one of those to whom talent is more applicable than genius; whatever excellence he attained, he would have never attained to that degree, but for the existence of his superiors. The greater part of the works attributed to him in England, are copies by his pupils which he retouched.

After these great men, it would be useless to detail the decay of the Florentine school; it yielded to the circumstances of the time, and the misfortunes of the Medici. The continual political squabbles turned men’s minds from art as in ancient Greece; but the great want of course was the want of genius, which no efforts have since been able to rear. Though the style of the Florentine school was not so pure as that of the Roman, it led the way in a noble manner, and kept side by side with it; they benefited each other. Leonardo gave an impulse to art; and though from the caprice of his character, he did not complete the impulse he had given, and was more the cause of greatness in others, than the man who established his own, yet the art is indebted to this highly-gifted man, who had an effect on Georgione, Bartolomeo, Raffaello, and Michel Angelo himself; and gratitude is due to his genius. This great school was brought to utter ruin by what Lanzi calls the Cortoneschi, or pupils of Cortona, whose art had degenerated into mechanism, and thoughtless, endless, and sprawling groups. The descendants of the Medici breed had more disposition than power to patronise, till Leopold reigned in 1765. The academy was renovated in 1785, and once more in 1804; but these renovations end in nothing. The great men were passed without these conventional distinctions; the little ones who came after, live only by their embellishment. Boys are educated to draw tolerably well, to colour with tolerable harmony, to invent tolerably insipidly, to become intolerable painters, accom-
plished academicians, to die, be buried, and decay; and thus leave room for another race as intolerably imbecile in art, as their illustrious performers before them. It is quite absurd to read in Lanzi, always at the end of the epochs of a school, "Decadenza dell'arte, e fondazione dell'academia per avivarla!" "decay of art, and foundation of an academy, to give it life." But after a few galvanic twitches it stretches out its feeble legs, gasps with an expiring quickness, gives a trembling of its eyelids, which it opens once more, stares with a fixed look, sighs deeply, and drops its jaw for ever. Then come the vain efforts to restore circulation, then the delusive assurances that it is still living; then doctors and nurses dress up its helpless head with laurel, and put some abracadabra on its cold breast; but all won't do for it's gone and there is no hope. Such have been the results of the academies. Genius fled at their foundation, and left them useless bodies without soul, life, or circulation. The sovereigns of Europe will at last find out that no academies should go further than schools; and till they do, the end of art will be forgotten, in a vain contemptible struggle for its conventional distinctions.

The three leading lights of art as schools, are the Florentine, the Roman, and the Venetian. The Roman must in spite of all the beauty of Corregio, be considered as the beginning of corruption. The other schools, the Modenese, the Cremonese, the Ferarrese, Genoese, and the Piedmontese, are but different branches.

The glory of Italian art is Raffaello. Had he been born in Greece, and qualified by a Greek education, he would have been as great in painting as Pludias was in sculpture; but the education of all the Italian artists was imperfect, and they seemed to be grounding themselves, (even Raffaello
himself,) on the meagre style of the early painters. The discovery of ancient statues in some degree opened their eyes, but they were not, like the ancients, gradually prepared for such perfection, nor was Raffaello himself ever skilled in those perfect principles of beauty; as applied to the naked figure, which distinguished the Greeks. Wonderful, arguable, and gentle creature as he was, the reverse of Michel Angelo in every way, he proved himself decidedly the inferior man. In all his endless inventions, a single repetition of himself, even in the folds of a drapery, is not to be found; he was not like Titian, an exquisite colourist, but his colour is always agreeable, though not distinguished for light and shade; and his groups are never obtrusive, though not remarkable for aerial perspective. Every object keeps its place; though no face of his can compete with the beauty of the ancients, his women always enchant; his great power was character and expression, and telling a story by human passions and actions; in these he was unrivalled in modern art, and not surpassed by the ancients. His father being a painter, he was bred up in the art; and his master Perrugino, was a great man in his way, though somewhat of a Goth. In style, therefore, Raffaello lost time with him; but could he have gone in early life to such a school as Sicyon, there is no knowing to what a pitch of perfection he might have carried the art. His latter excellence is entirely owing to his own sense, based on the antique; for most of what he learnt from Perrugino he had afterwards to unlearn. He entered the Vatican at twenty-five, and died at thirty-seven. What then must have been his diligence, his devotion, and his genius! In any history of painting, at this time of day, to talk of the subjects of the Vatican, or the Madonnas, so often copied, so often engraved, so often seen, so often praised, would be tres-
passing on the temper of the reader. His character, as well as that of his art, was the very converse of Michel Angelo. Michel Angelo envied his equals, was kind to his inferiors, and always insulting to his superiors; whilst Raffaelle was kind to all, and the idol of the society in which he moved. Michel Angelo associated with no men but admirers. The consequence was that his life was written by his flatterers. Conditi and Vasari, a great portion, perhaps, delicately insinuated by himself; and, as might be expected, they have sacrificed Raffaelle to the Dagon of their idolatry. Vasari insinuated that Raffaelle was greatly indebted to Michel Angelo; and Reynolds following Vasari and Conditi, goes farther than either, asserting that Raffaelle owed his existence to Michel Angelo. Was there ever such gratuitous assumption? If it means any thing, it means that but for Michel Angelo, his genius would never have been developed. Is such an absurdity worthy of Reynolds' understanding? Surely not, and in fact it can be made clear that Raffaelle did not owe his existence to Michel Angelo. If he owed any thing to that great artist, he owed the corruption of his own pure style. After the Capella Sistina was opened, Raffaelle, bit like every body else by its heavy, cumbrous, vulgar, broad, and circular design, immediately tried it; but it did not suit his beautiful nature any more than it would have suited the elliptical beauty of the heroic forms of Greece.

What does Reynolds mean when he says, that "Raffaelle had more taste and fancy, Michel Angelo more genius and imagination?" If genius be nothing more than the ordinary faculties of men carried to a greater pitch of intensity than ordinary men possess them, wherein had Michel Angelo more genius than Raffaelle? Their geniuses were both equal; but the road which each took for the exercise of his
genius was different. Raffaelle excelled in expressing the passions; Michel Angelo in sublimity of character, independently of all passion and emotion. Though the materials of Raffaelle's art are generally borrowed, are they more so than Michel Angelo's? Is not Michel Angelo as much indebted to Luca Signorelli and the Campo Santo, for his choice of subjects in the Sistine, as Raffaelle is in the Vatican? This does not invalidate their genius; whilst their predecessors were the root, the stem, the leaves, and the bud, they were the full blown flower. Michel Angelo was a great genius, and so was Raffaelle; but each owed his genius to a power totally independent of the other. Their geniuses were equal, their temperaments different. Raffaelle was at the mercy of pleasure; Michel Angelo disdained it: Raffaelle was made for society; Michel Angelo despised it. In Raffaelle's works there is a geniality of soul with which every man's and woman's heart beats in sympathy; whilst we have no sympathy with the characters of Michel Angelo, who overwhelms our imaginations, but never touches our hearts. We are awed by his Sibyls, but we could never think of loving them; and his demons are surely unworthy of the fiery solitudes of hell. How could Ariosto say of him,

"Michel, piu che mortel,
Angel divino;"

and then herd up Raffaelle with Sebastian and inferior men; Michel Angelo was perhaps the more moral man of the two, but not the greater painter.

Vasari and Condivi would never have been allowed to publish their falsehoods, as Lanzi says, had Raffaelle been living; but where were Julio Romano, Luca Penni, and
Polidoro, whom Raffaelle had raised from a mason's boy to a great painter? Where were they? where were his "dear pupils?" "Let no man," says Johnson, "look for influence beyond his grave." Vasari asserts that Michel Angelo, in flying to Florence, when he quarrelled with Pope Julius II., left the keys of the Sistine Chapel, which he was then painting, to Bramante, Raffaelle's uncle, who dishonourably let in Raffaelle; and that the latter, on seeing the grand design of the prophets, changed his whole style. This absurdity was current in Europe for two hundred and fifty years, till Lanzi, with his usual acuteness, opened the eyes of the world. Would any one believe, that when Michel Angelo fled to Florence, it was in 1506, years before Raffaelle ever entered Rome, and four or five before the chapel was ever begun or painted? It may be presumed that Raffaelle did not surreptitiously derive any advantage from works four years before they were conceived or painted; and we conceive that Bramante could not give Raffaelle the keys to open a door which was never locked, especially as Michel Angelo did not leave any keys, if ever he left them at all, till four years after the time Vasari datos as the period. The prophet Esaias which Vasari says shewed an alteration of style in consequence of the stolen views of works which were not in existence, was painted one or two years before Michel*Angelo touched this very chapel. So much for Vasari's sacrifice of Raffaelle to the great Dagon of his idolatry; and so much for Reynold's absurd and unthinking assertion, that "but for Michel Angelo, Raffaelle would never have existed." Vasari's is a delightful book, and all his principles of art are sound, for they are the result of conversations with the greatest men; he was most intimate with Michel Angelo, and Titian, and all the great artists
of the day, and constantly in their painting-rooms, at their
tables, and in their society.

In the first years of Raffaello, his feeling was so com-
pletely Perrugino's, that it was almost impossible to distin-
guish their works; though there is a difference in feeling,
and that difference is in favour of the pupil. In the Louvre
were three of his early works of cabinet size. The Annun-
ciation was one of these; and more grace, innocence, or
sweetness, were never put on canvass. Raffaello's pencil
seemed always to melt when he approached a woman or an
angel. What an age of genius this was, and how nearly all
the great men seemed to come together. Da Vinci was
born in 1452, Bartolemeo in 1469, Michel Angelo in 1474,
Titian in 1480, and Raffaello in 1483.

In a rapid and concise history of art to detail the inferior
names, who gradually by little and little, conduct to the
ultimate expansion of genius, is impossible. A historian of
this description has only time for leading points, or head-
lands in the voyage; he has not leisure to dive into every
little cape, bay, and projection, which by degrees, push the
mainland into the ocean. The older painters of the Roman
school will not add much to the interest of the art; and a
fair estimation of Raffaello and his glorious school, is much
more likely to benefit the student, and instruct the general,
reader. It is not, on the whole, morally just; but many
eminent men become thus swallowed up in the blaze of
their successors. As Shakespeare nearly deadens all feeling
for previous excellence, so does Raffaello, though Shake-
spere, Michel Angelo, Raffaello, and Titian were all in-
debted to their predecessors.

If Julius was adapted for Michel Angelo, Leo X. was
peculiarly so for Raffaello; though Mengs says that the hon-
ours and indulgences he received from Leo, made him luxurious and idle, and that he was not so industrious as during the short reign of his first patron Julius. Yet his rapid advance from the first picture he painted in the Vatican, to the Heliodorus, is extraordinary; and, as according to Vasari, he sent artists to draw for him in Greece, there is no doubt that he had a sketch of the pediment of the Parthenon, before it was blown up, and that the Heliodorus is but a skilful adaptation of the Ilyssus. He was so much overwhelmed by employment and honours, that his latter works in the Vatican were wholly placed in the hands of his pupils, and carried on with the spirit of a manufactory. He was then appointed architect to St. Peter's at the death of St. Gallo, which distracted his thoughts. Incessant application, and incessant thinking of course weakened his delicate frame, nor did the capricious and harassing attendances on such a court increase his strength; added to which the maddening love of women for one so highly gifted and so handsome, his own devoted passion for Fornarina, and the endless demands on his brain, brought him to the grave at thirty-seven, absolutely borne down, like Byron, by excitement of every description, nervous, bodily and mental. This is the way with the world; they kill a favourite by kindness, and an offender by cruelty.

In some life of him an attempt was made to prove that he caught cold by hurrying from his work to the palace at the Pope's order, and standing while in a profuse perspiration in a draught. But that is no refutation of the previous causes; the question is, what prepared him to be killed by such a cause? Incessant work and dissipation; no painter can do both. Of course princes must be obeyed at any expense; they seem to feel little for their dependants, as if in revenge
for being themselves deprived of so many enjoyments by
ceremony and etiquette. Napoleon used to take great de-
light in never suffering old German maids of honour with
fifty quarters in their arms to sit in his presence.

His last work, according to Mengs, was his Transfiguration
in oil, a work deficient in masterly execution, and having a
abounded look of smoothness. In drapery, in character, and
in expression it was fine; but in the Louvre it looked small.
By the side of Corregio, it seemed hard; by that of Titian,
raw; by that of Tintoretto, tame; and the Christ’s head was,
not equal to Corregio’s at the National Gallery. It was not
an example to hold forth to a young man as faultless. The
Cartoons at Hampton are finer in point of execution alone;
they are his finest works for all the requisites of art. He was
not restrained by designing for tapestry; his genius was put
forth with a Venetian power of brush; and there are heads
equal to any, especially the frightened woman’s head in the
Ananias, in these wonderful works.

In beauty he was far inferior to the Greeks; in form he
could not approach them; in composition he was perfect;
in expression, deep; and in telling a story, without a ri-
vale. Taking into consideration all the great men in modern
art, this young man, not highly educated like Rubens, must
be placed on the throne, till one arises who shall have what
he had not, in addition to his own perfections; and that
young man will probably arise in Britain. He was an ex-
traordinary creature; modest, timid, and amiable; affec-
tionate to his equals, and gentle to the highly-born, his
premature death gave a shock to Rome, which those only
can estimate, who know the depth of Italian sensibilities.
But did he die too young? Not at all. He might have
decayed, or he might have become more luxurious and more
neglectful. No man dies too young who dies with all the sympathies of the world unexhausted about him. The *furo* *Raphaelis* is the best species of fury that can seize a young student. He has no manner, no affection, no vice, no grand style; all is simple, natural, and unaffected. His women are creatures of gentleness and love, though none are perfectly handsome. Perhaps he was more adapted for the characteristic heads of apostles than the naked forms of Greece; in fact he was a great Christian painter, and seemed born to extend the influence of Christianity by his art.

His father being a painter, he began early of course, and at sixteen, had painted a picture at Castello, the composition of which was in advance of the age. At seventeen he painted another of the Virgin and child. In the Sacristy, at Sienna, he assisted Pinturichio with designs; in 1504, he went to Florence, where Michel Angelo and Da Vinci were making a great noise with their cartoons for the hall; he studied both, and improved his perspective and colour, in connexion with Bartolomeo. When Bramante, his uncle, who was architect to the Pope, advised his Holiness to send for Raffaell, the pope consented; and in April 1508, Raffaello entered Rome, and was admitted into the Vatican.

From the continual occupations of Raffaello in his art from boyhood upwards, he could not have had a classical education to any great extent. He knew a little Latin, as all Catholics did; but he was intimate with Bembo, Castiglione, Ariosto, and Aretino; and these men must have helped him in historical or philosophical knowledge, or moral allegory, for the completion of his great works. Raffaello left a noble school; and as soon as grief for the loss of their master had subsided, his pupils set about completing the works he left unfinished. The battle of Constantin...
done by Julio Romano and Perino del Vaga. As Raffaele lay in state, the Transfiguration was placed at the head of his coffin.

Julio Romano was the most eminent of his pupils. With vast poetry of mind, he did things in a style of execution, which renders him the purest poet in his art. His sun setting, and moon rising over our heads, in the Palazzo del Te is nowhere equaled or approached. Though he put forth his genius at Mantua, he was a Roman in practice, and to Raffaele owed the elements of his art. His colour was crude and his execution harsh; yet no one can fail to see in his works, the real poetry of painting. Polidoro was another great man of the same school. He was originally a mason's boy, and used to prepare the walls for fresco; but he got interested in seeing the young men at work, tried to draw himself, and Raffaele having assisted him, he became an eminent painter.

It is interesting to reflect on the affection with which Raffaele was surrounded. He never went to court without being attended by fifty gallant artists. Little must he have made others feel his superiority; and for once a man of genius seems to have made envy smile. Though there is an instinct in the world, the moment a man of genius appears, yet it depends upon himself whether he is received as a blessing or an annoyance. Mankind will assault the man who attempts to command by superiority, instead of leading by courtesy; but they will hail him let his superiority be what it may, who seems willing to help his inferiors with kindness, or supply their want of knowledge, as if they were doing him a favour to listen. The whole of this is based on goodness of heart, tender sympathies, and a consciousness without the appearance of conceit.
The glory seems to have gone from the Eternal City after Raffaello's death. In 1527, Rome was stormed and taken by foreign soldiers. The savages bivouacked in the Vatican, and injured the frescoes by their smoking and fires. Sebastian del Piombo attempted to repair them after the soldiers were gone; and Titian, when in Rome, not knowing Sebastian, actually asked him who had been spoiling those beautiful heads? The art went on sinking rapidly till 1595. Raffaello had been dead seventy-five years; Giorgione, eighty-four; Correggio, sixty; Michel Angelo, thirty; and Titian, nineteen.* When the usual apprehensions of getting on a lee-shore seized the patrons and the artists, and the usual signal of distress was hoisted, Muziano, a pupil of Titian, founded St. Luke's Academy in order to raise a new batch of Raffaelloes and Corregios, and save the noble vessel. The only man who since dazzled for a moment, was Michel Angelo Caravaggio. He had great and original talent, though founded on common nature, without any abstract notion of form, any conception of beauty of women, or any refinement in anything. With a sledge-hammer for a pencil, he seemed resolved to batter down all opposition; and by fierce extremes of light and shade, bearded men, dead Christs, and Transeverine beggars for apostles, he founded a school, got a character, and raised a name, which cannot be forgotten in the art of Europe.

Lanzi seems to class in the Roman school every body who practised there for the last three hundred years, but that is not fair. On this principle, all the Flemings, Dutch, Germans, Russians, Spaniards, and English, may be of the school, because they studied there; and Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, the Caracci and their pupils, as well as our Reynolds, were, on the same principle, of the Roman school.
About the seventeenth century, this eminent school, in spite of the academy of St. Luke, went on declining. Birth, destruction, and reproduction seems to be the principle of every thing physical, but not of moral or mental powers. Lanzi attributes this decay to any cause but the right one; namely, the absence of genius, the great primary cause, and which no academy can ever supply.

Cortona, Bernini, and Sacchi, were the heroes of this day; and at a later period appeared Carlo Maratta. Raffaelle became to him a substitute for nature; though in 1689, he gave sufficient tone to art, to induce Clement XI. to employ him. But here, as well as elsewhere, genius was wanting. Carlo was as heavy as the lumbering folds of his own drapery; and so insipid are his large pictures, that it is a question whether they did not generate in Europe a contempt for large scripture subjects, which has lasted ever since. However, imbecility had not done spawning; and in a faint struggle for offspring against nature, out came Pompio Battone, and Raphael Mengs. To complete the farce, academies began to be founded in France and in the rest of Europe; and Pompio Battone, and Raphael Mengs may be looked upon as a very fair sample of what academies can produce, have produced, and will probably produce to the end of time. Mengs was every thing but a man of genius. He was a bad painter and a deep critic; and his predicting that we had not the works which the ancients esteemed the most, was verified, in a most astonishing manner, by the discovery of the Elgin marbles. The prediction does honour to the sagacity of Mengs. Thus end two great schools of form, conception, expression and composition; the Florentine and the Roman. But of these the Roman was unquestionably the greater.

We now come to the Venetian, a great school of colour;
light and shadow, impasto, and execution, completing the imitation of reality; and in summing up the character of Italian and Greek art, we shall see that these components of imitation, each of which characterised an Italian school, were combined in all schools, as a necessary requisite in the perfection of Grecian imitation.

The most ancient work of Venetian art known, is in Verona, in the cellar of a monastery, (Santi Nazario a Celso). It is inaccessible to the public, but can be seen in the woodcuts of Dionisi. In the part which formed the oratorio of the faithful, has been painted the mystery of redemption; it is a work of 1070, when the Doge Silvo invited Grecian mosaic painters to adorn St. Mark; men who though rude in art, could nevertheless paint. Thus commenced the art in Venice, whither, after Constantinople was taken by the Venetians in 1204, Greek painters and sculptors, as well as orfeci, flocked in crowds.

In the thirteenth century, painters had increased so much, that a company was formed, like the English constituent body to which Hogarth belonged, and laws and constitutions were made. Things were proceeding in this train when Giotto, returning from Avignon, painted at Verona and Padua. Nothing of his, however, is left in Verona; but at Padua the remains of his works are still quite fresh in fresco, and full of grace and vigour. Such was the early beginning of this great school, in which it will be seen that Greeks, as usual, had the first hand. Various names sprung up in this period, but the Bellinis are the most important. One of them was engaged by Mahommed II. and by his talents upheld the honour of the Venetian name; another was the master of Titian and Giorgione, two of the greatest names of the Venetian school.
Giorgione was a great genius; and his execution was entirely above vulgar prejudices. He saw and seized the leading points of leading objects, and hit them with a touch and an impasto, of which he had no previous example even in Leonardo. His breadth and tone were beautiful; and he first opened the eyes of Titian to the superior value of breadth and touch, as compared with over-wrought labour and smooth finish. Giorgione died in the vigour of his life, to the great loss of the art; for there is no knowing how much farther he would have carried his principles, or how successfully he would have disputed the crown with Titian. Lord Carlisle has a small picture by this eminent man, of a youth buckling on the armour of a knight, which is exquisite in tone, brilliancy, depth, and feeling; and had he not been cut off by the plague, there is no knowing how far he might have gone. He certainly first opened Titian’s eyes to the value of breadth, and that comprehension of mind required to seize the leading characteristics of objects by a touch, leaving the atmosphere to finish at a given distance. After his death, Titian was without a rival. This great painter, began, of course, like all Venetians, to paint directly from nature, without having previously dissected or drawn; nor was he sensible of this error of the Venetian school, till coming to Rome and seeing the works of Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and the antique, he, like a great genius, set about remedying his deficiency; and the perfection of this union of form and colour is seen in his greatest work, Pietro Martyre. Any attempt to move which from Venice, the Venetian senate decreed should be punished with death. This picture occupied him eight years; and eight years were well spent in such a production. The terrific gasping energy of the assassin, who has cut down the monk; the awful prostration of the monk, wounded, and im-
ploring heaven; the flight of his companion, striding away in terror, with his dark mantle against a blue sky; the towering and waving trees, the entrance, as it were, to a dreadful forest; the embrowned tone of the whole picture, with its dark azure and evening sky, the distant mountains below, and splendid glory above, contrasting with the gloomy horrors of the mörder; its perfect, though not refined drawing, its sublime expression, dreadful light and shadow, and exquisite colour; all united, render this the most perfect picture in Italian art. Why does not one perfect work entitle a man to rank as highly as a series of imperfect works, like the Capella Sistina? The answer is, because there is greater range of capacity shewn in a series of conceptions to illustrate a theory, than in the completion of one work alone, although all the component parts may be perfect; and Raffaello, and Michel Angelo, will ever rank higher than Titian, as Polygnotus will rank higher than Protogenes or Apelles. Prolific thinking, is surely, of more value than intensity of imitation, though intensity of imitation must be added to realize the idea of a perfect painter.

Titian began in the style of his master Bellini, with the most minute finish; a capital basis for future practice, if a man have comprehension to know when to leave it, as Titian did. To shew the young artist that it is never too late to improve, let him compare the Bacchus and Ariadne in our National Gallery, when he could not draw finely, with the Pietro Martyre when he could. In modern art, he was the only painter who hit the characteristic of flesh. Every great painter's flesh is paint; Titian's had real circulation of blood under the skin. On comparing the Ganymede, in our National Gallery, fine as it came from Titian's pencil, with the Theodosius by Vandyke, which is close to it, as fine a spe-
cimen of Vandyke's fire of brush as can be seen, the heavy
leathern look of Vandyke's colour excited astonishment. In
the flesh of Ganymede, colour, oil, brush, and canvass, were
all entirely forgotten; it quivered, it moved with the action
of the limbs. In Vandyke, the materials of art are upper-
most; you think of them, you wonder at the touch, you for-
get the subject, the expressions as it were scented of the
painter's room and the casel. And so you do with all the
Flemings, but never with Titian. Though we have fine
Titians in England, the Diana being at Lord Egerton's, and a
head at the Duke of Sutherland's; yet it must be confessed,
that the Louvre possesses Titians more perfect, especially
the entombing of Christ. In Josephine's collection at Mal-
maison, there were a Venus and Cupid, as perfect as our
Ganymede, and not injured by restoring, the fatal propensity
of the French. In Titian whenever you see the blues sober
and in harmony, the picture is uninjured; whenever you see
them harsh and too brilliant, they have been rubbed, and
the last tone has been taken off.

In colour, he was never equalled; in execution of the brush,
he was quite perfect; and in character and expression of por-
trait he was like Reynolds elevated and sublime; but the dull-
ness which portrait, if perpetually practised, engenders in
the capacity to idealise and elevate, rendered his conception
of poetical characters defective. Nothing can exceed his
Aretino, his senators, and his popes; nothing can exceed
Sir Joshua's Lord Heathfield and Mrs. Siddons; but no-
thing can be meaner than one of Titian's attempts, like
Raffaelle, at high poetical expression, except some of Rey-
nold's heads in the Beaufort. The nerve and beauty of the
colour in Diana and Acteon are so touching, that one can
almost fancy one hears the water ripple and the leaves wave.
Glazing was the great feature in his tone, as it was in that of Apelles; and there is no perfect colour without it.

The first requisite in fine colour is the ground or preparation spread over the canvass to receive the colours. It is either of a nature to absorb the oil, or to resist the absorption. If it resist the absorption of the oil out of the colour put on it, it is an oil-ground; if it absorb the oil, it is a water-ground. And it has long been an interesting question, whether the Venetians used an oil-ground or an absorbent ground; whether, like the Greeks, they worked in tempera, and varnished out, or whether they judiciously mingled both oil and tempera together. One would think that Vasari, living as he did with all the great painters, could not be ignorant of their various methods of practice. In 1567 or 1568, he called on Titian, saw him, staid with him, was in his painting-room, and must have talked on art, and perhaps dined or supped with him. But Vasari distinctly says, in a sort of recipe-introduction to his lives, (edition 1568) that the ground on wood was gesso, plaster of Paris; that then they mixed three colours, white, yellow, and amber, and spread them equally over the white ground; and that after tracing their cartoons, they painted their pictures. A more abominable ground never was mixed; to those who have an organ of colour it is an absolute emetic; and though it might have been Vasari's and the Florentines' ground, it never could have been endured by the eye of a Venetian.

"This was the method," says Vasari, "for pictures on wood; but when canvass became the fashion, gesso being

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1 All the great painters seemed to prefer supper. In Tichozi, Titian seems to have been a sociable man, and there are extracts from Titian’s and Aretino’s letters, alluding to pheasants, and presents of birds for the next supper.
likely to crack in ceiling, they made a ground of flour (fu-
rina), white lead, and nut-oil, after the canvass had been
smoothed by size."

Now when this was published, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo
Veronese were alive and all at work; and it is but common
sense to conclude, that had it been false, they would have
contradicted it. Vasari concludes with saying, "So are pain-
ted all the great works in St. Mark's Place, Venice." In that
place was the Miracle of the Slave, by Tintoretto, afterwars
seen by everybody in the Louvre. Lanzi says, that the Venet-
tians preferred canvass, but that at first they painted in tem-
pera, and then came oil-painting, which the Venetians first
adopted. On the arrival of the Bacchus and Ariadne in
England, a little bit chipped off at the corner showed the
ground underneath to be of the purest white. Now, if a white
ground is absorbent, it sucks the oil out of the oil colours,
and becomes the colour of oil. Sir Humphry Davy said to
the author of this article in 1823, that in process of time oils
become varnishes; and it is not impossible that the white
ground of Titian may have been absorbent, and though it
had sucked out the oil in the course of three hundred years,
it may have recovered its original whiteness. The author's
experience extends only to thirty years, and in that period
an absorbent ground which sucked out oil has never recovered
its whiteness.

But, if the Venetians painted first in tempera upon the
white ground, and finished in oil, the tempera intervening
between the last painting and the ground would preserve
the ground white; and as Titian's method of proceeding
was gradual and progressive in successive layers, like that

\footnote{This is Vasari's account, pp. 51, 52, 53, Firenze, volume i. 1569.}
of Protogenes, so that each layer became a help to the succeeding one, there is no reason to doubt that tempera might have been the first impasto. In parts of the Pietro Martyre, there certainly was the crude look of tempére preparation, softened by a glaze, especially about the projecting leg of the assassin. That the basis of Venetian pictures was a white ground, there can be no doubt; like the intonacos of Apelles, and the plaster-grounds of the painted mummy-coffins of Egypt. Tintoretto and Bassano used dark grounds to save trouble; but they are ruinous. They come through the thin half-tints of the picture, and render it distinct masses of dark and light, like most of the Lombard school.

Many of the works of Paul Veronese, who painted one hundred years before, were in perfect preservation in the Louvre, whilst a number of the Lombard pictures were gone. The white ground was the "luce de dentro" of the Italians, "the light within." Upon this beautiful white ground they placed their colours purely and crudely, and then by spreading thin transparent tones, took down the rawness, without losing the force of the tint. This was the practice of the Greeks, and is also the present practice of the British school.

When Cicognara, the president of the Venetian academy, was in England, he remarked to the author on the singular fact, that the British was the only school of colour left in the world, though our climate was the worst; and such was the state of Venice some years since, that an English consul could get nobody to paint the king's arms for him, and being the son of a painter, he was actually obliged to paint them himself.

As an example for the student, Titian is perfect. His execution never attracts by itself alone, but as the vehicle of the object it imitates. In colour he is never gaudy,
never black in light and shadow, never forced or affected, and in drawing, latterly, grand. In composition he was not so perfect nor so fertile as Raffael; but in the imitation of flesh, no other artist in the world, except Apelles perhaps, could rival him. As a painter of portrait and landscape, no one has surpassed him. He did not grace his senatorial heads with the beauty of the backgrounds of Reynolds or Van\-dyke; but the absence of all gaiety behind the heads, perhaps added to the sublimity of their expression. It is curious to read in Boschini’s little work, that young Palma, who had it from old Palma, a pupil of Titian, told him that Titian very often finished with his thumb. Palma distinctly says, that he has seen Titian put on with his thumb and fingers masses of colour which gave life to a picture.

In a word, neither of the great Italian schools showed the sense of the ancients. The Romans omitted colour and imitation from sheer accident; the Venetians drawing and form; and Reynolds, without going into the causes of these mutual deficiencies, laid it down as a principle, that colour and reality were incompatible with high art; whereas, when each school found out its deficiency, each endeavoured to correct its peculiar defect.

The giant of Titian’s school was Tintoretto, who gave such early indications of self-will and genius, that Titian, mean and jealous, turned him out of the house. Raffael would not have done this; he did not turn out Julio Roma. No. But Tintoretto was not to be crushed by the bad passions of his envious master; and took it very properly as an evidence of his talent. And what did Titian get by his paltry meanness? Nothing but pity. Tintoretto, young as he was, immediately formed a plan of his own, for combining the drawing of Michel Angelo with the colour of Titian.
He devoted the day to the one, and many parts of many nights, and often whole ones, to the other. In a few years, the result was the Miracle of the Slave and the Crucifixion. Although the execution of Tintoretto looked daring and impudent by the side of the modest, senatorial dignity of Titian, yet there was a grand, defined dash about it. The original sketch of the Miracle of the Slave, is in the possession of Rogers the poet, and is a very fine thing. Every body speaks of the Crucifixion as a wonderful instance of power. But in colour it is lurid and awful; in expression, character, and delicacy of feeling, discordant and offensive. His pictures seem to be a mass of fore-shortenings, affected twistings, glaring darks, and splashing lights, with a hundred horse-power of execution; bearded heads, Venetian armour, silks, satins, angels, horses, architecture, dogs, water, and brawny-armed and butcher-legged gondoliers, without pathos, passion, or refinement. He used to put little models in boxes, and light them in different holes, for effect. Like all Italians, he was accustomed to model and hang up his models by threads for fore-shortening. His style of form was a mixture of the pulpi ness of the Venetian, and the long, anatomical, bony look of the Florentine school. He cannot be depended upon for correctness of proportions, but he was a 'grand and daring genius; and his conduct, when oppressed by Titian, should ever be held up as an example for the aspiring youth, when trodden upon by his elders.

Whilst Tintoretto was astonishing the Venetians by his daring, which made even Titian tremble, Paul Veronese, the other great contemporary, was mildly pursuing his azure and beautiful course. Of a nature the reverse of Tintoretto, and not equal to him in sublimity or terror of conception, he yet gave equal evidence of being run away with by his brush.
Ceilings, canvass, halls, walls, and palaces, were so many proofs of his power. His greatest work is at Paris. It is the Marriage of Cana, a wonderful instance of executive power; but here all story, sentiment, and pathos, are buried in the noise, bustle, eating, drinking, and fiddling of a Venetian city feast. Paul Veronese was certainly the most corrupt painter of the time.

After these great men, the art began to decay; and Paul Veronese and Tintoretto gave symptoms of a conventional mode, which, when taken up by inferior men, hastened its ruin. Down to the present age, with the exception of two or three mannerists, no name occurs worthy of eminence or selection. Cannaletti was a genius in his way. Sebastian Ricci, and Marco Ricci, were much employed in England to disfigure ceilings and palaces by wholesale, with gods and goddesses, in subjects allegorical, poetical, mythological, and nonsensical, to understand which required pages of explanation, and to see which a nine-foot telescope by Dolland. Montague, Burlington, and Bulstrode houses, are signs of the infatuation of the English nobility at that time; an infatuation, however, which shewed a disposition to employ art as it had been employed in Italy, and if the genius had been equal to the opportunity, the result would have been different.

The next school of any importance is the Lombard school, which comprehends the Mantuan, the Modenese, the Cremonese, and the Milanese. Andrea Montegua is the hero of the Mantuan school, and Vasari says, that his master-pieces are the tempera designs which we have at Hampton Court. They are fine things; Rubens used them; and they are a mine of costume, though the forms have too much the look of the model. Julio Romano's great work is at Mantua, yet he must be.
considered as a Roman. It was, as Lanzi says, the greatest effort of the last style before Leonardo da Vinci introduced a new one, which overturned the Gothic. After Julio Romano, the art decayed, and then of course came the old story, "Una accademia per avvivarla." This academy has been splendidly kept up by Austria, and, as usual, has not produced a single man of great genius, in three hundred years.

Contiguous to the Modenese school is the Parman; and now we come to the most unaccountable and delightful of all painters, Corregio. When it had been determined to ornament the great cupola of St. John, Corregio, though then a young man, was selected to paint it; and, like Raffaello, his genius expanded with the opportunity. After Raffaello, Titian, Michel Angelo, Da Vinci, and Bartolomeo, who would have thought that another style, independent of either, and unlike any thing else in the world, could have burst out? But so it was. Of all the painters that ever lived in the world, there is no accounting for Corregio. Unlike Greeks, Romans, and Italians, out he came into the world, in colour, drawing, light and shadow, composition, expression, and form, like nature, and unlike every body else, who ever studied nature at all. Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Titian, we can trace; we see upon whom they were grafted, when they budded and burst forth. But who is Corregio? Nobody is certain. One swears he was poor, another that he was well off; another says he died in consequence of a fever which he caught by carrying all his money in copper, the price of a picture; another protests it was no such thing. Meng's account is the best, and Vasari's mostly without authority.

There is no certainty that his portrait is in existence; in fact there is as much dispute about it as there is about Shakes-
peare's; and here are his beautiful works, his Notte, his Catherine, his Christ in the Garden, his Magdalene, his Venus and Mercury, and his Ecce Homo in the National Gallery, the only head of Christ in the world. This head of Christ ought to be reverenced as the identification of the character, as much as the head of Jupiter by Phidias was in the Pagan world. There is no Christ's head by Raffaelle which at all approaches it, either in the Transfiguration or in any other work; and the head by Leonardo da Vinci in the gallery cannot be endured after it. Of all painters, he astonishes one the most. If any fault is to be found with him, his men have a touch too effeminate. His colour is exquisite; his light and shadow are enchanting, but his forms defective; his composition is simple and infantine; his expression unimpassioned, but sweetness itself; and when sorrow or suffering was to be represented, who ever did it more tenderly than Correggio? Let any man who doubts this, dwell for a moment on the gentle suffering, and the feminine yet manly beauty of the Christ above mentioned. It is the very Christ who commanded by submission; without weakness beautiful, without effeminacy tender; without taint the personification of love. His hands, his shoulders, his beard, his hair, belong to that divine being who vanquished sin, by yielding to torture. It does not seem painted, but as if were spread upon the canvass by an angel's breath. His men look as innocent as girls; his women as guileless as infants; and his infants as if they had just come from the skies.

In the cupola at Parma, the great wonder is the foreshortening; and in the mouths of the vulgar this is technical perfection; whereas there is nothing more purely mechanical, nothing in fact you can so easily teach. One single smile of Corregio's angels, one touching look of Raffaelle's
apostles, the sentiment of the Duke de Lorenzo by Michel
Angelo, one crimson tone by Titian, are worth all the fore-
shortening on earth. The greatest excellencies of Signo-
relli, Buonarotti, and Corregio, are said to be their fore-
shortenings; whereas the greatest excellencies of Buona-
rotti and Corregio are not their fore-shortening at all.

In spite of the perfections of this wonderful man, he
founded as it were the decay, "le commencement de la fin." His breadth in fresco produced Lanfranco, Cor-
tona, and Giordano, who covered Italian palaces with the
sweping brush of our patent chimney-cleansers, begin-
ing it in the morning, finishing it by the evening, stand-
ing on the floor, and disdainful a scaffold, previous study, or
previous thinking; and others came who bedaubed the pa-
laces of Europe with clouds, like feather-beds, cornucopias
and Jupiters, till one's brain aches in thinking of them.

Reynolds was immensely indebted to Corregio; for Rem-
brandt and Corregio are certainly the bases of his style.
One of the most beautiful works in the Louvre was the
Marriage of St. Catherine, which when once seen haunts
us in after life in dreams. In a word, Corregio was an
angel that passing this earth in its flight, drooped its wings
and dropped upon it, to give us a foretaste of the smiles
which welcome a happy spirit in a purer sphere.

Parmegiano is the next important name in this school,
who grafted the grace of Corregio on the affectations of
Michel Angelo. His greatest work is in our National
Gallery; the Vision of St. Jerome. The Christ is a beautiful
boy, but affected; the Virgin is Michel-Angelesque, having
the glumdalclitch look of his Brobdignagian women. St. John is finely drawn, but not unexceptionable; and the
St. Jerome is sleeping in a position as if he had got into a
cramp in the first part of the vision, and could not get out
till it was over. It is raw in colour, skinned in construc-
tion, and spoils the composition altogether. His small pic-
tures are beautiful but long in proportion. His fingers seem
always to move to music; and his limbs to be conscious how
gracefully they are disposed. He has often been a fatal
example to the young. Nor is his Moses, whatever Gray
may say of it, an instance of the sublime. The expression
is mean, and the form overdone. Parmegiano died, like
Raffaello at the age of thirty-seven, when all that was ex-
pected of him had not been realised, and when, if he had
lived longer, perhaps he would have done worse.

In 1570, the best Corregieschi were grown old or dead,
and the school of Parma began to give way to that of Bo-
logna, the truly great academical school. This was not an
academy in the modern sense of the word; it was a school,
and nothing but a school, without distinctions, and managed
by directors; and it is the only academy which has ever pro-
duced any genius. Dominichino, Guido, and other names
of the second period, came between unrivalled excellence
and approaching destruction, and stopped for a little time
the decay of the art.

Of the Cremona school, there is no great name. In the
Milanese school, Da Vinci seems the hero; he founded an
academy which, according to Lanzi, was the first in Eu-

r0pe that reduced art to rules, the works of Leonardo be-
ing the canon. His great work is in the refectory. But
fifty years afterwards Aramini says that it was spoiled; in
1642 Scannelli writes, that it was with difficulty made out;
and Barry ultimately saw it destroyed by a restorer. When
Eugene Bekbandois was viceroy of Italy, he drained the
refectory and had it paved with tiles; and it is said in a re-
port, that the colours began to revive. Da Vinci's academy having produced no talent, Maria Theresa founded another, which, though full of casts of every description, has nevertheless proved equally unsuccessful.

The Caracci and their pupils were the last crop of genius which Italy threw up, and though they were second-rate, they came of the breed of the great who were no more. The style of Michel Angelo seems to have taken early root in Bologna, perhaps from his executing in that place the statue of Julius II. Giotto, in the first instance, excited emulation by flying about Italy; but he seems to have scattered everywhere the seeds of art, and Tibaldi, after having studied in Rome, certainly founded this style at Bologna. The first school formed was by Bagna Cavallo, and Primaticcio. It failed in 1564; upon which Primaticcio went to France, and Tibaldi to Spain, and the art was of course neglected.

The Caracci succeeded them and were extraordinary men; but what would they have done if Raffaello, Michel Angelo, Titian, and Corregio had never lived? They saw nature only by the help of their great predecessors. Whatever the Caracci did had the appearance of labour; whilst whatever was done by their great predecessors, had an air as if there was something that no labour could attain. Ludovico had more feeling than his brothers, and had the honour of being instructed by Tintoretto. They were the sons of a tailor, and founded an academy in their own house. Agostino principally engraved, and Annibale principally painted; but they each contributed instruction to the school in which were formed Dominichino, Guido, Lanfranco, Guercino, and Albano.

The greatest geniuses of the school was Guido; but he was
envious by the Caracci; and even in this school the vices of an academy began to appear. We did not find Raffaello sowing discord amongst his pupils by putting one against the other. Albano was opposed to Guido. Dominichino was an eminent but heavy genius; and his communion of St. Jerome is a fine thing though dull. There was a vulgar grandeur about Guercino, and an insipidity about Albano. The great work of Annibale Caracci is the Farnese gallery, which is excellent in every thing, but nerve and genius. Say what you will about the Caracci, there is a want in their art, which affects the pen of him who is attempting to do them justice. They lived together, did not marry, and were ill paid and ill-tempered; like all old bachelors they were discontented, they did not know why, and fidgety, they did not know for what; they envied the talents they were desirous of bringing forward, called the art their "wife," and were never satisfied, living in a perpetual fret of teaching, and painting, and complaining. Annibale became dissipated and died early. It is an extraordinary feature in the moral character of the Italian artists, that the greater part did not marry, and hence came the cant "of the art being their wife," with the natural consequence, that girls who had been models generally ended by being mistresses.

The Caracci kept up this affectation, they said the art was their "cara sposa;" and to all the confusion of a bachelor's house, added the slang of a mere painter's habits. At the dinner-table, crayon and paper were always at hand to catch attitudes, actions, and expressions, and groups; as if expressions and attitudes could not have been remembered in the solitude of the study, and kept till wanted, with just as much effect as this vulgar intrusion on the usages of society. A great artist is always a man of the world; an
inferior one a man of the palette. Raffaelle, Titian, Angelo, Rubens, and Reynolds, would have passed a twelvemonth in any society without being discovered to be artists; but the Caracci would have talked of tone and touching during the first half-hour. A genteel woman, accidentally travelling in a coach with three artists who were palette-men, expressed afterwards her wonder and suspicion as to the state of their intellects. For after the usual dead silence, one of them said, with an air of vast profundity: "How finely the white sheet in the hedge carries off the colour in the sky." "And look at that old woman's cloak taking up the brick-wall," said another. "Yes," said the oldest of the set, "how finely it was done yesterday by a red night-cap in a pretty bit of Sir George." Johnson used to say, "Sir, we were reduced to talk of the weather." But even the weather is preferable to this detestable affectation. Though the deepest principle of the ancients was the preservation of beauty in everything, they never sacrificed beauty to expression, but always combined the two; whereas Guido, by an eternal repetition of the expression of the Niobe in Christ's and Virgin's rendered the preservation of beauty at such an expense insipid. The beauty of the Helen and Paris was truly exquisite; but hundreds of Herodias's daughters with St. John's heads, "have a look," as Lord Byron says, "of bread and butter." His grace was the grace of theatres; his pencil light, airy, and beautiful, though rather careless than masterly. Dominichino, on the other hand, obedient, slow, and timid, imitated everybody and fell short of all. But Guercino was the most original of the school; his finest manner is his candlelight manner, yet still there is a vulgarity in his forms.

None of the Caracci or their school, had they been born
at an earlier period, would have advanced the art one iota beyond their predecessors, so entirely dependent were they upon the great who had gone before. "Such was the state of art," says Fuseli, "when the spirit of machinery destroyed what was yet left of meaning; when contrast and grouping meant composition and thinking, and a mass of rapid, thoughtless, empty, impudent frescoes disgraced the walls, palaces, and churches of Italy. Pietro of Cortona and Luca Giordano are the heroes of this inundation of splashiness; and yet what artists they were! The decay which it announced, was the decay of the giant Italian fresco land that still struggled to do its duty, whilst the head was fast approaching imbecility in thought. The meanest pupil of the meanest machinist would have swept the first-rate British artist that has ever yet existed into the earth, with his tip toes and exhibition-glare.

Thus, with the Caracci and their school, ended the greatness of Italian art; nor has there been one single painter of such genius since, from Andrea Sacchi to Cammucini the present hero of the Romans. Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt turned it into a new channel in Flanders; Velasquez and Murillo kept it alive in Spain; Teniers, Ostadt, and Jan Steen preserved it from extinction in Holland; the Poussins, Claude, and Salvator, meanwhile revived it in Italy; whilst the old Gothic masters in Germany, with their colour, and most of them with great invention but in bad taste, were an absolute dung-hill of diamonds and pearls, which everybody has considered himself as having a right to plunder, not even excepting Raffaelle himself. Whilst the art was sunk to the lowest depths in Europe, Reynolds in England broke forth with a brilliancy of colour which has rendered it no longer a hopeless attempt to rival the
gorgeousness of Venetian splendour. If ever there was a refutation of Reynolds's own theory, that "genius was the child of circumstances," he was a living one; in spite of all circumstances, in spite of the utter want of all education as a painter, in spite of all the apathy of the nation, and the extinction of art in Europe, out he came with a vigour and beauty which have ever since defied rivalship in portrait and children.

The Germans are an extraordinary nation, but always more or less under the influence of a wrong taste. Their early painters are full of thought; and as a proof of what Raffaello's estimation of them must have been, he adopted almost to the letter, in his famous Spasimo in Spain, Shoengäer's magnificent composition of Christ bearing the cross. The hand leaning on the stone, with the momentary action of the drapery, is in Shoengäer. The brute pulling Christ, in an old German dress, Raffaello has taken and improved; and he has also placed the Marys in the fore-ground which Shoengäer placed in the back-ground; but the whole of the composition is Shoengäer's, though Raffaello of course has added to it his own perfections.

Albert Dürer is considered as the greatest man of the German school; but there is nothing which he has ever done that can compete, in expression and composition, with this fine production of Shoengäer's. Fuseli says, "Albert Dürer was a man of great ingenuity, but not of genius. His proportions of the human figure are on a comprehensive principle founded on nature, and the result of deep thinking." He had sometimes a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse. The expanded agony of Christ on the Mount of Olives, and the mystic conception of his figure of Melancholy, are thoughts of sublimity, though the ex-
pression of the latter is weakened by the rubbish he has thrown about her. His Knight, attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible; and his Adam and Eve are two common models shut up in a rocky dungeon.

"If he approached genius in any part of his art, it was in colour; his colour went beyond his age, and as far excelled in truth, and breadth, and handling, the oil colour of Raffaelle, as Raffaelle excelled him in every other quality. I speak of his easel-pictures; his drapery is broad though much too angular, and rather snapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German school, though he neither reared scholars nor was imitated by the German artists of his or the succeeding century. That the exportation of his works to Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscans who had studied Michel Angelo, as Andrea del Sarto, and Jacopo da Pontoreno, is a fact which proves that minds as well as bodies may be at certain times subject to epidemic influences."

Lucas van Leyden was the Dutch caricature of Albert Dürer; and ere long the style of Michel Angelo was adopted in the same way as by Pelegrino Tibaldi, and being spread by the graver of Giorgio Mantuano, provoked those caravans of German, Dutch, and Flemish students, who, on their return from Italy, introduced at the courts of Prague and Munich, in Flanders and the Netherlands, that preposterous manner, that bloated excrescence of swampy brains, which in the form of man left nothing human, distorted action and gesture with insane affectation, and dressed the gewgaws of children in colossal shapes, in the style of Golzius and Spranger. But though content to feed upon the husks of Tuscan design, they imbibed the colour of Venice, and spread the elements of that excel-
lence which distinguished the succeeding schools of Flanders and of Holland. At this moment out blazed upon the world that giant of execution and brute violence of brush, and brilliant colour, and daring composition, Rubens; and another mysterious and extraordinary being, Rembrandt, who seemed born to confound all theory but that of innate genius, confirmed it for ever. Rubens gloried in the splendour of the rainbow, whilst Rembrandt enjoyed only the poetry and solemnity of twilight; when the evening star glittered, and the sun was down, then was the hour of his inspiration.

The scholar of Otho Venius, Rubens, imbibed from his master an emblematical taste; he spent eight years in Italy, hurried back at the death of his mother, and painted that wonder of art the Elevation of the Cross, before he was thirty. It is the perfection of a fearless hand and daring brush, conscious of its principle; and though the sweep of Michel Angelo's contours, applied to butcher's backs and coal-heaver's legs, rather increased their vulgarity than added to their refinement, yet the dashing power of that astonishing picture, in spite of its Flemish, pallid, and ugly wretches for women, renders it the bloom of his powers. Rubens was a man of such general knowledge, that the Marquis of Spinosa said, that painting was his least qualification. He was ambassador to Spain and England, and adorned the banqueting ceiling at Whitehall, the centre portion forming an amazing picture. Educated classically, he carried classical feeling into every thing but his art; and after quoting Virgil with enthusiasm, he turned to his canvass and painted a Flemish butcher with bandy legs (if he happened to have such) for Aeneas. How extraordinary it is that, relishing as he did, Homer, Virgil, and Livy, he should give Dutch Helens, Flemish Junes, and
German Diomeds, for classic art. His greatest work is the Luxembourg Gallery; and for once he hit a sweet female expression in the mother of Mary de' Medicis, after accouchement. One of his finest pieces, the Rape of Proserpine, is at Blenheim, where the Arethusa, as a water nymph, is putting up her hand, with her back towards you. That a man who could occasionally paint with such delicacy, should so often disgust us with his flabby vulgarity, is not to be accounted for. He painted portrait finely, landscape sweetly, and animals with great power, except the lion, whose straight shaggy mane he always curled like the ancients, and lost its noble look. He was a great man, and painted wherever he went. He was diligent and religious; he rose at four, heard mass, and went to his painting-room, where, with little intermission, he painted till five; he then rode, and returned to his friends, many of them the most celebrated men of the day, who were assembled to meet him at supper; at eleven he retired, and again proceeded to work at day-break. It is interesting to contrast this virtuous course of so great a man, with the vulgar infidelity which alone distinguishes the most incompetent in the art; and it is impossible not to conclude, that those whom God has most endowed with gifts, are the most sensible of their own imperfections. Rubens was thrice married, and educated his children highly; one of them wrote a very learned work, De luto Clavo, which shews research and learning.

No where did Rubens shine so effectually as in the Louvre. In all the world, perhaps, there never was such a splendid opportunity for studying to perfection the principles of the great men in the art, as was afforded in the Louvre in its full glory; and injurious as the formation of that collection had proved to the cities of Italy, yet Napoleon gave a
dignity and an importance to the art, which it has not since lost, by making the productions of its great men subjects of treaty, and receiving them as equivalent to territory or treasure. There you rushed from the Romans to the Venetians, from the Flemings to the Spaniards, from Titian to Raffaelle, from Rembrandt to Rubens, and settled principles in half an hour, which it took others months, perhaps years, to accomplish. It cannot be denied, that in fyrce of efffect, Rubens bore down all opposition, from his breadth, brightness, and depth; and let every painter be assured, that if he keep these three qualities of effect, the leading qualities in the imitation of nature, he will defy rivalship in the contest of exhibition.

Rembrandt, with all his magic, painting on too confined a principle, lost in power, and looked spotty and individual. Paul Veronese and Tintoretto had not that solidity, which is the characteristic of Rubens; Titian seemed above contest, and relying on his native majesty of colour, exhibited a senatorial repose, which gave to Rubens a look almost of impertinence; but still you could not keep your eyes off the seducer, and even if you turned your back, you kept peeping over your shoulder. Here all peculiarity suffered. The silvery beauty of Guido looked grey; the correctness of Raffaelle looked hard; Rembrandt failed most by the brightness of Rubens, the magic of Corregio, or the sunny splendour of Titian; and after wandering about for days, you decided that he suffered most who had most peculiarity. With all his grossness, want of beauty, and artificial style, Rubens' brightness and breadth carried the day, as far as arresting the eye, and forcing you to look at him, hate as you might his vulgarity, and his Flemish women, and his Flanders breed of horses.
Rembrandt van Rhyn, was next to Rubens, in point of art, and more than equal to him in originality. Whether in portrait, landscape, or historical pictures large and small, he was like nobody; as wonderful as any, and sometimes superior to all. His bistre-drawings are exquisite, his etchings unrivalled; his colour, light and shadow, and surface, solemn, deep, and without example; but in the naked form, male or female, he was an Esquimaux. His notions of the delicate form of women, would have frightened an Arctic bear. Let the reader fancy a Billingsgate fish-woman, descending to a bath at a moment's notice, with hideous feet, large knees and bony legs, a black eye, and a dirty night-cap—and he will have a perfect idea of Rembrandt's conception of female beauty. Though his historical pictures are often remarkable for pathos and expression, his characters are sometimes absolutely ridiculous. His Abrahams are Dutch old clothesmen; and yet his Jacob's Dream is sublime beyond expression. Whatever he painted, he enriched; his surface was a mass of genius, and his colour a rainbow, darkened by the gloom of twilight. In portrait, sometimes, his dignity was equal to Titian; but the characters he painted were inferior.

These two wonderful men, each a perfect contrast to the other, revived art; Rubens on the principles of the Venetians, and Rembrandt in defiance of all principles. But the latter sacrificed too much to a peculiarity, and he was punished for it in the Louvre by the side of others.

Rubens produced Vandyke, Snyders, and Jordens, and a whole host of pupils. Vandyke had more elegance, but not so much imagination; Jordens more vulgarity, with equal power. Snyders was a mere animal painter, and he carried the touch necessary to execute the hairy skin of an animal, into every thing he did. Vandyke by his splendid portraits.
certainly generated a love of art in England, which has never left us, after the destruction of historical painting at the Reformation.

Rembrandt had pupils, who were by no means equal to himself. David Teniers the elder was a pupil of Rubens. These two extraordinary men were certainly the founders of the Dutch school; and the great principles of their works were carried by David Teniers the younger, Jan Steen, Ostade, and Cuyp, into smaller and more delicate productions. A man of the highest ambition and noblest views in art can study with the greatest benefit the dead fish and bunches of turnips, servant girls and drunken boors, for beauty of handling and effects in art. He who looks down on the excellencies of the Dutch school, does so from a narrowness of understanding, and not an enlargement of views; and if an historical painter can see nothing to learn in their little beautiful works, he will not learn much from the greater productions of Titian.

Directly after the Flemish comes the Spanish school, which, not so vulgar as the former, was equally unideal. The Spaniards painted the people about them for all sorts of subjects and all sorts of characters; and they are only more refined than the Flemings because the Spaniards are a more cultivated people. The long possession of the Moors prevented the Spaniards from advancing as soon as Italy. The great schools in Spain have been those of Madrid, Seville, and Valencia. In 1446 Antonio Rincón abandoned the Gothic of the European artists; in 1475 Gallegos was so like Albert Dürer, that he is suspected to have been a pupil; in the sixteenth century riches flowed in, patronage was liberal, and what is most important of all, genius existed in Spain. Berrera de Baeza, pupil of Michel Angelo, painted in fresco,
at Madrid, Salamanca, and Valladolid; and in the Trinità del Monte in Rome, there is also a picture of his. Various painters follow of course in all the schools, till the coming of the real hero of Spanish art.

Velasquez was born at Seville in 1599. He became a pupil of Herrera, and left Seville in 1522, to seek his fortune in the metropolis; where he succeeded so completely as a portrait painter, that he got to court, and having become acquainted with Rubens, often visited his painting-room. Rubens must have been of the greatest use to him. Velasquez then visited Italy, but could not bear the Roman school after the Venetian. In masterly execution and life he surpassed Rubens and Van- dyke. Of all the great painters, he seems to have despised the most the vulgar appetite for what is called finish, that is, polished smoothness. Every touch from Velasquez is a thoughtful, calculated to express the leading points of the thing intended to convey it. Masterly beyond description, and delightful beyond belief, he conveyed the impressions of life as exquisitely as if his imitation breathed. But so utterly decayed is the present Spanish school, with its pompous academy, that Spaniards when asked how they can reconcile their hideous polish with the freedom of Velasquez, have answered that Velasquez was always in a hurry.

After Velasquez ranks Murillo, a man of a tenderer genius, but equally alive to life. He has the surface of Correggio and colour peculiarly his own; and he was what the Italians call a Naturaliste; indeed, the whole school was of that species. Like Rembrandt and Rubens, the heroes of history are always the countrymen of the Spanish painter. The Prodigal Son is one of the finest works in the Duke of Sutherland's collection; it is beautiful in execution, light and shadow, and colour, but Spanish in character and expression.
They never got beyond their model or their country; and, this may in a great measure be owing to their masters having been Venetians, though Tizaldi and Torrigiano had visited Spain. Murillo was an exquisite painter, and if he had been soundly educated like the Greeks, would have been as refined in character and form as he is now in colour and handling. He first got an insight into painting from Moya, a pupil of Vandyke. Having sold his pictures to hawkers for what they would bring, he saved money and went to Madrid, and, with the frankness of genius, at once introduced himself to Velasquez, who received him like another Raphael. After three years of continued kindness, he returned to Seville, founded an Academy, and for his great work of St. Antony at Padua, he received ten thousand reals. It is said that he covered more canvas than any body else; but after the acres of Rubens in the Louvre, that assertion is questionable. Velasquez and Murillo, of course, came like the rest, before academies. One now exists in Madrid, and no genius has appeared since its institution. It is quite ridiculous to see the same results all over the world; and it is still more ridiculous, to find the kings of Europe still continuing to found and embellish these useless establishments.

In France, throughout all the middle ages, the art of design was never extinct, either in mosaic, glass, tapestry, fresco, miniature, or tempera. Though the learned author of the “Discourse Historique” says, that the French were the first who presumed to personify the Almighty in the form of man; yet nothing worth remembering occurred till the death of Leonardo, in the arms of Francis I in 1518, and the employment of Primaticcio, Rosso, and Nicolo del Abbate. Jean Cousin in 1462, and Vouet in 1582, were the first French painters of any importance in this latter period. Si-
mon Vouet, the younger, was the master of Le Sueur, Le Brun, Mignard, and Dufresnoy; he lived in 1600, and the best period of French art was from that time until 1665, the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. They, as usual, founded an academy, ten years before Poussin’s death; and Coypel, Jouvenet, and Rigaud, were the produce of the institution; whilst Poussin, Le Sueur, and Le Brun, had flourished and obtained their reputation before it was founded. Van Loo and Boucher succeeded Jouvenet and Rigaud, and gave additional evidence of the utter incompetence of the academic system. About 1770, flourished Greuze, who began to evince a better taste, and was persecuted by the Royal Academy for his independence, till the Revolution of 1790 put an end for the time to all imposture. Down went the Royal Academy in an instant; and all the conventional distinctions in art, which are generally the cloak of imbecility, were fluttered off in the whirlwind. The people, long prevented from seeing fine works in the great galleries, now broke into these galleries with brutal exultation. Bloody and dreadful as were the consequences of the first burst of the French Revolution, one of its most beneficial effects consisted in throwing open all matters of art and science to the people. Naigeon, the conservator of the Luxembourg, said, in 1814, that nothing was opened to the people before the Revolution; and we ourselves in England are now enjoying our Museums, entirely in consequence of the effect produced upon Mr. Fox and the English, who visited Paris in the year 1802, and who were astonished at the noble frankness with which the Louvre was exposed.

The academy being swallowed up in the whirlpool of political revolution, the Institute supplied its place. Napoleon, on becoming first consul, sent immediately for David, who
had been a furious republican during "le temps de la terreur;" a man of great talent, but of abominable taste. Napoleon made him his court-painter, and gave such preponderance to his influence, that the detestable style of David became everywhere but in England the style of European art. Gros, Prudhom, Guérin, deviated from the rigidity of David's style. Prudhom was a man of genius. Hiegeus as was the style of David, in fact painted Roman sculpture, it had some foundation in reason. This was, if possible, to bring the French back to classical art, after the flutter of Boucher, and the pomposity of Coyppel; but, like all reformers, he went to excess.

The materials for assisting them are so deficient, that the greatest artists have arrived at anything like an imitation of nature only by the greatest science and skill. It is much easier to paint a button and a chair, than a human face; therefore the great artists dwelt upon the face with all their dexterity, and touched off the button and chair with less anxiety and care. The French used to say, that theirs was the system of the ancient Greeks, and that it was our prejudice to disapprove of it. But before we have done, we shall show that it was not the system of the ancient Greeks; and as we pay all due deference to the Italians, Flemings, Dutch, Spaniards, and Greeks, and to their own Poussin and Claude, they have no right to accuse us of prejudice because we disapprove of David. We do not deny David's talent, because it must have required talent to mislead the continent of Europe. In art, David's expression was taken from the theatre, and his actions were borrowed from the opera-house; his forms were Roman and not Grecian, and his colour was hideous enough to produce ophthalmia. If he and his pictures, with all he ever designed, and all he ever
invented, had not appeared in the world, or having appeared, had been utterly rooted out of it, the atmosphere would be purer. He is a plague-spot, whitened leprosy in painting, that haunts the imagination with disgust. This he had the impudence to say of Rubens. But since the peace, and from the connection with England, a better school of colour has sprung up in France; and La Roche gives evidence of having in some degree got rid of the furniture look of David, though it still poisons a French pencil.

Horace Vernet is a distinguished name; indeed, he may be called the first light-infantry grenadier of European art. He paints a head in five minutes, a whole imperial family in ten minutes, and an historical picture in twenty; and he paints all three with talent and skill. Though the French are not yet sound in art, they are the best educated artists in Europe; and if the English would combine their own colour with the careful habits of French early study, and if each school could supply the deficiencies of the other, they would make out a very good school between them.

In thus suffusing ourselves to be led away to the present state of the French school, we have omitted to do justice to the great men of former times; Poussin, Sebastian, Borden, and Le Sueur. Poussin is the hero of French art. His Death of Germanicus is very fine, as a specimen of history; and his Polyphemus sitting on the top of a mountain, and playing his pipe, with his back towards you, is a pure specimen of the poetic. He studied the ancient Romans so much, that he became Roman in his faces, drapery, and figures; and in his naked forms, the common model is too apparent. His finest works are in England; but though distinguished for expression, there is always an antique heartlessness, as if copied from the masks of an ancient theatres.
Bourdon's Return of the Ark is a high proof of his conception; and Le Sueur's St. Bruno is pure in taste, but bad in colour. The Battles of Alexander by Le Brun show the latter to have been of the family of machinists. His colour is bronzed and disagreeable. Le Brun was a court-favourite, and his Greeks, as well as barbarians, have an air of the opera at Versailles. His composition is artificial; and he is not a fit example for youth. The only man who coloured with exquisite feeling was Watteau, whose touch and delicacy of tint may be studied with great profit by any artist.

In a word, it is extraordinary that the French as a nation, have never been right in art. Poussin was the only man who could have set them right, and they persecuted him so, that he settled in Rome. Claude Lorraine can hardly belong to them; and though Louis Philippe is now employing them by hundreds, nothing very eminent has yet proceeded from such encouragement.

The Germans are taking higher ground than any other nation, and are making rapid advances, particularly at Munich. They have begun again fresco painting; and the liberality of their king has restored Munich the most flourishing city in Europe for arts and artists; but as Canova said when he was in England, there is very little grand art left in the world. It is extraordinary to reflect on the little original thinking that is to be found. This was more apparent in the Louvre than any where else; and one could not help being amused at seeing the way in which Rubens, who, like Michel Angelo, is supposed to have never looked out of himself, had plundered the old Gothic painters; the Fall of the Damned, by an old German, being the complete basis of the same subject by Rubens.

When incessant demands are made on the genius of a
favourite, every aid to thinking is grasped at and improved. Raffaelle did this; so did Rubens; and even Reynolds used to have portfolios brought him to look over at breakfast, and select what would help him, saying, "It will save me the trouble of thinking." This involves a very serious question in art. The utmost merit that can be allowed is that of skilful adaptation. "Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit" may be said of all these; and surely a good thought badly done is justifiable food for a superior mind to render it better.

We come now to the British School, which, though the last founded in Europe, is inferior to none in variety of power.

There is no doubt that the art would have advanced in

1 It is a curious fact, that the art seems to have been in an advanced state in England, while it is doubtful whether there was a painter in Florence, in 1296. In 1250 the authorities in Florence sent for some Greeks because there was no painter; yet at that period in England, and long before, historical painting seemed quite the fashion amongst the upper classes. All the king's rooms, as well as his chapel, were painted. In the 25th of Edward III. in the rolls of the Exchequer, 26th September 1351, there is a charge to "William of Padryngton, for making twenty angels to stand in the tabernacles by task-work, at 6s. 8d. for each image, L.6, 13s. 4d." In 1530, were begun the beautiful pictures and designs in St. Stephen's Chapel; and it is curious to see, in all the accounts, the continual allusions to oil-painting. The artists employed must certainly have been men of distinguished talent, who had the power of ordering inferior artists to assist them. The most celebrated of their number appears to have been Hugh de St. Alban's, who was appointed by the king as his principal painter. The following document, dated 19th March 1330, contains his appointment. "The king to all and singular, the sheriffs, mayors, bailiffs, officers, and his other lieges, as well within liberties as without, to whom be greeting, Know ye, that we have appointed our beloved Hugh de St. Alban's, master of the painters assigned for the works to be executed in our chapel, at our palace at Westminster, to take and choose as many painters and other workmen as may be required for performing those works, in any places where it may seem expedient, either within L.
Britain side by side with the continental nations, if we had continued Catholics; in fact, we were doing so, when Wickliffe’s opposition to the Catholic priests roused up the people to hate and detest every thing connected with their system. Painting of course came under this furious denunciation, and through successive ages went on till the period of the Reformation.

In Edward the Confessor’s time, there were executed bas-reliefs as good as anything done at that time in Europe, and by no means deficient in grace, though disproportioned, and unskilful in composition. In one of these there is a king in bed, and leaning upon his hand; which in an improved style might be made a fine thing. In Alfred’s reign and before York and Canterbury were adorned with pictures and tapestry; and in the tenth century, Ethelreda adorned Ely Cathedral with a series of historical pictures in memory of her famous husband Birthwood. As this is recorded, says Strutt, the practice must have existed before; and that it continued to exist and be the fashion down to the Edwards and Henrys, there is good evidence; for in the time of Henry III. mention is made of the immortal Master Walker’s painting in Westminster, the no less renowned John Thornton of Coventry, painter there, and the east window of York. In

besides or without, in the counties of Kent, Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex, and to cause those workmen to come to our palace aforesaid, there to remain in our service, at our wages, as long as it may be necessary. And therefore we command you to be counselling and assisting this Hugh, and completing what has been stated, as often and in such manner as the said Hugh may require.” (See Britton’s West. Pal. p. 170.) The illustrious Hugh seems to have been a designer; for in the books, (25 Edward II. April 30,) is the following entry, “to H. de St. Albans, ordering or designing the drawings for the painters, one day, 1s.”

* * See Carter’s Etchings.
the reign of Henry VIII. there was a chartered society of painters; and in the seventeenth of Elizabeth it was moved in the House by Sir G. Moore, "that a bill to redress certain grievances in painting be let sleep, and be referred to the Lord Mayor, as it concerned a controversy between painters and plasterers;" and Sir Stephen Jones stood up and desired that the Lord Mayor "might not be troubled, and it seemed to go against the painters."

The painters who complained that the plasterers used their colours, and took the bread out of their mouths, go on to say, that in the nineteenth of Edward IV., that is in 1480, there were orders issued "for the use of oil and size," and that the "painters' only mixture was oil and size, which the plasterers do now usurp and intrude upon." In their petition they observe with the greatest simplicity: "Workmanship and skill is the gift of God, and not one in ten proveth a workman, and that those who cannot attain excellence must live by the baser part of the science." They add that "painting on cloth is decayed; that this art is a curious art, and requireth a good eye, and a steadfast hand, which the infirmity of age decayeth, and then painters go a-begging;" and then they conclude the petition to the House by this remarkable passage: "These walls thus curiously painted in former ages the images so perfectly done, do witness our forefathers' care in cherishing this art of painting." "This bill," said Sir Stephen Jones, "is very reasonable and fit to pass," and so it did.3

The above extract, proves that in Elizabeth's reign the historical attempts were alluded to, as belonging to former

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ages, viz. from the tenth century downwards; that the House of Commons praised the wisdom of those times in cherishing painting; and that this wisdom the Reformation had obviously discarded.

In 1538, Henry issued an order against the use of pictures and statues to impose on the people; yet pictures are called “bokes for unlearned people.” In 1542, in his letter to Cranmer, the king tried to restrain the destruction of pictures; but it was too late. In the reign of Edward IV, the Duke of Somerset fined and imprisoned all those who possessed pictures of religious subjects. To such excess had the fury of the people been excited, that the recorder of Salisbury, Mr. Henry Sherfield, was fined L500, and imprisoned in the Fleet for not breaking a painted window in Salisbury Cathedral.

Walpole says that one Bleese was employed at 2s. 6d. a-day to break windows at Croydon; and in Charles I’s reign it was ordered,⁴ that all pictures having the second person of the Trinity should be burnt, and that all pictures having the Virgin should share the same fate. Cromwell stopped this barbarity, and it was owing to the self-will of this extraordinary man that the Cartoons of Raffaello was bought in for L300, at the sale of Charles’s effects.

Thus it is clear the art was stopped by the Reformation. In St. Stephen’s Chapel, before the alterations made some years since, there were figures painted on the walls, as excellent as any figures in the Campo Santo, and perhaps executed about the same period. In Elizabeth’s reign, as we have seen, historical art is referred to with sorrow in the House, as a thing past but which had existed; and in the same reign, says Hillier, “men induced by nature,” to pursue high

⁴ See Journals of the House, 23d July 1645.
art, “have been made poorer, like the most rare English
drawers of story works.” Now Hillier would not have said
this, if it had not been true that the drawers of story works
were principally natives.

In Henry VII’s time, Torrigiano, the same youth who had
felled Michel Angelo to the ground in the gardens of Lo-enzo and shattered his nose, was in England, and executed
important works. In the time of Henry VIII, commissions
for high art being over, Holbein devoted himself to court
portrait-painting, though in the city he painted some large
pictures. Rubens’ and Vandyke’s visit excited Dobson, a
capital painter of a head; but although Oliver was distin-
guished as a miniature painter, and although there are de-
signs at Oxford, by English painters, no one genius seemed
to arise till after Lely and Kneller had succeeded Vandyke.
Cooper was the first English painter employed in foreign
courts as a miniature painter. Thornhill, a man of talent,
and a member of the House, forms the link between one race
and another; and then sprung up Hogarth, Gainsborough,
Wilson, West, and Barry. As usual, when Reynolds and
Hogarth had for ever rescued Britain from all doubt as to her
genius, without an academy of any description, a royal aca-
demy was founded to produce more genius, just as had been
done all over Europe; and no man equal to Reynolds and
Hogarth has since appeared.1 After the academy was found-
ed at Milan by Leonardo, no genius like his appeared. After
that of St. Luke was founded at Rome, Raffaelle and all
being dead, no one came forth. After an academy had been
founded at Parma, Corregio being gone, nobody appeared.

1 Wilkie was not produced at an academy, but at Graham’s school,
Edinburgh. *Now this school is an academy with all its pride, and
nobody will come of it.
After a national academy was founded at Venice, and royally endowed, genius fled. The same thing happened in Ferrara, Modena, Florence, and Naples; and also in France, Spain, and England. Need further evidence be sought of the uselessness of such institutions?

In 1711, there existed a school, of which Kneller was the head, whilst Vertue the engraver drew in it. After 1724, Sir James Thornhill opened a school in his own home Covent Garden, and so did the Duke of Richmond at Whitehall Privy Gardens. Sir James proposed to Lord Halifax to found a royal academy, but without success. At Sir James’ death, the school was broken up, and the artists were again left without instruction; when, for the purpose of studying the living model, they hired a room in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, and Michael Moses was the conductor of it. Here they were visited by Hogarth, who was so well pleased, that a union of the whole body took place, and they removed to Peter’s Court, St. Martin’s Lane. The number of members amounted to a hundred and forty-one, each paying an annual subscription. There was at the time a great deal of happy fellowship amongst the artists. Reynolds, who was a member, with Hogarth and others, adorned the Foundling Hospital; and the public were so interested, that the society thought they might venture on a charter, which was obtained, and there was established by law a government of twenty-four directors, annually elected, including the president, by the whole body and out of it. An united exhibition having begun, (the constant source of irritation, for every man cannot have his works in the best places,) squabbles arose; and the directors finding the benefit of being able to hang their own works and those of their friends in the best situations, intrigued to keep their places another year. This was foolishly granted; and every
subsequent year finding themselves becoming a match for the constituency, they kept their places for eight years, in defiance of law; so that at last it was found that the men elected to preserve order and law, had been the grossest violators of both. With the feelings of independent freemen, the constituencies resolved to endure this no longer; when, to prevent collision, it was agreed to refer the point to the Attorney-General, De Grey, both parties pledging themselves to abide by his decision. De Grey gave it against the directors, and these honourable men then refused to keep their word. The constituency met, and violently expelled sixteen of them; but before resigning, these gentlemen met secretly, and fearing exposure, tore out and destroyed the minutes from the 19th November 1764, to the 11th March 1765, and from the 17th of June 1765, to the 21st of March 1766. They then went to the king, George III., whom they persuaded that the chartered body was republican; and that there was no hope unless a royal academy was founded, with the number of members and voters limited to forty. The king, without inquiry, foolishly yielded to their cunning suggestions, and founded an academy with forty members; the other eight directors resigned directly, and the whole twenty-four were made R.A.'s. Thus by this limited number were framed the present exclusive law and constitution, and all the obnoxious regulations passed, which had been checked by the sense of a constituency; and thus the art of England received a blow more fatal than at the Reformation. The weakness of the nation has been gratified to an excess by this interested assembly, to the ruin of their taste and judgment; high art has gone back, and is going back further every year, by the struggles of these men to keep up their monopoly, in defiance of the increasing intelligence of the
people, which they fear, and which will yet be their utter destruction. In this affair Reynolds behaved with great meanness. He promised to stand by the constituency; yielded at the offer of a knighthood; was afterwards justly punished, by being compelled to resign; and foolishly complained of ingratitude which he had deserved.

In order that the state of art in Great Britain may be rightly understood, this authentic detail, taken from pamphlets published at the time, especially that of Sir Robert Strange,5 has been thought necessary; and it will not appear tedious, if it be considered that, for the sake of the art of our own country, it is but just that particulars should be ascertained. The effect of the academy has been pernicious. Imitating the example, all the eminent provincial towns have established exhibitions instead of schools; and every year the annual exhibition in the metropolis is repeated in the provinces, with but little addition to that which proved unsaleable in the London show. Hogarth opposed such a conclusion, and from the beginning predicted its effect, which has happened to the very letter; and when Reynolds began to perceive the truth, he acknowledged his error, and said to Sir George Beaumont, that "a party was gaining ground which would ruin the art."5 If the detail of every other academy in Europe could be thus laid open, the same intrigues, the same despotism, the same injustice, and the same want of principle would be found at the bottom; and Europe would no longer wonder that academies never have produced a Raffaelle.


5 This was told the author by Sir George; and has since been confirmed by his pamphlet, "Concise Vindication," &c. in British Museum.
The honest and straightforward constituency being thus left as it were unprotected by the king, it was soon deserted by the nobility and the public, and shortly escaped notice altogether; though such a man as Hogarth had improved his knowledge by drawing in its schools. The literary splendour with which Reynolds was surrounded, gave a glory to the Academy which it has not yet lost; and the genius of Reynolds spread a halo around it, which the artists still fancy they see, though it vanished the moment he expired. Reynolds was really a great artist; gorgeous in tone and colour, unimpeachable in composition, deep in light and shadow, beautiful in character, and the purest painter of children and women that ever lived in the art, Greek or Italian. His ignorance belonged to the period; his beauties were entirely his own; and though he overrated Michel Angelo, and has done injury to taste, by his sincere conviction that he was right, yet had he lived to see the Theseus or Ilysus, he would have been equally candid in saying he was in error. Lord Heathfield is a portrait that need not fear any work of Titian’s for men, and Mrs. Parker, a tender, sweet picture of a woman, was never equalled in sentiment or delicacy by any work of the Venetian and Roman schools. Where were children ever so completely hit as in the Infant Academy? who surpassed the propriety of his backgrounds as well as their splendour? His eye, or rather his organ for colour, was exquisite; nor is there in the whole of his works a heated and offensive tint. He did not combine essential detail and breadth so beautifully as Titian; but place one of his finest portraits by the side of any picture of Titian’s, see them at the proper distance, and Reynolds would keep his station. Here, however, the praise must stop. Reynolds could have no more painted Pietro Martyr than he could have revived the martyr after he was
dead. He was not so great a man as Titian, because he did not like him remedy his ignorance, when he found it out at a much earlier age. He was always talking of what he would do if he began the world again. Sir Joshua loved society; he was the deity of his coterie; he liked a glass of wine and a game at whist; and he never lost his temper because he was successful in the world, but the first time he was thwarted he got in a passion. Reynolds was a great genius in painting, but not a great man. He raised English art from the dust, and gave English artists an à-plomb in society which they never had before, and he first reduced the art to something like a system by his discourses; but not having moral courage to resist the formation of an academy, which he could have done by his influence and his genius, he compromised the art, and was indirectly the means of throwing it off its balance, which it will yet take half a century more to remedy, as Hogarth predicted.

As an inventor, Hogarth is by far the greatest of the British school; although in aim and object, colour, surface, and all the requisites of a great painter, infinitely below Reynolds. It would be useless to detail the perfections of a man so admired all over the earth, and who will only cease to be a delight with its existence. It is astonishing how hereditary is the hatred of academies. The painters in revenge for Hogarth's opposition, swore that he was no painter, and swear so to this hour. The absurdity of this criticism can be proved by the Marriage à la Mode, whilst the picture of the husband and wife after a rout, is as beautifully touched as any in that class of art can be. He has not the clearness of Teniers, nor the sharpness of Wilkie; his touch is blunt, and his colour deficient in richness; but you feel not the want whilst looking at him; and although his expression is often carica-
ture, yet in the above picture it is perfection. Hogarth unfortunately believed himself infallible; but his wretched beauty of Drury Lane for Pharaoh's daughter at the Foundling, his miserable Sigismunda, and his Paul before Felix, we hope convinced him of his forte. If he was serious in these pictures, which we very much doubt, he deserved a strait waistcoat and a low diet as the only treatment for his hallucination.

Gainsborough was another painter of great genius in portrait and landscape; but Wilson was a greater. His touch and feeling were comprehensive, though too abstracted for the vulgar, who always like polish and to put up their fingers. He used to say to Sir George Beaumont, "When somebody is dead somebody's pictures will sell better." From neglect he got into foolish habits of drinking, and died librarian to the academy. A miserable dauber called Lambert was the fashion, and his character as a landscape painter was hit by poor Wilson. He said "his trees and foliage were eggs and spinach, and nothing more;" yet Lambert got hundreds when Wilson could hardly get shillings. But where are now the immortal Lambert's works? Making fire-screens for garrets, whilst "somebody's pictures" adorn the houses of the great. Gainsborough was a great portrait painter and ran Reynolds's hard. West's Wolf and La Hogue are the triumphs of his talent; but his great sacred subjects are inferior works. The writer of this observed to Canova in England, "Au moins, il compose bien." "Monsieur," replied the Italian, "il ne compose pas; il met des figures en groupe." He was a skilful machinist; and though there are bits of colour in his small works, rich and harmonious, his portraits are detestable, his handling unfeeling, his drawing meagre and common. He was deeply versed in nothing,
though possessing great acquired knowledge of his art without being an educated man. With respect to his being the greatest man since the Caracci, with Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, and Dominichino, Guido, and Guercino since, or a little after, the idea is ridiculous and absurd. The king hated Reynolds on account of his devotion to Burke and Fox, and puffed West from sheer irritability. The king said to Hopner, “Why does Reynolds paint his trees red and yellow? Who ever saw trees that colour?” Hopner, who said what he pleased, replied, “Then your majesty never saw trees in autumn.”

Romney, a second-rate man, had great patronage, whilst Barry, a man of great grasp of mind, had none whatever. Barry joined the Academy to oblige Reynolds, against his own convictions; was soon at issue with its selfish monopoly; opposed it; urged the propriety of devoting a portion of its funds to establish a school of colour; exasperated the intriguers by his fearless attacks; and was expelled of course as an obnoxious man, the king having been persuaded to sanction it, under the deadly hint that Barry was a radical. Barry was the protégé of Burke; and his Adelphi pictures, shewing the progress of society, though deficient in drawing, colour, and delicacy of touch, were the first work in England on the comprehensive principle of the ancients. Having neglected Burke’s repeated entreaties to dissect, he suffered the consequence. His forms at the Adelphi are such as can be got by general drawings from the antique, but there is no refined knowledge of construction in them.

As a man of genius, however, Barry is not to be compared to Henry Fuseli, the friend of Reynolds and Lavater, and one of the most distinguished and accomplished men of his time. Fuseli was undoubtedly the greatest genius of that day.
His Milton gallery shewed a range of imagination equal to the poet's: his Satan bridging Chaos, his Uriel watching Satan, his Shepherd's Dream, his Fairies from Shakespeare, and his Ghost in Hamlet, announce him as having conceived, like Theon, φαντασιάς, and as being the greatest inventor in art since Giulio Romano. But in the modes of conveying his thoughts by form, colour, light, and shadow, and above all, nature, he was a monster in design; his women are all strumpets, and his men all banditti, with the action of galvanized frogs, the dress of montebanks, and the hue of pestilential putridity. No man had the power like Fuseli of rousing the dormant spirit of youth; and there issued from his inspirations a nucleus of painters, who have been the firmest supporters of the British school.

But Fuseli, as a painter, must be a warning to all. Had he taken the trouble to convey his thoughts like the great masters, his pictures would have risen as time advanced; yet as time advances, his pictures, from having no hold on our feelings like the simplicity of nature, must sink. His conceptions, however poetical, are not enough to satisfy the mind in an art, the elements of which are laid in lovely nature; and great as his genius was in fancy and conception, inventor as he was in art of fairies and ghosts, he will never be an object to imitate, but always to avoid by young men, who are more likely to lay hold of his defects than his beauties. The finest conception of a ghost that was ever painted, was the Ghost in Hamlet on the battlements. There it quivered with martial stride, pointing to a place of meeting with Hamlet; and round its vizored head was a halo of light that looked sulphurous, and made one feel as if one actually smelt hell, burning, cindery, and suffocating. The dim moon glittered behind; the sea roared in the distance,
as if agitated by the presence of a supernatural spirit; and the ghost looked at Hamlet, with eyes that glared like the light in the eyes of a lion, which is savagely growling over his bloody food. But still it was a German ghost, and not the ghost of Shakespeare. There was nothing in it to touch human sympathies combined with the infernal; there was nothing at all of "his sable, silvered beard," or his countenance more "in sorrow than in anger;" it was a fierce, demoniacal, armed fiend reeking from hell, who had not yet expiated "the crimes done in his days of nature," to qualify him for heaven. His next finest works were the two fairy pictures in the Shakespeare gallery, some diving into harebells, some sailing in Bottom's shoe; but beautiful as they were, indeed the only fairies ever painted, still your heart longed for nature in colour, form, action, and expression. Such an union had the Greeks, and no art in the world will be perfect until it appears again. These pictures are evidences of the highest conception of the fanciful and supernatural. His Lazar House is an evidence of his power of pathos; his Uriel and Satan of the poetical; his Puck putting on a girdle, of the humorous and mischievous. But when Fuseli attempted the domestic, as in the illustrations of Cowper, his total want of nature stares one in the face, like the eyes of his own ghosts. Never were the consequences of disdaining the daily life before your eyes, or of affecting to be above it, so fatally developed as in this series of design; though in comparing with him another eminent artist, namely, Stothard, who, in sweetness and innocence, was his decided superior, Fuseli surpassed him in elevation and reach of mind. In the pictures of Stothard, who painted equally well without life before him, there is not the same extravagance, yet there is almost equal want of nature in another way. Flaxman,
Sloothard, and Fuzeli, are the three legitimate designers of our school, and yet not one of them was perfect master of the figure.

Flaxman's designs from the Iliad and the Greek tragedies are his finest works; and when first they appeared in Italy, they were denied to be the invention of an Englishman, as it was supposed to be impossible that any Englishman could have an imagination. But yet of some of these designs it really may be said, "Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule." It is extremely difficult to say whether they are in the highest degree sublime or extremely absurd. In all attempts to express the passions, you will perceive extravagance; but in comparing him with Canova, in this part of the art, Canova must yield the palm as much as Flaxman was inferior in the perfection of working up a single and beautiful figure. Though this eminent man talks pompously of Greek form and anatomical knowledge, he in reality knew very little of either; and though there is a great deal of useful matter of fact in his lectures, yet on the whole they display a wretched poverty of thinking. His book of Anatomy for students is not deep enough on the separation of muscle, bone, and tendon, and can help a young man a very little way to correct notions. The value of Fuzeli's and Opie's lectures in comparison with Flaxman's or Barry's is evident; and the superiority of Reynolds to all, except Fuzeli in his lecture on Greek art, needs not to be dwelt on.

Sloothard, as an inventor in composition, was equal to all, but as a painter, certainly inferior to all. In fact he could not paint; he had no identity of imitation; he did not and could not tell a story by human passions; and his style of design showed great ignorance of the constituent parts of the
figure. But there was a beautiful and angelic spirit that breathed on every thing he did. He seems in early life to have dreamed of an angel, and to have passed the remainder of his days in trying to endow every figure he designed, with something of the sweetness that he had seen in his sleep. Peace to his mild and tender spirit. It was impossible to be in Stothard's painting-room for ten minutes without being influenced by his angelic mind. He seemed to us always as if he had been born in the wrong planet. He had a son whose etchings from our ancient tombs are an honour to the country. He fell from a great height, in pursuing his designs from some tomb in a country church, and was killed. This ill-fated artist was in every respect worthy of his father.

Never were there four men so essentially different as West, Fuseli, Flaxman, and Stothard. Fuseli was undoubtedly the man of the largest capacity and the most acquired knowledge; West was an eminent artist in the second rank; Flaxman and Stothard were purer designers than either; Barry and Reynolds were before all the others. In Barry's Adelphi there is a grasp of mind, as Johnson said; yet as a painter he was inferior to all. Though Fuseli had more imagination and conception than Reynolds, though West put things together with more facility, still Flaxman and Stothard did what Reynolds could not do; yet as a sound, great, and practical artist, in which all the others were deficient, Reynolds must be considered the head of the British school as a painter and handler of his brush.

Opie must not be omitted, nor Northcote his imitator and contemporary, both of them men of talent. Opie, a man of great and powerful genius, issued from Cornwall at once on the town. Northcote was six years with Reynolds; and his
Arthur and Hubert, and Children in the Tower, are fair specimens of his talents. He was a malicious man, and tried to injure his greatest protector, Reynolds, and Dr. Mudge who introduced him, by allowing Hazlitt to print his (Northcote's) Conversations. There never was a deeper scheme for malignant defamation. Northcote always said that he did not print them, and Hazlitt that he did not talk them; and each vented his spite on a mutual friend, and shifted the blame to the other. Reynolds was succeeded by West, and the art sunk to the lowest depth, containing only Sir Joshua's humble imitators, when a genius broke forth, David Wilkie, who rendered our domestic school, the first in Europe; and the feeling for art has been rapidly advancing amongst the people ever since. This many circumstances unite to prove.

In consequence of the perpetual complaints from the great body of artists, the government granted a committee in 1836, to examine the cause of the superiority of France in manufacturing design, as well as the condition of high art, and to ascertain if the accusations against the Royal Academy were true or false. Never in the world were the consequences of a monopoly on the perceptions of respectable men so ludicrously developed. The president and body first denied the right of the House of Commons to examine them at all; and when the persuasions of their friends showed them their folly, their appearance before the committee presented a scene never to be forgotten in the history of English painting. On all questions of finance, they proved satisfactorily the honour of their transactions; but on all questions of art more was proved against them than ever had been suspected. 1

1 See Report on Arts and Manufactures. In this Report the im.
The resignation of Reynolds, and the expulsion of Barry; the loss of a million of money to the art on the Waterloo monument, in consequence of their not replying to Lord Castlereagh's committee; their refusal to let the artists also support their exhibition, and have the same opportunities of fitting their works for the public as the British Gallery; and, to crown all, their rendering the school of design lately established of no avail to the mechanic, by establishing a law, that the study of the figure is not necessary for his education, though it was proved that this study at the Lyons academy for mechanics was the real cause of their superiority to us; are such indisputable evidence against their protestations of sincerity, that it has rendered the nobility and the nation more than suspicious of the truth of all the accusations which have been made against them.

In Scotland the art is in a promising condition, and the Scottish school in purer taste than the English. Living as the artists do, in the most magnificent city in Europe, surrounded by a country pregnant with historical recollections, and guided by their own shrewd understandings, the school in Edinburgh will, before many years, take a very high rank in the art. But there is some cause to apprehend that it will be checked at its most critical period, from the usual cause, the foundation of the old curse of European academies. After having produced Runciman, Raeburn, Wilkie, and the other eminent men Scotland can boast of in art, they have been persuaded to found conventional distinctions, in favour of a select few; and, as elsewhere, the result will be the same. No Wilkie, no Runciman, no Raeburn will come from it; for the best men they now possess were eminent because important subjects of Art and Manufactures are both considered; and no one with any pretensions to taste, should be without it.
fore it was thought of. The art has no business with any aristocracy of talent. Conventional distinctions, which are not hereditary, are laughable and absurd; and distinctions which are, ought to be reserved for high descent, heroic actions, landed property, or vast political genius. Such an aristocracy produces heart-burnings and injustice; for it places power in the hands of men, who are not amenable to justice for tyranny, and who cannot be reached by law, for calumny or insinuation. "Of all hatreds," said the Edinburgh Review, "there are none to equal the hatreds weak men in power bear to the man of genius without it.” It is a curious evidence of the sagacity of the Scotch, that whilst the English portrait painters, since the death of Reynolds, were all placing kings and queens on their toes, from sheer ignorance of perspective, Raeburn, Wilkie, and Gordon have never made that mistake.

In a word, it is our decided and unprejudiced conviction, that the genius of the British people, will never have fair play or be soundly advanced, till the Royal Academy is removed, or effectually remodelled; and this will be effected either by the positive interference of the queen or the government, or by the rapidly increasing knowledge of the people. If the capital and the provinces were freed from the predominance of those men; if the honours were abolished and the constituencies restored; if the whole national galleries were turned into a great school, with branch schools in the great towns; if the Cartoons were removed to London for the occasional sight of the people, as they might be inclined to drop in; and if a Native Gallery were arranged for the best productions to be purchased as they appeared, and the House of Lords adorned with a series of grand works referring to the British constitution; then would the go-
vernum do a real good to taste, refined pleasures, and design for manufactures, such as would entitle them to the everlasting gratitude of the nation.

On the other hand, if all the ancient boroughs of the land have been obliged to bend to the call for reform; if the crown itself has been obliged to yield up the old House of Commons; if the salaries of our great officers of state have been cut down without complaint; if pensions bestowed equally for merit or for vice, are to be rigorously sifted; if the queen herself has been obliged to permit her expenditure to be questioned; if a set of men without a lease of their House, or charter for their existence, without any one legal claim to be considered as a constitutional body—are they alone to brave the Commons and the Lords, are they alone to defy and deny reformation, taking their stand upon their utter insignificance? If so, it will be an anomaly in the character of the British Legislature, which, in after times, will only be remembered as a proof of imbecility and folly, if not of something still worse than either.

We have now gone through the great leading schools of Italy, France, Germany, Flanders, Holland, Spain, and Britain, and we have taken those names only, which may be considered as leading an epoch; so that, in such a system, many eminent men must of necessity have been omitted. From the Petersburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, or Stockholm academies, no great genius except Thorwaldsen has yet appeared.

Was Italian art equal to Greek art? Certainly not. In the finest Italian there is a want of beauty in form and face, which Greek art could only supply. Poussin said, that Raffaello was an angel in comparison with the moderns, but in comparison with the ancients he was an ass. Though this is vulgar, it is in our opinion true. The ancients combined
the Venetian and Roman schools; they considered form, colour, light and shadow, surface, expression, and execution, as all equally component parts of imitation, and all necessary to perfect that imitation which was to be employed as an instrument to convey thought. They combined the drawing and the colouring of the two great Italian schools; as these illustrious schools tried to do when they found out their error, in pursuing one at the expense of the other.

Reynolds, from the defective practice of each school, laid it down that colour was incompatible with high art; and he also laid it down that the ancients could not be great painters in a whole, though they might be in a solo, from the pictures on the walls of Pompeii. We do not wonder at any man so concluding before the Elgin marbles arrived; but we do marvel at Reynolds taking the works in the private rooms of a provincial Roman city as justifiable grounds on which to estimate the extent of genius in Greek art at its finest period, five hundred years before. But after all, what are the pictures of Pompeii? Very probably the designs in Pompeii would rank about as high in ancient art, as the designs of our paper-stainers in Bond Street would in British art. The pictures at Pompeii are no more criteria of what the art of Apelles and Polygnotus really was, than any sculpture dug up there would be a criterion of what the art of Phidias was. Reynolds undervalues contemporary praise; but Quintilian, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Strabo, Polybius, and Pausanias, Valerius Maximus, Ælian, and Pliny, were not contemporary; and, therefore, the praises of Aristotle or of Plato who were, justify the enthusiasm of those who were not.

Since the works of Phidias arrived in England, we have positive evidence that the Greeks knew the great principles.
of composition and groupings, as applied to painting; because the metopes are instances of arrangement of line, that will do exactly in a picture, if the Laocoon had not shown it before. Having now seen the Elgin marbles, which the Greeks estimated as their finest work, and having found all the enthusiasm of the ancients more than borne out, have we not a justifiable ground to argue from what we do see in one art, that what we do not see in another was equally excellent? Will any man, after seeing the Theseus and Ilyssus, doubt that the ivory Minerva and Olympian Jupiter were equally, if not more beautiful? Why should the ancient critics have faith placed in all their decisions except those on painting? Why should they lose their perspicacity of understanding only when they talked of this art? After Aristotle and Plato had admired the Minerva inside the Parthenon and the sculpture outside, they might admire the pictures; and nobody will deny them the power of making comparisons. Had the Elgin marbles and the old antique never been seen, would not the same sophistry have been put forth to question the merit of their sculpture as well as to deny that of their painting? "Nothing can be more perfect than Phidias," says Cicero. "You cannot praise him enough," exclaims Pliny. "He made gods better than men," says Quintilian. "He was skilful in beauty," says Plato. You believe all this, because you cannot contradict it; but the moment Quintilian says, "Zeuxis discovered light and shade; Parrhasius was exquisite for subtlety of line; Apelles for grace; Theon for poetical conceptions; Pamphilus for mathematical principle; Polygnotus for simplicity of epic arrangement in colour and form; Protogenes for finish;"—when Pliny commends Aristides for expression, and Amphion for composition, and speaks of the grand assemblage of the gods
by Zeuxis, as well as the single figures of Apelles. Reynolds replies, "Admiration often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence, I will not believe contemporaneous praise." We answer, that admiration oftener proceeds from knowledge of superior excellence; that the most enthusiastic admirers of Greek painting were not contemporaneous; and that Reynolds' conclusions against Greek art are founded upon data which are altogether erroneous.

Taking the Elgin marbles as a standard, we cannot but suppose that the finest great works of Greek art had the finest drawing, the most wonderful knowledge of form, the finest grouping, and the finest expression. To this may be added, colour from Pliny, light and shadow from Quintilian; perspective from Vitruvius; fore-shortening, dwelling on the leading points, like Vandyke, and touching off the inferior parts from Plutarch; and, what was never suspected, execution with the brush from Horace on the leading principles of the Venetians. The French used to affirm, that David's principle was the same as that of the Greeks, namely, obtruding on the attention all the superior parts, and neglecting the inferior ones. In Plutarch's life of Alexander, at the very beginning, he describes to his readers his plan of writing his lives, and concludes with this extraordinary passage: "Like painters that paint portraits, who dwell on the face, caring little about the remaining parts." His meaning is, that he would, like painters, dwell upon the leading points in the history of great men and lightly touch off the inferior parts. Could he have made such an allusion

--- ὅστωρ οὖν ὁ ζωγράφοι ταύ ὅμοιότητα ἀπὸ τοῦ προσώ-

που, ἀναλαμβάνων, ἑλάχιτα τῶν λοιπῶν μέρων φορτίζοντες.

ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟΣ.

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for the general reader, if this had not been the practice of the great Greek painters? Again, Horace says in the art of poetry,

Ut pictura poesis erit; quae si proprius stes,
Te capiat magis; quae quidam si longius abstes.

That is, some pictures are painted for a close, others for a distant inspection. The former, of course, are wrought up; but in the latter, the leading points are seized by a touch, leaving the atmosphere to unite. As to mere handling of the brush, this is conclusive, and shows that it was done on the same system as by Titian, Tintoretto, and Velasquez. Reynolds has quoted Pliny's description of glazing, that is, spreading a thin transparent tint over the crude colours to bring them into harmony, which was the practice of the Venetians. Another passage completes the conviction: "Adjectus est splendor, alius ilic quam lumen, quem quia inter hoc et umbrae esset, appellaverunt tonum." (Lib. xxxv. c. 5.) "Now was added splendor, a different thing from light, and which splendor, because it was between light and dark, was called tone." To the mind of an artist this is exquisite in distinction; first, the colours on the tablet were fresh, unmixed, and raw; then was spread over a transparent glaze to take off the crudeness; then this crudeness being reduced, it was called splendor, glowing, rich, and deep, but different from light, which is cold and white; and this splendor the Greeks called tone, as both the Venetians and the British denominate it. But the circumstance of tone being the characteristic of any school, is proof of an age for colour.

As to their perspective, let any man consult Vitruvius, (lib. viii.). Agatharcus composed a treatise on the subject; and from this hint, Democritus and Anaxagoras wrote on per-
perspective, explaining in what manner we should, in appearances agreeable to nature, from a central point make the lines to correspond with the eye and the direction of the visual rays, and render the scene a true representation of buildings, that those objects which are drawn on a perpendicular plane, may appear some retiring from the eye, and some advancing towards it. From a passage in Plato, it is clear, that the Greeks carried the illusions of theatrical perspective to a much greater extent than, in consequence of some had landscape discovered in Herculaneum, has been supposed. That they foreshortened is clear, from Pliny's description of a bull coming out of a picture frontways.

The inferences to be drawn from all this, are, first, from Plutarch and Horace, that the Greeks had execution like Titian and Vandyke; secondly, from Pliny, that they must have had fine colour, (lib. xxxv.); thirdly, from Quintilian, that the principles of light and shadow were understood, (lib. xii.); fourthly, from Vitruvius, (lib. viii.), that they had sufficient perspective to make objects recede and advance; and fifthly, from the Elgin marbles, executed by and in the school of Phidias, who was first a painter, that they had expression, form, and composition. If the three most important can be proved, as they can, and colour, light and shadow, and execution, more than inferred; what right has an eminent English portrait-painter, grossly deficient as a painter of high art, to assert, that they could not be great in extensive compositions, because the painted walls of a provincial city gave no evidence of such excellence in their private houses? for getting that these were executed five hundred years after the eras of Greek perfection, when Greece was a Roman pro-
vincen, when her cities had been sacked, and her art was talked of as a wonder that had passed away.

The principle laid down for high art has been, that the lower addresses the eye and the higher the mind, and that the union of the two was incompatible; whereas, the true principle surely is, that both styles address the mind through the eye, but in different ways; the lower walk making the imitation of the actual substance the great object of pleasure only; and the higher walk making imitation the means of conveying a beautiful thought, a fine expression, or a grand form with greater power. The imitation though more abstracted must not be less real or effective. Sir Joshua Reynolds affirmed, that the look of truth which fine colour, light and shadow, and reality gave, distracted the eye from the poetry of the conception or the depth of the expression. But it may be maintained, that in an art, the elements of which are hid in imitation, the beauty of an expression, the grace of a motion, and the sublimity of a conception, will be increased in proportion to the look of reality in the objects; and the practice of all the great Greek painters, and of Raffaelle and Titian in their latter works, (the Transfiguration, and Pietro Martyre), proves that they had come to the same conclusions. Yet Reynolds, with his usual sagacious policy, appears to waver lest he should be wrong. "There is no reason," says he, "why the great painters might not have availed themselves with caution and selection of many excellencies in the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch schools; there are some not in contradiction to any style, a happy disposition of light and shade, breadth in masses of colour, the union of these with their grounds, and the harmony arising from a due mixture of hot
and cold tints, with many other excellencies which would surely not counteract the grand style." And then he concludes that "a subdued attention to these excellencies must be added to complete a perfect painter." This is all that is contended for. So far from these excellencies being incompatible with grandeur of style, they are essential to it, they are the elements and the basis of it, they cannot be left out, or if they are, the style is deficient, absurd, and not founded in nature. There is not the least doubt that the Greek painters considered the power of imitating natural objects by colour, and light and shadow, as necessary and requisite in preparatory study as drawing or composition; and the greatest painters in the grand style in ancient Greece, were just as capable of imitating still life as the possessors of it now.

It may, therefore, be fairly deduced, that the Greeks possessed all parts of the art, and none particularly to the exclusion of others; that, therefore, all parts of the art, in due subordination, may be considered as essential to an artist of the highest walk, as also in the more humble department; and that the system of Reynolds, which excludes identity and power of reality from judicious imitation of the objects painted, combining colour and light and shadow, as well as expression and form, is false, and should be exploded from all systems, where art is considered as a matter of importance to the dignity or glory of a nation.
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