, or instead of them; and moreover that they be solid and just.

Here now is a very great degree of certainty to be had in by much the most material branch of the science. And that being secured, it is comparatively of little consequence of what hand a work is, or whether it is an original, or not.

But here too there are many cases wherein we can have an equal degree of assurance as in the former. Thus it is with respect to the best works of the best masters, especially when if it is a picture, history, or tradition confirms our opinion; and if a drawing, it is known for what picture it was made: or when we have an opportunity (which frequently happens) of comparing one of the same master, and manner with another. In the best works of the best masters not only their characters are evidently seen, but here they are exalted above the possibility of being copied, or imitated so as not to be discovered. And besides, Providence has preserved to us a sufficient number of the works of these excellent men whereon securely to form our ideas concerning them.

A like degree of evidence we have for the works of those who have been great mannerists; and of whom we have many pictures, or drawings. It is true, a tolerable copy of one of these masters may, at first sight, be taken for an original, as an imitation may be thought to be genuine; but it is very rarely found that the difference is not plainly discovered with a little attention; generally it is seen immediately, and incontestably.

There are many sketches, or other free-works, whether pictures, or drawings of whose originality we are also absolutely certain.

I pretend not to go through all the cases wherein this assurance, or high degree of persuasion is to be had, it would be too tedious: We may be reasonably well persuaded in many others; as where we have considerable numbers of genuine works of masters not so excellent, nor whose manners are more particularly remarkable. We may also be thus persuaded of those that are not the best of the greatest hands, or manners which they seldom used; and that by
 comparing

comparing these works with those which are indisputable ; for there is in all the masters, though not in all equally, a certain character, and peculiarity that runs through all their works in some measure, and which a good connoisseur knows, though he cannot describe it to another.

This way of comparison too helps us to a higher degree of persuasion than otherwise we should have had with relation to the works of masters of whom we have but a small number ; as for example of Dominichino ; we know his general character, that is established by those few of his works that are in Rome, Naples, and elsewhere, and by the writers ; as we also know the character of Annibale Caracci by the same means, but in a greater degree. If then we cannot confront a work thought to be of the former, with another already judged to be of him, it may be of considerable use to compare it with one of Annibale, and to see what degree, and kind of goodness it has in that comparison, and whether that answers to the character of Dominichino as compared with the other : if it does it is an additional evidence over and above what we had before.

From these we descend to more doubtful cases, which it is troublesome, and of no great use to enumerate ; only in general this is certain, that these cases are such as are of the least consequence, as being for the most part with relation to some of the worst works of the better masters, or those of inconsiderable ones. If it is doubtful whether a picture, or a drawing is a copy, or an original, it is of little consequence which it is ; and more, or less in proportion as it is doubtful : if the case be exceeding difficult, or impossible to be determined it is no matter whether it is determined or no ; the picture supposing it to be a copy must be in a manner as good as the original, and supposing that to be one of the best of the master it is the greater curiosity that he could be so well imitated : if the question be whether it is a copy, or an original, one of the most indifferent

ferent ones of the master; such an original is of no great consequence to be known, it is no matter whether it is so, or a copy.

After all it must be acknowledged that as in other sciences there are certain branches of them wherein one man excels, and another in others, but knows little of the rest; so in connoissance, no one man can be acquainted with the hands of all, even of the most considerable masters; nor with all the manners perhaps of any one of those who have had great variety of them; nor to be very expert in more than a few of these: he must be contented with a moderate skill in many, and to be utterly ignorant in some of them: such is the narrowness of our faculties, the extent of the science, or the want of helps, and materials for the study.

However let it be remembered too that every connoisseur may judge concerning the goodness of a picture, or drawing as to all the parts of it except the invention, and expression in history, and the resemblance in portraits; and these no one man can judge accurately of in all cases, because no one man can be acquainted with all the stories, or fables, or other subjects of the picture; as no one man can know every body.

Thus (I think) I have given the true state of the case with relation to our knowledge in general, and that which is to be had in the science I am treating of; by which it will appear that in this respect we are upon an equality (at least) with most other sciences, if we have not the advantage of them.

The variety of opinions of connoisseurs, or such as pretend to be so, will be made an objection to what I have advanced. And it may seem to be a very considerable one. I will therefore besides what has been already discoursed in general of the impossibility of men's agreeing in their sentiments from the nature of things, the appearance of evidence being necessarily so various to every one of us, and we as necessarily judging according to that, whatever it be. I say besides this I will give a particular answer to this objection, and therein shew how it comes to pass that men have these different views,
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and consequently different opinions; and that this does not always happen from the obscurity of the science, but frequently from some defect in the men, or in their management on these occasions; so as to render these their opinions utterly insignificant. And having done this I will proceed to shew that there is not altogether so great a variety of opinions as there seems to be.

There are some people who never had any opinions of their own properly speaking, but have taken up their notions upon trust; they talk from whim, or fancy, or as they have heard others talk, without fixing upon, or establishing any certain principles, whereby to conduct themselves in this affair.

Others may have considered more, but to as little purpose, having gone upon principles false, or precarious; to which they are bigotted, and resolve to adhere; never impartially enquiring whether they were in the right or no, or perhaps so much as suspecting they were not, or imagining such a thing was possible.

As the former never studied at all, these have done so but in part; they have not dug down to the foundation, but taken that as they found it: and as truth lies in one single point, and error is infinite, such people as these may study, dispute, and wrangle eternally, and always find plausible arguments on both sides, but never get out of the labyrinth.

Some people if they have had the opportunity of seeing good things, especially if they have been abroad, and above all in Italy: or if they have the names of some of the masters, and a little of their history, set up for connoisseurs without taking the requisite pains to be really what they affect to be thought to be; just like a young pert divine who if he has been a certain time at the university, and read Aristotle, and the fathers thinks himself a match for Hobbs, or Bel-larmine.

Again, some there are who are incapable of being good connoisseurs, let them take what pains they will, those that want genius, and
and

and a competent measure of understanding can never penetrate into the beauties, or defects of a picture: they can never be judges of the degrees of its goodness. And those that know not how to form clear, and distinct ideas, and have not a memory to retain, and skill to manage them, can never be good judges of hands, or know copies from originals.

A man may be a good connoisseur in general, and an ingenious man, and yet his judgment in many cases is not to be regarded; he may be exactly upon the level with those that are neither one, nor the other: there is a certain circle, beyond which the wisest men are fools; every man's capacity has its bounds; and it is not every one's talent to know the utmost extent of these, or to keep themselves from making excursions. One connoisseur is well acquainted with the hands of some of the masters, or with some of their manners but not with others; if he pretends to give his judgment in those cases wherein he is ignorant it is an equal chance but he is wrong; and if he is so, another that may not be a better connoisseur in the main, though he is so in this particular, will probably differ from him. The dispute then will lie between a wise man, and a fool *quoad hoc*, but that there is a dispute at all is not from the obscurity of the science, but the indiscretion of one of the disputants. I have observed frequent instances of this inequality in ingenious men with some surprize; I have known the same man talk like a very able connoisseur at one time, and at another like one that had never considered these things at all: whether it was that he was at such times careless, or absent from himself; or that he was really out of his depth in those particulars I know not.

To conclude: there is not so great a difference in opinions in some cases, nor so great a conformity in others as there seems to be amongst men.

When one says a picture is good and the other the contrary, either may fix upon certain properties wherein both may be in the right; the

the only fault may be in denominating the whole from a part, and not understanding one another.

Some men, and indeed all men at some times will give their judgments in haste, and before they have enough considered, and recollected themselves; whether from a natural vivacity of temper, an affectation of appearing to be ready at these things, or from whatever other cause; such sudden opinions are commonly different from what the same person's more deliberate judgment is: but such is the pride, and folly of some people that what they have once said, the opinion they have once espoused they will adhere to, how much in the wrong soever they may find themselves to have been; and this rather than own it was possible for them to have been mistaken; though that is common to the wisest of men, and the persisting in a known error none but a fool (in that respect at least) is capable of: that has no dishonour in it, and oftentimes the contrary; the other is shameful, and ridiculous.

Some are exorbitant in the praises of what themselves possess, and as much depreciate every thing else; and that from partiality on the one hand, and pure malice, and ill nature on the other; but however it be, an account is thus given of pictures, or drawings very different from what will be had from other connoisseurs. Just as I have seen party men in civil, or religious matters represent the cause they espouse as without spot, or blemish, and that of their opponents as utterly absurd, and mischievous; whereas the great difference is in their interests, and inclinations, not in their judgments.

Men frequently dissemble their real sentiments in connoissance; and that either with an ill intention, or very justifiably. The first of these cases many a gentleman has known to have happened to his cost in some instances; and in more they never have been, nor ever will be undeceived. There are picture jockeys who will make what

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advantage

advantage they can of the credulity of others, and their own superior understandings in that particular and to that end assert what themselves believe to be false.

Others again put on the mask for their own sakes in part, and partly for the sakes of other people. We frequently meet with pictures, or drawings which we know are not what the owners of them take them to be : what can we do in this case ? what, but the same as every wise man must, and will do in like circumstances ; and many cases there are in the world where wise men are thought to think otherwise than they do, because they are too wise to tell their real thoughts ; the maxim which Sir Henry Wootton recommended to Mr. Milton when he was entering upon his travels, *i pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto*. Close thoughts, and an open countenance is as necessary to be observed by connoisseurs, as travellers, or any other sort of men whatsoever. Some years since a very honest gentleman, a (rough man) came to me, and amongst other discourse with abundance of civility invited me to his house. I have (says he) a picture of Rubens, it is a rare good one ; Mr. ——— was the other day to see it, and says it is a copy ; G—— d—— him, if any one says that picture is a copy, I'll break his head. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come, and give me your opinion of it ? Mankind is generally disposed to believe those who tell them what they would have to be true ; not because their assent is regulated by the passions, and differently from the evidence as it appears to them ; but they really conceive a better opinion of these people, and think their judgment is better than the others ; and these kind of arguments being what they rely upon in this case, they appear stronger on that side than on the other ; their minds being also more applied to the consideration of these, than those other.

And these people have a degree of happiness by error in this case which truth would deprive them of, and consequently they would suffer by it ; and truth and error are indifferent to us, but
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as either tends to our good, that is to our happiness; or in other words, the degree of our enjoyments, the whole duration of our existence being taken into the account. In this world we probably enjoy as much from our ignorance, and mistakes, as from our knowledge, and true judgments; and we are many times in such circumstances that truth would make us extremely wretched; so that he is mischievous to us who opens our eyes. A good connoisseur therefore, who is withal a plain, sincere man, has great difficulties many times when he sees a collection, or a single picture, or two; chiefly when gentlemen will urge him to give his opinion of something they have lately acquired, and the honey-moon is not yet over. On these occasions one cannot avoid applying the words of our Saviour to his disciples; *I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now.*

I should be very loath to be an advocate for insincerity of any kind, and indeed I am very unfit for it: if the state of things would admit of it I should be glad to come into a general agreement never to conceal the least thought of the heart by any word, look, or action whatsoever; but as the case now stands the disguises I have been pleading for are so necessary; and they are so much the same with those compliments, and civilities universally practised, that he that is deceived by them if he should discover it would acquit, and approve the deceiver; or they will not deceive at all.

I will however take the liberty to put gentlemen in mind of the great injury they do themselves by their being so *entêté* of their own things, as not to permit every one to speak their minds freely, and without reserve; not only their judgments by this means are kept low, but they are sufferers in their purses; they lie open to be imposed on, and in fact too often fling away their money upon trash: they have pleasure indeed, but they might have that too, and greater, and more durable without those disadvantages; nay with the contrary

trary circumstances ; they might become good connoisseurs, and be good œconomists at the same time.

Another instance of an apparent, but no real difference in the opinions of connoisseurs is this, (and it is the last I shall mention) it is very common for other people (not the owners) to ask our opinions of pictures, or collections when there may be good reasons why we should not be very exact, and particular in our answers; especially if the things are to be disposed of, and the question is asked in a large, and mixed company ; in that case the usual way is to avoid the mention of any faults, and to say what good we can in general terms: which kind of character is indeed no other than a tub flung out for the whale to play with, that the ship might get rid of him ; for it gives no idea, or none should be taken from thence ; the man that has got it is certainly not one jot the wiser for it, how well satisfied soever he may be with it.

At other times we may have as good reasons to be clear, and explicit in our characters : if these two accounts happen to be compared (as they often are) there will appear a difference in judgment, or insincerity ; when those who gave them were of the same mind all along, and spake nothing but the truth, thought not all the truth.

Some casuists have said no man is bound to deliver truth to him who has no right to demand it. Of what use soever this rule may be towards the disentangling us from the perplexities we find in the definition of a criminal lie, thus far is plain, and certain, that we are not obliged to give our opinions to those who are not entitled to them, whether by promise, gratitude, common justice, or prudence.

Understanding in a science, as all other natural, or acquired advantages is the possessor's property, which every man SELLS at as good a rate as he can for value received, or expected. This is common to all orders of men ; why connoisseurs should be expected to distinguish themselves by their generosity, or prodigality is unaccountable:

countable. But it would be altogether absurd for them to do it, when they shall be sure to create to themselves enemies by that means, and that only to satisfy an insignificant curiosity, or even to serve those who probably will never think themselves obliged, or remember it afterwards.

Because therefore we cannot otherwise avoid some people's importunity, we are forced to be provided, as with gold, and silver to pay our debts, or purchase necessaries, or conveniencies, so with half-pence for beggars.

S E C T. III.

I am now come to the third branch of argument, whereby I would recommend the love of Painting, and study of connoissance, upon account of the pleasure it is capable of affording.

I flatter myself it has been observed, that I have endeavoured hitherto to go to the bottom of my subject, and to treat it with all the dignity I was able, and so as it might be acceptable to gentlemen who are not yet lovers, and connoisseurs, to whom, as well as to those that are, I have throughout addressed myself, though more particularly in the present treatise. In prosecution of the same design I shall here be engaged in a short discourse to shew what improvements may be made in our pleasures, in order to introduce that in particular which I am to recommend as such: so that I will not only shew that there is pleasure to be had in connoissance, but endeavour to facilitate the enjoyment of it.

I said it would be a short discourse; for though (as I took the liberty to say) I have laboured to finish my main subject as highly as I could, it will not be expected the incidental ones should be other than sketches. Such as it is, I offer it to the reader as a plan for a happy life.

————— *Whether*

————— *Whether thou*
Visit'st my lonely, chearful, ev'ning haunts,
Or those more chearful yet when dewy morn
Purples the East, still govern thou my song
Urania, and fit audience find, though few:
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods, and rocks had ears
To rapture 'till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp, and voice; nor could the Muse defend her son.

MILTON.

The desire of happiness is the spring that puts us all in motion; we receive it together with the breath of life; we are touched by this magnet upon our very entrance into being, and ever after tend thitherwards with all the powers of our souls: this is the end in which we all agree, though as to the way there is infinite variety, and error. Pleasure is but another name for happiness, we are happy in proportion as we are pleased; the sum total of our enjoyments, and the degree of them during our existence, being compared with that of our sufferings, the surplussage on the side of enjoyment is the account of the degree of happiness to which we arrive; the share which was allotted us of the Divine bounty.—Pleasure is our *summum bonum*; and whatsoever some men may pretend, or fancy, God himself is considered by us as such, no otherwise than as it is conceived he is the fountain of good to us.

In our deliberations, and determinations concerning actions to be done, it is the single principle of pleasure on which all turns ultimately; whatever other principle seems to govern us; whether duty, love of virtue, interest, ambition, sensuality, &c. all terminates

nates in this one great principle self-love ; that first motive to all our actions, pleasure : though as a river being divided into several streams loses its name, and each rivulet has one of its own, this principle being turned into various channels, we seem to act by different motives, when it is only the same differently turned ; we all act by the same first principle, though by different subordinate ones.

In the struggles betwixt virtue and vice, the question is only where most pleasure is to be had : when we reject sensual criminal pleasures, it is only that we may enjoy others that we conceive greater ; it is only rejecting a pleasure we find we cannot enjoy but with fear, shame, remorse, and such like alloys, for what upon the foot of the account we conceive will afford us most pleasure ; a consciousness of having done well, of having acted like a man, not like a brute ; together with the hopes of future recompence, and the persuasion of having avoided future misery. When these ideas are not in the mind, or not to a degree sufficient to weigh down what appears on the side of present enjoyment, we evermore give way to sensuality, the tempter prevails.

So if we chuse present misery, when in competition with ease, and positive enjoyment, it is because we perceive the one will be accompanied with mental pleasures, the other with pains of that sort, so as upon the whole the bodily sufferings, together with the mental enjoyment, will afford us most pleasure. Thus Cato is as great an epicure as Apicius, though the men are very different with respect to the esteem they ought to have as members of society, as well as on other accounts.

Notwithstanding the perpetual complaints of men, I am verily persuaded every man enjoys more in this world than he suffers ; but whether this be so or not, this is certain, that most men might enjoy more than they do, if they took the right course ; as it is, they have all the pleasure they can get. The whole world is engaged in one great chace after pleasure, but as there is great difference in
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the sportsmen, some are more successful than others; some in rough and dangerous ways find lean, wretched game; others what is excellent in a fine country.

The foundation of a happy life must be laid in the idea we have of God.

“Thou hast beset me behind, and before, and laid thine hand upon me.—Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into Heaven thou art there.—If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right-hand shall hold me; if I say surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me: yea, the darkness hideth not from thee: but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.” Being thus under the eye, and power of God, from whence it is impossible to withdraw ourselves for one moment, as most men know as well as this divine sacred Hebrew poet (though perhaps none ever said it so finely) but none can possibly be assured of the contrary, the idea we happen to have of this incomprehensible being is of the utmost importance to our happiness; if that be black, and terrible, let us divert the thought as well as we can, it will obtrude itself, and like the hand writing upon the wall, turn away the current of our pleasures in their strongest tides. If our ideas of God be confused, unsettled, and doubtful, it will be a proportionable abatement to our happiness; but on the contrary, if we have noble, and worthy conceptions of the Supreme Being, the mind is enriched thereby, and we have advanced far towards a happy life.

And if moreover we have such a perception of the nature of mankind, and such a self-consciousness as from thence, in conjunction with the notions we have of God, we can form, and establish a clear, and firm persuasion of our being entitled to his protection, and favour, this will be itself a transcendent delight; it will heighten,
and

and give a delicious flavour to all our other enjoyments; we may be intrepid under all the calamities of life,

And fear of death deliver to the winds.

MILTON.

*Whatever point I fix my thoughts upon
Throughout all space I find thee there, and thou
Art ever present, and with humble joy
I praise the universal Sovereign
Not of this little spot of earth, and sea,
And its attendant luminaries bright,
His sole dominion, heaven, and hell except,
(His court, and prison-house) but of more worlds
Than there are sands upon the ocean shores,
Where goodness infinite for ever reigns.
All things subsist in thee, in thee rejoice,
Not terrible, but as a father mild,
Beneficent, indulgent, bountiful:
Thou dost not hate, or cruelly correct
Imperfect beings for imperfect acts;
Or for mistakes those not infallible;
Or those whose actions, words, or thoughts (amiss
Altho' they be) involuntary are,
Or otherwise constrain'd, and not their own.
No passions turbulent can discompose
Thy holy mind eternally serene,
But joy divine, and wise paternal love,
Uninterrupted dwells for ever there.
O thou supremely amiable Being!
Pure, uncompounded essence! happiness,
And goodness flows from thee as from their spring
To all things else; spring inexhaustible!
Completely good, and happy in thyself!*

If it were proper, as upon several accounts it is not, I should here discourse largely on this great, delightful, and useful subject: I should then explain particularly what I meant, and support that meaning by arguments: instead of all that, I must leave the reader to take some pains for himself, as I have done; and it is well worth all he can take. And he would do well to remember that by much the greatest part of the difficulties, and perplexities we meet withal, in reasoning upon whatever subject are owing to our not going deep enough, but taking that for truth which ourselves do not see is so; whereas nothing should be borrowed, nothing supposed, or taken for granted; all should be our own; that is, it should become so by our seeing the reasons upon which it is bottomed as clearly as we presume others have done.

This main point being secured, and the mind thereby in repose, and joyous, an improvement in pleasure may be made if one part of our idea of God is, that he takes not delight in our miseries, and sufferings.

Men are generally apt to imagine God to be such a one as themselves; and when sour, melancholy, worn-out people undertake to instruct others in these matters, as they often do, they represent things accordingly. Hence (I conceive) it is, that it has been almost universally thought, that God takes pleasure in our pains and afflictions. For my own part, my idea of him is just the reverse of this. It seems to me much more reasonable (I am speaking on the supposition of liberty of the will, according to the common received opinion) I say it is much more reasonable in my apprehension, to believe that he approves of the wisdom of those that thankfully enjoy the good before them: and that to do otherwise, he esteems to be as offering the sacrifice of fools; and will say, *Who hath required this at your hands?* What a fine image does the angel in Milton give us of the supremely good Being, presiding over the enjoyments of the blessed in Heaven!

On

*On flowers repos'd, and with fresh flowrets crown'd
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality, and joy; secure
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before th' all bounteous king who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.*

If we considered God as the common father of all his creatures, these on earth, as well as those above, we might have the same pleasure in the consciousness of having done well when we accepted an enjoyment offered by his providence, as when we refused it; when we tasted pleasure, as when we felt pain; we might then enjoy the religious pleasure, and the natural one too: thus he that has burnt incense in a golden censer, might go away with an opinion of his being as acceptable to the Deity, as he that has offered his children to Moloch.

Being thus at liberty to pursue pleasure (as much a paradox as it may seem) the way to improve this liberty to the greatest advantage is to confine ourselves within the bounds of innocence, and virtue.

And that not only because we are thereby entitled to the favour of God, and have peace of conscience; such theological considerations I leave to divines as being their province; I only insist upon the bare natural reason of the thing. Nor am I about to deny that a libertine voluptuary has many pleasures which a man of virtue has not; but let it not be forgotten on the other side, that he has sufferings too which the other avoids; and has not pleasures peculiar to virtuous men: weigh one thing with another, and then see how the account stands.

Such is the goodness of God, that he has provided abundance of pleasure for us; especially all those actions which are necessary to the preservation of the species, and that of every individual, by a

constant supply of aliment have pleasure annexed to the performance of them. But as our appetites are apt to be inordinate through our excessive love of pleasure, and our bodies are so constituted, and human laws have so well provided for the common good, that the pleasure may continue after the good ends are served, and then those things in which we find delight become hurtful; a restraint must be put upon these appetites, and this is called virtue.— Thus chastity, and temperance; and temperance not only in meats and drinks, but in study, application to business, exercise, or whatever other the most commendable actions; these are virtues, because by them we are restrained from impairing our health, or our fortunes, and shortening our days, by which means we should be deprived of many pleasures. Justice is a virtue; the ardent desire we have of pleasure being apt to carry us on to obtain it, or the means of procuring it in such a manner as probably may expose us to greater mischief than will be countervailed by the advantages which we may hope to reap from such unreasonable, and illegal methods. Fortitude, and patience are also virtues, as whereby we are enabled bravely to support ourselves under the pressures to which our human state is constantly liable, and even to sling off the burthen; whereas a feeble mind gives way to sloth, and sinks, and is crushed under it; in short, prudence also is therefore a virtue, because it is a wise management with regard to time, place, persons, and the occasion, whereby we receive many advantages, and avoid as many inconveniencies. I must not enlarge; but by what has been said, it appears that in reality virtue is the œconomy of pleasure; it is a restraint, that God, and nature, and wise lawgivers have put upon our appetites: to what end? spitefully to retrench our enjoyments? No, but to enlarge, and improve them. So that were I to paint the fable of Prodicus, as Annibale Caracci has done, I would not make the way of virtue rough, and stony, that of vice should be so: he, and other moralists have been injurious to virtue, when they have
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given us such harsh representations of her. *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*

It is in every man's power to feed as deliciously as Lucullus: nature is not only contented with a little, but she has the greatest abundance when she has but what she wants; all the rest is an enemy to pleasure.

By temperance, and sobriety a common meal is a feast for an epicure. True rational appetite turns water into wine, and every glass is tokay. He that satisfies the true demands of well regulated nature though never so cheaply,

Blesses his stars, and calls it luxury.

As temperance gives us the highest pleasure at a very easy rate, a virtuous man in that sense has no temptation to injustice. But what a dignity of mind does an honest man retain! How easily and securely does he walk in his plain, and open way! with the approbation, and applause not only of his own mind (an inestimable treasure!) but of all the world. And he that has true magnanimity (like Job's Leviathan) laugheth at the shaking of the spear. He is as it were exempt from the common miseries of life, and in the midst of dangers and misfortunes

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

(I take leave to profit myself of the words of a great man, admirably used by him to another purpose.) And as to the advantages of prudence they are well known, and the more considerable as being perpetual; there is not a day, nor an hour in which we have not occasion for the exercise of this virtue, and as often taste the fruits of it.

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I have only touched on the positive advantages of virtue. By this means we moreover escape innumerable inconveniencies, and mischiefs, which I must not, and which I need not here enumerate.

To conclude this head. Good nature, forgiveness of injuries, pity, charity, and the like social virtues, as they are never practised but when self-love is at the bottom, however disguised it may happen to be; so being guided by prudence (without which they lose their properties, and become vices) they always have a natural tendency to our happiness; as hatred, malice, aversion, rage, and such like turbulent, and uneasy distempers of the mind; and even the abovementioned virtues themselves not conducted by prudence, are enemies; and as such are to be avoided: and thus the view of the follies, impertinencies, ill nature, or wickedness of others, should not be permitted to interrupt our tranquility; such is the advice of the Psalmist, *Fret not thyself because of evil doers*; and which his royal son, renowned for his wisdom, as well as his being inspired has repeated.

The next step towards a happy life is to know how to enjoy our own.

Every man is a distinct being, an island in the vast ocean of the universe; and among other peculiarities he has his own enjoyments; which it is his business not only to be contented with as being what is allotted him by providence, and not to be mended by his dislikes; but to improve as much as possible. If another man has enjoyments which I have not, I have those he is a stranger to; but whether I have or no, it is my own, not his I am to be concerned about: those I have are neither more, nor less; they are not otherwise than they are, be his what they will. I would gladly be as great a painter as Rafælle, but providence did not appoint me to be Rafælle, nor Rafælle me, I must acquiesce in its appointment; *by the grace of God I am what I am*; and will endeavour to enjoy, and improve

improve my own lot; so endeavour to improve it as all the while to enjoy, and so enjoy as not neglecting to improve.

We have another kind of property, and that is the present time. We possess but one single point, the whole circumference of eternity belongs to others. We talk of years, we are creatures but of a day, a moment! the man I was yesterday is now no more; if I live still to-morrow, that man is not yet born: what that self shall be is utterly unknown; what ideas, what opinions, what joys, what griefs, nay what body, all is yet hid in the womb of time; but this we are sure of, I shall not be the same, the present fabric will be demolished for ever. What is past we know, but it is vanished as a morning dream; we are moving on; and every step we take is a step in the dark.

*As when a comet from the sun is thrown
An immense distance amongst worlds unknown
After it flows a stream of glaring light;
'Tis day behind, but all before is night.*

This is our condition; we have nothing left, nothing in store; we live (as they say) from hand to mouth, the present is the substance, past, and to come are mere shadows. If an enjoyment is gone, it has had its duration, which was as much a property of it as any other: a picture I was very much delighted with for about twenty years was defaced by an accident; I considered I had enjoyed it so many years, and was thankful for that, it was all (it seems) that providence designed when it was bestowed on me, and it was a noble gift, it would have been an instance of goodness if it had been but for a month. If the enjoyments of to-day are not equal to those of yesterday, those of to-day are not the less, nor less to be enjoyed; must I lessen the account still by teasing myself with the remembrance

brance of God's extraordinary goodness to me then ; instead of being thankful for that, and for what I still enjoy ?

There is a perpetual change, and succession of our enjoyments ; so that we have a new set every day ; some indeed continue several years, others have a much shorter duration, and many there are which spring up, and wither immediately. And if (as it often happens) instead of those that are expired, and vanished ; others more, and greater have succeeded, this will add to the folly, and ingratitude of him who repines at what is gone, and overlooks what he has.

To imbitter present enjoyments with the fears of what may be is another piece of mismanagement, and very commonly practised : perhaps something I am now delighted with may be snatched from me, or some new evil may arrive ; but the date of the enjoyment is not yet expired, nor the unwelcome guest come : the present is what it is, and should not be altered by what may, or may not be hereafter.

Of all the fears that are enemies to our happiness that of death is the most terrible, and with good reason, the loss we fear being greater than any other loss can be : but the case is the same with the great comprehensive blessing life as with any particular enjoyments, it has its duration ; and we may as well regret it was not one thousand years instead of threescore and ten, as that it was but fifty, forty, thirty, or whatever lesser number of years, and not the full age of some men : he that dies at what age soever had the duration allotted to that individual being, which it was as impossible to alter as for a fly to live as long as an elephant. What the angel in Milton says to Adam with a little variation of the sense, (as being spoken on another occasion) is applicable to my present purpose.

*Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to Heaven.*

Be not so fond of life, nor so uneasy under the inconveniencies of it as to diminish the pleasure to be had in it ; but live well ; enjoy whilst you do live, be the time more, or less : if we are to die to-morrow, at least let us live to-day.

*Cowards die many times before their death :
The valiant never taste of death but once.*

*————— Death a necessary end
Will come when it will come.*

SHAKES. JUL. CAES.

Not only fear, but even hope is many times an abatement to our happiness ; as when we overlook the present good by having our eyes too longingly fixed on something at a distance. When hope helps to make us easy under what we suffer ; or when we enjoy the present to the full, and with an addition rather than otherwise from our hopes all is well ; hope is then wisely managed ; but else it is absurd and injurious to us.

*The earth's foundations can'st thou move, or stay
The ocean's waves, or rapid wheels of day ?
Then try to alter, or to know thy fate :
'Tis fix'd, 'tis hid.
Nor thy determin'd state, O man, deplore ;
'Tis good, not best ; with thanks the gods adore
Their gifts are wisely given ; expect no more.
Regret not what is past ; the present good enjoy ;
Nor let vain hopes, or fears the sweets of life destroy.*

H h

}
And

And now nothing more remains towards obtaining a happy life but that we learn to be pleased. This is a noble, and a useful science; it not only makes ourselves happy, but communicates happiness to all about us.

————— *Like Maia's son he stood
And shook his plumes that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.*

MILTON.

It is a wretched turn many people's heads have taken; they are perpetually depreciating every thing in this world; and seem to fancy there is a sort of merit in so doing; as if the way to express the esteem we had for what we hope God has provided for us in another state was by railing at this; or as if the present was not also the effect of his goodness, and bounty. It has been the practice of all polite people in all ages, and countries to disguise, or hide those *fautes*, and defects which though common to all animals are a sort of reproach to our nature; and to endeavour to exalt our species as much as possible to what we conceive of the angelic state: this also is one end of Painting, and poetry; they are to impregnate our minds with the most sublime, and beautiful images of things; and thus in our imaginations do raise all nature some degrees above what is commonly, or ever seen: why should we not do thus with respect to our condition in the particular now under consideration? why should we not represent it to one another, and to ourselves in the best manner the thing will bear? and if we must be in one extreme, why not on the right side, and to our advantage?

It must be owned our enjoyments are short, uncertain, and have their alloy. But this is not an abatement to our happiness proportionable to the clamour that is raised concerning it. If our pleasures are short,

short, and uncertain we have a succession of them; so that pleasure in general is not so, though particular ones are. Aye, but life itself is short! not if compared with that of most other animals. And though we have many sufferings, and our pleasures are never pure, and unmixed, whether from our own mismanagement (which is often the case) or otherwise; we, even these murmurers themselves are fed with quails, and manna: there is not a day, not an hour wherein the most wretched has not some tastes of pleasure, but the generality of men (as much a wilderness as this world is) have a flow of enjoyments: not perfect indeed, but such as are suited to our imperfect state; happy, though to a certain degree; such as unerring wisdom has appointed.

What is done with respect to our condition in the main is also commonly practised in particular cases; one cross circumstance puts us so out of humour as to make us incapable of pleasure from the many advantageous ones that are in our hands.

We should therefore learn to consider things as they are, and to expect no other, but to enjoy what advantages we have notwithstanding their imperfection; to wait to be pleased till this, and that and every thing we dislike is removed like the country-man in Horace.

————— *who near some river's side*
Expecting stands in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long, be past; fool, not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

Mr. JOHN HUGHES, MS.

There is another untoward humour very prevalent with most people, and that is rejecting all advices by saying it is easy for one that is happy himself to give such to the wretched which themselves in that condition could not profit by. If the advice is good, it is no

matter what the giver could, or would do ; let him to whom it is given try whether he has wisdom, and virtue enough to make his own advantage of it.

There are indeed certain seasons when the mind is incapable of pleasure in any remarkable degree : whether from the too great pressure of calamity ; or a melancholy cloud spreading itself over all : in this case the patient must do as in a fit of the head-ach, the gout, or the like distemper ; bear it as patiently as he can ; things will brighten again. And in the mean time he must not indolently sink under, but resolutely bear up against it, and endeavour as soon as possible to get rid of the mischief ; but by no means must he encourage its continuance ; nor regard any reflections he may then make to his disadvantage ; as being probably the voice of his distemper, not his reason. Thus in time the evil may be remedied : and a contrary habit gained : or if this will not do, the philosopher, and divine must deliver up the patient into the hands of the physician, or rather call him in to their assistance.

This deplorable case excepted ; and the mind being sound, and vigorous vast improvements may be made in our pleasures, by endeavouring and studying to be pleased.

Instead of observing what we do not like, and magnifying that ; suppose we should on the contrary apply ourselves to discover the advantageous circumstances in every moment of our lives, and fix upon, and profit ourselves of them as much as possible : would not this be more commendable ; and more for our interest ? there are a thousand instances of things which are insipid, or even nauseous to us, but which might become pleasant ; and a thousand, and ten thousand which seem adapted to please which we suffer to pass by unregarded. As imperfect, and despicable as our present condition may appear to be to some discontented people there is not a glance of the eye, a morsel we taste, or a breath we draw but is capable of affording us pleasure. Every season of the year, every hour of the day,
every

every circumstance of life, has some, proper, and peculiar to it. We should like bees suck sweetness out of every flower, not only those in fine gardens, but those which grow wild in every common field: nay if possible from every weed: even pain, and disappointment may be the occasions of administering some pleasure, by a consciousness of bearing them well, the improvement of our philosophical strength, and giving a stronger gust to the pleasure to be had elsewhere by the opposition.

If I were to make a finished work from this sketch (which I verily believe I never shall) there is room enough for plentiful enlargements everywhere, and here particularly by giving variety of instances, to illustrate, and prove what I have been saying; and I believe it very rarely happens, that any one circumstance of life is so well considered as it might be with the design of extracting all possible pleasures from it. However (besides that of connoissance which is my main business, and which I shall fully prosecute anon) I will not omit one which every body finds the benefit of in some measure, but which might be improved to a vast degree, and that is the getting a fine collection of mental pictures; what I mean is furnishing the mind with pleasing images: whether of things real, or imaginary; whether of our own forming, or borrowed from others. This is a collection which every one may have, and which will finely employ every vacant moment of one's times. I will give a specimen or two of these in the delicate, and in the great kind, or to speak more like a connoisseur, in the Parmeggiano, and in the Rafaele taste; and both out of Milton who alone is able to supply us abundantly; or as he himself says speaking of the sun,

*Hither as to their fountain other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light.*

What

What a croud of pleasing images fill the two following lines ! they are the beginning of a sonnet in his juvenile poems.

*O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at even when all the woods are still.*

Again, in his Paradise lost.

————— *In shady bower*
More sacred, and sequestered, though but feign'd,
Pan, or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cool recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet smelling herbs,
Espos'd Eve deckt first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly quires the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial angel to our fire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts.

The other is as great as ever entered into the heart of man not supernaturally inspired, if at least this poet was not so.

On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves as mountains to assault
Heav'ns heighth, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific word, your discord end.

Nor

*Nor staid, but on the wings of cherubim
 Uplifted in paternal glory rode
 Far into chaos, and the world unborn ;
 For chaos heard his voice : him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
 In God's eternal store to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things :
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world.*

I will venture to give one instance more, because it is a very material one, and a circumstance that is universal, and which will greatly heighten, and improve all our enjoyments ; and this is a sense of the divine presence. A man must have gross conceptions of God, if he imagines he can be seen in a future, better state in any corporeal form : incorporeally we see him here, his wisdom, goodness, power, and providence ; and this beatific vision brightens more, and more to pure minds, and that apply themselves to the consideration of it ; and thus it is heaven here on earth.

*Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain
 God is as * here and will be found alike
 Present, and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.*

MILTON.

Thus

* Eden.

*Thus I in contemplation sweet enjoy
 Thy heav'nly presence, gaze on, and adore
 Thy infinite perfections when I walk,
 Or sit, or on my bed lie down, discharg'd
 Of other various, necessary thoughts:
 In blest communion I am still with thee,
 Tho' lowly rev'rent as before my God;
 But fill'd with joy, and breathing ceaseless praise
 For this inestimable gift, bestow'd
 After long seeking, with a heart upright,
 Yet oft oppress'd, and oft thro' gloomy paths
 Conducted, perturbations, griefs, doubts, fears,
 Innumerable conflicts, agonies,
 Watchings, laborious studies, and disputes.*

This is the sketch I promised, and which I will leave as it is.—
 Happy are they who having been set right at first, have nothing
 to unlearn; and next to those, happy are they who at length know
 how to find pleasure in all that is innocent and good, and useful to
 society: such enjoy, and that with safety and honour:

*no veil
 She needed, virtue-proof, no thought infirm
 Alter'd her cheek.*

MILTON.

If others enjoy too, it is not to that degree; and with hazard, and
 infamy. Would to God I could be instrumental in persuading
 gentlemen to exchange those trifling, unmanly, and criminal plea-
 sures to which too many are accustomed, for those of the other, and
 better kind: would to God I could persuade them to manage life
 well; to get noble ideas of the Supreme Being; to apply themselves

to the knowledge and improvement of useful and excellent arts ; to impregnate their minds with pure and beautiful images, and with the sayings, and actions of men capable of reconciling us to human nature, after we have been observing what is commonly done in the world ; together with a self-consciousness of not having dishonoured the species themselves.

I have no where said that none but a philosopher and a good Christian can take pleasure in connoissance ; but that such a one has a mind at ease, and most apt to receive virtuous pleasure is incontestable : it is then a proper disposition to receive that I am about to recommend : which justifies what I have been doing as to the attempt, whatever the performance may be judged to be.

That the pleasure of connoissance is a virtuous, and a useful one, and such a one therefore as is worthy the pursuit of a wise, and good man, appears by what has been said heretofore. Wherein this pleasure consists is what I am now about to shew : which will also serve as a specimen of what may be done in other instances, a vast many of which I have observed are overlooked and neglected as well as this.

What is beautiful and excellent, is naturally adapted to please ; but all beauties and excellencies are not naturally seen. Most gentlemen see pictures and drawings, as the generality of people see the Heavens in a clear starry night, they perceive a sort of beauty there, but such a one as produces no great pleasure in the mind : but when one considers the heavenly bodies as other worlds, and that there are an infinite number of these in the empire of God, immensity ; and worlds which our eyes, assisted by the best glasses, can never reach, and so far remote from the most distant of what we see (which yet are so far removed from us, that when we consider it, our minds are filled with astonishment) that these visible ones are as it were our neighbours, as the continent of France is to Great Britain. When one considers farther, that as there are inhabitants

on this continent, though we see them not when we see that, it is altogether unreasonable, to imagine that those innumerable worlds are uninhabited and desert; there must be beings there, some perhaps more, others less noble, and excellent than man: when one thus views this vast prospect, the mind is otherwise affected than before, and feels a delight which common notions never can administer. So those who at present cannot comprehend there can be such pleasure in a good picture, or drawing as connoisseurs pretend to find, may learn to see the same thing themselves, their eyes being once opened, it is like a new sense, and new pleasures flow in as often as the objects of that superinduced sight present themselves, which (to people of condition especially) very frequently happens, or may be procured, whether here at home, or in their travels abroad. When a gentleman has learned to see the beauties and excellencies that are really in good pictures and drawings, and which may be learnt by conversing with such, and applying himself to the consideration of them, he will look upon that with joy, which he now passes over with very little pleasure, if not with indifference; nay, a sketch, a scrabble of the hand of a great master, will be capable of administering to him a greater degree of pleasure than those who know it not by experience will easily believe. Besides the graceful, and noble attitudes, the beauty of colours and forms, and the fine effects of light and shadow, which none sees as a connoisseur does, such a one enters farther than any other can into the beauties of the invention, expression, and other parts of the work he is considering: he sees strokes of art, contrivances, expedients, a delicacy, and spirit that others see not, or very imperfectly.

He sees what a force of mind the great masters had to conceive ideas; what judgment to see things beautifully, or to imagine beauty from what they saw; and what a power their hands were endued withal in a few strokes, and with ease to shew to another what themselves conceived.

What

What is it that gives us pleasure in reading a history, or poem, but that the mind is thereby furnished with variety of images? and what distinguishes some authors, and sets them above the common level but their knowing how to raise their subject? The Trojan, or Peloponesian wars would never have been thought of by us, if a Homer, or a Thucydides had not told the stories of them, who knew how to do it, so as to fill the mind of their readers with great and delightful ideas. He who converses with the works of the best masters is always reading such like admirable authors; and his mind consequently proportionally entertained, and delighted with fine histories, fables, characters, the ideas of magnificent buildings, fine prospects, &c.

And he sees these things in those different lights, which the various manners of thinking of the several masters sets them; he sees them as they are represented by the capricious, but vast genius of Leonardo da Vinci; the fierce and gygantic one of Michelangelo; the divine, and polite Rafaele; the poetical fancy of Giulio; the angelical mind of Correggio, or Parmeggiano; the haughty fullen, but accomplished Annibale, the learned Agostino Caracci, &c.

A connoisseur has this farther advantage, he not only sees beauties in pictures and drawings, which to common eyes are invisible; he learns by these to see such in nature, in the exquisite forms and colours, the fine effects of lights, shadows, and reflections, which in her is always to be found, and from whence he has a pleasure, which otherwise he could never have had, and which none with untaught eyes can possibly discern: he has a constant pleasure of this kind, even in the most common things, and the most familiar to us, so that what people usually look upon with the utmost indifference creates great delight in his mind. The noblest works of Rafaele, the most ravishing music of Handel, the most masterly strokes of Milton, touch not people without discernment: so the beauties of the works of the great author of nature are not seen but by en-

lightened eyes, and to these they appear far otherwise than before they were so; as we hope to see every thing still nearer to its true beauty and perfection in a better state, when we shall see what our eyes have not yet seen, nor our hearts conceived.

By conversing with the works of the best masters, our imaginations are impregnated with great and beautiful images, which present themselves on all occasions in reading an author, or ruminating upon some great action, ancient or modern: every thing is raised, every thing improved from what it would have been otherwise.—Nay, those lovely images with which our minds are thus stored, rise there continually, and give us pleasure with, or without any particular application.

What is rare and curious, without any other consideration, we naturally take pleasure in; because as variable as our circumstances are, there is so much of repetition in life, that more variety is still desirable. The works of the great masters would thus recommend themselves to us, though they had not that transcendent excellency as they have; they are such as are rarely seen; they are the works of a small number of the species in one little country of the world, and in a short space of time. But their excellency being put into the scale, makes the rarity of them justly considerable. They are the works of men, like whom none are now to be found, and when there will be God only knows!

Art, & Guides tout est dans les Champs Elysées.

LA FONTAINE.

What the old poet Melanthius says of Polygnotus (as he is cited by Plutarch in the Life of Cimon) may with a little alteration be applied to these men in general; it is thus already translated:

*This famous painter at his own expence
Gave Athens beauty, and magnificence;*

New

*New life to all the heroes did impart ;
 Embellished all the temples with his art ;
 The splendor of the state restor'd again :
 And so he did oblige both gods and men.*

And what still adds to the rarity of the excellent works we are speaking of is, their number must necessarily diminish by sudden accidents, or the slow, but certain injuries of time.

Another pleasure belonging to connoissance is, when we find any thing particular and curious ; as the first thoughts of a master for some remarkable picture. The original of a work of a great master, the copy of which we have already by some other considerable hand. A drawing of a picture, or after an antique very famous ; or which is now lost ; or when we make some new acquisition upon reasonable terms ; chiefly when we get for ourselves something we much desired, but could not hope to be masters of : when we make some new discovery, something that improves our knowledge in connoissance, or Painting, or otherwise ; and abundance of such like incidents, and which very frequently happens to a diligent connoisseur.

The pleasure that arises from the knowledge of hands is not like, or equal to that of the other parts of the business of a connoisseur ; but neither is that destitute of it. When one sees an admirable piece of art, it is part of the entertainment to know to whom to attribute it, and then to know his history ; whence else is the custom of putting the author's picture, or life at the beginning of a book ?

When one is considering a picture, or a drawing, and at the same time thinks this was done by * him who had many extraordinary endowments of body and mind, but was withal very capricious ; who was honoured in life, and death, expiring in the arms of one of the greatest princes of that age, Francis I. King of France,
 who

* Leonardo da Vinci.

who loved him as a friend. Another is of * him who lived a long, and happy life, beloved of Charles V. emperor; and many others of the first princes of Europe. When one has another in his hand, and thinks this was done by † one who so excelled in three arts, as that any of them in that degree had rendered him worthy of immortality; and one that moreover durst contend with his sovereign (one of the haughtiest popes that ever was) upon a slight offered to him, and extricated himself with honour. Another is the work of ‡ him who, without any one exterior advantage by mere strength of genius, had the most sublime imaginations, and executed them accordingly, yet lived and died obscurely. Another we shall consider as the work of § him who restored Painting when it was almost sunk; of him whose art made honourable; but neglecting, and despising greatness with a sort of cynical pride, was treated suitably to the figure he gave himself; not his intrinsic merit; which not having philosophy enough to bear it, broke his heart. Another is done by || one who (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and lived in great magnificence, and was much honoured by his own, and foreign princes; who was a courtier, a statesman, and a painter; and so much all these that when he acted in either character that seemed to be his business, and the others his diversion: I say when one thus reflects, besides the pleasure arising from the beauties and excellencies of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking one finds in it, and the pleasing thoughts it may suggest to us, an additional pleasure results from these reflections.

But oh the pleasure! when a connoisseur, and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say this is the hand, these are the thoughts of ** him who was one of the politest, best natured gentlemen that ever was; and beloved, and assisted by the greatest wits, and the greatest men then at Rome: of him who
lived

* Titian. † Michelangelo. ‡ Correggio. § Annibale Caracci. || Rubens. ** Rafaele.

lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died extremely lamented; and mist a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon; but was particularly esteemed, and favoured by two popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time, and as great men as ever sat there since that apostle, if at least he ever did. One (in short) who could have been a Leonardo, a Michelangelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmeggiano, an Annibale, a Rubens, or any other when he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Rafaele:

*Such as Diana when she sprightly leads
The dance on cool Eurota's flow'ry meads;
Or when the goddess is delighted more
To chace the stag, or skipping goat, she o'er
Huge Tagetus, or Erymanthus flies,
Whilst hunter's music echoes in the skies:
A thousand wood-nymphs evermore are seen
Surrounding, and exulting in their queen,
But she distinguishable is from far,
She taller, and more lovely does appear,
Supremely bright where ev'ry one is fair.
Her daughter chaste Latona saw, she smil'd,
And with transcendent joy her heart was fill'd.*

When we compare the hands, and manners of one master with another, and those of the same man in different times: when we see the various turns of mind, and excellencies; and above all when we observe what is well, or ill in their works, as it is a worthy, so it is also a very delightful exercise of our rational faculties.

And there is one circumstance in it which ought not to be forgotten, and with which I will close this part of my argument. In law we are tied down to precedents; in physic it is dangerous treading untrodden paths; in divinity, reason though flying before the

the wind with all her sails spread must stop if an article of faith appears: but in this study she has her full course; the mind finds itself entirely at liberty, and with her plumes winnows the buxom air (to use Milton's style.)

Sometimes

*She scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the empyrean tow'ring high.*

This is a pleasure which none but thinking men can be sensible of, and such know it to be one of the greatest, and most excellent they can enjoy.

S E C T. IV.

I fancy an author, and a reader are as two people travelling together; if the book be in manuscript, the writer takes the other into his own calash; if it be printed, it is a common voiture. We have thus been in company longer than I expected, but are now entering upon the last day's journey. How my fellow-traveller is affected I know not, but I confess I am pleased I am so near home.

It was formerly a trite saying among the Florentines (and may be so still for ought I know) *cosa fatta, capo hà*; a thing done has a head; that is, until then it has no life, the main circumstance is wanting, it is good for little. I am always glad when I clap on the head to any thing I undertake, because then that affair is brought to the perfection I can give it; it is something: and then moreover I am at liberty for a new enterprize. When I am got to the end of the present work (and I am now come to the last general division of it) I shall have the satisfaction of having done what I could for my own improvement; for he that endeavours to give light to another in any matter strikes up some in his own mind, which

which probably would never otherwise have kindled there; and I shall enjoy a consciousness of having tried to be as useful to the public as my circumstances would enable me to be: I saw something of this kind was wanting, and did not perceive that it was very likely any one else would take the trouble of it. I have therefore offered my present thoughts on this new subject, and in as good a method as I could contrive. I am too sensible of the fallibility of human understanding; and of my own in particular to be too well assured that I am right throughout: and shall be glad to be better informed if it appears that I am mistaken in any thing material: and I have some pretence to such a favour having so freely communicated those lights I believed I had acquired, and that with no small labour, and application, in a matter which I conceived might be of use to the world. To be mistaken is a sin of infirmity which I pretend not to be exempt from: to persist in the profession of an error after conviction is the deadly sin, and which I hope I never shall commit.

We will now go on; and see what advantages connoissance brings along with it.

When I was representing the benefits that might accrue to the public by means of the art of Painting, and connoissance I proved it had a natural tendency to reform our manners, refine our pleasures, and increase our wealth, power, and reputation. All these advantages every particular connoisseur will have if prudence accompanies that character. As to the two former no question can be made concerning them: nor of the two latter, supposing we have those other and that which alone remains to be considered, the improvement of our fortunes. Now though it is true a man may employ so much money this way, and in such a manner as may not be proportionable to his circumstances, nor proper whatever those are; yet if (as I said) prudence is mixed with connoissance not only this inconvenience will be avoided, but the contrary advantage obtained; for

money may be as well laid out this way as in any other purchase whatsoever, it will be as improveable an estate. There is moreover another consideration on this head, and that is, the pleasure of connoissance will probably come in instead of others not only less virtuous, but more expensive.

I promised when I entered upon this argument that I would treat it not as an advocate, or an orator, but as a strict reasoner; and have no where deviated from this rule that I know of: that I have not done so here when I said that connoissance had a natural tendency to promote our interest, power, reputation, politeness, and even our virtue, I refer you to what I have said when I asserted that the public might reap all these advantages by the same means; and elsewhere in this discourse. But as I would not exaggerate any thing, neither must I forbear to do right to the cause I have undertaken, which I should not have done if I had slightly passed over this important article, and had not taken care to give it these strong touches so as to make it conspicuous, that it may have a due effect upon the mind of the reader.

As my discourse is addressed to gentlemen in general I am not to insist upon those advantages which are peculiar to painters, and sculptors, and such other artists as have relation to these; which advantages are very considerable; not so much from the knowledge of hands, and how to distinguish copies from originals; (though that is something) but to know accurately to discover the beauties, and defects of a picture, or drawing they must readily acknowledge will not a little contribute to their own improvement in their art: this however not being proper to be insisted on here I prosecute it no farther; but leave it to be seriously considered by those concerned.

To be a connoisseur is to have an accomplishment which though it is not yet reckoned amongst those absolutely necessary to a gentleman, he that possesses it is always respected, and esteemed upon that account.

And

And if it be considered what qualifications a good connoisseur must necessarily have it will be found it cannot be otherwise. What beautiful ideas! clearly conceived, strongly retained, and artfully managed! what a solid, and unbiaſſed judgment! what a fund of historical, poetical, and theological ſcience muſt he have; and cannot fail by perpetually converſing with good pictures, and drawings always to improve, and increaſe! I will not go on to multiply particulars: he that has theſe in any tolerable degree will be allowed to have an accompliſhment which all gentlemen ought to have; and will be eſteemed accordingly.

When the Roman power was broken, and diſſipated; and arts, empire, and common honeſty were ſucceeded by ignorance, ſuperſtition, and prieſtcraft, the diſhonour of human nature was completed; for it was begun long before in Greece, and Aſia. In theſe miſerable times, and for ages afterwards, God knows there was no connoisseurs! To write, and read was then an accompliſhment for a prince to value himſelf upon. As the ſpecies began to recover themſelves, and to gain more ſtrength, literature, and Painting alſo lifted up their heads; but however not equally; that degree of vigour that ſerved to produce a Dante in writing, could riſe no higher than a Giotto in Painting.

Arts went on in this proportion until the happy age of Raſaſelle, which was productive of ſeveral very great men in all kinds; and theſe parts of the world began to be re-civilized.

Our own country

An old, and haughty nation, proud in arms,

MILTON.

Shook off its gothic ruſt, and began early to imitate its neighbours in politeneſs; in which it has already (for this revolution was but about two hundred years ago) equalled if not gone beyond the reſt

in a great many instances: if we go on the time will come when it shall be as dishonourable for a gentleman not to be a connoisseur, as now it is not to be able to read any other than his own language; or not to see the beauties of a good author.

Painting is but another sort of writing, but like the hieroglyphics anciently it is a character not for the vulgar; to read it, is not only to know that it is such a story, or such a man, but to see the beauties of the thought, and pencil; of the colouring, and composition; the expression, grace, and greatness that is to be found in it: and not to be able to do this is a sort of illiterature, and unpoliteness.

And accordingly in conversation when (as it frequently does) it turns upon Painting, a gentleman that is a connoisseur is distinguished, as one that has wit, and learning is; that being the subject of discourse.

On the contrary, not to be a connoisseur on such occasions either silences a gentleman, and hurts his character; or he makes a much worse figure in pretending to be what he is not to those who see his ignorance. See you not (said Apelles to Megabyfes priest of Diana) that the boys that grind my colours, who whilst you are silent look upon you with respect because of the gold, and purple of your garments, no sooner hear you talk of what you understand not but they laugh at you.

Those who are connoisseurs have this farther advantage; they will have no occasion to ask, or rely upon the judgment of others; they can judge for themselves.

Those who are connoisseurs: I repeat it because there are some who fancy they are so, and are thought to be so by others, who nevertheless have no better pretence to that character than a superstitious bigot, or a hypocrite has to true piety. It is an observation (as I remember) of my Lord Bacon, though it is no matter who has said it, if it be true, that a little philosophy makes a man an atheist; a great deal a good christian: so a little connoissance sets a man at a
greater

greater distance from the advantages of a true connoisseur than if he had none; if by his too good opinion of his own abilities, or the prejudices of his friends, or flattery of his dependents he is persuaded to stop there, imagining that little is all. For such a one not only is very apt to make himself the subject of ridicule to the knowing, whatever he may appear to the ignorant; but besides he lies open to those whose business it is to find out, and profit themselves of such self-sufficient, abortive connoisseurs; who will be sure to believe themselves a match for them who are their superiors in this case; and consequently be overpowered by them; whereas one that has no opinion at all of his own strength will keep himself out of danger. Gentlemen must take care therefore that they do not suppose themselves to be connoisseurs too soon, and without principles, and experience; especially if they undertake to collect; and pique themselves of hands, and originals. Though if I may have the honour to advise in this case they should begin with no other view than to have the best things; the rest will fall in in time, and with observation, and care if they resolve to be complete connoisseurs in all respects.

At our first coming into the world we are but in a low degree even of animal life, growing up however to a more perfect one; and in a sort of probationary state towards rational being; as when we arrive to that we are (as our holy religion teaches us) candidates for a glorious immortality.

With time our strength increases naturally, and we become more considerable animals; and by observation, and instruction every one acquires a certain share of art, and science, partly insensibly, and partly by direct application in proportion to which we are advanced in the rational state.

*To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Caesar, and the great Nassau!*

GARTH.

*Homer, and Milton once were not divine,
The hand of Raffaele could not draw a line,
And Lock, and Newton once had thoughts like mine.*

But to what height soever it is possible for human nature to arrive, and howsoever extensive their capacity may be, every individual is a sort of centaur, a mixt creature; in some respects a rational being, in others a mere animal; like the whimsical picture Vasari speaks of at the end of the life of Taddeo Zuccaro, and which he says was then in the collection of the Cardinal de Monte; in some views you might see the portrait of Hen. II. of France; in others the same face, but reversed, and in others a moon, and an anagrammatical copy of verses. Every man thus may be considered in various lights; in one, where he has sprung out the farthest length from the animal, into the rational state; in another, where he has made less advances; and some where he remains just where he was in his infancy.

For we have not abilities of body, and mind, nor time sufficient allotted to any one of us to make any considerable progress in many paths, and by much the greater number stop short without being excellent in any one art, or science how mean soever it be.

Upon this account it is that we are excused if in many instances we are intirely ignorant; it is no reflection upon us if we are mere animals in some views, and depend upon other people; who also are low creatures in some respects, but noble beings in regard to such attainments in which we are defective; herein they are our superiors, our guides, our lords; they are rational beings, and we not, or but in an inferior degree. Thus we are all dependent upon
each

each other to supply our single imperfection : but this is no otherwise an excuse than from the necessity of things ; for it is unworthy a rational being to retain any of the brute which he can possibly divest himself of.

As it is dishonourable, so it is inconvenient to be in a state of dependence and pupillage : our condition approaches towards perfection in proportion as we have the necessaries, and ornaments of life within ourselves, and need not to have recourse to foreign assistance ; which cannot be had without parting with something of our own judged to be equivalent : besides another man will rarely apply himself so diligently to my concerns as to his own, nor can I be assured of his integrity in any case ; in some there is great reason to suspect it ; and in some others, it is even unreasonable to expect any man will open himself entirely to me.

It is true, a gentleman may be in such circumstances as permit him not (consistent with the character of a wise man) to apply himself to become a very good connoisseur : it is not to such as these, but to those many who have leisure and opportunity, I have been taking the liberty humbly to recommend that study : such as these however may think fit to collect pictures or drawings ; these things have their uses and beauties, even to those who see them but superficially, and these circumstances may justify such a one in submitting to the direction, and advice of another upon the best terms, and with as much prudence as he can ; as in law, physic, or any other case : but it must be owned, that it is better, it is more for our honour and interest, if as in all other cases, so in this we are sufficiently qualified to judge for ourselves.

It is the glory of the Protestant church, and especially of the church of England, as being indubitably the head of the reformed churches ; and so upon that account, as well as the purity and excellency of its doctrines, and the piety, and learning of its clergy (so far as I am able to judge) the best national church in the world :

I say

I say it is the glory of the reformation, that thereby men are set at liberty to judge for themselves: we are thus a body of free men; not the major part in subjection to the rest. Here we are all connoisseurs as we are Protestants; though (as it must needs happen) some are abler connoisseurs than others. And we have abundantly experienced the advantages of this, since we have thus resumed our natural rights as rational creatures. May the like reformation be made, in a matter of much less importance indeed, but considerable enough to justify my wishes and endeavours; I mean in relation to connoissance: may every one of us in this case also be able to judge for ourselves without implicitly, and tamely resigning our understandings to those who are naturally our equals, and the advantages will be proportionable.

A man that thinks boldly, freely, and thoroughly; that stands upon his own legs, and sees with his own eyes, has a firmness, and serenity of mind, which he that is dependent upon others has not, or cannot reasonably have. Nor is he so liable to be imposed upon: whereas others are subject to be driven about, by the breath of men, which is always blowing strongly from every point of the compass.

If any one tells a true connoisseur that such a picture or drawing of his is a copy, or not so good, or of so good a hand, as he judges it to be: or if some say one thing, and some another, though in times past this might have given him much uneasiness: now, if he sees the incontestible marks of an original; the unquestionable characteristics of the hand; and judges of its goodness upon principles which he sees to be such as may be relied on; what is said to the contrary disturbs not him. So if a drawing or picture be offered him, as being of the hand of the divine Rafaele; if he is told there is undoubted, or infallible tradition for its having been in the Arundell collection, and bought by my Lord in Italy, but not till he had had it considered by the best judges there; and even examined in the academy of painters at Rome, in which there might probably have

have been some at that time old enough to have seen those that had seen Raffaele; or as an Italian writer in the hyperbolic style of that nation says, had seen the Lord. Yet if this judicious connoisseur sees in it no fine thought, no just, nor strong expression, no truth of drawing, no good composition, colouring, or handling; in short, neither grace, nor greatness; but that on the contrary it is evidently the work of some bungler, the confident pretences concerning it impose not on him; he knows it is not, it cannot possibly be of Raffaele.

A N

ESSAY ON PRINTS.

CONTAINING

Remarks on the most Noted Masters,

WITH

CAUTIONS TO COLLECTORS,

AND

CRITICISMS ON PARTICULAR PIECES,

WITH

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

THE most celebrated engravers in history were *Albert Durer, Goltzius, Muller, Abraham Bloemart, Andrea Mantegna, Parmiggiano, Palma, Francis Paria, Andrea Andreani, of Mantua, Marc Antonio, Frederick Barocchi, Anthony Tempesta, Augustini Carrachi, Giudo, Cantarine, Callot, Count Gaude, Salvator Rosa, Rembrandt, Peter Testa, Michael Dorigny, or Old Dorigny, Villamena, Stephen de la Bella, La Fage, Bolswert, Pontius, Sciaminoffi, Roman le Hooghe, Luiken, Gerrard Lairesse, Castiglione, Vander Muilen, Otho Venius, Galestruzzi, Mellan, Ostade, Cornelius Bega, Van Tulden, Joseph Parrocelle, Le Febre, Bellange, Claude Gillot, Watteau, Cornelius Schut, William Bauer, Coypel, Picart, Arthur Pond.* Our countryman succeeded admirably
in

in imitations, in which he hath etched several valuable prints, particularly two oval landscapes, after Salvator; a monkey in red chalk, after Carrachi; two or three views, after Panini, and some others equally excellent; but this practice has been so successfully practised by Count *Caylus*, an ingenious French Nobleman, that he has given excellent prints from all the masters of note. *Le Clerc* was an excellent engraver, in the little style. *Peter Bartolli* etched with freedom, his capital work is Lanfrank's Gallery. *John Freii* was an excellent engraver, and unites softness with strength. *R. B. Auden Aerd* copied many things from *Carlo Maratti*. *S. Gribelin* was a careful, laborious engraver, of no extensive genius, but painfully exact. *Le Bas* etches in a clear, distinct, free manner, and has done great honour to the works of Teniers, Woverman, and Berghem, from whom he chiefly copied: the best are after Berghem. *Bisshop's* etching has something pleasing in it, it is loose and free, and yet possesses strength and richness, many of his statues are good figures; the drawing is not always correct, but the execution beautiful; many of the plates of his drawing book are very well, his greatest single work is Joseph in Egypt, which is not without faults. *Francis Perrier*, his statues are very spiritedly etched, with great marks of genius. *Marot* etched some statues in a capital manner. *Roettier's* etchings are in a spirited bold manner, but not without an harshness in his outline, but his drawings are generally good; few artists manage a crowd better, or give it more effect, by a judicious distribution of light: his most capital works are the crucifixion, and assumption of the cross. *N. Dorigny*, his most capital work is the transfiguration, which *Addison* calls the noblest print in the world; but Dorigny so exhausted his genius on it, that he did nothing after worth preserving; his cartons are very poor, he engraved them with assistance in his old age.

MASTERS IN PORTRAITS.

REMBRANDT, in this class, certainly takes the lead, his heads are wonderful copies from nature, and perhaps the best of his works; there is great character and expression in them. *Vanuliet* followed Rembrandt's manner, which he often excelled; some of his heads are exceedingly beautiful, the force in every feature, the roundness of the muscle, the spirit of execution and character are all admirable. *J. Lievens* etches in the same style, his heads are executed with great spirit, and deserve place in all collections of prints. The two last artists etched some historical prints, particularly the latter, whose *Lazarus*, after Rembrandt, is a noble work. *Worlidge*, has very ingeniously followed Rembrandt, and sometimes improved upon him; no man understood the drawing of an head better; his portraits of painters are admirable; his portraits of Squires, the gipsy woman, and of Betty Canning, are done with great freedom, spirit, and character; his portrait of the young Lord Pembroke, after Van Dyck, is the prettiest portrait perhaps in the world; his gems are neat and masterly, but there is a woeful defect in the drawing, his only aim in these seems neatness, and to make them look pretty; they are by no means equal to the Devonshire, Marlborough, Stoth, or Gortleus's collection. *Van Dyck's* etchings do him great credit, they are chiefly to be found in a collection of portraits of eminent artists. *Luke Vosterman* is one of the best; a very finished etching of *ecce homo* passes under his name. We have a few prints of *Sir Peter Lely's* etching, but there is nothing in them extraordinary. *R. White* was the chief engraver of portraits in Charles II.'s time, but his works are miserable, they are good likenesses, but wretched prints. *White*, the mezzotinto scraper, son of the engraver, was an artist of great merit,

merit, he copied after Sir Godfrey Kneller, whom he teased so much with his proofs, that it is said, Sir Godfrey forbid him his house. Baptist, Wing, Sturges, and Hooper, are all admirable prints, he himself said, Old and Young Parr were the best portraits he ever scraped; his manner at that time was peculiar, he first etched his plate, and afterwards scraped it, hence his prints preserve a spirit to the last. *Smith* was the pupil of Becket, but soon excelled his master; he was esteemed the best mezzotinto scraper of his time, though perhaps inferior to White; he hath left a numerous collection of portraits, often bound in two large folios: he copied chiefly from Sir Godfrey. Lord Sommers was so fond of his works, that he generally carried them in his coach; some of his best prints are two holy families, Anthony Leigh, Mary Magdalen, Scalken, a half length of Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, the Duke of Schomberg on horseback, the Countess of Salisbury, Gibbon, the statuary, and a very fine hawking piece from Wyke. *Millan's* portraits are indifferent, they want spirit, strength, and effect. *Pittori* published a set of heads, in the style of Millan, from Piazzetta, but in a much better taste, force, and spirit. *J. Morin's* heads are engraved in a very peculiar manner, they are slipped with a graver, have good effect, force, and at the same time softness; few portraits are better: *Bentivoglio*, after Van Dyck, is the best. *J. Lutma's* heads are executed in the same way, they are inferior to Morin's, but not without merit. *Marmion* etched a few portraits in the manner of Van Dyck, with great care and freedom. *Wolfgang*, a German engraver, managed his tools with great softness and delicacy, and at the same time preserved a great deal of spirit: Bishop Huet, the famous and accomplished French prelate, was done by him. *Drevet's* portraits are elegant, neat, but too much laboured, they are copied from Regnault, and other French masters, and abound in flutter and licentious drapery, so opposite to true taste. *Richardson* etched several heads for Mr. Pope and others of his friends, they are
flight

flight, but spirited; Mr. Pope's profile is the best. *Vertue* copied with painful exactness, in a dry, disagreeable manner, without force or freedom. Such an artist in mezzotinto was *Faber*, he has published nothing extremely bad, yet few things worth collecting: Mrs. Collier is one of his best prints, and a very good one. *Houbraken* was a genius, and has given us some pieces equal to any thing of the kind; such are his head of Hampden, Schomberg, the Earl of Bedford, Duke of Richmond, and some others: a more elegant and flowing air no artist ever employed. Our countryman *Fry* has left behind him some beautiful heads in mezzotinto, they are all copied from nature, of great softness and spirit, but want strength: mezzotinto is not adapted to works so large.

MASTERS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

BERGHEM has a genius truly pastoral, and brings before us the most agreeable scenes of human rural life, the simplicity of Arcadean manners are no where better described than in his works; we have a large collection of prints from his designs, many etched by himself, and many by other masters; those by himself are slight, but masterly, his execution is inimitable, his cattle are well drawn and admirably characterized, and generally well grouped: few painters excel more in composition. Amongst his own etchings, a few small plates of sheep and goats are exceedingly valued. *J. Visscher* never appears to more advantage than when he copies Berghem, his excellent drawing and free execution gives great value to his prints; he is a master both in etching and engraving, his only failure was not a proper attendance to the distribution of light.

Danker Dankerts is another excellent copiest from Berghem; every thing that has been said of *Visscher* may be said of him, and perhaps more.

more. *Hondius* painted animals chiefly in a free manner, was extravagant in his colouring, incorrect in his drawing, ignorant of the effect of light, but great and amazing in expression; his prints are better than his pictures, they afford such strong instances of animal fury, that we meet no where but in nature itself; his hunted wolf is an admirable print. *Du Jardin* understood the anatomy of domestic animals perhaps better than any other master, his drawing is correct, and yet the freedom is preserved, he copied nature strictly, though not servilely, and has given us the form and character of each animal with great spirit; his composition is beautiful, and his execution neat; his works, when bound, make fifty leaves, amongst which are scarce one bad print. *Rubens's* huntings are undoubtedly superior upon the whole to any thing of the kind, we have there his great invention, and a grand style in them: I class them under his name, because they are engraved by several masters, but are very poorly done. *Wouverman's* composition is generally crowded with little ornaments, there is no simplicity in his works, he wanted a chaste judgment to correct his exuberance. *Visscher* was the first to engrave prints from this artist, he chose only a few good designs, and executed them masterly. *Moyreau* undertook him next, and hath published a large collection, finished highly and with more softness and spirit; his prints exhibit a variety of pleasing representations, huntings, encampments, cavalcades, and marches. *Rosa of Tivoli*, etched in a very finished manner, no one out-did him in composition and execution, he is very skilful in the management of light; his designs are all pastoral, and yet there is often a mixture of the heroic in his compositions very pleasing: his prints are scarce. *Stephen Della Bella* may be mentioned amongst the masters in animal life, though few of his works in this way deserve any other praise than for elegance in execution; his animals are neither well drawn nor justly characterized; his best works in animal life are some heads of camels and dromedaries. *Anthony Tempesta* hath etched several
plates

plates of single horses, and of huntings; he hath given great expression, but his composition in these prints is bad, nor is there in any of them the least effect of light. *J. Fit* etched a few animals with inimitable strength and spirit. *Cypp's* etchings we meet with in curious collections, they are well composed, well drawn, and well expressed. *Peter de Laer* has left us several small etchings of horses and other animals well characterized, and executed in a bold masterly style, some of them are single figures, but when he composes he is generally good, and his distribution of light seldom much amiss, often pleasing, and his drawing good. *Peter Stoop* came from Portugal with Queen Catherine, was admired till Wyke's superior excellence eclipsed him; he etched a book of horses, much valued, as there is great accuracy in the drawing, nature in the characters, and spirit in the execution. *Rembrandt's* etchings of lions are worthy the notice of connoisseurs, *Bloteling's* lions are highly finished, but with more neatness than spirit. *Paul Potter* etched several plates of cows and horses in a masterly manner, but his drawing is not just, especially in his sheep. *Barlow's* etchings are numerous, his illustrations of *Æsop* is his grand work, there is something pleasing in his manner and composition though not excellent, his drawing is indifferent, his birds in general are better than his beasts. *Flamen* has etched several plates of birds and fishes; the former are bad, and the latter the best of the kind we have. *Hollar* has given us several plates of animal life, which ought rather to be taken notice of, as they perhaps are amongst the best of his works; two or three small plates of domestic fowls, ducks, woodcocks, and other game are very well, his shells and butterflies are beautiful. I shall close this class with *Ridinger*, who perhaps was one of the greatest masters in animal life, he has marked the characters of animals with surprising expression; his works may be considered as natural history, he carries us into the forest, amongst bears, lions, and tygers, and with great exactness represents their haunts and manners of living;

his

his composition is beautiful, and his distribution of light good ; his landscapes are picturesque, romantic, and well adapted to the subject ; on the other hand, he seems laboured, and wants freedom ; his human figures have little taste, his horses are ill characterized, and worse drawn, and his drawing generally is but slovenly ; his prints are often real history, and represent the portraits of particular animals taken in the chase : the story often is in High Dutch underneath the print. The idea of historical truth adds a relish to the entertainment, and we survey with pleasure what has given entertainment to a German prince nine hours together. His productions are numerous ; his huntings, and different manners of catching animals, are the least picturesque of any of his works ; many of his fables are beautiful, especially the third, seventh, eighth, and tenth ; his book of heads of wolves and foxes are admirable. His two most capital prints are two large uprights, one representing a bear devouring a deer ; the other wild boars reposing in a forest.

MASTERS IN LANDSCAPE.

SADLER's landscapes have merit in composition, they are picturesque and romantic, but the manner is dry and disagreeable, the light ill distributed, the distances ill kept, and the figures bad. There are three engravers of this name, but none eminent. Ralph copied Bassan's designs ; John engraved a set of prints to the Bible ; and Egedeus was the engraver of landscape, and is the subject of our criticism. *Rembrandt's* landscapes have little to recommend them besides their effect, which is surprising ; his most admired is the one known by collectors, by the name of the Three Trees. *Gasper Poussin* etched in a very loose, but masterly manner. *A. Bloemart* understood composition, and its beauties in landscape and history, but his prints have little force, owing to an improper dispo-

sition of light; he is without freedom in his execution, but wants neither elegance nor simplicity in his designs. *Hollar* copied with great truth without ornament; if we are satisfied with exact representations, we shall find no master so true as him, but if we want pictures, we must seek them elsewhere. *Stephen Della Bella's* landscapes have little to recommend them except their neatness and keeping; there is no great beauty in his composition, but great neatness. *Bolwert's* landscapes often are executed in a very grand style, but with little variety of minute beauties, every thing is great and simple; the print that goes by the name of the Waggon is deservedly admired. *Neulant* has etched a small book of the ruins of Rome, in which there is great simplicity, and some skill in composition and distribution of light, but the execution is disagreeable and harsh. We have a few landscapes by an *Earl of Sunderland*, in an elegant loose manner, in which a Spaniard, standing on the foreground, is marked G. and J. sculpsit—another J. G. *Waterloo* is beyond all others in landscape, his subject is perfectly rural and simple, but no great variety of fancy; his composition is good, his light well arranged, and his execution shews him a consummate master; every object he touches has the character of nature, but he particularly excels in the foliage of his trees; it is difficult to meet with his works in perfection, the plates are all retouched and greatly injured. *Swanevelt* painted landscapes, and etched in the manner of *Waterloo*, but not with that freedom; his trees will bear no comparison with those of that master, but he excelled certainly in the dignity of design—*Waterloo* saw nature with a Dutchman's eye: if we except two or three of his pieces, he never went beyond Flemish plain simplicity—*Swanevelt's* ideas were of a nobler cast, he had trodden classic ground, and had warmed his imagination with the grandeur and variety of Italian prospects; his composition is good, and his lights judicious; in his execution are two manners. *James Rousseau*, a disciple of *Swanevelt*, his paintings at Montague-House,

House, now the British Museum, are good, his etchings are beautiful; he understood composition and distribution of light, and there is a fine taste in his landscape, but his perspective is not always critically good, and often pedantically introduced; his figures are good, and generally well placed, but his manner dry and formal. *Ruydael* etched nothing but what was exceedingly slight. *Israël Sylvestre* has given us small ruins, some indeed of a large size of most of the capital ruins, churches, bridges, and castles in France and Italy; they are exceedingly neat, and touched with great spirit and resemblance. The etchings of *Claude Lorraine* are below his character; there is often good composition in them, but nothing else; his execution is bad, and there is a dirtiness in them disgusting, his lights seldom well massed, and his distances only sometimes observed; his talents lie upon his pallet, and he could do nothing without: *Via Sacra* is one of the best of his prints, the trees and ruins on the left are beautifully touched, and the whole would have been pleasing, had the fore-ground been in shadow. *Perelle* has great merit, a fruitful fancy with great richness and variety, but often confounds the eye with too great a luxuriancy; his manner is his own, and is rich, elegant, strong and free; his trees are beautiful, and the foliage loose, and the ramification easy, but he is a mannerist rather than a copier of nature; his views are all ideal, and his trees seem of one family, his light, though generally well distributed is often affected: these remarks are on *Old Perelle*, there were three engravers of this name; the grandfather, the father, and the son; they all engraved in the same style, but the old man is the best, as the others degenerated; the grandson is the worst. *Vander Cabel* was a slovenly artist generally, but where he has studied there is great beauty; his manner is loose and masterly, wants effect, but abounds in freedom; his trees are often well managed; his small pieces are generally the best of his performances. In *Weirötter* we see great neatness and high finishing, but often at the expence of spirit and

effect; he seems to have understood the management of trees well, to which he always gives a beautiful looseness; there is great effect in a small moonlight by this master, the whole is in dark shade except three figures on the fore-ground. *Overbeck* etched a book of Roman ruins, which are generally good, they are pretty large and highly finished; his manner, and his light often well distributed, and his composition agreeable. *Genoel's* landscapes are rather free sketches than finished prints; in that light they are beautiful, no effect is aimed at, but the freedom with which they are touched is pleasing; in the composition he is commonly good, though often crowded. *Both's* taste in landscape is elegant and grand, his composition beautiful, and his execution rich and masterly in the greatest degree, but his light is not always well distributed, his figures are excellent; we lament we have not more of his works, as they are certainly the best landscapes we have. *Marco Ricci's* works are numerous, and have little merit; his human figures are good, and his trees tolerable, but he produces no effect; his manner disgusts, his cattle ill drawn, and his distances not well preserved. *Le Veau's* landscapes are highly finished, they are graced with softness, elegance and spirit; the keeping of this master is well observed; his subjects are well chosen, and his prints make beautiful furniture. *Zuïngg* engraves like *Le Veau*, but not so elegantly. *Zeeman* was a Dutch painter, and excelled in sea coasts, beaches, and distant lands, which he commonly ornamented with skiffs and fishing-boats; his execution is neat, and his distances well kept, but his light ill distributed, his figures are good, and his skiffs admirable; in his sea-pieces he introduces larger vessels, but his prints in this style are awkward and disagreeable. *Vandieft* left behind him a few rough sketches, which are free in the execution. *Goupy* happily caught the manner of *Salvator*, and in some things excelled him; there is a richness in his execution, and a spirit in his trees, which *Salvator* wants, but his figures are bad, not only many gross instances of
indelicacy

indelicacy of outline, but even of bad drawing may be found in his print of Porfenna, and in that of Diana: landscape is his fort, and his best prints are those which are known by the name of Latrones, the Augurs, Tobit, Agar and its companion. *Piranesi* has given us a larger collection of Roman antiquities than any other master, and has added to his ruins a great variety of modern buildings. The critics say he has trusted too much to his eye, and that his proportions and perspective are often faulty. He seems to be a rapid genius. We are told the drawings which he takes upon the spot are as slight and rough as possible; the rest he made out by memory, and invention. From so voluminous an artist indeed we cannot expect great correctness: his works complete sell at least for fifty pounds unboud. But the great excellence of *Piranesi* is his wonderful execution, of which he is a consummate master; his stroke is firm, free, and bold beyond expression, and his manner admirable, and grand, but in the distribution of light he has little knowledge. Our celebrated countryman *Hogarth*, cannot properly be omitted in a catalogue of engravers; and yet he ranks in none of the classes mentioned; so shall introduce him here. His works abound in true humour and satire, which is generally well directed. They are admirable moral lessons, and a fund of entertainment, suited to every taste, a circumstance which shews them to be just copies of nature: we may consider them as valuable repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses of the present age. How far the works of *Hogarth* will bear a critical examination, will be the subject of more enquiry. In design *Hogarth* was seldom at a loss, his invention was fertile, his judgment accurate; an improper incident rarely introduced, a proper one rarely omitted: no one could tell a story better, or make it in all its parts more intelligible. His genius however was suited only to low familiar subjects, it never soared above common life to subjects naturally sublime; or which from antiquity or other accidents borrowed dignity;

dignity, he could not rise. In composition we see little in him to admire. In many of his prints his deficiency is so great as plainly to imply a want of all principle, as makes us believe when we do meet with a beautiful group, it is the effect of chance. In one of his minor works, the Idle 'Prentice, we seldom see a crowd more beautifully managed than in the last print; if the sheriff's officers had not been placed in a line, and had been brought a little lower in the picture, so as to have formed a pyramid with the cart, the composition would have been unexceptionable; and yet the first print of this work is such a striking instance of disagreeable composition, that it is amazing how an artist who had any idea of beautiful forms could suffer so unmasterly a performance to leave his hands. Of the proper distribution of light he had little knowledge: in some of his pieces we see a good effect, as in the execution I just mentioned. His figures on the whole are inspired with so much life and meaning, that the eye is kept in good humour in spite of its inclination to find fault. The author of the Analysis of Beauty it might be supposed would have given us more instances of grace than we find in the works of Hogarth; which shews that theory and practice are not always united. Many opportunities his subjects naturally afford of introducing graceful attitudes, and yet we have few examples of them. With instances of picturesque grace, his works abound. Of his expression, in which the force of his genius lay, we cannot speak in terms too high, in every mode of it he was truly excellent. The passions he thoroughly understood, and all the effects they produce in every part of the human frame; he had the happy art of conveying his ideas with the same exactness with which he conceived them. He was excellent in expressing any humorous oddity, which we often see stamped on the human face. His heads are cast in the very mould of nature, hence that endless variety that is displayed through his works, and hence it is that the difference arises between his heads and the affected caricaturas

caricatures of those masters who have sometimes amused themselves with patching together an assemblage of features from their own ideas; such are Spaniolet's, which, though admirably executed, appear plainly to have no archetypes in nature. Hogarth's, on the other hand, are collections of natural curiosities; the Oxford heads, the physician's arms, and some of his other pieces, are expressly of this humorous kind; they are truly comic, though ill-natured effusions of mirth more entertaining than Spaniolet's, as they are pure nature but less innocent, as they contain ill directed ridicule; but the species of expression in which this master most excels is, that happy art of catching those peculiarities of air and gesture, which the ridiculous part of every profession contract, and which, for that reason, become characteristic; of the whole, his counsellors, his undertakers, his lawyers, his usurers, are all conspicuous at sight; in a word, almost all professions may see in his works that particular species of affectation which they should endeavour to avoid; the execution of this master is well suited to his subjects and manner of treating them; he etches with great spirit, and never gives one unnecessary stroke, there is great spirit in his little print of a corner of a play-house.

CAUTIONS in collecting PRINTS.

THE collector of prints may be first cautioned against indulging a desire of becoming possessed of all the works of any master; there is no master whose works in the gross deserve notice; no man is equal to himself in all his compositions. I have known a collector of Rembrandt give two or three guineas for a print of that master to complete his collection, which would have been greatly to Rembrandt's credit if it had been left out: one third of the works of this master will not bear just criticism. Prince Eugene piqued himself

self on having all the works of all the masters ; his collection was bulky, and cost eighty thousand pounds, and could not at that time if sifted, be worth so many hundreds. The collector of prints may be cautioned against a superstitious veneration for names ; a true connoisseur leaves the master out of the question, and examines the work. With a dabbling little genius, nothing sways like a name, it carries a wonderful force, covers glaring faults, and creates imaginary beauties ; that criticism is certainly just, which examines the different manners of the various masters with a view to discover how a good effect may be produced, but to be curious to find out the master, and there to rest the judgment, is a kind of connoisseurship, very poultry and illiberal ; instead of judging of the master by the work, it is judging the work by the master : hence it is those vile prints the *Woman in the Cauldron* and *Mount Parnassus* obtain credit among connoisseurs ; if you ask where their beauties consist, you are informed they are graced by Marc Antonio, and if that will not satisfy you, they tell you they are after Rafaele. This absurd taste raised an honest indignation in Picart, who having shewn the world, by his excellent imitations, how ridiculous it is to pay a veneration to names, tells us, he had compared some of the gravings of the ancient masters with the pictures, and found them very bad copies ; he speaks of the stiff manner that runs through them of the hair of children, which resembles pot-hooks, and of their ignorance in anatomy, and the distribution of light : what folly is that, that makes the public fashion the criterion of taste ; fashion prevails in every thing, while it is confined to dress, or the idle ceremonies of a visit, it is of little consequence ; but when it becomes the dictator in arts, the matter is serious, yet so it is, we seldom permit ourselves to judge of beauty by the rules of art, but follow the catch-word of fashion, and applaud and censure from the voice of others : sometimes one master, sometimes another master has the run. Rembrandt has long been a fashionable master ; if the
prints

prints be good, it signifies little by whom. The date of Rembrandt is getting over, and other masters are getting into fashion; for the truth of these observations, I appeal to the dealers in old prints, who will inform you how uncertain is the value of the goods they vend; hence it is such noble productions as the works of Peter Testa are in such little esteem; the whole collection of this master, which consists of thirty capital prints, may be bought for less than is often given for a single print of Rembrandt; I speak not of his capital print, the price of which is immoderate. The true man of taste, leaves the voice of fashion entirely out of the question, he has a better standard of beauty, which he will find frequently at variance with common opinion. A fourth caution in collecting prints may be not to rate their value by their scarceness. Scarceness will make a valuable print more valuable, but to make scarceness the standard of a print's value, is to mistake an accident for merit; this folly is founded in vanity, to possess what none else can possess; the want of real merit is made up by imaginary, and the object is intended to be kept, not looked at; yet absurd, as this false taste is, a trifling genius may be found, who will give ten guineas for Hollar's shells, which, valued according to real merit, and the scarcity added to the account, are not worth ten shillings. Le Clerc, in his print of Alexander's Triumph, had given a profile of that prince, the print was shewn to the Duke of Orleans, who was pleased with it on the whole, but justly objected to the side face; the obsequious artist erased it and engraved a full one; a few impressions had been taken from the plate in its first state, which sell amongst the curious for ten times the price of the one since it has been altered. Callot, once pleased with a little plate of his own etching, made a hole in it, through which he drew a ribbon and wore it on his button: the impressions after the hole was made, are scarce and valuable. In a print of the Holy Family from Van Dyck, St. John was represented laying his hand on the Virgin's shoulder. Before the print was published, the artist shewed it

among his critical friends, some of whom thought the action of St. John too familiar; the painter was convinced, and removed the hand, but he was mistaken when he thought he added value to the print by the alteration; the impressions that got out with the hand on the shoulder would buy up all the rest three times over in any auction where it was properly pointed out: many of Rembrandt's prints receive a value from accidental alterations of this kind. A few impressions were taken from one plate before a sign-post was inserted at an alehouse door; at a second, before a dog was introduced; at a third, before a white horse tail was turned into a black. Let the collectors of prints be cautious about buying copies for originals, many of the works of the copiers may be so well, that a person not versed in prints may be easily deceived: were the copies really as good as the originals, they contract a stiffness from the fear of erring, that they are easily discerned when compared. The last caution I shall give to collectors is, to take care not to purchase bad impressions. There are three things which make an impression bad: the first is, its being ill taken off, some prints seem to have received the force of the roller, at intervals the impression is double, and gives that glimmering appearance that illudes the eye. A second, which makes an impression bad is a worn plate; there is often as much difference between the first and last impressions, as two different prints, the effect is wholly lost in a faint impression, and you have nothing left but a vapid design, without spirit, and without force; in mezzotinto especially, a strong impression is desirable, for its spirit quickly evaporates, without which, it is the most insipid of all prints. In engraving or etching there will be always here and there a dark touch, which long preserves an appearance of spirit, but mezzotinto is a flat surface, and when it begins to wear it wears all over; too many of the works of all the great masters that are hawked about at auctions, or sold in shops, are in this wretched state; it is difficult to meet with a good impression

pression of the Salvator's, Rembrandt's, and Waterloo's, except in some choice collections, they are seldom better than mere reverses; you see the form of the print, but the elegant masterly touches are gone; back grounds and fore grounds are jumbled together by the confusion of all distance, and you have rather the shadow than the print itself. The last thing which makes a bad impression is, the retouching a worn plate; sometimes indeed it is done by the master himself, there the spirit may be preserved, but it is generally done by some bungler, into whose hands the plate has fallen, and then it is execrable; in a worn plate you have the remains of something excellent, but in a plate scratched over by a wretched bungler, the idea of the master is lost: such prints there are of Rembrandt and Waterloo, which those great masters would have shuddered to have owned; yet, as we are often obliged to take up with what we can get, let us rather choose faint impressions than retouched ones.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

COMPOSITION—Means a picture in general, in a large sense. In a particular sense the art of grouping figures, and combining the parts of a picture; in this latter sense, it is synonymous with disposition.

DESIGN—In its strict sense, applied chiefly to drawing in an enlarged one, the general conduct of the piece, and representation of the story.

A WHOLE—The idea of one object a picture must give in a comprehensive view.

EXPRESSION—The force with which any object is represented.

EFFECT—Arises from the management of light, but the word is sometimes applied to the general view of the picture.

SPIRIT—The general effect of a masterly performance.

MANNER—Synonymous with execution.

PICTURESQUE—That peculiar kind of beauty agreeable in a picture.

PICTURESQUE GRACE—An agreeable form given in a picture to a clownish figure.

REPOSE, or QUIETNESS—Applied to a picture when the whole is harmonious.

TO TAKE DOWN, KEEP DOWN, or BRING DOWN—Signify throwing a degree of shade on a glaring light.

A MIDDLE TINT—A medium between a strong light and a strong shade: the phrase not at all expressive of colour.

CATCHING LIGHTS—Strong lights which strike on some particular parts of an object, the rest of which is in shadow.

STUDIES—The sketched ideas of a painter not wrought into a whole.

FREEDOM—

FREEDOM—The result of quick execution.

EXTREMITIES—Hands and feet.

AIR—Expresses chiefly the graceful action of the head, but often means a graceful attitude.

CONTRAST—The opposition of one part to another.

. I N T R O D U C T I O N

T O T H E

C H R O N O L O G I C A L L I S T , &c.

TH E following historical and chronological list (as to the main of it) I took the pains to make some years ago for my own use. I have been pretty careful in it, so that I believe there are not many mistakes. Where I could find no account of the time of a master's birth, his place in the list will shew whereabouts it probably was. The double dates are the different accounts of authors, the most considerable is that of Correggio; I have been determined to put him so low upon the authority of a manuscript of Father Resta, a late connoisseur at Rome, and who besides his infinite diligence in these matters, and a particular regard, and even fondness for Correggio, hath had very great opportunities of being rightly informed, considering the distance of time. The account of the degrees in which some of the most eminent of these masters excelled, is scattered up and down in the preceding discourse; but of this you may see farther at the end of a small book of Mr. de Piles, printed anno 1708. *Cours de Peinture par Principes.*

He

He has made a scale, the highest number of which is eighteen, and denotes the highest degree to which any one hath arrived that we know of; then he supposes the art to consist of Composition, Design, Colouring, and Expression, of each of which he makes a separate column, and in these puts his number, according as he judges the master, whose name he applies them to has merited. The thing is curious and useful; but some considerable parts of Painting being omitted, it gives not a just idea of the masters. For example; according to this scale, Rembrandt seems to be equal to Giulio Romano, and superior to Michelangelo and Parmeggiano. Whereas had he brought Invention, Greatness, Grace, &c. into the account, it would have set the matter right, supposing he had allotted the just degrees, which neither he, nor any one else can do so as to please universally.

Historical and Chronological Series of the Principal Professors of P A I N T I N G.

M A S T E R S.	D I S C I P L E of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Giovanni Cimabue, } the father of mo- } dern Painting.	Certain Greek painters, } brought to Florence.	1240	History.	Florence.	1300
Giotto.	Cimabue.	1276	Hist. sculp. archit.	Florence.	1336
John van Eyck, or John } of Bruges, inventor of } painting in oil. Ann. } 1410.	His brother Hubert.	1300	History.		1441
Mafaccio	Mafolino.	1417	History.	Florence.	1443
Giovanni Bellini.	His father Jacopo.	1420	Hist. port. archit.	Venice.	1510
Gentile Bellini.	His father.	1421	Hist. port. archit.	{ Venice, went to } { Constantinople. }	1501
Luca Signorella da Cor- } tona.	Pietro del Borgo.	1439	History.	Several parts of Italy	1512
Leonardo da Vinci.	Andrea Verocchio.	1445	{ Hist. port. scul. } { architect. }	Florence.	1520
Pietro Perugino.	Andrea Verocchio.	1446	History.	Florence, Siena.	1524
Andrea Mantegna. Gra- } ving invented in his } time, and by him first } practised.	Jacopo Squarcione.	1451	History, portraits.	Mantua, Rome.	1517
Fra. Bartolomeo di S. } Marco.	Rafaelle for Perspective.	1469	History.	Florence.	1517
Timoteo Vete da Urbino.	Imitated Rafaelle.	1470	History.	Urbino, Rome.	1524
Albert Durer.		1470	Hist. port. graving.	Nuremberg.	1528
Michael Angelo Buonaroti.	Domenico Grilandaio.	1475	Hist. sculp. archit.	Florence, Rome.	1564
Giorgione da Castelfranco.	{ Gio. Bellino, imitated } { Leonardo da Vinci. }	1477	History, portraits.	Venice.	1511
Titian Vicelli da Cadore.	{ Gio. Bellini, imitated } { Giorgione. }	1480	Hist. port. landf.	Venice:	1576
Andrea del Sarto.	Pietro di Cosimo.	1478	History.	Florence.	1530
Pellegrino da Modena.	Rafaelle.		History.	Rome, Modena.	
Baldassar Peruzzi da } Siena.		1481	History, Architect.	Rome.	1536
Rafaelle Sancio da Ur- } bino.	{ Giovanni his father, } { Pietro Purugino; for } { colouring Fra. Bar- } { tolomeo; imitated } { Leonardo da Vinci, } { and after (as is pro- } { bably asserted by } { some) improved by } { seeing the works of } { Michael Angelo. }	1483	Hist. port. archit.	Florence, Rome.	1520
Mecherino da Sienna, call- } ed also Domenico Bec- } cafumi.	{ First imitated P. Pe- } { rugino, then studied } { Michael Angelo and } { Rafaelle. }	1484	History, sculpture.	Rome, Siena.	1549
Sebastiano del Piombo.	Gio. Bellini, Giorgione	1485	History, portraiture.	Venice, Rome.	1547
Baccio Bandinelli.	Gio. Fran. Rustici.	1487	History, sculpture.	Florence.	1559
Gio. Antonio Regillo, } called Licinio da Por- } denone.	Studied Giorgione,	1484	History.	Venice, Friuli	1540

MASTERS.	DISCIPLE OF	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Biaggio Puppini Bolognese.	Giulio Romano.	1490	Hist.	Bolog. Mant. Fran.	1550
Francesco Primaticcio Bolognese Abbate di S. Martino.					
Giulio Romano.	Rafaelle.	1492	History, architect.	Rome, Mantua.	1546
Matturino.	Rafaelle.				
Antonio Allegri da Correggio died 1534, at 40. See Orlando.	Frari da Modena, Mantegna.	1474	History.	Lombardy.	1544
Lucas van Leyden.					
Jacopo da Pontormo.	{ Leo. da Vinci, Mariotto Albertinelli, P. Cosimo, Andr. del Sarto. }	1494	History, graving.	Low-Countries.	1533
		1494	History, portrait.	Florence.	1559
Polidoro da Caravagio.	Rafaelle.	1492	History.	Rome, Nap. Messin.	1543
Roffo Fiorentino.	Studied Michael Angelo.	1496	History.	Flor. Rome, France.	1541
Martin Hemskerck.	Jean Lucas and Schoorel.	1498	History.	Holland.	1574
Battista Franco Venetiano detto il Semoleo.	Studied Michael Angelo.		History.	{ Rome, Floren. }	1561
Hans Holbein.	His father.	1498	History, port.	{ Urbin, Venice. }	1554
Perino del Vaga.	{ Studied after Michael Angelo, then under Rafaelle. }	1500	History.	Switzerland, Lond.	1547
Girolamo da Carpi.	{ Benvenuto Gorofalo, studied Correggio. }	1501	History, architect.	{ Bolog. Moden. }	1556
Benvenuto Cellini.		1500	Sculptor.		{ Ferar, Rome, &c }
Ugo da Carpi, he first invented Printing with two plates of wood, then with three, in imitation of drawings.					
Franc. Muzzuoli Parmegiano.	His two uncles.	1504	History, portrait.	Rome, Parma.	1540
Giacomo Palmair Vecchio.	{ Studied at Rome, and after instructed by Titian. }	1508	History, portrait.	Rome, Venice.	1556
Daniele Ricciarelli da Volterra.	{ Il Sodomita, Bald. Peruzzi. }	1509	History, Sculpture.	Rome, Florence.	1566
Francesco Salviati, Francesco de Roffi.	{ His father, Baccio Bandinelli, Andr. del Sarto. }	1510	History, portrait.	{ Floren. Rome, Venice. }	1563
Jacopo Ponte da Bassano il Vecchio.	Studied after Gio. Bellino.	1500	{ Hist. animals, landscapes. }	Bassano, Venice.	1592
Don Giulio Clouio.	Giulio Romano.	1511	Hist. in miniature.	Rome.	1578
Pirro Ligorio.	Giulio Romano.	1511	History, architect.	Napl. Rome, about	1573
Giorgio Vasario.	{ Guglielmo da Marfiglia, Andr. del Sarto, Michael Angelo. }	1511	History, portraits.	{ Pisga, Bologna, Florence, Ven. }	1574
Paris Bordon.	Titian, imitated Giorgione	1512	History, portraits.	Naples, Rome.	
Giacomo Robusti Tintoretto.	{ Titian, studied Michael Angelo for design. }	1512	History, portraits.	Venice, France.	1594
Giov. Porta, after Giuseppe Salviati	Francesco Salviati.	1513	History.	Venice.	1585
Sir Ant. More of Utrecht.	Schoorel.	1519	History, portraits,	{ Italy, Spain, Flanders, Engl. }	1575
Francis Floris.	{ Lambert Lombard, studied Michael Angelo. }	1520	History.	Antwerp.	1570
Paolo Farinato.	Ant. Badille, Nicolo Golfino.	1520	Hist. sculpt. archit.	Verona, Mantua.	1606

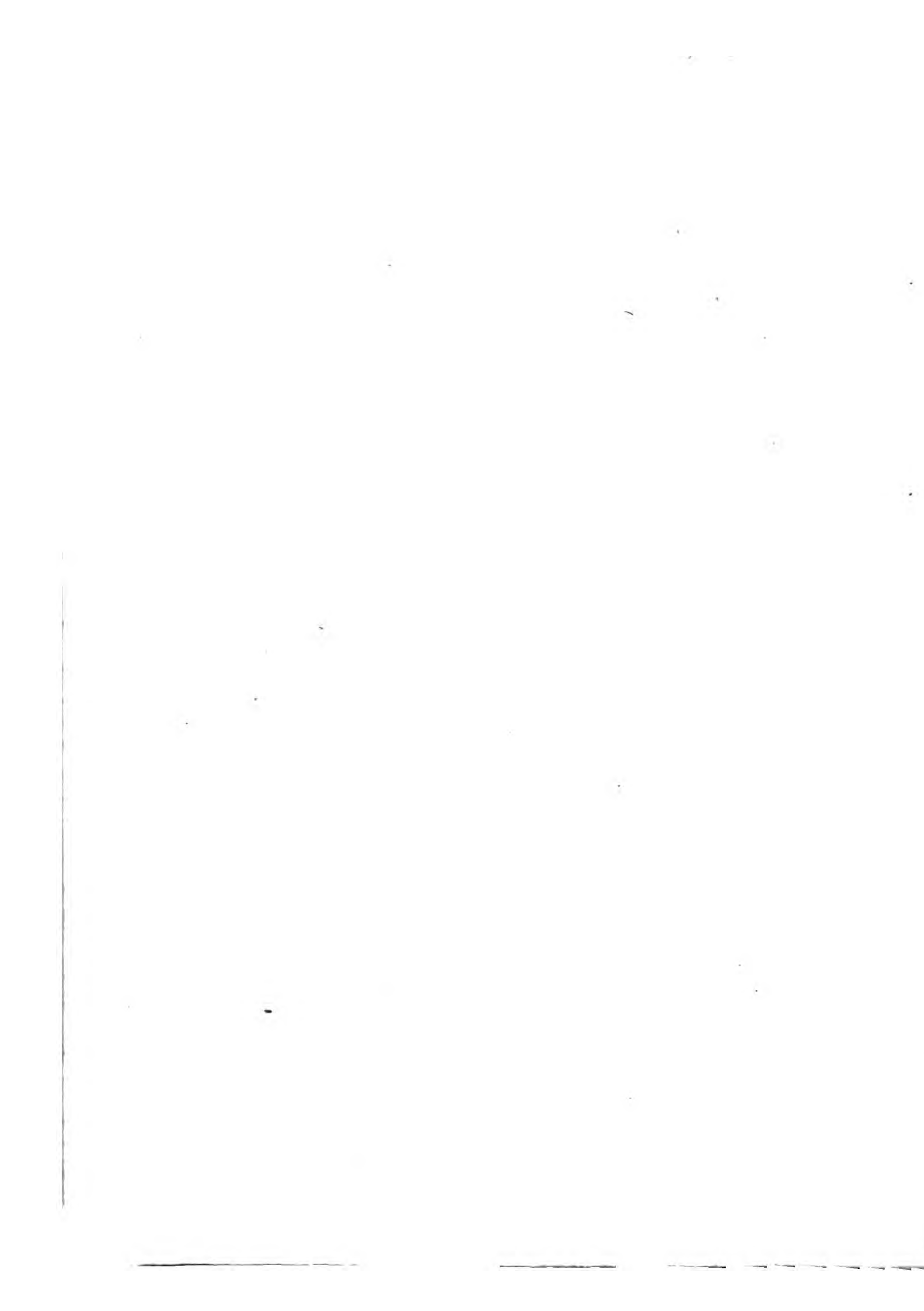
MASTERS.	DISCIPLE of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Pellegrino Tebaldi.	Dan. da Volterra.	1522	History, architect.	{ Bologn. Rome, } { Milan, Mod. }	1592
Andrea Schiauone.	Imitated Parmeggiano.	1522	History.	Venice.	1582
Lucca Cangiassi, or Cambiaso.	His father.	1527	History.	Genoa, Spain.	1583
Federico Barocci.	{ Battista Venetiano, stud. } { Raffaele and Correggio. }	1528	{ Histo. religious } { subjects chiefly }	Urbino, Rome.	1612
Girolamo Mutiano da } Brescia. }	{ Romanino, studied Mic. } { Angelo, Titian. }	1528	Hist. port. landscap.	Rome.	1590
Taddeo Zuccaro,	{ Ottaviano his father, } { Pompeo da Fano. }	1529	History.	Rome.	1566
Bartolomeo Passerotto.	{ Jacopo Vignuola, Tad. } { Zuccaro. }		History, portraits.	Rome.	
Paolo Calliari Veronese.	His father, Ant. Badille.	1533	History, portraits.	Venice.	1588
Federico Zuccaro,	Taddeo Zuccaro.	1540	History, portraits.	{ Rome, France, } { Spain, England }	1609
Martin de Vos.	Studied in Italy.	1540	History.	Antwerp	1604
Giacomo Palma Giouane.	{ His father Ant. Nephew } { of Old Palma, studied } { Titian and Tintoret. }	1544	History.	Venice.	1628
Paul Bril.		1550	Landscapes.	Antwerp, Rome.	1622
Raffaellino da Reggio di } Modena. }	Federico Zuccaro.	1552	History.	Rome.	1580
Lodouico Carracci	Prof. Fon. Cami. Procaccino.	1555	History.	Bologna, Rome.	1619
Antonio Tempesta,	John Strada, a Fleming.	1555	Battles, huntings.	Rome.	1630
Agostino Carracci.	{ Prosp. Font. Lodouico. } { and Annib. Carracci. }	1557	History, graving.	{ Bologn. Rome, } { Parma. }	1602
Lodouico Cigoli, or Ciuoli.	{ Studied And. del Sarto, } { and Correggio. }	1559	History.	Florence, Rome.	1613
Annibale Carracci.	{ Lod. Carracci, studied } { Correggio, Titian, Ra- } { faelle, and the antique. }	1560	History.	Bologna, Rome.	1609
Giuseppe Cesarafese d'Arpi- } no, Cau. Gioseppino. }	{ Raff. da Reggio, Lelio } { Nouellara, according } { to Father Resta. }	1560	History.	Rome, Naples.	1640
Jean Rothamar, called } Rottenhamer. }	His father, Tintoret.	1564	History.	Venice, Bavaria.	1604
Cau. Francesco Vanni.	His father imitated Barocci.	1568	Hist. relig. subjects.	Siena.	1615
Michael Angelo Amerigi } Caravaggio }	Cau. Gioseppino.	1569	History, half fig.	Rome, Naples, Malt.	1609
Jan Brueghel, called Flu- } weelen, or Velvet Brueg. }	{ Peter Goe-kindt, stu- } { died in Italy. }	1569	{ Wakes, fairs, } { landscap cattle. }		1625
Ventura Salinbene.	His father Arcangelo.		History.	Rome, &c.	
Adam Elsheimer.	{ Philip Uffenbach, stu- } { died in Rome. }	1574	{ Hist. land. and } { night pieces. }	Rome.	about 1510
Guido Reni.	Dion. Calv. the Carracches,	1575	History.	Bologna, Rome.	1642
Sir Peter Paul Rubens.	{ Adam van Noort, Otho } { Venius, stud. in Italy. }	1577	History, portraits.	Antwerp.	1640
Alef. Tiarini.	Prof. Tontana.	1577	History.	Bologna.	
Francesco Albani.	De Calv. Guido, the Carrach.	1578	History.	Bologna, Rome.	1660
Giof. Ribera Spagnoletto.	Mich. Angelo Caravaggio.		History.	Naples.	
Dominico Zampieri, call- } ed Dominichino. }	D. Calvart, the Carracches.	1581	History.	{ Bologn. Rome, } { Naples. }	1641
Cau. Giov. Lanfranco.	{ Agost. An. Carracci stu- } { died Raf. and Correg. }	1581	History.	{ Rome, Parma, } { Naples. }	1647
Simon Vouët.	His father.	1582	History, portraits.	Rome, Paris.	1641
Ant. Carracci, call'd Gobb.	Annibale.	1583	History.	Rome.	1618
Giov. Franc. Barbieri, detto } il Guercino da Cento, }	Benedetto Gennari.	1590	History.	Rome, Bologna.	1666

MASTERS.	DISCIPLE of	Born	Excelled in	Lived at	Died
Nicolas Pouffin.	Had obscure Masters.	1594	History, small fig.	Rome.	1665
Pietro Berettini da Cortona.	{ A Florentine painter at Rome. }	1596	History.	Rome, Florence.	1669
Gio. Lorenzo Bernini.		1598			1680
Mario Nuzzi di Fiori.	Tomaso Salini.	1599	Flowers.	Rome.	1672
Sir Anthony Vandyke.	Rubens.	1599	History, portraits.	Antw. Italy, Lond.	1641
Gespero Dughet, which he changed for Pouffin.	{ His brother-in-law Nicolas Pouffin. }	1600	Landscapes.	Rome.	1663
Mich. Angelo Cerquozzi delle Battaglie.	Ant. Saluatti Bolognese.	1600	Battles, fruit.	Rome.	1660
Benedetto Castiglione Genoese.	{ Batt. Paggi, instructed by Vandyke, and studied Pouffin. }		{ History, landsc. } { animals. }	Rambled in Italy.	
Claude Gille de Lorraine.	Agostino Taffo.	1600	Landscapes.	Rome.	1682
Andrea Ocche, alias Sacchi.	Albani	1601	History.	Rome.	* 1661
Rembrandt van Rheyn.	Lesman of Amsterdam.	1606	History, portraits.	Holland.	1668
Adrien Brouwer.	Frans Hals.	1608	Boors, and drolls.	Antwerp.	1638
Giacomo Cortesi Jesuita, detto il Borgognone.			Battles.		
Mr. Samuel Cooper.	Mr. Hoskins, stud. Vandyke.	1609	Port. in miniature.	London.	1672
Mr. William Dobson.		1610	Port.	London, Oxford.	1647
Mich. Angelo Pace, called di Campidoglio.	Fioravanti.	1610	{ Fruit, and still } { life. }	Rome.	1670
Abr. Diepenbec.	Rubens.		History.		
Pietro Testa.		1611	History.	Rome.	1648
Salvator Rosa.	Daniele Falcone.	1614	History, landscape.	Rome.	1673
Filippo Laura.			History, small.		
Carlo Dolce.		1616	History.		1694
Eustache le Sueur.	Voüet.	1617	History.	Paris.	1655
Sir Peter Lely.	De Grebber of Haerlem.	1617	Portraiture.	London.	1680
Sebastien Bourdon.	Studied in Rome.	1619	History, landscape.	Rome, Sweden, Paris.	1673
Charles Le Brun.	His father, Voüet.	1620	History.	Paris.	1690
Carlo Maratti.	Andr. Sacchi.	1623	History, portraiture.	Rome.	1713
Luca Giordano, called Luca fà Presto.	P. da Cortona.	1626	History.	{ Rome, Florence } { Naples, Madrid }	1694
Carlo Cignani.	Albano.	1628	History.	Bologna, Ferrol.	
Ciro Ferri.	P. da Cortona.		History.		
Mr. John Riley.	Zouft, Fuller.	1646	Portraiture.	London.	1691
Giuseppe Passari.	Carlo Maratti.	1654	History.	Rome.	1714

* Bellori, vit. but according to his epitaph, 1559—1661. Æt. 62.







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