THE ENGLISH GARDEN.
BOOK THE FIRST.

[Price Two Shillings.]
A garden is the purest of human pleasures, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection.

VERULAM.

LONDON PRINTED:
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M.DCC.LXXVIII.
THE

ENGLISH GARDEN

A

POEM

BOOK. THE FIRST

BY

W. MASON

MASON

Second Edition

LONDON:

Printed for A. Dodsley, at the Royal-George, in Leaden-Hall-Street. 1769.
TO thee, divine Simplicity! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain.
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Which all should follow, if they wish to add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in amplere folds to flow.
Haste Goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales;
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark

B  Its
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.

Ye too, ye fitter Powers! that, at my birth,
Auspicious smil'd; and o'er my cradle drop'd
Those magic seeds of Fancy, which produce
A Poet's feeling, and a Painter's eye,
Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
How soon my infant accents lip'd the rhyme,
How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
And vainly hop'd to snatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurel: arduous aim;
Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
Of fruitful use to this fair argument;
If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to cheer,
At * this sad hour, my desolated soul.

* This poem was begun in the year 1767, not long after the death of the amiable person here mentioned.

For
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

For deem not ye that I resume the lyre
To court the world's applause: my years mature
Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
That agony of heart, which they alone,
Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
Can feel, or pity; sympathy severe!
Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
She left for heaven. She died, and heav'n is hers!
Be mine, the pensive solitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, Angel pure!
While Memory holds her seat, thy image still
Shall reign, shall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a Nymph divine
To lead the fluent strain; thy modest blush,
Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd smile
Shall grace that Nymph, and sweet Simplicity
Be dress'd (Ah meek MARIA!) in thy charms.

B 2 Begin
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Begin the Song! and ye of Albion’s sons
Attend; Ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
Preserve that vestal purity of soul
Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest youths,
I sing; whether in academic groves
Studious ye rove, or, fraught with learning’s stores,
Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
Those arts which Greece did, with her Liberty,
Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
Ev’n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not
While Rome was free: Ah! hope not then to find
In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
Tho’ fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc’d
Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a Claude
To grace his canvas with Hesperian hues,
And scenes like these, on Memory’s tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain; there give local form
To each Idea; and, if Nature lend

Materials
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade,
Produce new Tivolis. But learn to rein,
O Youth! whose skill essayes the arduous task,
That skill within the limit she allows.

Great Nature scorns controul: she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn? ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown
Around? ah, wish not there the level lawn.

Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,
To smooth or scoop the rugged and the plain.
But dare with caution; else expect, bold man!
The injur'd Genius of the place to rise
In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend
That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
By night, the puny labours of thy day.

What then must he attempt, whom niggard fate
Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot

As
As bears no trace of beauty? must he fit
Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
Since Nature there no happy feature wears
To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
She does not know that inauspicious spot
Where Beauty is thus niggard of her store:
Believe the Muse, thro’ this terrestrial vast
The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
Ev’n where we least may hope: the desert hills
Will hear the call of art; the vallies dank
Obey her just behests, and smile with charms
Congenial to the soil, and all its own.

For tell me, where’s the desert? there alone
Where man resides not; or, if chance resides,
He is not there the man his maker form’d,
Industrious man, by heav’n’s first law ordain’d
To earn his food by labour. In the waste
Place thou that man with his primæval arms,
His plough-share, and his spade; nor shalt thou long

THE ENGLISH GARDEN.
Impatient wait a change: the waste shall smile
With yellow harvests; what was barren heath
Shall soon be verdant mead. Now then arise;
Now let thy art, in union with his toil,
Exert its powers, and give, with varying skill,
The soil, already tamed, its finished grace.

Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
If fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
Receive improvement meet: but Fancy here
Must lead, not follow Labour; she must tell
In what peculiar place the soil shall rise,
Where sink; prescribe what form each sluice shall wear,
And how direct its course; whether to spread
Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Thro' lawn and shade alternate: for if She
Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
Each other in sharp angles; call her then

Swift
Swift to thy aid, ere the remorseless spade
Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
Within itself must charm, hard is the task
Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail.
And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
Have been profusely lavish'd; when her groves
Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
Ev'n to their wish'd maturity; when Jove
Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns,
And each has left a blessing as it roll'd:
Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
And ask for prospect. Stranger! 'tis not here.
Go seek it on some garish turret's height;
Seek it on Richmond's or on Windfor's brow;
There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
Applaud before, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile,
Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell,
Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes; the Poet here shall hold
Sweet converse with his Muse; the curious Sage,
Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
That gilds the Poet's day-dream; here the turf
Teems with the vegetating race, the air
Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
Upon the noontide beam, and call the sage
To number and to name them. Nor if here
The painter comes, shall his enchanting art
Go
Go back without a boon: for Nature here
Has with her living colours, form'd a scene
Which Ruisdale best might rival: Chrysal lakes,
O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
Flings his romantick branches, and beholds
His reverend image in th' expanse below.
If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
Rests on the lovely foreground; there applauds
The art, which, varying forms and blending hues,
Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
Is only art, all else abortive toil.

Thou then, the docile pupil of my song,
Attend; and learn how much on Painting's aid
Thy sister art depends: learn now its laws;
Their practice may demand a future strain.

Of Nature's various scenes the painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole
Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark’d distances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown and black opaque the foreground bears
Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks
The second distance; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or less’ning still is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is call’d
To adorn a scene where Nature’s self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice
As does the painter, and like him apply
Thy colours; plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the sides
Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where’er thou wind’st
That path, take heed between the scene, and eye,
To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
Here for a while with cedar or with larch,
That from the ground spread their close texture, hide
The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit its charms.
To burst upon the sight; now thro' a copse
Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
Admit it partially, and half exclude,
And half reveal its graces: in this path,
How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step-
Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same.

Yet some there are who deem this precept vain,
And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
O great Poussin! O Nature's darling, Claude!
What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
'Tore from your canvass those umbrageous pines
That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contrast! Nature suffers here
Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost
Which Time with tardy hand shall late restore.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Yet here the spoiler rests not; see him rise
Warm from his devastation, to improve,
For so he calls it, yonder champian wide.
There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
His fence he scatters; there the Scottish fir
In murky file lifts his inglorious head,
And blots the fair horizon. So should art
Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
SALVATOR! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd
The deep repose of the majestic scene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
Thou more than painter, more than poet! He,
Alone thy equal, who was "Fancy's child."

Does then the Song forbid the planter's hand
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits? No, but it forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
And
And amply let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence: where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite with prodigality of shade.
There plant thy elm, thy chestnut; nourish there
Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
But if the fir, give it its station meet;
Place it an outguard to th' assailing north,
To shield the infant scions, till possest
Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
The cradled hero gains from female care
His future vigor; but, that vigor felt,
He springs indignant from his nurse's arms,
He nods the plumy crest, he shakes the spear,
And is that awful thing which heav'n ordain'd
The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

If then thou still art dubious how to treat
Nature’s neglected features, turn thy eye
To those, the masters of correct design,
Who, from her vast variety, have cull’d
The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arrang’d;
Yet, as herself approv’d, herself inspir’d.
In their immortal works thou ne’er shalt find
Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
Or labour’d littleness; but contrasts broad,
And careless lines, whose undulating form
Plays thro’ the varied canvass: these transplant
Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours; and by these repay
With interest every charm she lent thy art.

But, while I thus to Imitation’s realm
Direct thy step, deem not I lead thee wrong;
Nor ask, why I forget great Nature’s fount,
And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st, 
Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
Did Raphael steal, when his creative hand
Imag'd the Seraphim, ideal grace
And dignity supernal from that store
Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
And then confess that beauty best is taught
By those, the favor'd few, whom Heav'n has lent
The power to seize, select, and reunite
Her loveliest features; and of these to form
One Archetype compleat of sovereign Grace.
Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair;
Owns them her own, yet owns herself excell'd
By what herself produc'd. Here Art and she
Embrace; connubial Juno smiles benign,
And from the warm embrace perfection springs.

Rouse then each latent energy of soul
To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus-like,
Think not the changeful Nymph will long elude
Thy chafe, or with reluctant coyness frown.
Inspir'd by her thy happy art shall learn
To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight,
Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of Rule
Be quite eraz'd. For know, their ev'ry charm
Springs from Variety; but all the boast
Of Rule is irksome Uniformity.
That end to effect we own the cube, or cone,
Are well employ'd; but fair Variety
Lives only where she undulates and sports
In many a winding train. As Nature then
Avoids, disdains, abhors all equal lines;
So Mechanism pursues, admires, adores.
Hence is their enmity; and sooner hope
With hawks and doves to draw the Cyprian car,
Than reconcile these jarring principles.

Where then, alas, where shall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon antient Vista? Pity, sure,

D

Will
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade
In which they sojourn; Taste were sacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of Sidney's, nay, perchance, of Surry's reed.
Heav'n's! must they fall? They must, their doom is past.
None shall escape: unless mechanic Skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command;
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
A work of difficulty and danger try'd,
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an antient oak, nothing more dear;
It is an antient Friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

To break th' obdurate line. So may'ft thou save
A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.

Yet shall these few give to thy opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give:

For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;
And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with parental dignity supreme.

And yet, My Albion! in that fair domain
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his Love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,
And bad thee be his Queen, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needlefs; where no lines
Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand destruction. In thy fair domain,
Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of Wood-gods only: where if Art

D 2

E' er
E'er dar'd to tread; 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' the whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny.
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight; and pleas'd to revere
What once we should have hated. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd Abbot's pride,
And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous Youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that list'nest to my lay,
And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
Such scenes as these: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;

While,
While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the chrysfal coolness of its rills,
Some mouldring abbey's ivy-vested wall.

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
Did Folly, heretofore, with Wealth conpire
To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
Which once was call'd a Garden. Britain still
Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound
Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
From geometric skill, they vainly strove
By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
To form * with verdure what the builder form'd

With

* Altho' this seems to be the principle upon which this false tafte was founded, yet the error was detected by one of our first writers upon architecture. I shall transcribe
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd
With pains unwearied, with expence unsumm'd,
And science doating. Hence the fidelong walls
Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonsile box
Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl,
Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.

Hence too deformities of harder cure:

transcribe the passage, which is the more remarkable as it came from the quaint pen of Sir Henry Wotton: "I must note (says he) a certain contrariety betwixt building and gardening: for as fabricks should be regular, so gardens should be irregular, or at least cast into a very wild regularity. To exemplify my conceit, I have seen a garden, for the manner perchance incomparable; into which the first access was a high walk like a terras, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole plot below, but rather in a delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this the beholder descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several mountings and valings, to various entertainments of his scent and sight: which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical; let me only note this, that every one of these diversities, was as if he had been magically transported into a new garden." Were the Terras and the steps omitted, this description would seem to be almost entirely conformable to our present ideas of ornamental planting. The passage which follows is not less worthy of our notice. "But though other countries have more benefit of the Sun than we, and thereby..."
The terras mound uplifted; the long line
Deep delv'd of flat canal; and all that toil,
Misled by tasteless fashion, could atchieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of error, nor dispell'd
By Him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
Prophet of unborn Science. On thy realm,
Philosophy! his sovereign luflre spread.

Yet

"more properly tied to contemplate this delight; yet have I seen in our own,
"a delicate and diligent curiosity, surely without parallel among foreign nations,
"namely in the garden of Sir Henry Fanfham, at his seat in Ware-Park; where
"I well remember, he did so precisely examine the tinctures and seasons of his
"flowers, that in their settings, the inwardest of which that were to come up at
"the same time, should be always a little darker than the utmost, and so serve
"thems for a kind of gentle shadow." This seems to be the very same species of
improvement which Mr. Kent valued himself for inventing, in later times, and
of executing, not indeed with flowers, but with flowering shrubs and evergreens,
in his more finished pieces of scenery. The method of producing which effect
has been described with great precision and judgment by a late ingenious writer.
(See Observations on modern Gardening, sect. 14th, 15th, and 16th). It may
however be doubted whether Sir Henry Fanfham's garden were not too delicate
and diligent a curiosity, since its panegyrist concludes the whole with telling us,
that it was "like a piece not of Nature, but of Art." See Reliquiae Wottoniana,
page 64, edit. 4th.
Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
The wilds of taste. Yes, * fagest Verulam,
'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
Each childish vanity of crisped knot
And sculptor'd foliage; to the lawn restore
Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd:
For green is to the eye, what to the ear
Is harmony, or to the smell the rose.

* Lord Bacon in the 46th of his essays describes what he calls the platform of a princely garden. If the Reader compare this description with that which Sir William Temple has given in his essay, entitled, The Gardens of Epicurus, written in a subsequent age, he will find the superiority of the former very apparent; for tho' both of them are much obscur'd by the false taste of the times in which they were written, yet the vigor of Lord Bacon's genius breaks frequently thro' the cloud, and gives us a very clear display of what the real merit of gardening would be when its true principles were ascertained. For instance, out of thirty acres which he allot's for the whole of his Pleasure-ground, he select's the first four for a lawn, without any intervention of plot or parterre, "because" says he, "nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn." And "as for the making of knots of figures, with diverse coloured "earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house, on that side which "the garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times "in tarts." Sir William Temple on the contrary tell us, that in the garden at Moor-park, which was his model of perfection, the first inlet to the whole..."
So taught the Sage, taught a degenerate reign
What in Eliza’s golden day was taste.
Not but the mode of that romantic age,
The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,
Glar’d with fantastic pageantry, which dimm’d
The sober eye of truth, and dazzled ev’n
The Sage himself; witness his arched hedge,

was a very broad gravel walk garnish’d with a row of Laurels which looked like Orange-trees, and was terminated at each end by a summer-House. The parterre or principal garden which makes the second part in each of their descriptions, it must be owned is equally devoid of simplicity in them both. “The garden (says his Lordship) is best to be square, encompassed with a stately arched hedge, the arches to be upon carpenters work, over every arch a little belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and, over every space between the arches, some other little figure with broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt for the sun to play upon.” It would have been difficult for Sir William to make his more fantastic; he has however not made it more natural. The third part, which Lord Bacon calls the Heath, and the other the Wilderness, is that in which the Genius of Lord Bacon is most visible; “for this,” says he, “I wish to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness.” And accordingly he gives us a description of it in the most agreeable and picturesque terms, insomuch that it seems less the work of his own fancy than a delineation of that ornamental scenery which had no existence till above a century after it was written. Such, when he descended to matters of mere Elegance (for when we speak of Lord Bacon, to treat of these was to descend) were the amazing powers of his universal Genius.
In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,
With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and caged birds:
But, when our step has pac'd his proud parterres,
And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye
Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.

There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the ground
In gentle hillocks, and around its sides
Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals.

Thus, with a poet's power, the Sage's pen
Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
Which Taste approves. While He, delicious Swain,
Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood;
What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
Where stands the Fane of Venus. Well I ween
That then, if ever, Colin, thy fond hand
Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear.
The English Garden.

Of true simplicity; and "call'd in Art
"Only to second Nature, and supply
"All that the Nymph forgot, or left forlorn."
Yet what avail'd the song? or what avail'd
Ev'n thine, Thou chief of Bards, whose mighty mind,
With inward light irradiate, mirror-like
Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex:
The sov'reign Planter's primal work display'd?
† That work, "where not nice Art in curious knots,
"But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
"Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around
"Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,
"And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,

Or

* See Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book 4th, Canto the 10th: the passage immediately alluded to is in the 21st Stanza.

For all that Nature, by her mother wit,
Could frame in earth and form of substance base
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing Nature's second part) supplied it.

† See Milton's inimitable description of the garden of Eden. Paradise Lost, Book 4th, part of which is here inserted.
"Or held, by fringed banks, in chrysal lakes,
"Compofe a rural feat of various view."
'Twas thus great Nature's Herald blazon'd high
That fair original impress, which she bore
In state sublime; e'er miscreated Art,
Offspring of sin and shame, the banner seiz'd,
And with adulterate pageantry desfil'd.
Yet vainly, Milton, did thy voice proclaim
These her primæval honours. Still she lay
Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
Or Belgic William, with his warriour frown,
Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters still
The Goddess pin'd, by both alike opprest.

Go to the Proof! behold what Temple call'd
A perfect Garden. There thou shalt not find
One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
From terras down to terras shalt descend,
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs:
On leaden platforms now the noon-day sun
Shall scorch thee; now the dank arcades of stone
Shall chill thy fervour; happy, if at length
Thou reach the Orchard, where * the sparing turf

Thro' equal lines all centring in a point
Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
O'er Temple's studious hour did Truth preside,
Sprinkling her lustré o'er his classic page:
There hear his candor own in fashion's spite.

* The French at present seem to be equally sparing of this natural clothing of the Earth, altho' they have done us the honour to adopt our Bowling-Greens, and to improve upon them. This appears from the following article of the Encyclopedie translated verbatim.

"Boulingrin. N. S. In gardening is a species of Parterre composed of pieces of divided turf with borders sloping (en glacis) and evergreens at the corners and other parts of it. It is mowed four times a year to make the turf finer. The invention of this kind of parterre comes from England, as also its name, which is derived from Boule round, and Grin fine grass or turf. Boulingrins are either simple, or compound; the simple are all turf without ornament; the compound are cut into compartments of turf, embroidered with knots, mixt with little paths, borders of flowers, yew-trees, and flowering shrubs. Sand also of different colours contributes greatly to their value."
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own

"There is a grace in wild variety

"Surpassing rule and order."* Temple, yes,

There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths

Adorn their brows who fixt its empire here.

The Muse shall hail † the champions that herself

Led to the fair achievement. Addison,

Thou

* The Passage here alluded to is as follows: "What I have said of the best forms of Gardens is meant only of such as are in some sort regular, for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for ought I know, have more beauty than any of the others: But they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of Nature in the seat, or some great race of fancy and judgment in the contrivance, which may reduce many disagreeing parts into some figure which shall yet upon the whole be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, and heard more of it from others who have lived much among the Chinesees." Sir William then gives us a kind of general account of the Chinese taste, and of their Sharawadgi, and concludes thus: "But I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us, they are adventures of too hardy achievement for any common hands; and tho' there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and 'tis twenty to one they will, whereas in regular figures it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults." See Temple's Miscellanies, Vol. I. Page 186. Fol. Ed.

† I had before called Bacon the prophet, and Milton the herald of true taste in Gardening. The former, because in developing the constituent properties of a princely
Thou polish'd Sage, or shall I call thee Bard,
I see thee come: around thy temples play
The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
Thy judgment into smiles; gracious thou com'lt
With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,
But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
Pope next advances: his indignant arm
Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,

princely garden he had largely expatiated upon that adorned natural wildness which we now deem the essence of the art. The latter, on account of his having made this natural wildness the leading idea in his exquisite description of paradise. I here call Addison, Pope, Kent, &c. the Champions of this true taste, because they absolutely brought it into execution. The beginning therefore of an actual reformation may be fixed at the time when the Spectator first appeared. The reader will find an excellent chapter upon this subject in the Pleasures of the Imagination, published in No. 414 of the Spectator; and also another paper written by the same hand, No. 447; but perhaps nothing went further towards destroying the absurd taste of clip'd evergreens than the fine ridicule upon them in the 173d Guardian, written by Mr. Pope.

It may not be amiss to inform the reader in this place, that the history of modern Gardening, of which the nature of didactic poetry would admit here only an episodical sketch, will shortly appear in a more extensive and methodical form, written with that peculiar taste and spirit which characterizes the pen of Mr. Walpole.
And lights them to destruction; the fierce blaze
Sweeps thro' each kindred Vista; * Groves to Groves
Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
The Bard retires, and on the Bank of Thames
Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
In verdant splendor, and beholds, and hails
The King of Rivers, as he rolls along.

KENT is his bold associate, KENT who felt
The pencil's power: † but, fir'd by higher forms
Of Beauty, than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realiz'd his Landscapes. Generous He,

* See Mr. Pope's Epistle on false taste, inscribed to the Earl of Burlington.
Few readers, I suppose, need be informed that this line alludes to the following Couplet:

Grove nods to Grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

† It is said that Mr. Kent frequently declared he caught his taste in gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of Spenser. However this may be, the designs which he made for the works of that poet, are an incontestible proof, that they had no effect upon his executive powers as a painter.
Who gave to Painting, what the wayward Nymph
Refus'd her Votary, those Elysian scenes,
Which would she emulate, her daring hand:
Must lavish all its energy sublime.
On thee too, SOUTH COTE, shall the Muse bestow
No vulgar praise: for thou to humblest things
Could't give ennobling beauties; deck'd by thee,
* The simple Farm eclips'd the Garden's pride;
Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
The harlotry of Art. Nor, SHENSTONE, thou:
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'ft, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.
Him too, the living leader of thy powers,
Great Nature! him the Muse shall hail in notes
Which antedate the praise true Genius claims.

* Mr. Southcote was the introducer, or rather the inventor of the *Ferme ornée*,
for it may be presumed that nothing more than the term is of French extraction.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

From just Posterity; Bards yet unborn
Shall pay to Brown that tribute, fitliest paid
In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire.

Meanwhile, ye youths! whose sympathetic souls
Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly smile
In my descriptive song, O visit oft
The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
Of these creative Genii! feel ye there
What Reynolds felt, when first the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave Raphael's glories; feel what Garrick felt,
When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespeare's page.
So shall your Art, if call'd to grace a scene
Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
Each grace appropriate; so your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The slumbering Wood-nymphs; gladly shall they rise
Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
As you, and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
Shall pour their chrysaline tide; while, hand in hand,
Vertumnus, and Pomona bring their stores,
Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush, and scent,
Each varied season yields; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand,
Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile
One ample theatre of sylvan Grace.

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BY

W. MASON, M.A.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.
The
English Cate

A
MORMON
 PRO
BOOK
TRANSLATED

AM. MOSAIC M.

CPOY
HAIL to the Art, that teaches Wealth and Pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame! that bids Magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the Queen
Of Night, who failing thro' autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty*. Hail that Art

*A simile, founded on the vulgar error concerning the Harvest Moon, however false in philosophy, may, it is hoped, be admitted in poetry.
Ye swains! for, hark! with lowings glad, your herds
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Restor'd to them and Nature; now no more
Shall Fortune's Minion rob them of their right,
Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd;
Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
And she is heard. "Oh let not man misdeem,
"Waste is not Grandeur, Fashion ill supplies
"My sacred place, and Beauty scorn's to dwell
"Where Use is exil'd." At the awful sound
The terrace sinks spontaneous; on the green,
Broader'd with crisped knots, the topi'cle yews.
Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky,
But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn.
Rills of fertility. Oh best of Arts.
That works this happy change! true Alchymy,
Beyond the Rosicrucian boast, that turns
Deformity
Deformity to grace, expence to gain,  
And pleas'd returns to Earth's maternal lap.  
The long-lost stores of Amalthea's horn.

When such the theme, the Poet smiles secure  
Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd  
Resumes his reed Ascræan; eager he  
To ply its warbling stops of various note  
In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,  
Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines  
Of straight formality, alike may scorn  
Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,  
That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,  
Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,  
Thro' many a dank and unsunn'd labyrinth,  
Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd,  
We reach the point where first our race began.  
These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taffe,  
An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy  
The measur'd platform; into false extremes  

What
What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd.
To mark the form of that peculiar curve.
Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.
'Tis Nature's curve, instinctively she bids
Her tribes of Being trace it. Down the slope
Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep,
The ploughing steers conduct their fallow ridge;
The peasant, driving thro' each shadowy lane
His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
Of laughing Ceres, marks it with his wheel;
At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step
Has, thro' yon pasture green, from stile to stile,
Imprint a kindred curve; the scudding hare
Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving; mark them well;
Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd

That
That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
Her ev'ry toil; or, if she shape the path,
Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene,
It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.

Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
If border'd close by sidelong parallels,
Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
If, on the margin of its woody sides,
The measur'd greensward waves in kindred flow;
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
Now to the sun its verdant bosom bare.

As
As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
To meet thy right-hand view, if, to the left,
An equal hill ascends; in this, and all
Be free, be various, as is Nature's self.

For in her wildness is there oft an art,
Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
That correspondent poise, which unpreserv'd
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
Assists the Balance; 'gainst the barren crag
She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills
Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain;
She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink
Its surface; here her leafy screen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
And crowd them there in one promiscuous gloom,
As best besits the Genius of the scene.

Him then, that sov'reign Genius, Monarch sole,
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeissance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod.
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this sylvan Despot*. Yet to those
Who do him loyal service, who revere
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawless usurpation, is he found.

Patient

* See Book the First, line 84. See also Mr. Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, line 57,
Consult the Genius of the place in all, &c.
A fundamental rule, which is here further enlarged upon from line 126.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
To blend them with his own internal store.

Stands he in blank and desolated state,
Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
Involve him with pale horror? in the clefts
Thy welcome spade shall heap that soft'ring mould
Whence sapling Oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crowds
Of early underwood shall veil their sides,
And teach their rugged heads above the shade
To tow'r in shapes romantic: Nor, around
Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf,
With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
Its verdure. Awful still, yet not austere,
The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid?
Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
Pillowing
Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
What, if perchance in some prolific soil,
Where Vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
For air and freedom? soon thy sturdy axe,
Amid its intertwined foliage driv'n,
Shall open all, his glades, and ingress give
To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
Free to salubrious Zephyrs, cease to weep.
Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains,
His Dryads still attend him; they alone
Of race plebeian banish'd, who to crowd
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.

But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of Use;
For Pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures; curb her then in scanty bounds,
Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint:
The curb restrains not Beauty; sovereign she
Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Left, if thy fence contract the haven lawn,
It does her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill.
Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
Crowd their inwoven'd tendrils; is there still
A void? Lo Lebanon her cedar lends!
Lo all the stately progeny of Pines
Come, with their floating foliage richly robed,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead,
The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades,
Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn.
Browse then your fill, fond Foresters! to you shall sturdy Labour quit his daily taik but, contemning all well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his useless plots shall he 더 dip in the dew the splendor of his scythe. He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay, salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush in bleating chase to their delicious task. And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth, he devours it into verdure. Browse your fill fond Foresters! the soil that you enrich shall still supply your morn and evening meal. With choicest delicates; whether you choose the vernal blades, that rise with seeded stems, of hue purpureal, or the clover white, that in a spiked ball collects its sweets; or trembling fescue: ev'ry favorite herb shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures! meanwhile permit that with unheeded step I pass beside you, nor let idle fear spoil your repast, for know the lively scene.
That you still more enliven, to my soul
Darts inspiration, and impells the song
To roll in bolder descant; while, within,
A gleam of happiness primæval seems
To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd,
Ere vice desil'd, ere slavery sunk the world;
And all was faith and freedom: Then was man
Creation's king, yet friend; and all that brownes
The plain, or skim the air, or dive the flood,
Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
In love accepted; sympathetic love:
That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
Then, nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound.
The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft
Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile.

Had
Had giv’n to injur’d man his only plea
(And that the tyrant’s plea *) to work your harm.
Instinct, alas, like wayward Reason, now
Veer from its pole. There was a golden time
When each created being kept its sphere
Appointed, nor infringing its neighbour’s right.
The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv’n,
Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
Each scion’s tender shoots, and, at its birth,
Destroy, what, sav’d from their remorseless tooth;
Had been the tree of Jove. Even while I sing;
Yon wanton lamb has cropt the woodbine’s pride;
That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
And fill’d the air with perfume; see it falls;
The busy bees, with many a murmur sad,
Hang o’er their honied loss: Why is it thus?
Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
She rear’d to shield you from the noontide beam?

* Alluding to Milton.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant’s plea, excus’d his devilish deeds.
Paradise Lost, book iv. line 393.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!

Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;

For now the father of the fleecy troop begins his devastation, and his ewes crowd to the spoil, with imitative zeal.

Since then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock from where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,

The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,

How best to frame the Fence, and best to hide all its foreseen defects; defective still,

Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure when such the theme, beseems the Poet's task: yet must he try, by modulation meet

Of varied cadence, and selected phrase, exact yet free, without inflation bold,

To dignify the subject; try to form that magic sympathy of sense with sound

Which pictures all it sings, while Grace awakes at
At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
Scatters her rainbow hues.—The first and best
Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides,
Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
And parts it from the pasture; for if there
Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave;
And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep
Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
For some there are who give their spade repose,
When broad enough the perpendicular sides
Divide, and deep descend: To form perchance
Some vulgar drain, such labour may suffice,
Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
MUST lift its height erect, and, o'er its head
A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
The pasture meets its level, at that point
Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench
Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
Of stone, for stone alone, and pil’d on high,
Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve
Unlin’d with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
Plant thy thick row of thorns, and, to defend
Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
Extend a rail of elm, securely arm’d
With spiculated pailing, in such fort
As, round some citadel, the engineer
Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard,
They’ve done their office; scorn thou to retain,
What frowns like military art, in scenes,
Where Peace should smile perpetual. These destroy'd,
Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge a launt,
And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
The rule or line precise, a casual glance
Suffices to direct the careless sheers.

Yet learn, that each variety of ground
Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foss
Can steal transverse before the central eye,
'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view;
No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'lt
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales,
Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks
Loft in a wild horizon; yet the path
That leads to all these charms expects defence:
Here then suspend the sportsman’s hempen toils,
And stretch their meshes on the light support.
Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
In fivefold parallel; no danger then.
That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
And pastur’d steeds an opener fence oppose,
Form’d by a triple row of cordage strong,
Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
Is curb’d by mimic snares; the flenderest twine*

* Linnaeus makes this a characteristical property of the fallow deer; his words are, arceetur filo horizontali. (See Syft. Nat. Art. Dama.) I have sometimes seen feathers tied to this line for greater security, though perhaps unnecessarily. They seem however to have been in use in Virgil’s time from the following passage in the Georgicks:

Stant circumfusa pruinis
Corpora magna boum: confertoque agmine cervi
Torpent mole novâ, et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non emissis canibus, non caßibus ulla,.
Puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine penæ:
Sed frustra oppositum trudentes pectorne montem::
Cominus obtruncant ferro. (Georg. lib. 3; vi. 368.

Ræus’s comment on the fifth line is as follows: linea; aut funiculus erat, cui Plume implicabantur variis tinteæ coloribus, ad ferus terrendas, ut in retia agerentur. And a simile, which Virgil uses in the twelfth book of the Æneid, v. 749, and another in Lucan, Pharf. lib. 4. v. 437, clearly prove that the learned Jesuit has rightly explained the passage.
(If fages err not) that the Beldame spins,
When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof,
Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,
A single thread defies. Such force has Fear,
When visionary Fancy wakes the fiend.
In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.

Still must the swain, who spreads these corded guards,
Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
Oft too the coward hare, then only bold
When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm,
Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks

C 2 Confinement,
Confinement, save degenerate Man alone,
Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,
With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
Of firmest juncture; happy could thy toil
Make it as fair as firm; but vain the wish,
Aim not to grace, but hide its formal line.

Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke,
Crowd to each neighbouring hamlet, there to hold
Their dusty sabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
Chequer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.

Come then, thou handmaid of that sister Muse!
Who, when she calls to life and local form
Her mind's creation, on thy aid depends.
For half her mimic power; sweet Colouring! come,
Lend thy delusive help, and pleas'd descend:
Ev'n to thy meanest office; grind, compound,
Decide, what kindred hues may surest veil
The barrier rude, and lose it in the lawn.

She comes, and first, with snowy ceruse, joins
The ochr'ous atoms that chalybate rills,
Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
In flakes of earthly gold; with these unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine;
And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
That base metallic drug then only priz'd,
When, aided by the humid touch of Time,
It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
That sober olive-green which nature wears
Ev'n on her vernal bosom; nor misdeem.
For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
Portrays the living landscape; when her hand
Commands the canvas plane to glide with streams,
To wave the foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
Cool olive tints, in soft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage: there alone,
Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme,
Unfullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
It stole its bright reflection from the sun.

The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
So, when the sable ensign of the night,
Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
The last red radiance of declining day,
Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,

Are
Are sunk in sudden gloom: The plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the chearing site
Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment past,
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Nor is that Cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This casual picture, alien from our theme.
Revisit it at morn; its opening latch,
Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty: (such the dower
Of equal heav'n) see, how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threshold; and, with vacant gaze,
Salute thee; call the loiterers into use,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'ft, perchance,
That, skill'd in nature's heraldry, thy art
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June.
Spreads its peculiar crimson; do not err,
The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
Of Innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving each,
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
Sits sweet Simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes, then to each
Assign his station; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdle cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free; yet watching still.
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistie shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or desport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
Which only lives in action unrefrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.

Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheeks of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy sapphire heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile.
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss.
Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon

By
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
Sinks in the frore severity of death.

Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senators, strenuous there
To crush the venal Hydra, whose fell crests.
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict, would forego
Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
Await to bless thy votary. Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, lift'ning to nature's voice,
That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks.
A lesson seldom learnt in reason's school.
The wise Sidonian liv'd*: and, tho' the pest
Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
Uncall'd,

* Abdalominus. The fact, on which this episode is founded, is recorded by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, Jutein, and Q. Curtius; the last is here chiefly followed. M. de Fontenelle and the Abbé Metaftasio have both of them treated the subject dramatically.
Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors;
Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.

But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Persia. Now Phænicia's realm
Receives the Son of Ammon; at whose frown
Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
Freed from her tyrant, points the Victor's step
To where her rightful Sov'reign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.

'Twas at that early hour, when now the Sun
Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his ascending splendour; yet thro' each
Her cedar-vested sides, his flaunting beams
Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main;
Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
And, to the beech, each slowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, just kiss the shore.
And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.

Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
Where, round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
Entwine'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
Whose time-disjointed arch with ivy chain'd,
Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown.
Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook,
And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art.
Perchance had help'd, but not prescrib'd its way.
Close was the vale and shady; yet, ere long
Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
Now, o'er its pebbled channel, nimbly tript
In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
The patriarch Palm his load of sugar'd dates
Shower'd plenteous; where the Fig, of standard strength,
And rich Pomegranate wrapt, in dulcet pulp,
Their racy seeds; or where, with golden fruit
Mature, the Citron wav'd its splendid bough:
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
Spread its serene extent; a stately file
Of circling Cypress mark'd the distant bound.

Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
With
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
Ev'n in th' eternal snow of Lebanon,
That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
A bed of native marble pure, receiv'd
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.

Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
The venerable Sage, now first descry'd,
The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed

That
That dust of silver o'er his sable locks, 550
Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plow'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightning, and each limb
The finewy strength that toil demands and gives.

The warrior saw and paus'd: his nod withheld.
The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the sage's prayer.
"Parent of good (he cried) behold the gifts 560
"Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
"Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
"That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines disdain,
"Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
"A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more? 565:
"Parent of Good! they cannot. Purple Pomp
"May call thy presence to a prouder fane
"Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
"Be more devoutly felt? Parent of Good!
"It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
"That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r. —
"But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
"Save, what unask'd, is, from thy heav'n of heav'n's
"Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy Power!
"Do all that call thee Father thus exult
"In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
"Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of Good!
"Oh free my captive country."—Sudden here
He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
Murmur'd applause: he heard, he turn'd, and faw
The King of Macedon with eager step
Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him king of Sidon. Stern he stood,
Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
That
That held the pageant honours in disdain.
Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
And bad him be their Father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
His brow expanded; his exalted step
March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the Sire they call'd him. "Tell me, King,"
Young Ammon cried, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, "how a soul
"Like thine could bear the toils of Penury?"
"Oh grant me, Gods!" he answer'd, "so to bear
"This load of Royalty. My toil was crown'd
"With blessings lost to Kings; yet, righteous Powers!
"If to my country ye transfer the boon,
"I triumph in the toils. Be mine the chains
"That fetter Sov'reignty; let Sidon smile
"With, your best blessings, Liberty and Peace."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.
BOOKS

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MDCCLXXIX.
CLOS'D is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; yet Friendship's fault'ring tongue
Invokes thee still; and still, by Fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call. 10

A Why
Why then, alas! place I the funeral urn,
The sculptur’d lyre, within this sylvan dome,*
And fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib’d
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hearest me still, these symbols sad
Of fond memorial? ah! my pensive soul!
He hears not now, nor ever more shall hear
The theme his candour, not his taste approv’d.

Oft, smiling as in scorn, oft would he cry,
“Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art,
“That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
“Of all majestic Nature?” at the word

* Mr. Gray died July 31st, 1771. This book was begun a few months after. The three following lines allude to a rustic alcove the author was then building in his garden, in which he placed a medallion of his friend, and an urn. A lyre over the entrance with the motto from Pindar, which Mr. Gray had prefixed to his Odes ἈΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ, and under it on a tablet this stanza, taken from the first edition of his Elegy written in a country church-yard.

Here scatter’d oft; the loveliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.
His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
With all the poets frenzy, "Sov'reign Queen!
"Behold, and tremble! while thou view'ft her state
"Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw; call thy art
"To build her such a throne; that art will sink
"To its primeval nothing. Trace her march
"Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
"And try like those to pile thy range of rock
"In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
"Her naiad car, and, down Lodore's dread cliff,
"Falls many a fathom with the headlong stream;
"Falls, like the Bard my fabling fancy hurl'd
"From the rough brow that frown'd o'er Conway's flood;
"Yet not like him to plunge in endless night;
"For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
"Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along,
"Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
"As suits her sovr'ign pleasure; will thy song
"E'er brace the sinews of enervate art
"To such dread daring? will it ev'n direct

A 2
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

"Her hand to emulate those softer charms
That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
That fidelong grace her circuit? whence the rills,
Bright in their chryftal purity, descend
To meet their sparkling Queen, around each fount
The haw-thorns crowd, and knit their blossom'd sprays
To keep their fources sacred. Here, even here,
Thy art, each active finew strain'd in vain,
Would perish in it's pride. Far rather thou
Confess her scanty power, correct, controul,
Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go,
And rein with Reason's curb fantastic Taste."

Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented Shade,
Each accent shall retentive memory stamp
On her true tablet; what remains unfung,
As if still guided by thy judgment sage,
As if still model'd to thy curious ear,
Shall flow with varied cadence: so shall praise,
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

If ought of praise the verse I weave may claim,
From just Posterity reward my song.

Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,
The Muse, with measur'd step preceptive, pac'd.
Now from the surface with impatient flight
She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of shade
To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus like,
Arm'd with the spell of harmony she comes,
To lead thy forests forth to lovelier scenes,
Where Fancy waits to fix them; from the dells
Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
Conspicuous stations; to their varied forms
Allots congenial place; selects, divides,
And blends anew in one Elyzian whole.

Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
The lack of antient phrase which, speaking, paints,
And
And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why
Leftst thou this theme to grate on modern reed?
Why not array it in the radiant robe
Of thy rich diction, give it to the guard
Of Fame thy hand-maid, whose immortal plume
Had born its praise beyond the bounds of Time?

Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
As are the stars that stud yon cope of heaven;
To marshal all her tribes, in order'd file
Generic, or specific, might demand
His science, wond'rous Swede, whose ample mind,
Like antient Tadmor's philosophic king,
Stretch'd from the Hyssop creeping on the wall
To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
Which spans a copious third of Nature's realm,
Our art requires not, sedulous alone
To note those general properties of shape,
Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
Then first impress, when, at the dawn of time,
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

The form-deciding life-inspiring word
Pronounc'd them into being. These prime marks,
Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
That each their shadowy succour may supply
To her wish'd purpose; first, as first beseems,
To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth
Offends the eye, which tyrant Use has rear'd,
And stern Necessity forbids to change.

Lur'd with their hafty sprouts, and branching stems,
Planters there are who chuse the race of Pine
For this great end, erroneous; witlefs they
That, as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
They leave their shafts unfeather'd; rather thou
Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy Thorn,
Holly, or Box, Privet, or Pyracanth.
They, thickening from their base, with tenfold shade
Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.

But
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
Shall England's Laurel bring; swift shall she spread
Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair, and wide,
Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.

Let England prize this daughter of the East *
Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
That wreath'd the head of Julius; basely twin'd
Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow
Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree

Ne'er be your brighter verdure thus debas'd!
Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
To shroud thy Poet, who, with soft'ring hand,
Here bad thee flourish; and with grateful strain
Now chaunts the praise of thy maturer bloom.

And happier far that Poet, if, secure
His Hearth and Altars from the pilfering slaves

* Our common laurel was first brought into the low countrys A.D. 1576, (together with the horse chestnut) from Constantinople, as a present from David Ungnad, the imperial Ambassador in Turkey, to Clusius the famous Botanist. It was sent him by the name of Trabifon-Curmafi, or the Date of Trebifond, but he named it Lauro-Cerafus.
Of Power, his little eve of lonely life
May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm
That competence and liberty inspire.

Nor are the plants which England calls her own
Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd,
And kindred foliage of perennial green,
Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the Spring's first call,
Burft forth in blossom'd fragrance. Lilacs rob'd
In snow-white innocence, or purple pride,
The sweet Syringa yielding but in scent
To the rich Orange, or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These beside
Myriads, that here the Muse neglects to name,
Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.

And what if chance collects the varied tribes,
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms.
Will from their union start. But if our song
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdurę, so to spread
A canvas, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
Shall gleam with dusky-gold, or ruflet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvas? she but comes to dress thy shades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb;
Rather to flowery spring, to summer bright,
Thy labours consecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deserves thy labour, and rewards it's pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time
When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
With everduraug leaf to brave his arm
And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.

But, if the tall defect demands a screen
Of forest shade high-tow'ring, some broad roof
Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
Of Ceres, or the patch’d disjointed choir
Of some old Fane, whose steeple’s Gothic pride
Or pinnacled, or spir’d, would bolder rise
“In tufted trees high bosom’d.” Here allot
Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
Behind thy underwood, left, o’er it’s head
The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
And shed their baleful dew. Each plant that springs
Holds, like the people of some freeborn state,
Its rights fair franchis’d; rooted to a spot
It yet has claim to air; from liberal heav’n
It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers:
Air, showers, and sunshine are it’s liberty.

That liberty secur’d, a general shade
Dense, and impervious to thy wish shall rise
To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain’d,
All else we from the Dryad race implore
Is Grace, is Ornament. For see our lawn

Though
Though cloath'd with softest verdure, though reliev'd
By many a gentle fall and easy swell,
Expects that harmony of light, and shade,
Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
Delight to mingle social; to the crest
Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
Your numerous train, no eye obstructed there
Will blame your interpos'd society;
But, on the plain below, in single stems
Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct,
Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
As if the seeds from which your scions sprang
Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
Of some maternal bird whom the fierce Hawk
Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile
Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.

Yet
Yet in this wild disorder Art presides,
Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,
Herself the while unseen. No cedar broad
Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
Of lofty bole, and bare; the smooth-stem'd beech,
Or slender alder give our eye free space
Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.

Nor will that sov'reign Arbitress admit,
Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade,
Plants of discordant sort, unequal size,
Or rul'd by Foliation's different law;
Studious, with just selection, those to join
That earliest flourish, and that latest fade.

Nor will that sov'reign Arbitress devote
To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems;
Fix the dank fallow on the mountain's brow,
Or,
Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws
She draws her own: Nature and she are one.

Nor will that sovereign Arbitress select,
For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch
With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
Its sober surface: fidelong to her path
And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.

Nor will that sov'reign arbitress, intent
To form one perfect whole, forego that aim
To give exotic wonders to our gaze.
She knows and trusts not in the faithless train:
Sagely she calls on those of hardy clafs
Indigenous, who, patient of the change
From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
She plants, and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes,
Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her friends.
That veteran troop who will not for a blast
Of nipping air like cowards quit the field.

Far to the north of thy imperial towers
Augusta; in that wild and Alpine vale
Through which the Swale by mountain-torrents swell'd
Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth
Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
And fair the scite of his paternal dome.
He lov'd the art I-sing, a deep adept
In Nature's story, well he knew the names
Of all her verdant lineage, yet that skill
Misled his taste; scornful of every bloom
That spread spontaneous, from remotest Ind
He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
Ev'n of its beauty careless; it was rare,
And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen,
With rose and woodbine negligently wove,
Bows to the ax; the rich Magnolias claim
The station; now Herculean Beeches fell'd
Resign their rights, and warm Virginia sends
Her cedars to usurp them; the proud Oak
Himself, ev'n He the sov'reign of the shade,
Yields to the Fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
Now Albion gaze at glorys not thy own!
Pause rapid Swale! and see thy margin crown'd
With all the pride of Ganges: vernal showers
Have fix'd their roots, nutricious summer funs
Favor'd their growth, and mildest autumn smil'd
Benignant o'er them; vigorous, fair, and tall,
They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud:
The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd;
He howls amid his foam. At the dread sight
The Aliens stand aghaft; they bow their heads;
In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd,
The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
Its fragile barrier, see, they fade, they die.

Warn'd by his error, let the Planter flight
These shivering rarities, or if, to please
Fastidious Fashion, he must needs allot
Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
A fidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
And free to southern and to western gales;
There let him fix their station, thither wind
Some devious path, that, from the general whole
Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
So in the web of epic song sublime
The Bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
Of gentle episode, yet leaves unbroken
The golden thread of his majestic theme.

What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
Of long-lin'd Vistas, or plantations quaint
Our former strains have taught: Instruction now
C
With-
With draws; she knows her limits; knows that Grace
Is caught by strong perception, not from rules;
That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
Distant their size and shape, is simple still:
This garb to chuse, with clothing dense, or thin,
A part to hide, another to adorn,
Is Taste's important task; preceptive song
From error in the choice can only warn.

But vain that warning voice; vain ev'ry aid
Of Genius, Judgment, Fancy to secure
The Planter's lasting fame. There is a power;
A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe,
Tis Vegetation. Gradual to his groves
She gives their wish'd effect. O! for an arm
Supernal there to check her—impious wish!
She is high heaven's Vicegerent; she must shape,
Must shoot, must swell each fibre as she lifts,
Must reign in wild luxuriance. Happier far
Are you, ye sons of Claude! who from the mine,
The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
Mingle the mass whence your Arcadia's spring;
The graceful outline of your pictur'd trees
Still keeps the bound you gave it; Time that pales
Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
Not so our Landscapes; though we paint like you,
We paint with growing colours; ev'ry year,
O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
We fought, by rude addition, mars our scene.

Rouse then, ye Hinds! e'er yet yon closing boughs
Blot out the purple distance, rouse ye soon,
Prevent the spreading evil. Thin the glades,
While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
Transplanted. Twice repeat the annual toil;
Nor let the ax its beak, the saw its tooth
Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd
Beyond the bounds of beauty; else full soon,
Ev'n e'er the Planter's life has past its prime,
Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.

Forboding Fears avaunt! be ours to urge
Each present purpose by what favoring means
May work its end design'd. Why deprecate
The change that waits on sublunary things,
Sad lot of their existence? shall we pause
To give the charm of Water to our scene,
Because the congregated rains may swell
Its tide into a flood? because yon Sun
Now mounts the Lion; to his burning noon
Impells him; shaking from his fiery mane
A heat may parch its channel; O, ye caves,
Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour *
Claims all your coolness. In your humid cells
Permit me to forget the Planter's toil;

* These lines were written in June, 1778, when it was remarkably hot weather.
And, while I woo your Naiads to my aid,
Involve me in impenetrable gloom.

Blest be the Man (if bliss be human boast)
Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams,
And springs salubrious. He disdains to toss
In rainbow dews their chrysal to the sun;
Or sink, in subterranean cisterns deep;
That so, through leaden syphons upward drawn,
Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear
Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the Bard,*
Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
And sung of Fountains bursting from the shells
Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
"Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimaeras dire."

* René Rapin, a learned Jesuit of the last century, who wrote a didactic Latin Poem on Gardens, in four books, by way of supplement to Virgil's Georgics. The third book treats the subject of water, or more properly of waterworks, for it is entirely made up of descriptions of Jet d'eaux, and such sort of artificial baubles.
Peace to his Manes! let the Nymphs of Seine
Cherish his fame. Thy Poet, Albion, scorns,
Ev'n for a cold unconscious element,
To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
His song shall reprobate each effort vile,
That aims to force the Genius of the stream
Beyond his native level; this first law,
That Nature to her world of waters gave,
Let Art revere, as does impartial Heaven;
The poize of Justice; let her scorn to press,
Above that des'tin'd line, the balanc'd wave.

Is there within the circle of thy view
Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves
Stand brown with unblest mildew? tis the bed
On which an ample lake in chrysfal peace
 Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet; perchance
Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led
In bold and broken curves: (for water loves

A wilder
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

A wilder outline than the woodland path,
Ev'n to acute extrems.) * To drain the rest
The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
Find their free course down each declining bank.

Quit then the thought; a River's winding form,
With many a sinuous bay, and Island green,

At les expence of labour and of land,
Will give thee equal beauty; seldom art
Can emulate that magnitude sublime
Which spreads the native Lake, and, failing there,

Her works betray their character, and name,

And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain

Faftidious, shall disdain a small expanse

Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd,

Circled with varied shade, where, through the leaves,

The half-admitted funbeam trembling plays

* See Book the second, ver. 50 to ver. 78, where the curve of beauty, or a line waving very gently, is said not only to prevail in natural pathways, but in the course of rivulets and the outline of lakes. It generally does so; yet in the latter it is sometimes found more abrupt: in artificial pieces of water, therefore, bolder curves may be employed, than in the formation of the sand or gravel walk.

On
On its clear bosom; where aquatic fowl
Of varied tribe, and varied feather fail;
And where the finny race their glittering scales
Unwillingly reveal. There, there alone,
Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
We scorn these wat’ry patches; Thames himself,
Seen in disjointed spots, where Sallows hide
His first bold presence, seems a string of pools;
A chart and compass must explain his course.

He, who would seize the River’s sov’reign charm,
Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
Ev’n to remotest distance; deep must delve
The gravelly channel that prescribes its course;
Closely conceal each terminating bound
By hill or shade oppos’d; and to its bank
Lift the true level of the equal stream,
In sparkling plenitude. But, if thy springs
Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul

With
With stoic pride, imperfect charms despise,
Beauty, like Virtue, knows no groveling mean.

Who, but must pity that penurious taste,
Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain
Of flat canals; then leads the stranger's eye
To some predestin'd station, there to catch
Their seeming union, and the fraud approve?
Who but must change that pity into scorn,
If down each verdant slope a narrow flight
Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning skill,
Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
Decree its fall. Then down the formal stairs
It leaps with short-liv'd fury; wasting there,
Poor prodigal! what many a summer's rain,
And many a Winter's snow shall late restore.

Learn, that whene'er in some sublimer scene
Imperial Nature of her headlong floods

Permits
Permits our imitation, she herself
Prepares their reservoir; conceal'd perchance
In neighboring hills, where first it well behoves
Our toil to search, and studiously augment
With fidelong springs and sluices frequent drawn
From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain.
Be these collected, like the Miser's gold,
In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour
Down thy impending mound the bright cascade
Till richly sure of its redundant fall.

That mound to raise alike demands thy toil,
Ere Art adorn it's surface. Here adopt
That facile mode which His inventive powers *
First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated stream.

Stupendous task! in vain stood towering hills
Oppos'd, in vain did ample Irwell pour

* Mr. Brindley, who executed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and invented a method of making dams to hold water, without clay, using for this purpose any sort of earth duly temper'd with water.
Her Tide transverse; he pierc'd the towering hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore.

This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil
To thy firm purpose; then let taste select
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there
The frothy spouts may break; some flaunting smooth,
That there in silver sheet the wave may slide.
Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change
To what they now controul. Then open wide.
Thy flood-gates: then let down thy torrent: then
Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees* himself
Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime.

And thou haft cause for triumph! Kings themselves,
With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil.

* The fall of the Tees, near Middleton, is esteemed one of the greatest
in England.
If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er atchieve
Such wonders. Nature's was the glorious gift;
Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!
To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
Let Prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill,
Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
Runs murmuring at my side. O'er many a rood
Your skill may lead the wanderer: many a mound
Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
Impatient: louder then will be her song:
For she will 'plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain Pomp!
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
This little dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft,
Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
A Naiad dwells: Ligea is her name;
And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
Who never saw the sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
That loves to give locality and form
To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild Goddess led,
Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chaunting alternate airs of Dorian mood,
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean locks
With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities, like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse,
To His, and Ocean's Tritons: thence full soon
My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
To Commerce and to Care. In Margaret's grove,
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
Was next my tranquil station: Science there

* St. John's College in Cambridge founded by Margaret Countess of Rich-
mond, mother of Henry the Seventh.
Sate musing; and to those that lov'd the lore
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric symbols, scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless muse.
Here though in warbling whisper oft I breath'd
The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems
The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
In quest of these, at summer's vacant hour,
Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northerm vale
(So chance ordain'd) a Naiad sad I found
Robb'd of her silver vase; I soothe'd the nymph
With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend,
Who stole the gift of Thetis.* Hence the cause,
Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
They soothe with songs my solitary ear.

Nor is Ligea silent—" Long," she cries,
" Too long has Man wag'd sacrilegious war.

* Alluding to the Ode to a Water Nymph, which the author writ a year or two after his admission into the university. See his poems, Ode II.
"With the vext elements, and chief with that,
"Whom elder Thales, and the Bard of Thebes
"Held first of things terrestrial; nor misdeem'd;
"For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
"He mov'd upon the waters. O revere

"Our power: for was its vital force withheld,
"Where then were Vegetation's vernal bloom,
"Where its autumnal Wealth? but we are kind,
"As powerful; O let reverence lead to love,
"And both to emulation! Not a rill,
"That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
"Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
"For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy soul
"A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
"That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
"But breaths in fragrant accents to thy soul;
"So should'st thou feed the poor." Whoe'er beheld
"Our humble train forfake their native mead
"To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, speak.
"—He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,
"By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep?
"Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time.
"Or, if the tyranny of Art infringing'd
"Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
"Without recoil? Servility retires,
"And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
"And tell it to thy nation, British Bard!
"Ambition, Sloth, and slav'ry are the fiends,
"That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
"The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
"So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours
"Shall glide serene; and, like Ligea's rill,
"Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
"Sink in the ocean of Eternity."

**END OF THE THIRD BOOK.**
A GARDEN IS THE PUREST OF HUMAN PLEASURES, IT IS THE GREATEST REFRESHMENT TO THE SPIRITS OF MAN; WITHOUT WHICH BUILDINGS AND PALACES ARE BUT GROSS HANDY-WORKS. AND A MAN SHALL EVER SEE, THAT WHEN AGES GROW TO CIVILITY AND ELEGANCY, MEN COME TO BUILD STATELY, SOONER THAN TO GARDEN FINELY: AS IF GARDENING WERE THE GREATER PERFECTION.

VERULAM.

By W. Mason, M.A.

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M.DCC.LXXXI.
THE
ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NOR yet withdraw thy aid, thou NYMPH divine! *
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of false; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her sylvan haunts;
Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
Her vagrant herds; giv'n luftre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms.  

B

And

* SIMPLICITY. See the beginning of the Poem. The following lines recapitulate the subject of the three preceding Books. The 1st to the pause in ver. 4th; the 2d from thence to that in ver. 7th; and the third finishes with the paragraph.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

And tell me Thou, whoe'er haft new-arrang'd
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browze luxurious o'er those very plots
Which once were barren, bless thee for the change; 15
The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
Of shape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
Uplifted, long had frightened from the scene)
Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry spray,
And swell their little throats, and warble wild Their vernal minstrelsy; to Heav'n and Thee
It is a hymn of thanks: do thou, like Heav'n, 20
With tutelary care reward their song.

Ere-while the Muse, industrious to combine
Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
The Genius of the Scene; but other gifts
She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she broke 25
The
The spells of Fashion, from the crumbling wreck
Of her enchantments sagely did she cull
Those relics rich of old Vitruvian skill,
With what the Sculptor's hand in classic days
Made breathe in Brass or Marble; these the Hag
Had purloin'd, and dispos'd in Folly's fane;
To him these trophies of her victory
She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard
Of ornamental treasures, how to chuse
The simplest and the best; on these his seal
Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all
In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious Age
Rejects the strain didactic: Try we then
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
The tale I tell is full of strange event,
And piteous circumstance; yet deem not ye,
If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd:
Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
Of storied woe) that fond credulity
Which binds th'attentive soul in closer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain,
Which then became his ample heritage,
That Father had reform'd; each line destroy'd
Which Belgic dulness plann'd; and Nature's self
Restor'd to all the rights she wish'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Mansion rose
In antient English grandeur: Turrets, Spires,
And Windows, climbing high from base to roof
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coëval with those rich cathedral fanses,
(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony results
From disunited parts; and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with misplac'd symmetry the Pile.
Alcander held it sacred: On a height,
Which westering to its site, the front survey'd,
He first his taste employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly scatter'd Beech too tamely broke
The blank Horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"
Alcander cry'd, "in stately Norman mode,
"A wall embattled; and within its guard
"Let every structure needful for a Farm
"Arise in Castle-semblance; the huge Barn
"Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,
"Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor.
"In golden triumph rides; some Tower rotund.
"Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young
"Safe roost afford; and ev'ry buttress broad,
"Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,

Give
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

"Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed."

"So shall each part, tho' turn'd to rural use,
Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
That Fancy loves to gaze on." This achiev'd,
Now nearer home he calls returning Art
To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar,
That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
With the chill luxury; his Dairy too
There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,
He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone
A time-struck Abbey *. An impending grove
Screens it behind with reverential shade;
While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
The Faæ convential there is dimly seen,

* It was said in the first Book, ver. 384, that of those architectural Objects which improved a fine natural English prospect, the two principal ones were a Castle and an Abbey. In conformity with this Idea, ALCANDER first begins to exercise his taste, by forming a resemblance of those two capital artificial features, uniting them, however, with utility. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by description, which had before been given more directly in Book II. ver. 21.

Beauty scorns to dwell
Where Use is exil'd.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.
The mitred Window, and the Cloister pale,
With many a mouldering Column; Ivy soon
Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all sublime,
ALCANDER's scene possess'd: 'Twas Ocean's self—
He, boist'rous King, against the eastern cliffs
Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear stream
Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his Lawn:
But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,
And hurried to the Main. The dell it past
Was rocky and retir'd: Here Art with ease
Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there,
Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with spars,
Moss petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: All found here
Propriety
Propriety of place; what view'd the Main
Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not so the inland cave: with richer store
Than those the neigh'ring mines and mountains yield
To hang its roof, would seem incongruous Pride,
And fright the local Genius from the scene.*

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The Season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main
Swiftly he turns and sees a laden Ship
Dismafted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
Alcander cry'd, "quick to the neigh'ring beach."
They flew; they came, but only to behold,
Tremendous fight! the Vessel dash its poop
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What strenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To save the sinking Crew? One tender Maid

* A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be so well founded and yet so seldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it seemed necessary to slide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more strongly.
Alone escap'd, fav'd by ALCANDER's arm, 
Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank  
To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore, 
And swifter to his home the youth convey'd 
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first 
By one deep sigh a sign of Life betray'd. 
A Maid so fav'd, if but by nature blest  
With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame 
More strong than Pity, in that melting heart 
Which Pity warm'd before. But she was fair 
As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring; 
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast 
In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew 
His Galatea*: Yes, th' impassion'd Youth 
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms. 
Yet she, (ah, strange to tell) tho' much he lov'd, 
Supprest as much that sympathetic flame  

* Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltafer Caftiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, "essendo careflia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che viene alla mente." See Bellori Discriz. delle imagini dipinte da Raffaello d' Urbino, or the Life of B. Caftiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, Il Cortegiano.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Which Love like his should kindle: Did he kneel
In rapture at her feet? she bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him rise; or did he plead,
In terms of purest passion, for a smile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
Her life, besem'd no sentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes;
On all their charms a just applause bestow'd;
And, if she e'er was happy, only then
When wand'ring where those charms were most display'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where antient beech
Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
The pensive maid along, "Tell me," she cry'd,
"Why, on these forest features all-intent,
"Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
"To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
"That in the general Landscape's broad expanse
"Their
"Their little blooms are lost; but here are glades,
"Circled with shade, yet pervious to the sun,
"Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
"The eye would catch their splendor: turn thy Taste,
"Ev'n in this grassy circle where we stand,
"To form their plots; there weave a woodbine Bower,
"And call that Bower Nerina's." At the word

ALCANDER smil'd; his fancy instant form'd
The fragrant scene she wish'd; and Love, with Art
Uniting, soon produc'd the finish'd whole.

Down to the South the glade by Nature lean'd;
Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
Admittance free dispensing; thickest shade
Guarded the rest.—His taste will best conceive
The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd
To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the green sward, but admit fair space
For many a mossy maze to wind between.
So here did Art arrange her flow’ry groups
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint *
But interpos’d between the wand’ring lines
Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
Stole round the verdant limits of the scene;
Leading the Eye to many a sculptur’d bust
On shapely pedestal, of Sage, or Bard,
Bright heirs of fame, who living lov’d the haunts
So fragrant, so sequester’d. Many an Urn
There too had place, with votive lay inscrib’d
To Freedom, Friendship, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flow’r that bears transplanting change,
Or blooms indigenous, adorn’d the scene:

Only

* There is nothing in picturesque Gardening which should not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never see any of her plains dotted with disshevered patches of any sort of vegetables, except, perhaps, some of her more barren heaths, where even Furze can grow but sparingly, and which form the most disagreeable of her scenes, therefore the present common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or shrubs on a grass-plat, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and easy flow of the grassy interlices (if I may so call them) that the designer ought first to have a regard to; and if these be well formed, the spaces for flowers or shrubbery will be at the same time ascertained.
THE ENGLISH GARDEN.

Only Nerina’s wish, her woodbine bower,
Remain’d to crown the whole. Here, far beyond
That humble wish, her Lover’s Genius form’d
A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
Might safely flourish*; where the Citron sweet,
And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes,
On the same odorous stem: Yet scorning there
The glasy penthouse of ignoble form,
High on Ionic shafts he bad it tower
A proud Rotunda; to its sides conjoin’d
Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve,
Ending in equal Porticos sublime.
Glass roost the whole, and fidelong to the South
’Twixt ev’ry fluted Column, lightly rear’d
Its wall pellucid. All within was day.

* M. Le Giradin, in an elegant French Essay, written on the same subject, and formed
on the same principles; with this Poem, is the only writer that I have seen (or at least
recollect) who has attempted to give a love or hot-house a picturesque effect. It is his,
hint, pursued and considerably dilated, which forms the description of ALCANDER’S
Was genial Summer's day, for secret stoves
Thro' all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.

These led thro' isles of Fragrance to the Dome,
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan Plants
Weeping with nard, and balsam. In the midst
A Statue stood, the work of Attic Art;
Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its antientry; all save the head,
Which stole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts)
The features of Nerina; yet that head,
So perfect in resemblance; all its air
So tenderly impassion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
Phidias himself might seem to have inspir'd
The chisel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
The other press'd her zone; while round the base
Dolphins, and Triton shells, and plants marine
Proclaim'd,
Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea,
Had veil'd in Flora's modest veil her charms.

Such was the Fane, and such the Deity
Who seem'd, with smile auspicious, to inhale
That incense which a tributary world
From all its regions round her altar breath'd:
And yet, when to the shrine Alcander led
His living Goddess, only with a sigh,
And starting tear, the statue and the dome
Reluctantly she view'd. And "why," she cry'd,
"Why would my best Preserver here erect,
With all the fond idolatry of Love,
A Wretch's image whom his Pride should scorn,
(For so his Country bids him). Drive me hence,
Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
Hostile to thee, yet not, alas! to her
Who there was meant to sojourn: there, perchance,
My Father, wafted by more prosp'rous gales,
Now mourns his Daughter lost; my Brother there
Perhaps now sooths that venerable age
"Hé
"He should not sooth alone. Vain thought! perchance 270
Both perish'd at Esopus—do not blush,
It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame;
It was not thou, that, like remorseless Cain,
Thirsted for Brother's blood: thy heart disdains
The savage imputation. Rest thee there,
And, tho' thou pitieft, yet forbear to grace,
A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem'd,
With honors ill-beseeming her to claim.
My wish, thou know'st, was humble as my state;
I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
Where I might sit and weep, while all around
The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
In seeming sympathy." "Does then the scene
Displease?" the disappointed lover cry'd;
Alas! too much it pleases," sigh'd the fair;
Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate
Forbids me to return;" "Dost thou then love
Some happier youth?" "No, tell thy generous soul
Indeed I do not." More she would have said,

But
But gushing grief prevented. From the Fane
Silent he led her; as from Eden’s bower
The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still ALCANDER hop’d what last she sigh’d
Spoke more than gratitude; the War might end;
Her Father might consent; for that alone
Now seem’d the duteous barrier to his bliss.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend Exile held:
That friend return’d not. Mean-while ev’ry sun
Which now (a year elaps’d) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward Pangs,
From grief’s concealment, hourly seem’d to force
Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her soul.
ALCANDER mourn’d the change, yet still he hop’d;
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm.
Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers
Of Music and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme.

At stated hours, full oft had he observ'd,
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl
That trespass'd on his lawn; this wak'd a wish
To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,
And lake appropriate: in a neighb'ring copse
He plann'd the scene; for there the crystal spring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
First bubbling broke to day; and spreading there
Slept on its rushes. "Here my delving hinds,"
He cry'd, "shall soon the marshy soil remove,
"And spread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
"Chequer'd with isles of verdure; on yon Rock
"A sculptur'd River-God shall rest his urn;
"And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
"Thy wish'd-for bower, Nerina, shall adorn
"The southern bank; the downy race, that swim
"The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms,
Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,
Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoopt
The wat'ry bed, and soon, by margin green,
And rising banks, inclos'd; the highest gave
Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep
Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
Of three unequal arches, lowly all
The surer to expel the noontide glare,
Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene;
Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwin'd
Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
In free festoons, and veiled all the cell.
Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock,
A living landscape spread; the feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling swans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full sail,
With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep.
Around those shores the Fowl that fear the stream
At random rove: hither hot Guinea fends
Her gadding troop; here midst his speckled Dames
The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, supreme in glittering state,
The Peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Mean-while from ev'ry spray the Ringdoves coo,
The Linnets warble, captive none*, but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the Glade
Is Life, is Music, Liberty, and Love.

And is there now to Pleasure or to Ufe
One scene devoted in the wide domain
Its Master has not polish'd? Rumour spreads
Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire.

* See Rousseau's charming description of the Garden of Julie, Nouvelle Eloïse, 4 par
tie. Lett. 11th. In consequence of pursuing his idea, no birds are introduced into Al-
cander's Menagerie, but such as are either domesticated, or chuse to visit it for the
security and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wish to have theirs
flocked with rarer kind of fowls, they must invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themselves.
To all his Lawns are pervious; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)
The social dialogue Alcander held
With one, a Youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

"Little, I fear me, will a stranger's eye
Find here to praise, where rich Vitruvian Art
Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
But all is homebred Fancy." "For that cause,
And chiefly that," the polish'd Youth reply'd,
I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd
My judgment; here I tread on British ground;
With British annals all I view accords.
Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian Baron bold,
To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
Yon massy bulwark built; on yonder pile,
In
"In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
"The ruthless traces of stern Henry's hand.

"Yet," cry'd Alcander, (interrupting mild
The stranger's speech) "if so yon antient feat,
"Pride of my ancestors, had mock'd repair,
"And by Proportion's Greek or Roman laws
"That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,
"I trust, have blam'd, if, there on Doric shafts
"A temple rose; if some tall obelisk
"O'erptopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
"Usurpt my Castle's station."—"Spare me yet
"Yon solemn Ruin," the quick youth return'd,
"No mould'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
"Sepulchral, will console me for its fate."

"I mean not that," the Master of the scene
Reply'd; "tho' classic rules to modern piles
"Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
"By those to form our Ruins; much we own
"They
"They please, when, by Panini's pencil drawn,
"Or darkly grav'd by Piranesi's hand,
"And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace;
"But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
"Levell'd so low, that who, on British ground
"Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lye
"Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
"Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
"Form they a rude, 'tis yet an English whole."

"And much I praise thy choice," the stranger cry'd;
"Such chaste seletion shames the common mode,
"Which, mingling structures of far distant times,
"Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
"A fane to Freedom, where her Brutus stands
"In act to strike the tyrant; there a Tent,
"With crescent crown'd, with scymitars adorn'd,
"Meet for some Bajazet; northward we turn,
"And lo! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
"We tread the realms of Pharaoh; quickly thence
"Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
"Rang'd in a Druid circle. Thus from age

"To
"To age, from clime to clime incessant borne,
Imagination flounders headlong on,
Till, like fatigu'd Villario *, soon we find
We better like a field." "Nicely thy hand
The childish landscape touches," cries his host,
For Fashion ever is a wayward child;
Yet sure we might forgive Her faults like these,
If but in separate or in single scenes
She thus with Fancy wanton'd: Should I lead
Thy step, my Friend, (for our accordant tastes
Prompt me to give thee that familiar name)
Behind this screen of Elm, thou there might'st find
I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
And broke the bounds of judgment." "Lead me there,"
Briskly the Youth return'd, "for having prov'd
Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruse
Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue?" Smiling thence
Alcander led him to the Woodbine bower
Which last our Song describ'd, who seated there,
In silent transport view'd the lively scene.

* See Pope's Epistle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.
"I see," his host resum'd, "my sportive art
Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon classic form,
Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown. *
Try we thy candor further: higher art,
And more luxurious, haply too more vain,
"Adorns yon southern coppice." On they past
Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
Gave to another sense its prelude rich
On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
Expands; and now the Rose, the garden's Queen,
Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
"Oh Paradise!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
"Groves whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
"Hang

* It is hoped that, from the position of this River-God in the menagerie; from the situation of the bufts and vases in the flower-garden; and that of the statue in the conservatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, "that all adventitious ornaments of sculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground, (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural scenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antaeus and Enceladus, mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere scare-crows."
"Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
"If true, here only *." Thus, in Milton's phrase
Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
While passing to the dome; his next short step
Unveil'd the central statue: "Heav'ns! just Heav'ns,"
He cry'd, "tis my Nerina." "Thine, mad Youth?
"Forego the word," Alcander said, and paus'd;
His utterance fail'd; a thousand cluft'ring thoughts,
And all of blackest omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense,
And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
Are ready at Humanity's soft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully suspend the bursting woe:
Nerina's self appears; the further idle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
Would Heav'n she could! it were a happy swoon
Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now

* See Milton's Paradise Lost, book iv. ver. 248, &c.
Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand
Lies leaden on her breast; the other rais’d
To heav’n, and half-way clench’d; stedfast her eyes,
Yet viewless; and her lips, which op’d to shriek,
Can neither shriek nor close: So might she stand
For ever: He, whose fight caus’d the dread change,
Tho’ now he clasps her in his anxious arms,
Fails to unbend one finew of her frame;
’Tis ice; ’tis steel. But see, Alcander wakes;
And waking, as by magic sympathy,
Nerina whispers, “All is well, my friend;
” ’Twas but a vision; I may yet revive——
” But still his arm supports me; aid him, friend,
” And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower;
” For there indeed I wish to breathe my last.”

So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow,
Turn’d to a livid paleness; her dim eyes
Sunk in their sockets; sharp contraction prest
Her temples, ears, and nostrils: signs well known
To those that tend the dying.* Both the youths Perceiv'd the change; and had stern Death himself Wav'd his black banner visual o'er their heads, It could not more appall. With trembling step, And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
She thus her speech refum'd: "Attend my words
"Brave Cleon! dear Alcander! generous Pair:
"For both have tender interest in this heart
"Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
"By a dear Father's just commands I own,
"Much honour'd Cleon! take the hand he gave,
"And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
"Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
"(And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)
"Duteous I give thee, Cleon it is thine;

"Not

* These lines are taken from the famous passage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognostics, which has been held so accurately descriptive, that dying persons are, from hence, usually said to have the facies Hippocratica. The passage is as follows: P'φ ἔξωτα, ἡθαλομοι κῶλοι, γρόταφοι ξυμπιεσίωκος, ὄτα ψυχικὰ καὶ χονταλιμάνα, κ' ὁ λέει τῶν ὠτῶν ἀπεγραμμένων, κ' τὸ δὲμα τὸ πελετὸ τὸ μέλαστον, σκληρὸς τὸ καπελλιαμένον καὶ καπελλίων ἀν', κ' τὸ χρώμα τὸ ἡμεραλλὸν πρόσωπον χλωρίου τῷ καὶ μήλαιν ἤν ἢ κῆποι ἡ μαλαιζίδα.
"Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain  
"More from my soul than Friendship—that be his;  
"Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,  
"That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,  
"He must have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt  
A silent tear; then press the Stranger's hand;  
Then bow'd her head upon Alcander's breast,  
And "bless them both, kind Heav'n!" she pray'd and died,

"And blest art thou," cry'd Cleon, (in a voice  
Struggling with grief for utterance) blest to die:  
"Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce  
"Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul  
"In horror from thy bosom. Now it leaves  
"A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,  
"That speaks its parting happy. Go fair saint!  
"Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliss,  
"And seated by his side, thou wilt not now  
"Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;  
"Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill  
"Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
"A life surcharged with tender woes like thine,"
"The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell!"
"I leave the casket that thy virtues held"
"To Him whose breast sustains it; more belov'd,"
"Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more"
"Than did thy wretched Cleon." At the word

He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.

Alcander, starting from his trance of grief,
Cry'd "stay, I charge thee stay;" "and shall he stay,"
Cleon reply'd, "whose presence stabb'd thy peace?"
"Hear this before we part: That breathless Maid"
"Was daughter to a venerable Sage,
"Whom Boston, when with peace and safety blest,
"In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
"Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance,
"In early period of our civil broils,
"To save his precious life: And hence the Sire"
"Did to my love his Daughter's charms consign;"
"But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,

"Deferr'd"
"Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent
"In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;
"He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,
"That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,
"Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch
"He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled
"Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)
"Was he that gave Nerina being burnt!
"Burnt by thy Countrymen! to Ashes burnt!
"Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame.—
"Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile
"With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd;
"And him, now I have found the prize I sought,
"And finding lost, I haften to rejoin;
"Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
Not fiercer does the Tigress quit her cave
To seize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
Than he the Bower. "Stay, I conjure thee, stay,"
Alcander cry'd, but ere the word was spoke
Cleon was seen no more. "Then be it so,"
The youth continu'd, clasping to his heart
The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
(Yet such a smile as far out-forrows tears)
"Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
"Shall Duty dare disturb us—Love alone—
"But hark! he comes again—Away vain fear!
"'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
"True to their custom'd hour, behold they troop
"From island, grove, and lake. Arise my Love,
"Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
"Hence then, fond fools, and pine! Nerina's hand
"Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die."

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
He lifted, and with ardent passion kiss'd,
Then cry'd in agony, "on this dear hand,
"Once tremulously alive to Love's soft touch,
"I hop'd to seal my faith:" This thought awak'd
Another sad soliloquy, which they,
Who'ev'r have lov'd, will from their hearts supply,
And they who have not will but hear and smile.

And
And let them smile, but let the scorners learn
There is a solemn luxury in grief
Which they shall never taste; well known to those,
And only those, in Solitude's deep gloom:
Who heave the sigh sincerely: Fancy there:
Waits the fit moment; and, when Time has calm'd
The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe,
Piteous she steals upon the mourner's breast.
Her precious balm to shed: Oh, it has power,
Has magic power to soften and to sooth,
Thus duly minister'd. ALCANDER felt
The charm, yet not till many a ling'ring moon
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray
But near the fated temple, or the bower?
He feels a chilly monitor within,
Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view
His grot? 'tis darken'd with NERINA's storm
Ev'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks
The lost one never trod, and there are seats
Where he was never happy by her side,
And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
When wand’ring thro’ a grove of fable yew,
Rais’d by his ancestors; their Sabbath-path
Led thro’ its gloom, what time too dark a stole
Was o’er Religion’s decent features drawn
By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
Forgot the sheers; the spire, the holy ground
They banish’d by their umbrage. “What if here,”
Cry’d the sweet Soother, in a whisper soft,
“Some open space were form’d, where other shades,
Yet all of solemn sort, Cypress and Bay
Funereal, pensive Birch its languid arms
That droops, with waving Willows deem’d to weep,
And shiv’ring Aspens mixt their varied green;
What if yon trunk, thorn of its murky crest,
Reveal’d the sacred Fane?” ALCANDER heard
The Charmer; ev’ry accent seem’d his own,
So much they touch’d his heart’s sad unison.
“Yes,
"Yes, yes," he cry'd, "Why not behold it all?"

"That bough remov'd shews me the very vault,
Where my Nerina sleeps, and where, when Heav'n
In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
My dust with her's shall mingle." Now his hinds,
Call'd to the task, their willing axes wield;
Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,
Their much-lov'd Lord his sylvan arts resume.
And next, within the centre of the gloom,
A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
With rushes thatch'd, with wattled oziers lin'd,
He bids them raise* : it seem'd a Hermit's cell;

Yet

* If this building is found to be in its right position, structures of the same kind will be thought improperly placed when situated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extensive prospect. I have either seen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder seemed to be so much convinced of its incongruity, that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Despicere unde queas arios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ. Luc. lib. ii. v. 9.

But it may be said, that real Hermitages are frequently found on high mountains. Yet there the difficulty of access gives that idea of retirement, not easily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a garden scene, without much accompanying shade and that lowness of situation, which occasions a seclusion from all gay objects.
Yet void of hour-glass, scull, and maple dish,
Its mimic garniture: ALCANDER's taste
Disdains to trick with emblematic toys
The place where He and Melancholy mean
To fix NERINA's bust, her genuine bust,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Close as a Miser's gold, the sculptur'd clay;
And but at early morn and latest eve
Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh;
Then does he turn, and thro' the glimm'ring glade
Cast a long glance upon her house of death;
Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye sage ones say?
Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
Of poor and fatherless his care consoles;
The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
Who leave their heav'n to see him shed his own.
Here dole we, sweet Simplicity! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leisur' smil'd;
Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,
Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers free,
Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
May turn that Art we sing to soothing use,
At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
Her banners broadly in the face of day,
And shews th'indignant world the host of slaves
She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
Yet not desponding, shall the sons of Peace
Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
Old England's Genius wakes; when with him wakes
That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,
Dishdain of slav'ry, liberal Awe of rule,
Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince, 685
And on them founded the majestic pile
Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair ALBION rise
The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
And arbiter of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-lost train of Virtues! swift return 690
To save ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

THE END.
FEW Poems, in the course of their composition, have been laid aside and resumed more casually, or, in consequence, published more leisurely, than the foregoing; on which account, while it does not pretend to the Horatian merit of a nine-years scrutiny under the correcting hand of its Author, it will not thence, he may perhaps hope, be found to have that demerit which arises from ill-connected parts and an indigested plan. For, as a scheme was formed for the whole four books before even the first was written; and as that scheme has since been pursued with very little, if any deviation, it is presumed that the three latter books will be found strictly consonant with the general principles advanced in the former; which, as it contained the principles, and ended episodically with a kind of historic deduction of the rise and progress of the Art, might have been considered in the light of an entire work, (as the advertisement before it hinted) had the succeeding books been never written.

However, as the whole design is at length completed, it may not be amiss to give in this place a short analysis of the several...
several books, in their order, to shew their connection one with another; and to obviate a few objections which have been made to certain parts of each, by some persons whose opinions I highly respect; objections which I flatter myself might arise from their having examined those parts separately, as the separate publication of the books necessarily led them to do; and which, perhaps, had they seen the whole together, they would not have found of so much importance.

I. The first book, as I have said, contains the general Principles of the Art, which are shewn to be no other than those which constitute Beauty in the sister art of Landscape Painting; Beauty which results from a well-chosen variety of curves, in contradistinction to that of Architecture which arises from a judicious symmetry of right lines, and which is there shewn to have afforded the principle on which that formal disposition of Garden Ground, which our ancestors borrowed from the French and Dutch, proceeded. A principle never adopted by Nature herself, and therefore constantly to be avoided by those whose business it is to embellish Nature.
I know of no objection that has been made to anything that I have asserted on this head, except to that part in which I have exploded Vistas and Avenues, which, it has been said, have in themselves a considerable share of intrinsic beauty. I am myself far from denying this; I only assert that their beauty is not picturesque beauty; and therefore, that it is to be rejected by those who follow picturesque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the Artist follows those principles, vistas are certainly admissible; and the French, who have so long followed them, have therefore not improperly (though one cannot help smiling at the title) given us in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of Architecture du Jardinage. But did Gaspar Poussin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy these beauties on their canvas? Or would they have produced a picturesque effect by their means if they had? I think this single consideration will induce every person of common taste to allow that these two principles oppose one another, and that, whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty: If therefore vistas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to some superb mansion, so situated, that

G
the principal prospect and ground allotted to picturesque improvement lie entirely on the other side; so much so, that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view; and this is the utmost that I can concede on this subject.

II. The picturesque principle being thus established in the first book, as well by proofs of its beauty when followed, as of the deformity which results from its being deserted, the second book proceeds to a more practical discussion of the subject, but confines itself to one point only, the disposition of the ground-plan, and, that very material business immediately united with it, the proper disposition and formation of the paths and fences. The necessity of attending constantly to the curvilinear principle is first shewn, not only in the formation of the ground-plan, with respect to its external boundary, but in its internal swellings and sinkings, where all abruptness or angular appearances are as much to be avoided as in the form of the outline that surrounds the whole.

The pathways or walks are next considered, and that peculiar curve recommended for their imitation which is so fre-
quently found in common roads, foot-paths, &c. and which being casually produced appears to be the general curve of nature.

The rest of the book is employed in minutely describing the method of making sunk fences, and other necessary divisions of the pleasure-ground or lawn from the adjacent field or park; a part of the art which is of most essential consequence, and which is frequently very difficult both to design and execute.

The dryness of this part of the subject led me to enliven the book with a concluding Episode, and also to throw into other places of it as much as I could of poetical embellishment; in one instance perhaps improperly, because I have found it has generally been blamed. It is the apostrophe which I have made to the Genius or Muse of Painting, when I am about to teach the best colour for concealing upright fences. It has been said, "Why all this parade about daubing a rail?" Now, though I believe I might defend myself by the practice of my Masters in Didactic Poetry, who frequently by such apostrophes endeavour to bestow consequence on little
matters, to which they think it necessary to call the attention; yet I rather choose to give the objection its full force, and promise to soften the passage in the next edition; taking leave, however, here to assert in prose that it is highly necessary to observe the rule in question; because if such means be not taken for concealment, fences of that kind create much deformity in the general scene.

III. The Third Book proceeds to add natural ornament to that ground-plan which the second book had ascertained, in its two capital branches, Wood and Water.

The formation of the outline and position of the latter might indeed have been treated in the former book: But as Water, though the greatest ornament of any rural scene, is certainly but an ornament, inasmuch as the scene may exist without it; and as there are many beautifully-adorned Places where this additional grace cannot be produced, I thought proper to consider it only as an adjunct. Somebody has said (perhaps rather quaintly, yet certainly not without good meaning) that "water is the eye, and wood the eye-brow of nature;" and if so, there is surely no impropriety in treating the
the two features together. Certain it is, that, when united, they contribute more than any thing else to what may be called Scenical Expression, without which the picturesque Beauty we treat of loses much of its value.

With respect to the judicious arrangement of Wood, considered separately, I treat it under two distinct heads, that of planting it with a view of concealing defects, and introducing beauty in their place; and for the purpose of ornamenting the opener lawns. On the former of these I am more diffuse, because it is a subject which admits of precise rules. On the latter, as it is the peculiar province of Taste, and depends chiefly on the eye of the Planter, who must necessarily vary his mode of planting as peculiar situations vary, more could not be said with propriety: For, where the only thing needful is to avoid formality, and to treat Nature (as Mr. Pope excellently expresses it)

\[ \text{like a modest fair,} \]

Not over dress, nor leave her wholly bare, explicit rules rather tend to mislead than to direct. I have, however, from ver. 209 to ver. 250, ventured to prescribe a few material precepts which are incapable of being misapplied;
and if to these be added, what I have said in the first book concerning the false taste of planting distances, I am in hopes I shall not be thought to have treated this part of my subject superficially.

For I would wish my reader to consider that the Plan of this Poem differs very materially in one respect from that of the Georgics of Virgil; and when I speak merely of Plan, I may hope, without appearing arrogant, to bring them to a comparison. His four books treat of four distinct subjects; Tillage, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, and Bees. He has no introductory book which treats of the general Art of Agriculture: Whereas this Poem, as appears from the analysis here given, employs the first book entirely on that general subject, of which the three following are to be considered only as illustrations and amplifications: Where therefore that book had sufficiently explained any topic, more could not be added in any succeeding one without tautology. And this, I hope, will sufficiently obviate the objection which has been made to this part of the third book.
GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

As to the second general topic, Water, as I have heard no objections made to what I have there asserted, and believe every assertion consonant to the general principles of the art, I shall here add nothing. Yet in the little Episode at the end of it, I have been frequently questioned whom I meant by Ligea; and it has been thought that I ought not to have run away with one of Virgil's Sea-Nymphs*, to transport her into an English inland scene. There is some weight in this objection; and to shew that I think so, I will here discover what I have hitherto kept as a sort of secret. The lines, where this Nymph is mentioned, were written in a very retired grove belonging to Mr. Frederic Montagu, who has long honoured me with his friendship, where a little clear trout-stream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciously. The name of this stream is the Lin, and the spring itself rises but a little way from his plantations †: I seem to find myself asked here pretty abruptly, Why then did you not call your Nymph Linea? I will


† At Papplewick, in Nottinghamshire, on the edge of the Forest of Sherwood. The village itself has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnson having taken some of his persones. dramatis from it, in his unfinished Pastoral Comedy, called The Sea Shepherd.
will own the truth. I had resolved, when I first planned my Poem, to bring no instances from any individual scene: For I thought the nature of its composition, as it excluded particular satire, would not, with more propriety admit of particular panegyric; and therefore, by a slight alteration in the name, and by some other as slight deviations from the scenery, I cautiously masked the Naiad in question.

I will here give the reader another instance of similar caution: Finding, in the same book, occasion to explode the too great fondness for exotic plants, I thought that the most poetical way of doing it was to exhibit an instance somewhat in the same manner in which Virgil introduces his old Corycian Gardener: But to prevent all possible application, as I thought, I laid my scene on the banks of the remote Swale, where I imagined the taste for exotics had not yet reached, or at least had not yet been carried to any excess; yet I have been since told, that the neighbourhood immediately pointed out a certain very worthy Gentleman as the undoubted object of my satire, whose improvements I had never seen, nor even heard, that, from the inclemency of the climate, his plantations had ever suffered in the way that I have described. I have, there-
fore, only to desire that my readers, now possessed of one of my secrets, would substitute an N for a G where the name LIGEA occurs; and that the respectable Gentleman, now acquainted with the other, would acquit me of any premeditated ridicule on his subject.

IV. Factitious or artificial ornaments, in contradistinction to natural ones last treated, form the general subject of the Fourth Book, and conclude the plan. By these is meant not only every aid which the art borrows from architecture; but those smaller pieces of separate scenery appropriated either to ornament or use, which do not make a necessary part of the whole; and which, if admitted into it, would frequently occasion a littleness ill-suited with that unity and simplicity which should ever be principally attended to in an extensive pleasure-ground.

Though this subject was in itself as susceptible of poetical embellishment as any that preceded it, and much more so than those contained in the second book; yet I was apprehensive that descriptive poetry, however varied, might pall when
when continued through so long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a tale with the general theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in some places a dramatic cast. The idea was new, and I found the execution of it somewhat difficult: However, if I have so far succeeded as to have conveyed, thro’ the medium of an interesting story, those more important principles of taste which this part of my subject required, and if those rules only are omitted which readily result from such as I have descriptively given; if the judicious place and arrangement of those artificial forms, which give the chief embellishment to a finished garden-scene, be distinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this conclusion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton said of Milton’s juvenile Poems at the end of a miscellany) to leave the reader in some small degree con la bocca dolce.

With respect to the criticisms, which may be made on this last book, there is one so likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; and taking for granted that it will be said to breathe too much of the spirit of party, to return the following ready answer: The word Party, when applied
applied to those men, who, from private and personal motives, compose either a majority or minority in a house of parliament, or to those who out of it, on similar principles, approve or condemn the measures of any administration, is certainly in its place: But in a matter of such magnitude as the present American War, in which the dearest interests of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occasion, I shall take it with much complacency, conscious that no sentiment appears in my Poem which does not prove its author to be of the Party of Humanity.

The whole of the Plan being now explained, I might here finish, did not a general objection remain which I have heard made to the species of Verification in which I chose to compose it. I must, therefore, beg the reader's patience while I inform him why I preferred blank verse to rhyme on this occasion.

When I first had the subject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of composition: One
was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgies of Virgil afford so perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epistolary essay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epistles Ad Augustum & ad Pisones. I balanced sometime which of these I should adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for picturesque description and poetical embellishment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in concise phrase*. The one furnished better means of illustrating my subject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted those ornaments only which resulted from lively imagery and figurative diction, the latter seemed rather to require the seasoning of wit and satire; this, therefore, appeared best calculated to expose false taste, and that to elucidate the true. But false taste, on this subject, had been so inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, that it seemed to preclude all other authors (at least it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unsaid

* See Mr. Pope's account of his design in writing the Essay on Man, in which the peculiar merit of that way, in which he so greatly excelled, is most happily explained. He chose, as he says, "Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons: Verse, because precepts, so written, strike more strongly, and are retained more easily: Rhyme, because it expresses arguments or instructions more concisely than even Prose itself."
unfaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpose principally to enlarge, I thought the Didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not hesitate as to my choice between blank verse and rhyme; because it clearly appeared, that numbers of the most varied kind were most proper to illustrate a subject whose every charm springs from variety, and which painting Nature, as scorning control, should employ a versification for that end as unfettered as Nature itself. Art at the same time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unseen and unfelt, seemed to bear a striking analogy to that species of verse, the harmony of which results from measured quantity and varied cadence, without the too studied arrangement of final syllables, or regular return of consonant sounds. I was, notwithstanding, well aware, that by choosing to write in blank verse, I should not court popularity, because I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reason, as may be supposed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat Fashion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was also convinced that a mode of English versification, in which so many good poems, with
Paradise Lost at their head, have been written, could either not long continue unfashionable; or if it did, that Fashion had so completely destroyed Taste, it would not be worth any writer's while, who aimed at more than the reputation of the day, to endeavour to amuse the public.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.
Ver. 665. For Simplicity, read Simplicity.
CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY's

ART of PAINTING

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.
THE ART of PAINTING
OF
CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY.
Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.
BY
WILLIAM MASON, M.A.
With ANNOTATIONS
BY
Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Knt.
President of the ROYAL ACADEMY.

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M.DCC.LXXXIII.
Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WHEN Dryden, worn with sickness, bow’d with years,
Was doom’d (my Friend let Pity warm thy tears)
The galling pang of penury to feel,
For ill-plac’d Loyalty, and courtly Zeal,
To see that Laurel, which his brows o’erspread,
Transplanted droop on Shadwell’s barren head,
The Bard oppress’d, yet not subdu’d by Fate,
For very bread descend’d to translate:
And He, whose Fancy, copious as his Phrase,
Could light at will Expression’s brightest blaze,
On Fresnoy’s Lay employ’d his studious hour;
But niggard there of that melodious power,
His pen in haste the hireling task to close,
Transform’d the studied strain to careless prose,
Which, fondly lending faith to French pretence,
Mistook its meaning, or obscur’d its sense.

Yet
Yet still he pleas'd, for Dryden still must please,
Whether with artless elegance and ease
He glides in Prose, or from its tinkling chime,
By varied pauses, purifies his rhyme,
And mounts on Maro's plumes, and soars his
heights sublime.

This artless Elegance, this native fire
Provok'd his tuneful Heir* to strike the Lyre,
Who, proud his numbers with that prose to join,
Wove an illustrious wreath for Friendship's shrine.

How oft, on that fair shrine when Poets bind
The flowers of Song, does partial Passion blind
Their judgment's eye! How oft does Truth disclaim
'The deed, and scorn to call it genuine Fame!
How did she here, when Jervas was the theme,
Waft thro' the Ivory Gate the Poet's dream!
How view, indignant, Error's base alloy
The sterling lustre of his Praise destroy,
Which now, if Praise like his my Muse could coin,
Current thro' Ages, she would stamp for Thine.

Let Friendship, as she caus'd, excuse the deed;
With Thee, and such as Thee, she must succeed.

* Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Jervas, has these lines,
Read these instructive leaves in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art with Dryden's native fire.
Epistle, &c. vii

But what, if Fashion tempted Pope astray?
The Witch has spells, and Jervas knew a day
When mode-struck Belles and Beaux were proud to come.
And buy of him a thousand years of bloom. +

Ev'n then I deem it but a venial crime:
Perish alone that selfish sordid rhyme,
Which flatters lawless Sway, or tinsel Pride;
Let black Oblivion plunge it in her tide.

From Fate like this my truth-supported lays,
Ev'n if aspiring to thy Pencil's praise,
Would flow secure; but humbler Aims are mine;
Know, when to thee I consecrate the line,
'Tis but to thank thy Genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day:
Those candid strictures, those reflexions new,
Refin'd by Taste, yet still as Nature true,
Which, blended here with his instructive strains,
Shall bid thy Art inherit new domains;
Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule,
And guide (what thou hast form'd) a British School.

+ Alluding to another couplet in the same Epistle.

Beauty, frail Flower, that every Season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
And, O, if ought thy Poet can pretend
Beyond his fav'rite wish to call thee Friend,
Be it that here his tuneful toil has dreft
The Muse of Fresnoy in a modern vest;
And, with what skill his Fancy could bestow,
Taught the close folds to take an easier flow;
Be it, that here thy partial smile approv'd,
The Pains he lavish'd on the Art he lov'd.

Oct. 10, 1782.

W. MASON.
THE Poem of M. Du Fresnoy, when considered as a Treatise on Painting, may unquestionably claim the merit of giving the leading Principles of the Art with more precision, conciseness, and accuracy, than any work of the kind that has either preceded or followed it; yet as it was published about the middle of the last century, many of the precepts it contains have been so frequently repeated by later writers, that they have lost the air of novelty, and will, consequently, now be held common; some of them too may, perhaps, not be so generally true as to claim the authority of absolute rules: Yet the reader of taste will always be pleased to see a Frenchman holding out to his countrymen the Study of Nature, and the chase Models of Antiquity, when (if we except Le Sueur and Nicolo Poussin, who were Fresnoy's contemporaries) so few Painters of that nation have regarded either of these archetypes. The modern Artist also will be proud to emulate that simplicity of style, which this work has for more than a century recommended, and which, having only very lately got the better of fluttering drapery and theatrical attitude, is become one of the principal tests of Picturesque excellence.
But if the Text may have lost somewhat of its original merit, the Notes of Mr. Du Piles, which have hitherto accompanied it, have lost much more. Indeed it may be doubted whether they ever had merit in any considerable degree. Certain it is that they contain such a parade of common-place quotation, with so small a degree of illustrative science, that I have thought proper to expel them from this edition, in order to make room for their betters.

As to the poetical powers of my Author, I do not suppose that these alone would ever have given him a place in the numerous libraries which he now holds; and I have, therefore, often wondered that M. De Voltaire, when he gave an account of the authors who appeared in the age of Louis XIV. should dismiss Fresnoy, with saying, in his decisive manner, that "his Poem has succeeded with such persons as could bear to read Latin Verse, not of the Augustan Age*. This is the criticism of a mere Poet. No body, I should suppose, ever read Fresnoy to admire, or even criticise his versification, but either

* Du Fresnoy (Charles) né à Paris 1611, peintre & poète. Son poème de la peinture a réussi auprès de ceux qui peuvent lire d'autres vers latins que ceux du siècle d'Auguste. Siecle de Louis XIV. Tom. I.
either to be instructed by him as a Painter, or improved as a Virtuoso.

It was this latter motive only, I confess, that led me to attempt the following translation; which was begun in very early youth, with a double view of implanting in my own memory the principles of a favourite art, and of acquiring a habit of verification, for which purpose the close and condensed style of the original seemed peculiarly calculated, especially when considered as a sort of school exercise. However the task proved so difficult, that when I had gone through a part of it I remitted of my diligence, and proceeded at such separate intervals, that I had passed many posterior productions thro' the press before this was brought to any conclusion in manuscript; and, after it was so, it lay long neglected, and would certainly have never been made public, had not Sir Joshua Reynolds requested a sight of it, and made an obliging offer of illustrating it by a series of his own notes. This prompted me to revise it with all possible accuracy; and as I had preserved the strictures which my late excellent friend Mr. Gray had made many years before on the version, as it then stood, I attended to each of them in their order with that deference which
which every criticism of his must demand. Besides this, as much more time was now elapsed since I had myself perused the copy, my own eye was become more open to its defects. I found the rule which my Author had given to his Painter full as useful to a Writer,

\( \text{Aet ubi consilium deerit sapientis amici} \)
\( \text{Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermissa labori.} \)

And I may say, with truth, that having become from this circumstance, as impartial, if not as fastidious, to my own work, as any other critic could possibly have been, I hardly left a single line in it without giving it, what I thought, an emendation. It is not, therefore, as a juvenile work that I now present it to the public, but as one which I have improved to the utmost of my mature abilities, in order to make it more worthy of its Annotator.

In the preceding Epistle I have obviated, I hope, every suspicion of arrogance in attempting this work after Mr. Dryden. The single consideration that his Version was in Prose were in itself sufficient; because, as Mr. Pope has justly observed, Verse and even Rhyme is the best mode of conveying preceptive truths, "as in this way they are more shortly expressed, and more easily retained*." Still less need I

* See his Advertisement before the Essay on Man.
I make an apology for undertaking it after Mr. Wills, who, in the year 1754, published a Translation of it in Metre without Rhyme.*

This Gentleman, a Painter by profession, assumed for his motto,

Tractant Fabrilia Fabri;

but however adroit he might be in handling the tools of his own art, candour must own that the tools of a Poet and a Translator were beyond his management; attempting also a task absolutely impossible, that of expressing the sense of his Author in an equal number of lines, he produced a version which (if it was ever read through by any person except myself) is now totally forgotten. Nevertheless I must do him the justice to own that he understood the original text; that he detected some errors in Mr. Dryden's Translation, which had escaped Mr.

* I call it so rather than Blank Verse, because it was devoid of all harmony of numbers. The beginning, which I shall here insert, is a sufficient proof of the truth of this assertion.

As Painting, Poesy, so similar
To Poesy be Painting; emulous
Alike, each to her sister doth refer,
Alternate change the office and the name;
Mute verse is this, that speaking picture call'd.

From this little specimen the reader will easily form a judgment of the whole.
Jervas (affifted, as it is faid, by his friend Mr. Pope) in that corrected Edition which Mr. Graham inscribed to the Earl of Burlington; and that I have myfelf sometimes profited by his labours. It is also from his Edition that I reprint the following Life of the Author, which was drawn up from Felibien and other Biographers by the late Dr. Birch, who, with his ufual industry, has collected all they have faid on Fresnoy's fubject.
CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY was born at Paris in the year 1611. His father, who was an eminent apothecary in that city, intending him for the profession of physic, gave him as good an education as possible. During the first year, which he spent at the college, he made a very considerable progress in his studies: but as soon as he was raised to the higher classes, and began to contract a taste of poetry, his genius for it opened itself, and he carried all the prizes in it, which were proposed to excite the emulation of his fellow-students. His inclination for it was heightened by exercise; and his earliest performances shewed, that he was capable of becoming one of the greatest poets of his age, if his love of painting, which equally possessed him, had not divided his time and application. At last he laid aside all thoughts of the study of physic, and declared absolutely for that of painting, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, who, by all kinds of severity, endeavoured to divert him from pursuing his passion for that art, the profession of which they unjustly considered in a very contemptible light. But the strength of his inclination defeating all the measures taken to suppress it, he took the first opportunity of cultivating his favourite study.

He was nineteen or twenty years of age when he began to learn to design under Francis Perier; and having spent two years
years in the school of that painter, and of Simon Voüet, he thought proper to take a journey into Italy, where he arrived in the end of 1633, or the beginning of 1634.

As he had, during his studies, applied himself very much to that of geometry, he began, upon his coming to Rome, to paint landscapes, buildings, and ancient ruins. But, for the first two years of his residence in that city, he had the utmost difficulty to support himself, being abandoned by his parents, who resented his having rejected their advice in the choice of his profession; and the little stock of money, which he had provided before he left France, proving scarce sufficient for the expenses of his journey to Italy. Being destitute, therefore, of friends and acquaintance at Rome, he was reduced to such distress, that his chief subsistence for the greatest part of that time was bread and a small quantity of cheese. But he diverted the sense of his uneasy circumstances by an intense and indefatigable application to painting, till the arrival of the celebrated Peter Mignard, who had been the companion of his studies under Voüet, set him more at ease. They immediately engaged in the strictest friendship, living together in the same house, and being commonly known at Rome by the name of the Inseparables. They were employed by the Cardinal of Lyons in copying all the best pieces in the Farnese Palace. But their principal study was the works of Raphael and other great masters, and the antiques; and they were constant in their attendance every evening at the academy in designing after models. Mignard had superior talents in practice; but Du Fresnay was a greater master of the rules, history, and theory of his profession. They communicated to each other their remarks and sentiments, Du Fresnay furnishing his friend with noble and excellent ideas, and the latter
The LIFE of M. DUFRESNOY.

latter instructing the former to paint with greater expedition and ease.

Poetry shared with Painting the time and thoughts of Du Fresnoy, who, as he penetrated into the secrets of the latter art, wrote down his observations; and having at last acquired a full knowledge of the subject, formed a design of writing a Poem upon it, which he did not finish till many years after, when he had consulted the best writers, and examined with the utmost care the most admired pictures in Italy.

While he resided there he painted several pictures, particularly the Ruins of the Campo Vaccino, with the city of Rome in the figure of a woman; a young woman of Athens going to see the monument of a lover; Æneas carrying his father to his tomb; Mars finding Lavinia sleeping on the banks of the Tyber, descending from his chariot, and lifting up the veil which covered her, which is one of his best pieces; the birth of Venus, and that of Cupid. He had a peculiar esteem for the works of Titian, several of which he copied, imitating that excellent Painter in his colouring, as he did Carrache in his design.

About the year 1653 he went with Mignard to Venice*, and travelled throughout Lombardy; and during his stay in that city painted a Venus for Signor Mark Paruta, a noble Venetian, and a Madonna, a half length. These pictures shewed

* This is the account of Monf. Felibien, Entretiens sur les vies et sur les ouvrages des plus excellens peintres, tom. 11. edit. Lond. 1705, p. 333. But the late author of Abrégé de la vie des plus fameux peintres, part 11. p. 284, edit. Par. 1745, in 4to, says, that Fresnoy went to Venice without Mignard; and that the latter, being importuned by the letters of the former, made a visit to him in that city.
The LIFE of M. DU FRESNOY.

flowed that he had not studied those of Titian without success. Here the two friends separated, Mignard returning to Rome, and Du Fresnoy to France. He had read his Poem to the best Painters in all places through which he passed, and particularly to Albano and Guercino, then at Bologna; and he consulted several men famous for their skill in polite literature.

He arrived at Paris in 1656, where he lodged with Mons. Potel, Gressier of the council, in the street Beautreillis, where he painted a small room; afterwards a picture for the altar of the Church of St. Margaret in the suburb St. Antoine. Mons. Bordier, Intendant of the finances, who was then finishing his house of Rinci, now Livry, having seen this picture, was so highly pleased with it, that he took Du Fresnoy to that house, which is but two leagues from Paris, to paint the Salon. In the ceiling was represented the burning of Troy; Venus is standing by Paris, who makes her remark how the fire consumes that great city; in the front is the God of the river, which runs by it, and other deities: This is one of his best performances, both for disposition and colouring. He afterwards painted a considerable number of pictures for the cabinets of the curious, particularly an altarpiece for the Church of Lagni, representing the assumption of the virgin and the twelve apostles, all as large as life. At the Hotel d'Erval (now d'Armenonville) he painted several pictures, and among them a ceiling of a room with four beautiful landscapes, the figures of which were by Mignard. As he understood Architecture very well, he drew for Mons. de Vilargelé all the designs of a house, which that Gentleman built four leagues from Avignon; as likewise those for the Hotel de Lyonne, and for that of the Grand Prior de Souvré. The high
The Life of M. Du Fresnoy.

high altar of the Filles-Dieu, in the street St. Denis, was also designed by him.

Tho' he had finished his Poem before he had left Italy, and communicated it, as has been already mentioned, to the best judges of that country; yet, after his return to France, he continued still to revise it, with a view to treat more at length of some things, which did not seem to him sufficiently explained. This employment took up no small part of his time, and was the reason of his not having finished so many pictures as he might otherwise have done. And tho' he was desirous to see his work in print, he thought it improper to publish it without a French translation, which he deferred undertaking from time to time, out of diffidence of his own skill in his native language, which he had in some measure lost by his long residence in Italy. Monf. de Piles was therefore at last induced, at his desire, and by the merit of the Poem, to translate it into French, his version being revised by Du Fresnoy himself; and the latter had begun a commentary upon it, when he was seized with a palsy, and after languishing four or five months under it, died at the house of one of his brothers at Villiers-le-bel, four leagues from Paris, in 1665, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in the parish Church there. He had quitted his lodgings at Monf. Potel's upon Mignard's return to Paris in 1658, and the two friends lived together from that time till the death of Du Fresnoy.

His Poem was not published till three years after his death, when it was printed at Paris in 12mo. with the French version and remarks of Monf. de Piles, and has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity.
THE

ART of PAINTING

WITH THE

Original Text subjoined.
THE ART OF PAINTING.

TRUE Poetry the Painter's power displays;
True Painting emulates the Poet's lays;
The rival Sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid silent Poetry the canvas warm;
The tuneful page with speaking Picture charm.

What to the ear sublimer rapture brings,
That strain alone the genuine Poet sings;

DE ARTE GRAPHICA.

UT Pictura Poesis erit; similisque Poesi
Sit Pictura; referat par æmula quæque fororem,
Alternantque vices & nomina; muta Poesis.
Dicitur hæc, Pictura loquens solet illa vocari.

Quod fuit auditu gratum cecinere Poetae;
That form alone where glows peculiar grace,
The genuine Painter condescends to trace:
No fordid theme will Verse or Paint admit,
Unworthy colours if unworthy wit.

From you, blest Pair! Religion deigns to claim
Her sacred honours; at her awful name
High o'er the stars you take your soaring flight,
And rove the regions of supernal light,
Attend to lays that flow from tongues divine,
Undazzled gaze where charms seraphic shine;
Trace beauty's beam to its eternal spring,
And pure to man the fire celestial bring.

Quod pulchrum aspectu Pictores pingere curant:
Quæque Poetarum numeris indigna suère,
Non eadem Pictorum operam studiumq; merentur:
Ambæ quippe sacros ad religionis honores
Sydereos superant ignes, aulamque tonantis
Ingressæ, Divûm aspectu, alloquioque fruuntur;
Oraque magna Deûm, & dîcta observata reportant,
Cœlestemque suorum operum mortalibus ignem.
Then round this globe on joint pursuit ye stray,
Time's ample annals studiously survey;
And from the eddies of Oblivion's stream,
Propitious snatch each memorable theme.

Thus to each form, in heav'n, and earth, and sea,
That wins with grace, or awes with dignity,
To each exalted deed, which dares to claim
The glorious meed of an immortal fame,
That meed ye grant. Hence, to remotest age,
The Hero's soul darts from the Poets page;
Hence, from the canvass, still, with wonted state,
He lives, he breaths, he braves the frown of Fate.

Inde per hunc Orbem studiis coëuntibus errant,
Carpentes quæ digna fui, revolutaque lufrant
Tempora, quærendis consortibus argumentis.
Denique quæcunq; in coelo, terrâque, marique
Longius in tempus durare, ut pulchra, merentur,
Nobilitate suâ, claroque insignia casu,
Dives & ampla manet Pictores atque Poetas
Materies; inde alta sonant per sæcula mundo
Nomina, magnanimis Heroibus inde superstes
Gloria, perpetuoque operum miracula reftant:
Such powers, such praises, heav'n-born Pair, belong
To magic colouring, and creative song.

But here I pause, nor ask Pieria's train,
Nor Phæbus self to elevate the strain;
Vain is the flow'ry verse, when reasoning sage,
And sober precept fill the studied page;
Enough if there the fluent numbers please,
With native clearness, and instructive ease.

Nor shall my rules the Artist's hand confine,
Whom Practice gives to strike the free design;
Or banish Fancy from her fairy plains,
Or fetter Genius in didactic chains.

\[
\text{Tantus ineq divis honor artibus atque potestas.}
\text{Non mihi Pieridum chorus hic, nec Apollo vocandus,}
\text{Majus ut eloquium numeris, aut gratia sindi.}
\text{Dogmaticis illustret opus rationibus horrens;}
\text{Cum nitidâ tantum & facili digesta loquela,}
\text{Ornari precepta negent, contenta doceri.}
\text{Nec mihi mens animusve fuit constringere nodos}
\text{Artificum manibus, quos tantum dirigit usus;}
\text{Indolis ut vigor inde potens obstrictus hebescat,}
\text{Normarum numero immani, Geniumq; moretur :}
\]
No, 'tis their liberal purpose to convey that scientific skill which wins its way on docile Nature, and transmits to youth, talents to reach, and taste to relish truth; while inborn Genius from their aid receives each supplemental Art that Practice gives. Each supplemental Art that Practice gives.

'Tis Painting's first chief business to explore, what lovelier forms in Nature's boundless store, are best to Art and antient Taste allied, for antient Taste those forms has best applied. Till this be learn'd, how all things disagree; how all one wretched, blind barbarity!

Sed rerum ut pollens ars cognitione, gradatim
Naturæ sese insinuet, verique capacam
Transeat in Genium; Geniusq; usq; induat artem.
Præcipua imprimis artisque potissima pars est,
Nōsse quid in rebus natura creârit ad artem
Pulchrius, idque modum juxta, mentemque vetuâm:
Quâ fine barbaries cæca & temeraria pulchrum
Negligit, insultans ignotæ audacior arti,
The fool to native ignorance confin'd,
No beauty beaming on his clouded mind;
Untaught to relish, yet too proud to learn,
He scorns the grace his dulness can't discern.

Hence Reason to Caprice resigns the stage,
And hence that maxim of the antient Sage,
"Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curst,
"Bad Painters and bad Poets are the worst."

When first the orient rays of beauty move
The conscious soul, they light the lamp of love,
Love wakes those warm desires that prompt our chase,
To follow and to fix each flying grace:
But earth-born graces sparingly impart
The symmetry supreme of perfect art;

Ut curare nequit, quæ non modo noverit esse;
Illud apud veteres fuit unde notabile dictum,
"Nil Pictore malo securius atque Poetâ."
Cognita amas, & amata cupis, sequerisq; cupita;
Passibus assequeris tandem quæ servidus urges:
Illa tamen quæ pulchra decent; non omnia casus
Qualiacumque dabunt, etiamque simillima veris:
For tho' our casual glance may sometimes meet
With charms that strike the soul, and seem compleat,
Yet if those charms too closely we define,
Content to copy nature line for line,
Our end is lost.
Not such the Master's care,
Curious he calls the perfect from the fair,
Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realm he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies;
With nimble step pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along.

Yet some there are who indiscreetly stray,
Where purblind Practice only points the way,
Who ev'ry theoretic truth disdain,
And blunder on mechanically vain.

Nam quacumque modo servili haud sufficit ipsum
Naturam exprimere ad vivum, sed ut arbiter artis,
Seliget ex illa tantum pulcherrima Pictor.
Quodque minus pulchrum, aut mendoium, corriget ipse
Marte suo, formae Veneres captando fugaces.
Utque manus grandi nil nomine practica dignum
Assequitur, primum arcanae quam deficit artis.
Lumen, & in praecepis abitura ut caca vagatur.
Some too there are within whose languid breasts,
A lifeless heap of embryo knowledge rests,
When nor the pencil feels their drowsy art,
Nor the skill'd hand explains the meaning heart.
In chains of Sloth such talents droop confin'd:
'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.

Hear then the Muse; tho' perfect beauty towers
Above the reach of her descriptive powers,
Yet will she strive some leading rules to draw
From sovereign Nature's universal law;
Stretch her wide view o'er antient Art's domain,
Again establish Reason's legal reign,

Sic nihil ars operâ manuum privata supremum
Exequitur, fed languet iners uti vincâ lacertos;
Dispositumque typum non linguâ pinxit Apelles.

Ergo licet totâ normam haud possimus in arte
Ponere (cum nequeant quæ sunt pulcherrima dici)
Nitimur hæc paucis, scrutati summa magistæ
Dogmata Naturaœ, artisque exemplaria prima
Altius intuiti; sic mens habilibique facultas
Genius again correct with Science sage,
And curb luxuriant Fancy's headlong rage.

"Right ever reigns its stated bounds between,
"And Taste, like Morals, loves the golden mean."

Some lofty theme let judgment first supply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majesty;
For fancy copious, free to ev'ry charm
That lines can circumscribe or colours warm,
Still happier if that artful theme dispense
A poignant moral and instructive sense.

Then let the virgin canvas smooth expand,
To claim the sketch and tempt the Artist's hand:

Indolis excolitur, Geniumque Scientia complet;
Luxuriansque in monstra furor compescitur Arte.
"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
"Quos ultra citraque nequit consiflere retum."

His positis, erit optandum thema nobile, pulchrum,
Quodque venustatum, circa formam atque colorem,
Sponte capax, amplam emeritæ mox præbeat Arti
Materiam, retegens aliquid falsis & documenti.

Tandem opus aggrediv; primoq; occurrit in albo
Disponenda typi, concepta potente Minervâ,
Then bold *Invention* all thy powers diffuse,
Of all thy fitters thou the noblest Muse.
Thee ev'ry Art, thee ev'ry Grace inspires,
Thee Phæbus fills with all his brightest fires.

Choose such judicious force of shade and light
As suits the theme, and satisfies the sight;
Weigh part with part, and with prophetic eye,
The future power of all thy tints descry;
And those, those only on the canvas place,
Whose hues are social, whose effect is grace.

Vivid and faithful to the historic page,
Express the customs, manners, forms, and age;

Machina, quæ nostris *Invention* dicitur oris.
Illa quidem prius ingenuis instructa fororum.
Artibus Aonidum, & Phæbi sublimior æstu.
Quærendasque inter positis, luminis, umbrae,
Atque futurum jam praesentire colorum.
Par erit harmoniam, captando ab utrisque venustum.
Sit thematis genuina ac viva expressio, juxta
Textum antiquorum, propriis cum tempore formis.
Nor paint conspicuous on the foremost plain.  
Whate'er is false, impertinent, or vain;  
But like the Tragic Muse, thy luftre throw,  
Where the chief action claims its warmest glow.

This rare, this arduous task no rules can teach,  
No skill'd preceptor point, no practice reach;  
'Tis Taste, 'tis Genius, 'tis the heav'nly ray  
Prometheus ravish'd from the car of day.

In Egypt first the infant Art appear'd,  
Rude and unform'd; but when to Greece she steer'd

Nec quod inane, nihil facit ad rem; sive videtur  
Improprium, miniméque urgens, potiora tenebit  
Ornamenta operis; Tragicæ sed lege fororis,  
Summa ubi res agitur, vis summa requiritur Artis.

Ista labore gravi, studio, monitisque magistri  
Ardua pars nequit addisci: rarissima namque,  
Ni prius æthereo rapuit quod ab axe Prometheus  
Sit jubar insufum menti cum flamine vitae.

Mortali haud cuivis divina hæc munera dantur;  
Non ute Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.
Her prosperous course, fair Fancy met the Maid; Wit, Reason, Judgment, lent their powerful aid;
Till all compleat the gradual wonder shone,
And vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone.
'Twas there the Goddess fixt her blest abodes, 
There reign'd in Corinth, Athens, Sicyon, Rhodes.
Her various vot'ries various talents crown'd,
Yet each alike her inspiration own'd:
Witness those marble miracles of grace,
Those tests of symmetry where still we trace
All Art's perfection: With reluctant gaze
To these the Genius of succeeding days
Looks dazzled up, and, as their glories spread,
Hides in his mantle his diminish'd head.

Ægypto informis quondam pictura reperta,
Græcorum studiis, & mentis acumine crevit:
Egregiis tandem illustrata & adulta magistris,
Naturam visa est miro superare labore:
Quos inter, Graphidos Gymnasia prima fuere
Portus Athenarum, Sicyon, Rhodos, atque Corinthus,
Disparia inter se modicum ratione laboris;
Ut patet ex veterum Statuis, formæ atque decoris
Learn then from Greece, ye Youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each just Position draw;
Skilful to range each large unequal part,
With varied motion and contrasted art;
Full in the front the nobler limbs to place,
And poise each figure on its central base.
But chief from her that flowing outline take,
Which floats, in wavy windings, like the snake,
Or lambent flame; which, ample, broad, and long,
Reliev'd not swell'd, at once both light and strong,
Glides thro' the graceful whole. Her art divine
Cuts not, in parts minute, the same design,

Archetypis; queis posterior nil protulit ætas
Condignum, & non inferius longè, arte modoque.

Horum igitur vera ad normam positura legetur:
Grandia, inæqualis, formosâque partibus amplis
Anteriora dabit membra, in contraria motu
Diverso variata, suo librataque centro;
Membrorumque sinus ignis flammantis ad instar,
Serpenti undantes flexu; sed laevia, plana,
Magnaque signa, quasi sine tubere subdita tactu,
But by a few bold strokes, distinct and free,
Calls forth the charms of perfect symmetry.
True to anatomy, more true to grace,
She bids each muscle know its native place;
Bids small from great in just gradation rise,
And, at one visual point, approach the eyes.

Yet deem not, Youths, that perspective can give
Those charms compleat by which your works shall live;
What tho' her rules may to your hand impart
A quick mechanic substitute for art;
Yet formal, geometric shapes she draws;
Hence the true Genius scorns her rigid laws,

Ex longo deducet aluant, non secta minutim.
Infertisque toris sint nota ligamina, juxta
Compagem anatomes, & membrificatio Graeco
Deformata modo, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Qualis apud veteres; totoque Eurythmia partes
Componat; genitumque suo generante sequenti
Sit minus, & puncto videantur cuncta sub uno.
Regula certa licet nequeat prospectica dici,
Aut complementum graphidos; sed in arte juvamen,
Et modus accelerans operandi: at corpora fallo
By Nature taught he strikes th' unerring lines,
Consults his eye, and as he sees designs.

Man's changeful race, the sport of chance and time,
Varies no less in aspect than in clime;
Mark well the difference, and let each be seen
Of various age, complexion, hair, and mein.

Yet to each sep'rate form adapt with care
Such limbs, such robes, such attitude and air,
As best befit the head, and best combine
To make one whole, one uniform design;
Learn action from the dumb, the dumb shall teach
How happiest to supply the want of speech.
Fair in the front in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece should meet the fight,
Supreme in beauty; lavish here thine Art,
And bid him boldly from the canvas start;
While round that sov'reign form th' inferior train
In groups collected fill the pictur'd plain:
Fill, but not croud; for oft some open space
Must part their ranks, and leave a vacant place,
Left artlessly dispers'd the fever'd Crew
At random rush on our bewild'er'd view;
Or parts with parts in thick confusion bound,
Spread a tumultuous Chaos o'er the ground.

Prima figurarum, seu princeps dramatis, ultrò
Profliliat media in tabula, sub lumine primo
Pulchrior ante alias, reliquis nec operta figuris.
Agglomerata simul sint membra, ipsæque figurae
Stipentur, circumque globos locus usque vacabit;
Nè, malè dispersis dum visus ubique figuris
Dividitur, cunctisque operis servente tumultu
Partibus implicitis, crepitans confusio surgat.
In ev'ry figured group the judging eye
demands the charms of contrariety,
in forms, in attitudes expects to trace,
distinct inflexions, and contrasted grace;
where Art diversely leads each changeful line,
opposes, breaks, divides the whole design;
thus when the rest in front their charms display,
Let one with face averted turn away,
shoulders oppose to breasts, and left to right,
with parts that meet and parts that shun the sight.
This rule in practice uniformly true
extends alike to many forms or few.
Yet keep thro' all the piece a perfect poize:
If here in frequent troops the figures rise,

Inque figurarum cumulis non omnibus idem
Corporis inflexus, motusque; vel artubus omnes
Conversis pariter non conquantur eodem;
Sed quædam in diversa trahant contraria membra,
Transversèque aliis pugnent, & cætera frangant.
Pluribus adversis averfam oppone figuram,
Pectoribusque humeros, & dextera membra finiftris,
Seu multis constabit opus, paucifve figuris.
Altera pars tabulæ vacuo neu frigida campo,
Aut deserta fiet, dum pluribus altera formis
There let some object tower with equal pride;
And so arrange each correspondent side
That, thro' the well-connected plan appear
No cold vacuity, no desert drear.

Say does the Poet glow with genuine rage,
Who crouds with pomp and noise his bustling stage?
Devoid alike of taste that Painter deem,
Whose flutt'ring works with num'rous figures teem;
A task so various how shall Art fulfill,
When oft the simplest forms elude our skill?
But, did the toil succeed, we still should lose
That solemn majesty, that soft repose,
Fervida mole sua supremam exsurgit ad oram.
Sed tibi sic positis respondeat utraque rebus,
Ut si aliquid sursum se parte attollat in unà,
Sic aliquid parte ex alià consurgat, & ambas
Æquiparet, geminas cumulando æqualiter oras.

Pluribus implicitum personis drama supremo
In genere, ut rarum est, multitatis densa figuris
Rarior est tabula excellens; vel adhuc ferè nulla
Praefitit in multis, quod vix bene praeflat in unà:
Quippe solet rerum nimio dispersa tumultu,
Majestate carere gravi, requieque decora.
Dear to the curious eye, and only found,
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.
Yet if some grand important theme demand
Of many needful Forms a busy band,
Judgment will to the several groups unite,
That one compacted whole shall meet the sight.
The joints in each extreme distinctly treat,
Nor e'er conceal the outline of the feet:
The hands alike demand to be express'd
In half-shewn figures rang'd behind the rest.
Nor can such forms with force or beauty shine,
Save when the head and hands in action join.

Nec speciosa nitet, vacuo nisi libera campo.
Sed si opere in magno, plures thema grande requirat
Esse figurarum cumulos, spectabilur una
Machina tota rei; non singula quæque seorsim.
Præcipua extremis raro internodia membris
Abdita sint; sed summa pedum vestigia nunquam.
Gratia nulla manet, motusque, vigorque figuras
Retro aliis subter majori ex parte latentes,
Ni capitis motum manibus comitentur agendo.
Each air constrain'd and forc'd, each gesture rude,
What'ER contracts or cramps the attitude,
With scorn discard. When squares or angles join,
When flows in tedious parallel the line,
Acute, obtuse, when'ER the shapes appear,
Or take a formal geometric air,
These all displease, and the disgusted eye,
Nauseates the tame and irksome symmetry.
Mark then* our former rule; with contrast strong,
And mode transverse the leading lines prolong,
For these in each design, if well express,
Give value, force, and lustre to the rest.

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XVIII.

Difficiles fugito aspectus, contractaque visus
Membra sub ingrato, motusque, actusque coactus,
Quodque refert signis, rectos quodammodo tractus,
Sive parallelos plures simul, & vel acutas,
Vel geometrales (ut quadra, triangula) formas:
Ingratamque pari signorum ex ordine quandam
Symmetriam: sed præcipua in contraria semper
Signa volupt duci transversa, ut * diximus ante
Summa igitur ratio signorum habeatur in omnibus
Composita; dat enim reliquis pretium, atque vigorem.

* Rule XIII:
Nor yet to Nature such strict homage pay
As not to quit when Genius leads the way;
Nor yet, tho' Genius all his succour lends,
Her mimic pow'rs tho' ready Mem'ry lends,
Presume from Nature wholly to depart.
For Nature is the arbitress of art.
In Error's grove ten thousand thickets spread,
Ten thousand devious paths our steps mislead;
'Mid curves, that vary in perpetual twine,
Truth owns but one direct and perfect line.

Spread then her genuine charms o'er all the piece,
Sublime and perfect as they glow'd in Greece.

Non ita naturae astanti his cuique revinda,
Hanc præter nihil ut genio studiisque relinquam;
Nec sine testa rei natura, artisque magistra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantummodo rerum.
Pingere posses putus; errorum est plurima sylva,
Multiplicesque viæ, bene agendi terminus unus,
Linea recta velut sola est, & mille recurvae;

Sed juxta antiquos naturam imitabere pulchram,
Qualem forma rei propria, objectumque requirit.

XIX. Nature to be accommodated to Genius.

XX. The Antique the Model to be copied.

XIX. Natura genio accommodanda.

XX. Signa antiqua Naturæ modum constituunt.
Those genuine Charms to seize, with zeal explore
The vases, medals, statues, form'd of yore,
Relievos high that swell the column's stem,
Speak from the marble, sparkle from the gem:
Hence all-majestic on th' expanding soul,
In copious tide the bright ideas roll;
Fill it with radiant forms unknown before,
Forms such as demigods and heroes wore:
Here pause and pity our enervate days,
Hopeless to rival their transcendant praise.

Peculiar toil on single forms bestow,
There let Expression lend its finish'd glow;
There each variety of tint unite
With the full harmony of shade and light.

Non te igitur lateant antiqua numismata, gemmae,
Vasa, typi, statuae, calataque marmora signis,
Quodque refert specie veterum post saecula mentem:
Splendidior quippe ex illis asurgit imago,
Magnaque se rerum facies aperit meditanti;
Tunc nostrri tenuem saecli miserebere fortem;
Cum spes nulla siet rediturae aequalis in aevum.

Exquisita sit formâ, dum sola figura
Pingitur; & multis variata coloribus esto.
Free o'er the limbs the flowing vesture cast,
The light broad folds with grace majestic plac'd;
And as each figure turns a different way,
Give the large plaits their corresponding play;
Yet devious oft and swelling from the part,
The flowing robe with ease should seem to start;
Not on the form in stiff adhesion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and shade.

Where'er a flat vacuity is seen,
There let some shadowy bending intervene,
Above, below, to lead its varied line,
As best may teach the distant folds to join;

Lati, amplique sinus pannorum, & nobilis ordo,
Membra sequens, subter latitantis lumine & umbrâ
Exprimet; ille licet transversus àpe feratur,
Et circumfusos pannorum portrigat extra
Membra sinus, non contiguos, ipsisque figurâ
Partibus impressos, quasi pannus adhaerat illis;
Sed modicè expressos cum lumine servet & umbris:
Quæque intermissis passim sunt dissipata vanis,
Copulet, inductis subtérve, superve lacernis.
And as the limbs by few bold strokes express
Expel in beauty, so the liberal vest
In large, distinct, unrinkled folds should fly;
Beauty's best handmaid is Simplicity.

To different Ranks adapt their proper robe
With ample pall let monarchs sweep the globe;
In garb succinct and coarse, array the Swain.
In light and silken veils the Virgin train.

Where in black shade the deeper hollow lies
Assisting art some midway fold supplies
That gently meets the light, and gently spreads
To break the hardness of opposing shades.

Et Membra, ut magnis, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Majestate aliis præstant, forma, atque decore:
Haud fecus in pannis, quos supra optavimus amplos,
Perpaucos sinuum flexus, rugasque, striasque,
Membra super, versu faciles, inducere præstat.
Naturæque rei proprius fit pannus, abundans
Patriciis; succinctus erit, crassusque bubulcis
Mancipliisque; levis teneris, gracilisque puellis.

Inque cavis maculisque umbrarum aliquando tumescet,
Lumen ut excipiens, operis quà massa requirit,
Latius extendat, sublatisque agreget umbris.
Each nobler symbol classic Sages use
To mark a Virtue, or adorn a Muse,
Ensigns of War, of Peace, or Rites divine, 295
These in thy work with dignity may shine:
But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold;
Rare things alone are dear in Custom’s eye,
They lose their value as they multiply.

Of absent forms the features to define,
Prepare a model to direct thy line;
Each garb, each custom, with precision trace,
Unite in strict decorum time with place;
And emulous alone of genuine fame,
Be Grace, be Majesty thy constant aim,

Nobilia arma juvant Virtutum ornantque figuras, 215
Qualia Musarum, Belli, cultusque Deorum.
Nec fit opus nimirum gemmis auroque refertum;
Rara etenim magno in pretio, sed plurima vili.
Quae deinde ex vero nequeant præsente videri,
Prototypum prius illorum formare juvabit.
Conveniat locus, atque habitus; ritusque decusque
Servetur: Sit nobilitas, Charitumque venustas,
That Majesty, that Grace so rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art but Heav'n.

In all to fage propriety attend,
Nor sink the clouds, nor bid the waves ascend;
Lift not the mansions drear of Hell or Night
Above the Thunderer's lofty arch of light;
Nor build the column on an osier base,
But let each object know its native place.

Thy last, thy noblest task remains untold,
Passion to paint, and sentiment unfold;
Yet how these motions of the mind display!
Can colours catch them, or can lines portray?

(Rarum homini munus, Cælo, non arte petendum.)

Naturæ sit ubique tenor, ratioque sequenda.
Non vicina pedum tabulata excelsa tonantis
Astra domus depicta gerent, nubesque, notosque;
Nec mare depressum laquearia summa, vel Orcum;
Marmoreamque feret cannis vaga pergula molem:
Congrua sed propriâ semper statione locentur.

Hæc præter, motus animorum, & corde reposti
Exprimere affectus, paucisque coloribus ipsam
Who shall our pigmy Pencils arm with might
To seize the Soul and force her into fight?

Jove, Jove alone; his highly-favor'd few
Alone can call such miracles to view.

But this to Rhet'ric and the Schools I leave,
Content from antient lore one rule to give,
"By tedious toil no Passions are express'd,
His hand who feels them strongest paints them best."

Yet shall the Muse with all her force proscribe
Of base and barbarous forms that Gothic tribe

---

Pingere posse animam, atque oculis præbere videndam,
"Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus amavit
"Suppiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
"Dis similes potuere" manu miracula tanta.

Hos ego Rhetoribus tractandos defero; tantum
Egregii antiquum memorabo sophisma magistri,
"Verius affectus animi vigor exprimit ardens,
"Solliciti nimium quam sedula cura laboris.

Denique nil sapiat Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, sæclorum & monstra malorum:

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XXX. Gothic Ornament to be avoided.

---
Which sprang to birth, what time, thro' lust of sway,
Imperial Latium bad the world obey:
Fierce from the north the headlong Demons flew,
The wreaths of Science wither'd at their view,
Plagues were their harbingers, and War accurst,
And Luxury of every fiend the worst;
Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade,
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languish'd head;
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involv'd each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.
Meanwhile beneath the frown of angry Heav'n,
Unworthy ev'ry boon its smile had given,

Quæs ubi bella, famem, & pestem, discordia, luxus,
Et Romanorum res grandior intulit orbi,
Ingenuæ periere artes, periere superbæ
Artificum moles; sua tunc miracula vidit
Ignibus absumi Pictura, latere coacta
Fornicibus, sortem & reliquam confidere cryptis;
Marmoribusque diu Sculptura jacere sepultis.
Imperium interea, seculorum gravitate satiscens,
Involv’d in Error’s cloud, and scorn’d of light
The guilty Empire sunk. Then horrid Night,
And Dullness drear their murky vigils kept,
In savage gloom the impious Ages slept,
Till Genius, starting from his rugged bed,
Full late awoke the ceaseless tear to shed
For perish’d Art; for those celestial Hues,
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,
Gave to the wond’ring Eye: She bad his name,
With thine, Apelles! gild the lists of Fame,
With thine to Coloring’s brightest glories soar,

Horrida nox totum invasit, donoque superni
Luminis indignum, errorum caligine merfit,
Impiaque ignaris damnavit faclla tenebris.
Unde coloratum Graiiis hue usque magistri,
Nil superest tantorum hominum, quod mente modoque
Nostrates jvuet artifices, doceatque laborem;
Nec qui Chromaticês nosis, hoc tempore, partes
Restituat, quales Zeuxis tractaverat olim,
Hujus quando maga velut arte aquavit Apellem
Pictorum archigraphum, meruitque coloribus altam
Nominis æterni famam, toto orbe sonantem.
Alas! how lost those magic mixtures all!
No hues of his now animate the wall;
How then shall modern Art those hues apply,
How give Design its finish'd dignity?
Return fair Coloring! all thy lures prepare,
Each safe deception, every honest snare,
Which brings new lovers to thy sifter's train,
Skilful at once to charm, and to retain;
Come faithful Siren! chaff seducer! say,
What laws control thee, and what powers obey.

Know first that Light displays and shade destroys
Refulgent Nature's variegated dyes.

Thus bodies near the light distinctly shine
With rays direct, and as it fades decline.

Hæc quidem ut in tabulis fallax, fed gratæ venustas,
Et complementum graphidos, mirabile visu,
Pulchra vocabatur, sed subdola, lena fororis:
Non tamen hoc lenocinium, fucusque, dolusque
Dedecori suit unquam; illi sed semper honoris,
Laudibus & meritis; hanc ergo noße juvabit.

Lux varium, vivumque dabit, nullum umbra, colorem.
Quo magis adversum est corpus, lucique propinquum,
Clarius est lumen; nam debilitatur eundo.
Thus to the eye oppos'd with stronger light
They meet its orb, for distance dims the sight. 370

Learn hence to paint the parts that meet the view
In spheric forms, of bright, and equal hue;
While from the light receding or the Eye
The sinking outlines take a fainter dye.
Lost and confus'd progressively they fade, 375
Not fall precipitate from light to shade.
This Nature dictates, and this Taste pursues,
Studious in gradual gloom her lights to lose,
The various whole with soft'ning tints to fill
As if one single head employ'd her skill. 380
Thus if bold Fancy plan some proud design,
Where many various groups divide or join,

Quo magis est corpus directum, oculisque propinquum,
Conspicitur melius; nam visus hebecit eundo. 271

Ergo in corporibus, quæ visæ adversæ, rotundis,
Integra sunt, extrema abscedant perdita signis.
Confusis, non præcipiti labentur in umbram
Clara gradu, nec adumbrata in clara alta repente 275
Prorumpant; sed erit sensim hinc atque inde meatus
Lucis & umbrarum; capitisque unius ad instar,
Totum opus, ex multis quamquam sit partibus, unus
(Tho' sure from more than three confusion springs)
One globe of light and shade o'er all the flings;
Yet skill'd the separate masses to dispose,
Where'er, in front, the fuller radiance glows,
Behind, a calm reposeing gloom she spreads,
Relieving shades with light, and light with shades.
And as the centre of some convex glass
Draws to a point the congregated masses
Of dazzling rays, that, more than nature bright,
Reflect each image in an orb of light,
While from that point the scatter'd beams retire,
Sink to the verge and there in shade expire;

Luminis umbrarumque globus tantummodo fiet,
Sive duas, vel tres ad summum, ubi grandius effet
Divisum pegma in partes statione remotas.
Sintque ita discreti inter se, ratione colorum,
Luminis, umbrarumque, antorsum ut corpora clara
Obscura umbrarum requies spectanda relinquat;
Claroque exiliant umbrata atque aspera campo.

Ac veluti in speculis convexis, eminet ante
Asperior reipsâ vigor, & vis aucta colorum
Partibus adversis; magis & fuga rupta retrorsum
Illorum est (ut visa minus vergentibus oris)
So strongly near, so softly distant throw 395
On all thy rounded groups the circling glow.

As is the Sculptor’s such the Painter’s aim,
Their labor different, but their end the same;
What from the marble the rude chisel breaks
The softer pencil from the canvas takes, 400
And, skil’d remoter distances to keep,
Surrounds the outline pale in shadows deep:
While on the front the sparkling lustre plays,
And meets the eye in full meridian blaze.

True Coloring thus in plastic power excels, 405
Fair to the visual point her forms she swells,

Corporibus dabimus formas hoc more rotundas. 299

Mente modoque igitur plastes, & pictor, eodem
Dispositum tractabit opus; quae sculptor in orbem
Atterit, hæc rupto procul abscedente colore
Assequitur pictor, fugientiaque illa retrorsum
Jam signata minus confusa coloribus auferit: 295
Anteriora quidem directè adversa, colore
Integra vivaci, summus cum lumine & umbra
Antrorsum distincta refert, velut aspera visu;
Sicque super planum inducit leucoma colores,
And lifts them from their flat aëral ground
Warm as the life, and as the statue round.

In silver clouds in æther's blue domain,
Or the clear mirror of the watry plain
If chance some solid substance claim a place,
Firm and opaque amid the lucid space,
Rough let it swell and boldly meet the sight,
Mark'd with peculiar strength of shade and light;
There blend each earthy tint of heaviest sort,
At once to give consistence and support,
While the bright wave, soft cloud, or azure sky,
Light and pellucid from that substance fly.

Hos velut ex ipsâ naturâ immotus eodem
Intuitu circum statuas dare inde rotundas.

Dença figurarum solidis quæ corpora formis
Subdita sunt tæctu, non tranfluent, sed opaca
In tranflucenti spatio ut super aëra, nubes,
Limpida stagna undarum, & inania cætera debent
Asperiora illis prope circumstantibus esse;
Ut distincta magis fermo cum lumine & umbra,
Et gravioribus ut sustenta coloribus, inter
Aëriæ species subsistantem temper opaca:
Sed contra, procul abscendant per lucida, denxis
Corporibus leviora; uti nubes, aër, & undæ.
Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine
With rival radiance in the same design;
But yield to one alone the power to blaze
And spread th' extensive vigor of its rays,
There where the noblest figures are display'd;
Thence gild the distant parts and lessening fade:
As fade the beams which Phœbus from the East
Flings vivid forth to light the distant West,
Gradual those vivid beams forget to shine,
So gradual let thy pictur'd lights decline.

Non poterunt diversa locis duo lumina eadem
In tabula paria admitti, aut æqualia pingi:
Majus at in medium lumen cadet utque tabellam
Latius infusum, primis qua summa figuris
Res agitur, circumque oras minuetur eundo:
Utque in progressu jubar attenuatur ab ortu
Solis, ad occasum paulatim, & cessat eundo;
Sic tabulis lumen, tota in compage colorum,
Primo à fonte, minus sensim declinat eundo.
The sculptur'd forms which some proud Circus grace,
In Parian Marble or Corinthian Brass, 430;
Illumin'd thus, give to the gazing eye,
Th' expressive head in radiant Majesty,
While to each lower limb the fainter ray
Lends only light to mark, but not display:
So let thy pencil fling its beams around,
Nor e'er with darker shades their force confound,
For shades too dark disflever'd shapes will give,
And sink the parts their softness would relieve;
Then only well reliev'd, when like a veil
Round the full lights the wandering shadows steal;
Then only justly spread, when to the sight
A breadth of shade pursues a breadth of light.

Majus ut in statuis, per compita stantibus urbis,
Lumen habent partes supera, minus inferiores;
Idem erit in tabulis; majorque nec umbra, vel ater
Membra figurarum intrabit color, atque fecabit:
Corpora sed circums umbra cavis latabit oberrans;
Atque ita quaeretur lux opportuna figuris,
Ut late insulum lumen lata umbra sequatur.
This charm to give, great Titian wisely made
The cluster’d grapes his rule of light and shade.

White, when it shines with unstained luster clear,
May bear an object back or bring it near,
Aided by black it to the front aspires,
That aid withdrawn it distantly retires;
But Black unmixed, of darkest midnight hue,
Still calls each object nearer to the view.

Whate’er we spy thro’ color’d light or air,
A stain congenial on their surface bear,
While neighbor’ring forms by joint reflection give,
And mutual take the dyes that they receive.

Unde, nec immittero, fertur Titianus ubique
Lucis & umbrarum normam appellatis racemum.

Purum album esse potest propiusque magisque remotum:
Cum nigro ante venit propius; fugit absque, remotum; 331
Purum autem nigro antrofum venit usque propinquum.

Lux fusca sua tingit miscetque colore
Corpora, sicque suo, per quem lux funditur, æter.

Corpora juncta simul, circumfusosque colores
Excipiunt, propriumque aliis radiose reflectunt.
But where on both alike one equal light
Diffusive spreads, the blending tints unite.
For breaking Colors thus (the antient phrase
By Artists us’d) fair Venice claims our praise;
She, cautious to transgress so sage a rule,
Confin’d to sobereft tints her learned school,
For tho’ she lov’d by varied mode to join
Tumultuous crowds in one immense design,
Yet there we ne’er condemn such hostile hues
As cut the parts or glaringly confufe;
In tinsel trim no foppish form is dreft,
Still flows in graceful unity the vest,

Pluribus in solidis liquidi sub luce propinquis,
Participes, mixtosque simul decet esse colores.
Hanc normam Veneti pictores ritè sequiti,
(Quæ fuit antiquis corruptio dìcta colorum)
Cūm plures opere in magno posuerë figuræs,
Nè conjuncta simul variorum inimica colorum
Congeries formam implicitam, & concisa minutis
Membra daret pannis, totam unamquamque figuram
Asini, aut uno tantùm vestire colore,
And o'er that vest a kindred mantle spreads,
Unvaried but by power of lights and shades,
Which mildly mixing, ev'ry social dye
Unites the whole in loveliest harmony.

When small the space, or pure the ambient air,
Each form is seen in bright precision clear;
But if thick clouds that purity deface,
If far extend that intervening space,
There all confus'd the objects faintly rise,
As if prepar'd to vanish from our eyes.

Give then each foremost part a touch so bright,
That, o'er the rest, its domineering light

Sunt soliti; variando tonis tunicamque, togamque,
Carbaseosque sinus, vel amicum in lumine & umbra
Contiguis circum rebus sociando colorem.

Qua minus est spaciæ ærei, aut qua purior ær,
Cuncta magis distincta patent, speciesque reseruant:
Quâque magis densus nebulis, aut plurimus ær
Amplum inter fuerit spatium porrectus, in auras
Confundet rerum species, & perdet inanes.

Anteriora magis semper finita, remotis
Incertis dominentur & abscedentibus, idque
May much prevail; yet relative in all
Let greater parts advance before the small. 480

Minuter forms, when distantly we trace,
Are mingled all in one compacted mass;
Such the light leaves that clothe remoter woods,
And such the waves on wide extended floods.

Let each contiguous part be firm allied, 485
Nor labour less the separate to divide;
Yet so divide that to th' approving eye
They both at small and pleasing distance lie.

Forbid two hostile Colours close to meet,
And win with middle tints their union sweet, 490

More relativō, ut majora minoribus extent.

Cuncta minūta procūl massam densantur in unam;
Ut folia arboribus sylvarum, & in æquore fuctus.

Contigua inter se coëant, sed diffīta dīsent,
Dīstabuntque tamen grato, & discriminē parvo.

Extrema extremīs contraria jungere noli;
Sed medio sint usque gradu sociata coloris.
Yet varying all thy tones, let some aspire
Fiercely in front, some tenderly retire.

Vain is the hope by coloring to display
The bright effulgence of the noontide ray,
Or paint the full-orb'd Ruler of the skies
With pencils dipt in dull terrestrial dyes;
But when mild Evening sheds her golden light;
When Morn appears array'd in modest white;
When soft suffusion of the vernal shower
Dims the pale sun; or, at the thund'ring hour,
When, wrapt in crimson clouds, he hides his head,
Then catch the glow and on the canvas spread.

Corporum erit Tonus atque color variatus ubique;
Quærat amicitiam retro; ferus emicet ante.

Supremum in tabulis lumen captare diei,
Infanus labor artificum; cùm attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant; auream fed vesperæ lucem,
Seu modicum mane albentem; sive ætheris actam
Post hyemem nimbis transfuso sole caduca;
Seu nebulis sultam accipient, tonitruque rubentem.
XLIV.

Of certain Things relating to the practical Part.

Bodies of polish'd or transparent tone,
Of metal, chrystal, iv'ry, wood, or stone;
And all whose rough unequal parts are rear'd, 505
The shaggy fleece, thick fur, or bristly beard;
The liquid too; the sadly melting eye,
The well-comb'd locks that wave with glossy dye;
Plumage and silks; a floating form that take,
Fair Nature's mirror the extended lake,
With what immers'd thro' its calm medium shines.
By reflex light, or to its surface joins:
These first with thin and even shades portray;
Then, on their flatness, strike th'enlivening ray,
Bright and distinct, and last with strict review, 515
Restore to every form its outline true.

Lævia que lucent, veluti crystalla, metalla,
Ligna, osîa, & lapides; villofa, ut vellera, pelles,
Barbae, aqueque oculi, crines, holoferica, plumaer;
Et liquida, ut stagnans aqua, reflexaque sub undis
Corporeæ species, & aquis contermina cuncta,
Subter ad extremum liquide sint picta, superque
Luminibus percussa suis, signifque reposti.
By mellowing skill thy Ground at distance cast,
Free as the Air, and transient as its blast;
There all thy liquid Colors sweetly blend,
There all the treasures of thy Palette spend,
And ev'ry form retiring to that ground
Of hue congenial to itself compound.

The hand that colors well, must color bright;
Hope not that praise to gain by flickly white;
But amply heap in front each splendid dye,
Then thin and light withdraw them from the eye,
Mix'd with that simple unity of shade,
As all were from one single palette spread.

Area, vel campus tabulæ vagus esto, levifque
Abscedat latus, liquidèque bene unctus amicis
Tota ex mole coloribus, unà five patellâ;     380
Quæque cadunt retro in campum, confinia campo.
  Vividus esto color, nimio non pallidus albo;
Adversisique locis ingegitus plurimus, ardens:
Sed levitèr parceque datus vergentibus oris.
  Cuncta labore simul coëcant, velut umbrâ in eàdem. 385
Tota siet tabula ex unà depictâ patellâ.
Much will the Mirror teach, or Evening gray,
When o'er some ample space her twilight ray
Obscurely gleams; hence Art shall best perceive
On distant parts what fainter hues to give.
Whate'er the Form which our first glance com-
mands,
Whether in front or in profile he stands,
Whether he rule the group, or singly reign,
Or shine at distance on some ample plain,
On that high-finish'd Form let Paint bestow
Her midnight shadow, her meridian glow.
The Portrait claims from imitative art
Resemblance close in each minutest part,
And this to give, the ready hand and eye
With playful skill the kindred features ply;

Multa ex naturâ speculum præclara docebit;
Quæque procul sere spatiis spectantur in amplis.

Dimidia effigies, quæ sola, vel integra plures
Ante alias posita ad lucem, stat proxima vīsu,
Et latis spectanda locis, oculisque remota,
Luminis umbrarumque gradu sit piëta supremo.

Partibus in minimis imitatio justa juvat
Effigiem, alternas referendo tempore eodem
From part to part alternately convey:
The harmonizing gloom, the darting ray
With tones so just, in such gradation thrown, 545
Adopting Nature owns the work her own.

Say, is the piece thy Hand prepares to trace
Ordain'd for nearer sight, or narrow space?
Paint it of soft and amicable hue:
But, if predestin'd to remoter view,
Thy strong unequal varied colors blend;
And ample space to ample figures lend.
Where to broad lights the circumambient shade
In liquid play by labor just is laid;

Confimiles partes, cum luminis atque coloris
Compositis, justisque tonis; tunc parta labore
Si facili & vegeto micat ardens, viva videtur.

Visa loco angusto tenerè pingantur, amico
Juncta colore, graduque; procul quæ picta, feroci
Sint & inæquali variata colore, tonoque.

Grandia signa volunt spatia ampla, ferosque colores.

Lumina lata, unctas simul undique copulet umbras.
Alike with liveliest touch the Forms portray, 555
Where the dim window half excludes the day;
But, when expos'd in fuller light or air,
A brown and sober cast the group may bear.

Fly ev'ry Foe to elegance and grace,
Each yawning hollow, each divided space; 560
Whate'er is trite, minute, abrupt, or dry,
Where light meets shade in flat equality;
Each theme fantastic, filthy, vile, or vain,
That gives the Soul disgust, or senses pain;
Monsters of barbarous birth, Chimæras drear, 565
That pall with ugliness, or awe with fear,

Extremus labor. In tabulas demissa fenestris
Si fuerit lux parva, color clarissimus est:
Vividus at contra, obscurusque, in lumine aperto. 405

Quæ vacuis divisa cavis, vitare memento;
Trita, minuta, simul quæ non stipata dehiscent,
Barbara, cruda oculis, rugis fucata colorum;
Luminis umbrarumque tonis æqualia cuncta;
Foeda, cruenta, cruces, obscena, ingrata, chimeras, 410
Sordidaque & misera, & vel acuta, vel aspera tactu;
Quæque dabunt formas, temerè congesta, ruinam,
And all that chaos of sharp broken parts,
Where reigns Confusion, or whence Discord starts.

Yet hear me, Youths! while zealous ye forsake
Detected faults, this friendly caution take,
Shun all excess; and with true Wisdom deem,
That Vice alike resides in each extreme.

Know, if supreme Perfection be your aim,
If classic Praise your pencils hope to claim,
Your noble outlines must be chaste, yet free,
Connected all with studied Harmony;
Few in their parts, yet those distinct and great;
Your Coloring boldly strong, yet softly sweet.

Implicitas aliis confundent mixtaque partes.

Dumque fugis vitiosa, cave in contraria labi
Damna mali; vitium extremis nam semper inharet.

Pulchra gradu summo, graphidos stabilita vetusta
Nobilibus signis, sunt grandia, diffita, pura,

Tetia, velut minime confusa, labore ligata,
Partibus ex magnis paucisque efficta, colorum
Corporibus distincta seris, sed semper amicis.

LVII.
The idea of a beautiful Picture.
LVIII.
Advice to a young Painter

Know he that well begins has half achiev'd
His destin'd work. Yet late shall be retriev'd.
That time mispent, that labour worse than lost,
The young disciple, to his dearest cost,
Gives to a dull preceptor's tame designs.
His tawdry colors, his erroneous lines
Will to the soul that poison rank convey,
Which life's best length shall fail to purge away.

Yet let not your untutor'd childhood strive
Of Nature's living charms the sketch to give,
Till skill'd her separate features to design.
You know each muscle's site, and how they join.

Qui bene cæpit, uti facti jam fertur habere
Dimidium; Picturam ita nil sub limine primo
Ingrediens, puer offendit damnosius arti,
Quàm varia errorum genera, ignorantem magistro,
Ex pravis libare TYPIS, mentemque veneno
Inficere, in toto quod non abstergitur ævo.

Nec graphidos rudis artis adhuc citò qualiacunque
Corpora viva super studium meditabitur, ante
Illorum quàm symmetrium, intornodia, formam
These while beneath some Master's eye you trace,
Vers'd in the lore of symmetry and grace,
Boldly proceed, his precepts shall impart
Each sweet deception of the pleasing art;
Still more than precept shall his practice teach, 595
And add what self-reflection ne'er can reach.

Oft when alone the studious hour employ
On what may aid your art, and what destroy:
Diversity of parts is sure to please,
If all the various parts unite with ease;
As surely charms that voluntary style,
Which careless plays and seems to mock at toil:
For labor'd lines with cold exactness tire,
'Tis Freedom only gives the force and fire

Noverit, inspectis, docto evolvente magistro,
Archetypis, dulcesque dolos praesenserit artis.
Plusque manu ante oculos quam voce docebitur usus.
Quaere artem quæcunque juvant; fuge quæque repugnant.
Corpora diversæ naturæ juncta placebunt;
Sic ea quæ facili contempta labore videntur:
Æthereus quippe ignis ineæt & spiritus illis;

LIX. Ars mult be subservient to the Painter.

LX. Diversity and Facility are pleasing.

LIX. Ars debet servire Pictori, non Pictor Arti.

LX. Oculos recreant diversitas et Operis facilitas, que Spectatim Ars dictur.
Ethereal, she, with Alchymy divine,
Brightens each touch, ennobles ev'ry line;
Yet Pains and Practice only can bestow
This facile power of hand, whose liberal flow
With grateful fraud its own exertions veils:
He best employs his Art who best conceals.

This to obtain, let Taste with Judgment join'd
The future whole infix upon thy mind,
Be there each line in truth ideal drawn,
Or e'er a colour on the canvas dawn;
Then as the work proceeds, that work submit
To sight instinctive, not to doubting wit;

The eye each obvious error swift descryes,
Hold then the compass only in the eyes.

Mente diu versata, manu celeranda repenti.
Arsque laborque operis grata sic fraude latebit:
Maxima deinde erit ars, nihil artis inesse videri.

Nec prius inducas tabulæ pigmenta colorum,
Expensi quâm signa typi stabilita nitecant,
Et menti præsens operis sit pegma futuri.

Prævaleat sensus rationi, quæ officit arti
Conspicuae; inque oculis tantummodo circinus esto.
Give to the dictates of the Learn'd respect,
Nor proudly untaught sentiments reject,
Severe to self alone; for self is blind,
And deems each merit in its offspring join'd:
Such fond delusion time can best remove,
Concealing for a while the child we love;
By absence then the Eye impartial grown.
Will, tho' no friend assift, each error own;
But these subdued, let thy determin'd mind
Veer not with ev'ry critic's veering wind,
Or e'er submit thy Genius to the rules
Of prating fops, or self-important fools;

Utere doctorum monitis, nec sperne superbus
Discere, quae de te fuerit sententia vulgi:
Est cæcus nam quisque suis in rebus, & expers
Judicii, prolemque suam miratur amatque.
Aft ubi consilium deberit sapientis amici,
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermissa labori.
Non facilis tamen ad nutus, & inania vulgi
Dicta, levis mutabis opus, geniumque relinques:

G 2
Enough if from the learn'd applause be won:
Who doat on random praises, merit none.

By Nature's sympathetic Power, we see,
As is the Parent, such the Progeny:
Ev'n Artists, bound by her instinctive law,
In all their works their own resemblance draw:
Learn then "to know thyself," that precept sage:
Shall best allay luxuriant Fancy's rage,
Shall point how far indulgent Genius deigns
To aid her flight, and to what point restrains.

But as the blushing Fruits, the breathing Flowers,
Adorning Flora's and Pomona's bowers,
When forcing fires command their buds to swell,
Refuse their dulcet taste, their balmy smell;

Nam qui parte sua sperat bene posse mereri
Multivaga de plebe, nocet sibi, nec placet uli.

Cumque opere in proprio soleat se pingere pictor
(Prolem adeo sibi ferre parem natura suevit)
Proderit imprimis pictori γραφεῖν σεισμόν,
Ut data quæ genio colat, abstineatque negatis.
Fructibus utque suus nunquam est sapor, atque venusias.
Floribus, insueto in fundo, præcoce sub anni
Tempore, quos cultus violentus & ignis adegit:
So Labor’s vain extortion ne’er achieves
That grace supreme which willing Genius gives.
Thus tho’ to pains and practice much we owe,
‘Tho’ thence each line obtains its easy flow;
Yet let those pains, that practice ne’er be join’d,
To blunt the native vigor of the mind.
When shines the Morn, when in recruited course
The spirits flow, devote their active force:
To every nicer part of thy design.
But pass no idle day without a line:
And wandering oft the crowded streets along,
The native gestures of the passing throng:
Attentive mark, for many a casual grace;
Th’ expressive lines of each impassion’d face.

Vera super meditando, manus labor improbus adhis;
Nec tamen obtundat genium, mentisque vigorem.
Optima nostrorum pars matutina dierum,
Difficili hanc igitur potiorem impende labori.
Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta superfit:
Perque vias, vultus hominum, motusque notabis
Libertate sua proprios, positisque figuras.
That bears its joys or sorrows undisguis'd,
May by observant Taste be there surpriz'd.
Thus, true to Art, and zealous to excel
Ponder on Nature's powers, and weigh them well;
Explore thro' earth and heaven, thro' sea and skies,
The accidental graces as they rise;
And while each present form the Fancy warms,
Swift on thy tablets fix its fleeting charms.

To Temperance all our liveliest Powers we owe,
She bids the Judgment wake, the Fancy flow;
For her the Artist shuns the fuming feast,
The Midnight roar, the Bacchanalian guest,
And seeks those softer opiates of the soul,
The social circle, the diluted bowl;

Ex se se faciles, ut inobservatus, habebis.
Mox quodcumque mari, terris, & in aëre pulchrum
Contigerit, chartis propera mandare paratis,
Dum præsens animo species tibi fervet hianti.
Non epulis nimis indulget Pictura, meroque
Parcit: Amicorum nisi cum sermone benigno
Exhaustam reparet mentem recreata; sed inde
Crown'd with the Freedom of a single life,
He flies domestic din, litigious strife;
Abhors the noisy haunts of bustling trade,
And steals serene to solitude and shade;
There calmly seated in his village bower,
He gives to noblest themes the studious hour,
While Genius, Practice, Contemplation join
To warm his soul with energy divine:
For paltry gold let pining Misers sigh,
His soul invokes a nobler Deity;
Smit with the glorious Avarice of Fame,
He claims no less than an immortal name:

Litibus, & curis, in caelibe libera vita,
Secelius procul à turba, strepituque remotos,
Villarum, rurisque beata silentia querit:
Namque recollecto, totâ incumbente Minervâ,
Ingenio, rerum species præsentior extat;
Commodiusque operis compagem amplectitur omnem.
Infami tibi non potior sit avara peculi
Cura, aurique fames, modicâ quam forte beato,
Nominis æterni, & laudis pruritus habenda,
Condignæ pulchrorum operum mercedis in ævum.
Hence on his Fancy just Conception shines,
True Judgment guides his hand, true Taste refines;
Hence ceaseless toil, devotion to his art,
A docile temper, and a generous heart;
Docile, his sage Preceptor to obey,
Generous, his aid with gratitude to pay,
Blest with the bloom of youth, the nerves of health,
And competence a better boon than wealth.

Great Blessings these! yet will not these empower
His Tints to charm at every labouring hour:
All have their brilliant moments, when alone
They paint as if some star propitious shone.
Yet then, ev'n then, the hand but ill conveys
The bolder grace that in the Fancy plays:

Judicium, docile ingenium, cor nobile, sensus
Sublimes, firmum corpus, florænsque juventa,
Commenda res, labor, artis amor, doctusque magister; 490
Etquamcumque voleas occasio porrigat annam,
Ni genius quidam adduerit, sydusque benignum,
Dotibus his tantis, nec adhuc ars tanta paratur.
Dissat ab ingenio longe manus. Optima doctis
Hence, candid Critics, this sad Truth confess,
Accept what least is bad, and deem it best; 700
Lament the soul in Error's thraldom held,
Compare Life's span with Art's extensive field,
Know that, ere perfect Taste matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that Taste be join'd,
Comes age, comes sickness, comes contracting pain,
And chills the warmth of youth in every vein.

Rise then, ye youths! while yet that warmth inspires,
While yet nor years impair, nor labour tires,
While health, while strength are yours, while that mild ray,
Which shone auspicious on your natal day, 710

Censentur, quae prava minus; latet omnibus error; 495
Vitaque tam longæ brevior non sufficit arti.
Definimus nam posse senes, cum sceire periti
Incipimus, doctamque manum gravat ægra senectus;
Nec gelidis fervet juvenilis in artubus ardor.

Quare agite, O juvenes, placido quos sydere natos 500
Paciferae studia allegrant tranquilla Minervæ;
Conducts you to Minerva's peaceful Quire,
Sons of her choice, and sharers of her fire,
Rise at the call of Art: expand your breast,
Capacious to receive the mighty guest,
While, free from prejudice, your active eye:
Preserves its first unfulfilled purity;
While new to Beauty's charms, your eager soul
Drinks copious draughts of the delicious whole,
And Memory on her soft, yet lasting page,
Stamps the fresh image which shall charm thro' age.

When duly taught each Geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school,

Quæque suo sovet igne, sibique optavit alumnos!
Eja agite, atque animis ingentem ingentibus artem
Exercete alacres, dum strenua corda juventus
Viribus exstimulat vegetis, patientisque laborum est;
Dum vacua errorum, nulloque imbuta sapore
Pura nitet mens, & rerum fitibunda novarum,
Præsentes haurit species, atque humida servat!

In Geometrali prius arte parumpèr adulti
Signa antiqua super Graiorum addiscite formam;
The sculptur'd reliques of her skill survey, 
Muse on by night, and imitate by day; 
No rest, no pause till, all her graces known, 725 
A happy habit makes each grace your own.

As years advance, to modern masters come, 
Gaze on their glories in majestic Rome; 
Admire the proud productions of their skill 
Which Venice, Parma, and Bologna fill; 730 
And, rightly led by our preceptive lore, 
Their style, their coloring, part by part, explore.
See Raphael there his forms celestial trace, 
Unrivall'd Sovereign of the realms of Grace.

Nec mora, nec requies, noctuque diuque labori, 
Illorum menti atque modo, vos donec agendi 
Praxis ab assiduo faciles assequerit usu. 
Mox, ubi judicium emensis adoleverit annis, 
Singula, quae celebrant primae exemplaria clasifs 515 
Romani, Veneti, Parmenses, atque Bononii, 
Partibus in cuntis pedentem, atque ordine recto, 
Ut monitum suprâ est, vos expendisse juvabit.
Hos apud invenit Raphael miracula summo 
Ducta modo, Veneresque habuit quas nemo deinceps. 520
See Angelo, with energy divine,
Seize on the summit of correct design.
Learn how, at Julio's birth, the Muses smil'd,
And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child,
How, by th' Aonian powers their smile bestow'd,
His pencil with poetic fervor glow'd; 740
When faintly verse Apollo's charms convey'd,
He oped the shrine, and all the God display'd:
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his Battle burns,
His Heroes, happy Heirs of fav'ring fame, 745
More from his art than from their actions claim.

Quidquid erat formæ scivit Bonarota potenter.
Julius à puero musarum educatus in antris,
Aonias referavit opes, graphicâque poesi,
Quæ non visa prius, sed tantum audita poetis,
Ante oculos spectanda dedit sacraria Phœbi;
Quæque coronatis complevit bella triumphis
Heroum fortuna potens, caususque decoros,
Nobilius re ipsâ antiquâ pinxisse videtur.
Bright, beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample Lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of style, and chastity of hue. 750
Yet higher still great Titian dard't to soar,
He reach'd the loftiest heights of coloring's power;
His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow,
His shades and lights their just gradations know,
He knew those dear delusions of the art, 755
That round, relieve, inspirit ev'ry part:
Hence deem'd divine, the world his merit own'd,
With riches loaded, and with honors crown'd.

Clarior ante alios Corregius extitit, ampla
Luce superfusa, circum coëuntibus umbris, 530
Pingendique modo grandi, & tractando colore
Corpora. Amicitiamque, gradusque, dolosque colorum,
Compagemque ita disposit Titianus, ut inde
Divus sit dictus, magnis et honoribus auctus.
From all their charms combin'd, with happy toil,
Did ANNIBAL compose his wond'rous style:
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd Grace becomes his own.

If then to praise like theirs your souls aspire,
Catch from their works a portion of their fire;
Revolve their labors all, for all will teach,
Their finish'd Picture, and their slightest sketch.
Yet more than these to Meditation's eyes
Great Nature's self redundantly supplies:
Her presence, best of Models! is the source
Whence Genius draws augmented power and force;
Her precepts, best of Teachers! give the powers,
Whence Art, by practice, to perfection soars.

Fortunæque bonis: Quos sedulus Hannibal omnes
In propriam mentem, atque modum mirâ arte coëgit.

Plurimus inde labor tabulas imitando juvabit
Egregias, operumque typos; sed plura docebit
Natura ante oculos præsens; nam firmat & auget
Vim genii, ex illâque artem experientia complet.

Multa superflieo quæ commentaria dicent.
These useful rules from time and chance to save,
In Latian Strains, the studious Fresnoy gave;
On Tiber's peaceful banks the Poet lay,
What time the Pride of Bourbon urg'd his way,
Thro' hostile camps, and crimson fields of slain,
To vindicate his Race and vanquish Spain;
High on the Alps he took his warrior stand,
And thence, in ardent volley from his hand
His thunder darted; (so the Flatterer sings:
In strains best suited to the Ear of Kings)

Hæc ego, dum memoror subitura volubilis ævi
Cuncta vices, variisque olim peritura ruinis,
Pauca sophismata sum graphica immortalibus ausus
Credere pieris, Romæ meditatus: ad Alpes,
Dum super insanæ moles, inimicaque castra
Borbonidum decus & vindex Lodoicus avorum,
Fulminat ardentì dextræ, patriæque refurgens
And like Alcides, with vindictive tread,
Crush'd the Hispian Lion's gasping head.

But mark the Proteus-policy of state:
Now, while his courtly numbers I translate,
The foes are friends, in social league they dare
On Britain to "let slip the Dogs of War."
Vain efforts all, which in disgrace shall end,
If Britain, truly to herself a friend,
Thro' all her realms bids civil discord cease,
And heals her Empire's wounds by Arts of Peace.
Rouse, then, fair Freedom! fan that holy flame
From whence thy Sons their dearest blessings claim;
Still bid them feel that scorn of lawless sway,
Which Interest cannot blind, nor Power dismay:
So shall the Throne, thou gav'st the Brunswick line,
Long by that race adorn'd, thy dread Palladium shine.

THE END.

Gallicus Alcides premit Hispani ora Leonis.

FINIS.
NOTES
ON THE
ART of PAINTING.
The few Notes which the Translator has inserted, and which are marked M. are merely critical, and relate only to the Author’s Text or his own Version.
NOTES
ON THE
ART OF PAINTING.

NOTE I. VERSE 1.
Two Sister Muses, with alternate fire, &c.

M. Du Piles opens his annotations here, with much learned quotation from Tertullian, Cicero, Ovid, and Suidas, in order to shew the affinity between the two Arts. But it may perhaps be more pertinent to substitute in the place of it all a single passage, by Plutarch ascribed to Simonides, and which our Author, after having quoted Horace, has literally translated, ζωγραφίαν εἶναι θεηγόμενην τὴν Ποίησιν, poïein de σιγώσαν τὴν ζωγραφίαν. There is a Latin line somewhere to the same purpose, but I know not whether antient or modern.

Poema
Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema. M.

NOTE II. VERSE 33.
Such powers, such praises, heav'n-born pair, belong
To magic colouring, and persuasive song.

That is to say, they belong intrinsically and of right. Mr. Wills, in the preface to his version of our Poet, first detected the false translations of Du Piles and Dryden, which say, "so
much have these Divine Arts been honored;" in consequence of which the Frenchman gives us a note of four pages, enumerating the instances in which Painting and its professors have been honored by kings and great men, antient and modern. Fresnoy had not this in his idea: He says, "tantus inest divis honor artibus atque potestas," which Wills justly and literally translates,

Such powers, such honors are in arts divine. M.

**NOTE III. VERSE 51.**

*Tis Painting's first chief business to explore,
What lovelier forms in nature's boundless store,
Are best to art and antient taste allied,
For antient taste those forms has best applied.

The Poet, with great propriety, begins, by declaring what is the first chief business of Theory, and pronounces it to be a knowledge of what is beautiful in nature:

That form alone, where glows peculiar grace,

The genuine Painter condescends to trace. ver. 9.

There is an absolute necessity for the Painter to generalize his notions; to paint particulars is not to paint nature, it is only to paint circumstances. When the Artist has conceived in his imagination the image of perfect beauty, or the abstract idea of forms, he may be said to be admitted into the great Council of Nature, and to

"Trace Beauty's beam to its eternal spring,

"And pure to man the fire celestial bring." ver. 19.

To facilitate the acquisition of this ideal beauty, the Artist is recommended to a studious examination of antient Sculpture.

R.
NOTE IV. VERSE 55.

Till this be learned, how all things disagree,
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!

The mind is distracted with the variety of accidents, for so they ought to be called rather than forms; and the disagreement of those among themselves will be a perpetual source of confusion and meanness, until, by generalizing his ideas, he has acquired the only true criterion of judgment; then with a Master's care

Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realms he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies. ver. 76.

It is better that he should come to diversify on particulars from the large and broad idea of things, than vainly attempt to ascend from particulars to this great general idea; for to generalize from the endless and vicious variety of actual forms, requires a mind of wonderful capacity; it is perhaps more than any one mind can accomplish: But when the other, and, I think, better course is pursued, the Artist may avail himself of the united powers of all his predecessors. He sets out with an ample inheritance, and avails himself of the selection of ages.

NOTE V. VERSE 63.

Of all vain Fools with Coxcomb talents curst.

The sententious and Horatian line, (says a later French Editor) which, in the original, is placed to the score of the Antients, to give it greater weight, is the Author's own. I suspect, however, that he borrowed the thought from some antient prose writer, as we see he borrowed from Plutarch before at the opening of his Poem.
NOTE VI. VERSE 64.
When first the orient beams of Beauty move.
The original here is very obscure; when I had translated the passage in the clearest manner I was able, but necessarily with some periphrasis, I consulted a learned friend upon it, who was pleased to approve the version, and to elucidate the text in the following manner: "Cognita," (the things known) in line 45, refers to "Noscere quid in natura pulchrius," (the thing to be learned) in line 38; the main thing is to know what forms are most beautiful, and to know what forms have been chiefly reputed such by the Antients. In these when once known, i.e. attended to and considered, the mind of course takes a pleasure, and thus the conscious soul becomes enamoured with the object, &c. as in the Paraphrase.

NOTE VII. VERSE 78.
With nimble step pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along.
The power of expressing these transitory beauties is perhaps the greatest effort of our art, and which cannot be attained to till the Student has acquired a facility of drawing nature correctly in its inanimate state.

NOTE VIII. VERSE 80.
Yet some there are who indiscreetly stray,
Where purblind practice only points the way.
Practice is justly called purblind, for practice, that is tolerable in its way, is not totally blind: an imperceptible theory, which grows out of, accompanies, and directs it, is never wholly wanting to a sedulous practice; but this goes but a little way with the Painter himself, and is utterly inexplicable to others.
To become a great proficient, an Artist ought to see clearly enough to enable him to point out to others the principle on which he works, otherwise he will be confined, and what is worse, he will be uncertain. A degree of mechanical practice, odd as it may seem, must precede theory: The reason is, that if we wait till we are partly able to comprehend the theory of art, too much of life will be passed to permit us to acquire facility and power: something therefore must be done on trust, by mere imitation of given patterns before the theory of art can be felt. Thus we shall become acquainted with the necessities of the art, and the very great want of Theory, the sense of which want can alone lead us to take pains to acquire it: for what better means can we have of knowing to a certainty, and of imprinting strongly on our mind our own deficiencies, than unsuccessful attempts? This Theory will be best understood by, and in, Practice. If Practice advances too far before Theory, her guide, she is likely to lose her way, and if she keeps too far behind, to be discouraged.

R.

NOTE IX. VERSE 89.

'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.

As Fresnoy has condescended to give advice of a prudential kind, let me be permitted here to recommend to Artists to talk as little as possible of their own works, much less to praise them; and this not so much for the sake of avoiding the character of vanity, as for keeping clear of a real detriment; of a real productive cause which prevents his progress in his art, and dulls the edge of enterprize.

He who has the habit of insinuating his own excellence to the little circle of his friends, with whom he comes into contact, will grow languid in his exertions to fill a larger sphere of reputation: He will fall into the habit of acquiescing in
in the partial opinions of a few; he will grow restive in his own; by admiring himself, he will come to repeat himself, and then there is an end of improvement. In a Painter it is particularly dangerous to be too good a speaker, it lessens the necessary endeavours to make himself master of the language which properly belongs to his art, that of his pencil. This circle of self-applause and reflected admiration, is to him the world, which he vainly imagines he has engaged in his party, and that further enterprize becomes less necessary.

Neither is it prudent for the same reason to talk much of a work before he undertakes it, which will probably thus be prevented from being ever begun. Even shewing a picture in an unfinished state, makes the finishing afterwards irksome; the artist has already had the gratification which he ought to have kept back, and made to serve as a spur to hasten its completion.

**NOTES. VERSE 100:**

Some lofty theme let judgment first supply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majesty.

It is a matter of great judgment to know what subjects are or are not fit for painting. It is true that they ought to be such as the verses here direct, full of grace and majesty; but it is not every such subject that will answer to the Painter. The Painter’s theme is generally supplied by the Poet or Historian: But as the Painter speaks to the eye, a story in which fine feeling and curious sentiment is predominant, rather than palpable situation, gross interest, and distinct passion, is not so proper.

It should be likewise a story generally known; for the Painter, representing one point of time only, cannot inform the Spectator what preceded that event, however necessary in order to judge of the propriety and truth of the expression and character
racter of the Actor. It may be remarked that action is the principal requisite to a subject for History-painting, and that there are many subjects which, tho’ very interesting to the reader, would make no figure in representation; these are such as consist in any long series of action, the parts of which have very much dependency each on the other; they are such where any remarkable point or turn of verbal expression makes a part of the excellence of the story; or where it has its effect from allusion to circumstances not actually present: an instance occurs to me of a subject which was recommended to a Painter by a very distinguished person, but who, as it appears, was but little conversant with the art; it was what passed between James II. and the Duke of Bedford in the Council which was held just before the Revolution. This is a very striking piece of history; but it is so far from being a proper subject, that it unluckily possesses no one requisite necessary for a picture; it has a retrospect to other circumstances of history of a very complicated nature; it marks no general or intelligible action or passion; and it is necessarily deficient in that variety of heads, forms, ages, sexes, and draperies which sometimes, by good management, supply by picturesque effect the want of a real interest in a history.

R.

**NOTE XI. VERSE 106.**

*Then let the virgin canvas smooth expand,*  
*To claim the sketch and tempt the Artist’s hand.*

I wish to understand the last line as recommending to the artist to paint the sketch previously on canvas, as was the practice of Rubens.

This method of painting the sketch, instead of merely drawing it on paper, will give a facility in the management of colours, and in the handling, which the Italian Painters, not having
having this custom, wanted; by habit he will acquire equal readiness in doing two things at a time as in doing only one; a Painter, as I have said on another occasion, if possible, should paint all his studies, and consider drawing as a succedaneum when colours are not at hand. This was the practice of the Venetian Painters, and of all those who have excelled in colouring; Corregio used to say, C’havea i suoi disegni nella stremità de Pennelli. The method of Rubens was to sketch his composition in colours, with all the parts more determined than sketches generally are; from this sketch his Scholars advanced the picture as far as they were capable, after which he retouched the whole himself.

The Painter’s operation may be divided into three parts; the planning, which implies the sketch of the general composition; the transferring that design on the canvas; and the finishing, or retouching the whole. If, for dispatch, the Artist looks out for assistance, it is in the middle only he can receive it; the first and last must be the work of his own hand.

NOTE XII. VERSE 108.

Then bold Invention all thy powers diffuse,
Of all thy Sist’rs thou the noblest Muse.

The Invention of a Painter consists not in inventing the subject, but in a capacity of forming in his imagination the subject in a manner best accommodated to his art, tho’ wholly borrowed from Poets, Historians, or popular tradition: For this purpose he has full as much to do, and perhaps more, than if the very story was invented; for he is bound to follow the ideas which he has received, and to translate them (if I may use the expression) into another art. In this translation the Painter’s Invention lies; he must in a manner new-cast the whole, and model it in his own imagination: To make it a Painter’s
NOTES.

Painter's nourishment it must pass through a Painter's mind. Having received an idea of the pathetic and grand in Intellect, he has next to consider how to make it correspond with what is touching and awful to the Eye, which is a business by itself. But here begins what in the language of Painters is called Invention, which includes not only the composition, or the putting the whole together, and the disposition of every individual part, but likewise the management of the back-ground, the effect of light and shadow, and the attitude of every figure or animal that is introduced or makes a part of the work.

Composition, which is the principal part of the Invention of a Painter, is by far the greatest difficulty he has to encounter, every man that can paint at all, can execute individual parts; but to keep those parts in due subordination as relative to a whole, requires a comprehensive view of his art that more strongly implies genius than, perhaps, any other quality whatever.

R.

NOTE XIII. VERSE 118.

Vivid and faithful to the historic page,
Express the customs, manners, forms, and age.

Though the Painter borrows his subject, he considers his art as not subservient to any other, his business is something more than affixing the Historian with explanatory figures; as soon as he takes it into his hands, he adds, retrenches, transposes, and moulds it anew, till it is made fit for his own art; he avails himself of the privileges allowed to Poets and Painters, and dares every thing to accomplish his end by means correspondent to that end, to impress the Spectator with the same interest at the sight of his representation, as the Poet has contrived to do the Reader by his description; the end is the same, though the means are and must be different. Ideas intended to be conveyed to the mind by one sense, cannot always,
always, with equal success, be conveyed by another, our author has recommended it to us elsewhere to be attentive.

"On what may aid our art, and what destroy. ver. 598.

Even the Historian takes great liberties with facts, in order to interest his readers, and make his narration more delightful; much greater right has the Painter to do this, who (tho' his work is called History-Painting) gives in reality a poetical representation of events.

R.

NOTE XIV. VERSE 120.

Nor paint conspicuous on the foremost plain
What'er is false, impertinent, or vain.

This precept, so obvious to common sense, appears superfluous, till we recollect that some of the greatest Painters have been guilty of a breach of it; for, not to mention Paul Veronese or Rubens, whose principles, as ornamental Painters, would allow great latitude in introducing animals, or whatever they might think necessary, to contrast or make the composition more picturesque, we can no longer wonder why the Poet has thought it worth setting a guard against it, when such men as Raffaelle and the Caraches, in their greatest and most serious works, have introduced on the foreground mean and frivolous circumstances.

Such improprieties, to do justice to the more modern Painters, are seldom found in their works. The only excuse that can be made for those great Artists, is their living in an age when it was the custom to mix the ludicrous with the serious, and when Poetry as well as Painting gave into this fashion.

R.
NOTE XV. VERSE 124.

This rare, this arduous task no rules can teach.

This must be meant to refer to Invention, and not to the precepts immediately preceding, which relating only to the mechanical disposition of the work, cannot be supposed to be out of the reach of the rules of art, or not to be acquired but by the assistance of supernatural power. R.

NOTE XVI. VERSE 127.

Prometheus raviß'd from the Car of Day.

After the lines in the original of this passage, there comes in one of a proverbial cast, taken from Horace*: "Non uti Dædali licet omnibus ire Corinthum." I could not introduce a version of this with any grace into the conclusion of the sentence; and indeed I do not think it connects well in the original. It certainly conveys no truth of importance, nor adds much to what went before it. I suppose, therefore, I shall be pardoned for having taken no notice of it in my translation.

Mr. Ray, in his Collection of English Proverbs, brings this of Horace as a parallel to a ridiculous English one, viz. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing-bred. It is certain, were a Proverb here introduced, it ought to be of English growth to suit an English translation; but this, alas! would not fit my purpose, and Mr. Ray gives us no other. I hold myself, therefore, excusable for leaving the line untranslated. M.

NOTE

* Horace's line runs thus, (Epistle 17, Book I. line 36.)
Non cuivis Homini contingit adire Corinthum.
NOTE XVII. VERSE 130.

'Till all compleat the gradual wonder shone,
And vanquish'd Nature own'd her self outdone.

In strict propriety, the Grecian Statues only excel Nature by bringing together such an assemblage of beautiful parts as Nature was never known to bestow on one object:

For earth-born graces sparingly impart
The symmetry supreme of perfect art. ver. 68.

It must be remembered, that the component parts of the most perfect Statue never can excel Nature; that we can form no idea of Beauty beyond her works: we can only make this rare assemblage; and it is so rare, that if we are to give the name of Monster to what is uncommon, we might, in the words of the Duke of Buckingham, call it

A faultless Monster which the world ne'er saw. R.

NOTE XVIII. VERSE 144.

Learn then from Greece, ye youths, Proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each just position draw.

Du Piles has, in his note on this passage, given the measures of a human body, as taken by Frensoy from the statues of the antients, which are here transcribed.

"The Antients have commonly allowed eight heads to their Figures, though some of them have but seven; but we ordinarily divide the figures into ten faces*; that is to say, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, in the following manner:

"From the crown of the head to the forehead is the third part of a face.
"The face begins at the root of the lowest hairs which are upon the forehead, and ends at the bottom of the chin.

* This depends on the age and quality of the persons. The Apollo and Venus of Medicis have more than ten faces.
NOTES.

"The face is divided into three proportionable parts; the first contains the forehead, the second the nose, and the third the mouth and the chin; from the chin to the pit betwixt the collar-bones are two lengths of a nose.

"From the pit betwixt the collar-bones to the bottom of the breast, one face.

"* From the bottom of the breasts to the navel, one face.

"† From the navel to the genitories, one face.

"From the genitories to the upper part of the knee, two faces.

"The knee contains half a face.

"From the lower part of the knee to the ankle, two faces.

"From the ankle to the sole of the foot, half a face.

"A man, when his arms are stretched out, is, from the longest finger of his right hand to the longest of his left, as broad as he is long.

"From one side of the breasts to the other, two faces.

"The bone of the arm, called Humerus, is the length of two faces from the shoulder to the elbow.

"From the end of the elbow to the root of the little finger, the bone called Cubitus, with part of the hand, contains two faces.

"From the box of the shoulder-blade to the pit betwixt the collar-bones, one face.

"If you would be satisfied in the measures of breadth, from the extremity of one finger to the other, so that this breadth should be equal to the length of the body, you must observe, that the boxes of the elbows with the humerus, and of

* The Apollo has a nose more.

† The Apollo has half a nose more; and the upper half of the Venus de Medici is to the lower part of the belly, and not to the privy-parts.
of the humerus with the shoulder-blade, bear the proportion of half a face when the arms are stretched out.

"The sole of the foot is the sixth part of the figure.

"The hand is the length of a face.

"The thumb contains a nose.

"The inside of the arm, from the place where the muscle disappears, which makes the breast, (called the Pectoral Muscle) to the middle of the arm, four noses.

"From the middle of the arm to the beginning of the head, five noses.

"The longest toe is a nose long.

"The two utmost parts of the teats, and the pit betwixt the collar-bones of a woman, make an equilateral triangle.

"For the breadth of the limbs, no precise measures can be given, because the measures themselves are changeable, according to the quality of the persons, and according to the movement of the muscles." Du Piles.

The measures of the antient statues, by Audran, appear to be the most useful, as they are accompanied with the outline of those figures, which are most distinguished for correctness.

R.

NOTE XIX. VERSE 150.

But chief from her that flowing outline take.

The French Editor *, who republished this Poem in the year 1753, (eighty-five years later than the first edition of Du Piles) remarks here, that Noël Coypel, (called Coypel le Pouffin) in a discourse which he published and addressed to the French Academy says, "That all which our Author has delivered concerning outlines (Contours) in this passage, does not appear to him to convey any precise or certain rules. He adds, that

that it is indeed almost a thing impossible to give them, particularly in what regards grace and elegance of outline. Anatomy and Proportion, according to him, may enable a person to design with correctness, but cannot give that noble part of the art, which ought to be attributed to the mind or understanding, according to which it is more or less delicate." I think Fresnoy has hinted the very same thing more than once; and, perhaps, like Coypel, lays too great a stress on the mental faculty, which we call Strength of Genius; but the consideration of this does not come within the province which I have allotted myself in these critical notes.

NOTE XX. VERSE 162.

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perspective can give
Those charms complete, by which your works shall live.

The translator has softened, if not changed, the text, which boldly pronounces that Perspective cannot be depended on as a certain rule. Fresnoy was not aware that he was arguing from the abuse of the Art of Perspective, the business of which is to represent objects as they appear to the eye, or as they are delineated on a transparent plane placed between the spectator and the object. The rules of Perspective, as well as all other rules, may be injudiciously applied; and it must be acknowledged that a misapplication of them is but too frequently found even in the works of the most considerable artists: It is not uncommon to see a figure on the foreground represented near twice the size of another which is supposed to be removed but a few feet behind it; this, tho' true according to rule, will appear monstrous. This error proceeds from placing the point of distance too near the point of sight, by which means the diminution of objects is so sudden, as to appear unnatural, unless you stand so near the picture
picture as the point of distance requires, which would be too near for the eye to comprehend the whole picture; whereas, if the point of distance is removed so far as the spectator may be supposed to stand in order to see commodiously, and take within his view the whole, the figures behind would then suffer under no such violent diminution. Du Piles, in his note on this passage, endeavours to confirm Fresnoy in his prejudice, by giving an instance which proves, as he imagines, the uncertainty of the art. He supposes it employed to delineate the Trajan Pillar, the figures on which, being, as he says, larger at the top than the bottom, would counteract the effects of perspective. The folly of this needs no comment. I shall only observe, by the by, that the fact is not true, the figures on that pillar being all of the same dimensions. R.

**NOTE XXI. VERSE 162.**

Yet deem not, Youths, that Perspective can give
Those charms complete, by which your works shall live.

I plead guilty to the charge in the preceding note. I have translated the passage, as if the text had been *ad Complementum Graphidos*, instead of *aut*, and consequently might have been thus construed: "Perspective cannot be said to be a sure rule or guide to the complete knowledge of Painting, but only an assistance, &c." This I did to make the position more consonant to truth, and I am pleased to find that it agrees much better with Sir John's Annotations than the original would have done. Du Piles, in the former part of his note, (which I know not for what reason Mr. Dryden omitted) says thus: "It is not in order to reject Perspective that the Author speaks thus; for he advises it elsewhere in his Poem*, as a study absolutely necessary. Nevertheless,

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* I suppose he alludes to the 509th line.

In Geometrali prius arte parumper adulti.
I own this passage is not quite clear, yet it was not my fault that the Author did not make it more intelligible; but he was so much offended with some persons who knew nothing of Painting in general, save only the part of Perspective, in which they made the whole art of it to consist, that he would never be persuaded to recal the expression, though I fully convinced him, that every thing these people said was not of the least consequence." Du Piles seems to tell this tale (so little to the credit of his friend's judgment) merely to make himself of consequence; for my own part, I can hardly be persuaded that a person who has translated a work so inaccurately as Du Piles has done this, "did it under the Author's own eye, and corrected it till the version was entirely to his own mind," which, in his preface, he afferts was the case.

NOTE XXII. VERSE 174.

Yet to each sep'rate form adapt with care,
Such limbs, such robes, such attitude and air,
As best bef it the bead ———

As it is necessary, for the sake of variety, that figures not only of different ages, but of different forms and characters be introduced in a work where many figures are required, care must be taken that those different characters have a certain consonance of parts amongst themselves, such as is generally found in nature; a fat face, for instance, is usually accompanied with a proportional degree of corpulency of body; an aquiline nose for the most part belongs to a thin countenance, with a body and limbs corresponding to it; but those are observations which must occur to every body.

Yet there are others that are not so obvious, and those who have turned their thoughts this way, may form a probable conjecture.
conjecture concerning the form of the rest of the figure from a part, from the fingers, or from a single feature of the face; for instance, those who are born crook-backed have commonly a peculiar form of lips and expression in their mouth that strongly denotes that deformity.

NOTE XXIII. VERSE 178.

Learn action from the dumb, the dumb shall teach: How happiest to supply the want of speech.

Gesture is a language we are born with, and is the most natural way of expressing ourselves: Painting may be said, therefore in this respect to have the superiority over Poetry.

Yet Fresnoy certainly means here persons either born dumb, or who are become so from accident or violence. And the translator has, therefore, rendered his meaning justly; but persons who are born dumb are commonly deaf also, and their gestures are usually extravagant and forced; and of the latter kind examples are too rare to furnish the Painter with sufficient observation. I would wish to understand the rule, as dictating to him, to observe how persons, with naturally good expressive features, are affected in their looks and actions by any sight or sentiment which they see or hear, and to copy the gestures which they then silently make use of; but he should ever take these lessons from nature only, and not imitate her at second-hand, as many French Painters do, who appear to take their ideas, not only of grace and dignity, but of emotion and passion, from their theatrical heroes, which is imitating an imitation, and often a false or exaggerated imitation.

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NOTE XXIV. VERSE 180.

Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece should meet the fight.

There can be no doubt that this figure should be laboured in proportion as it claims the attention of the spectator, but there is no necessity that it should be placed in the middle of the picture, or receive the principal light; this conduct, if always observed, would reduce the art of Composition to too great a uniformity.

It is sufficient, if the place he holds, or the attention of the other figures to him, denote him the hero of the piece.

The principal figure may be too principal. The harmony of composition requires that the inferior characters bear some proportion, according to their several stations, to the hero of the work.

This rule, as enforced by Fresnay, may be said more properly to belong to the art in its infant state, or the first precept given to young students; but the more advanced know that such an apparent artificial disposition would be in reality for that reason inartificial.

NOTE XXV. VERSE 193.

In ev'ry figur'd group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety.

The rule of contrasting figures, or groups, is not only universally known and adopted, but it is frequently carried to such excess, that our Author might, perhaps, with more propriety have fixed his caution on the other side, and recommended to the artist, not to destroy the grandeur and simplicity of his design by violent and affected contrasts.

The artless uniformity of the compositions of the old Gothic Painters is far preferable to this false refinement, this oftentimes
tatious display of academic art. A greater degree of contrast and variety may be allowed in the picturesque or ornamental style; but we must not forget they are the natural enemies of Simplicity, and consequently of the grand style, and destroy that solemn majesty, that soft repose, which is produced in a great measure by regularity and uniformity.

An instance occurs to me where those two qualities are separately exhibited by two great Painters, Rubens and Titian: the picture of Rubens is in the Church of St. Augustine at Antwerp; the subject (if that may be called a subject where no story is represented) is the Virgin and infant Christ, placed high in the picture on a pedestal, with many saints about them, and as many below them, with others on the steps, to serve as a link to unite the upper and lower part of the picture.

The composition of this picture is perfect in its kind; the Artist has shewn the greatest skill in disposing and contrasting more than twenty figures without confusion and without crowding; the whole appearing as much animated and in motion as it is possible, where nothing is to be done.

The picture of Titian, which we would oppose to this, is in the Church of the St. Frarè at Venice. The peculiar character of this piece is Grandeur and Simplicity, which proceed in a great measure from the regularity of the composition, two of the principal figures being represented kneeling, directly opposite to each other, and nearly in the same attitude, this is what few Painters would have had the courage to venture; Rubens would certainly have rejected so unpicturesque a mode of composition, had it occurred to him.

Both those pictures are equally excellent in their kind, and may be said to characterise their respective authors. There is a bustle and animation in the work of Rubens; a quiet, solemn majesty in that of Titian. The excellence of Rubens is the picturesque
picturesque effects which he produces. The superior merit of Titian is in the appearance of being above seeking after any such artificial excellence.

NOTE XXVI. Verse 218.

_We still should lose_

That solemn majesty, that soft repose,
Dear to the curious eye, and only found:
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.

It has been said to be Hannibal Caracci’s opinion, that a perfect composition ought not to consist of more than twelve figures, which he thought enough to people three groups, and that more would destroy that majesty and repose so necessary to the grand style of Painting.

NOTE XXVII. Verse 223.

Judgment will so the several groups unite,
That one compacted whole shall meet the sight.

Nothing so much breaks in upon, and destroys this compactness, as that mode of composition which cuts in the middle the figures on the foreground, tho’ it was frequently the practice of the greatest Painters, even of the best age: Michael Angelo has it in the Crucifixion of St. Peter; Raffaello in the Cartoon of the Preaching of St. Paul; and Parmegiano often shewed only the head and shoulders above the base of the picture: However, the more modern Painters, notwithstanding such authorities, cannot be accused of having fallen into this error.

But, suppose we carry the reformation still farther, and not suffer the sides of the picture to cut off any part of the figures, the composition would certainly be more round and compact within itself: All subjects, it is true, will not admit.
of this; however we may safely recommend it, unless the circumstances are very particular, and such as are certain to procure some striking effect by the breach of so just a rule.

R.

**NOTE XXVIII. VERSE 243.**

*Nor yet to Nature such strict homage pay,*
*As not to quit when Genius leads the way;*
*Nor yet, though Genius all his succour sends,*
*Her mimic pow'rs though ready Memory lends,*
*Presume from Nature wholly to depart;*
*For Nature is the Arbitress of Art.*

Nothing in the art requires more attention and judgment, or more of that power of discrimination, which may not improperly be called Genius, than the steering between general ideas and individuality; for tho' the body of the work must certainly be composed by the first, in order to communicate a character of grandeur to the whole; yet a dash of the latter is sometimes necessary to give an interest. An individual model, copied with scrupulous exactness, makes a mean style like the Dutch; and the neglect of an actual model, and the method of proceeding solely from idea, has a tendency to make the Painter degenerate into a mannerist.

It is necessary to keep the mind in repair to replace and refresh those impressions of nature which are continually wearing away.

A circumstance mentioned in the life of Guido, is well worth the attention of Artists: He was asked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, which is acknowledged superior to that of any other Painter; he said he would shew all the models he used, and ordered a common Porter to sit before him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance; this was intended by Guido as an exaggeration of his conduct; but his intention
intention was to shew that he thought it necessary to have some model of nature before you, however you deviate from it, and correct it from the idea which you have formed in your mind of perfect beauty.

In Painting it is far better to have a model even to depart from, than to have nothing fixed and certain to determine the idea: There is something then to proceed on, something to be corrected; so that even supposing no part is taken, the model has still been not without use.

Such habits of intercourse with nature, will at least create that variety which will prevent any one's prognosticating what manner of work is to be produced, on knowing the subject, which is the most disagreeable character an Artist can have.

R.

**NOTE XXIX. VERSE 265.**

*Peculiar toil on single forms bestow,*  
*There let expression lend its finish'd glow.*

When the picture consists of a single figure only, that figure must be contrasted in its limbs and drapery with great variety of lines: It is to be as much as possible a composition of itself. It may be remarked, that such a complete figure will never unite or make a part of a group; as on the other hand, no figure of a well-conducted group will stand by itself. A composition, where every figure is such as I suppose a single figure ought to be, and those likewise contrasted to each other, which is not uncommon in the works of young artists, produces such an assemblage of artifice and affectation as is in the highest degree unnatural and disgusting.

There is another circumstance which, tho' not improper in single figures, ought never to be practised in historical pictures, that of making any figure looking out of the picture, that is, looking at the person who looks at the picture. This conduct
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conduct in history gives an appearance to that figure, of having no connection with the rest, and ought, therefore, never to be practised except in ludicrous subjects.

It is not certain that the variety recommended in a single figure, can with equal success be extended to colouring; the difficulty will be in diffusing the colours of the drapery of this single figure to other distant parts of the picture, for this is what harmony requires; this difficulty, however, seems to be evaded in the works of Titian, Vandyck, and many others, by dressing their single figures in black or white.

Vandyck, in the famous portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, was confined in his dress to crimson velvet and white linen; he has, therefore, made the curtain in the back-ground of the same crimson colour, and the white is diffused by a letter which lies on the table, and a bunch of flowers is likewise introduced for the same purpose.

NOTE XXX. VERSE 275.

Not on the form in stiff adhesion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and shade.

The disposing the drapery so, as to appear to cling close round the limbs, is a kind of pedantry which young Painters are very apt to fall into, as it carries with it a relish of the learning acquired from the antient statues; but they should recollect that there is not the same necessity for this practice in painting as in sculpture.

NOTE XXXI. VERSE 297.

But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold.

Finery of all kinds destroys grandeur, which in a great measure proceeds from simplicity; it may, however, without impropriety
impropriety be introduced into the ornamental file, such as that of Rubens and Paul Veronese.

**NOTE XXXII. VERSE 308.**

That majesty, that grace so rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art but heaven.

It is undoubtedly true, and perfectly obvious, that every part of the art has a grace belonging to it, which, to satisfy and captivate the mind, must be superadded to correctness. This excellence, however expressed, whether by Genius, Taste, or the gift of Heaven, I am confident may be acquired; or the Artist may certainly be put into that train by which it shall be acquired, though he must, in a great measure, teach himself by a continual contemplation of the works of those Painters, who are acknowledged to excel in grace and majesty, which will teach him to look for it in nature, and industry will give him the power of expressing it on canvas.

**NOTE XXXIII. VERSE 315.**

The last, the noblest task remains untold,
Passion to paint and Sentiment unfold.

This is truly the noblest task, and is the finishing of the fabric of art; to attempt this summit of excellence, without having first laid that foundation of habitual correctness, may truly be said to build castles in the air.

Every part which goes to the composition of a picture, even inanimate objects, are capable to a certain degree of conveying sentiment, and contribute their share to the general purpose of striking the imagination of the spectator. The disposition of light, or the folding of drapery, will give sometimes a general air of grandeur to the whole work.
NOTE XXXIV. VERSE 325.

By tedious toil no passions are express,
His hand who feels them strongest paints them best.

A Painter, whatever he may feel, will not be able to express it on canvas, without having recourse to a recollection of those principles by which that passion is expressed; the mind thus occupied, is not likely at the same time to be possessed with the passion which he is representing, an image may be ludicrous, and in its first conception make the Painter laugh as well as the Spectator; but the difficulty of his art makes the Painter, in the course of his work, equally grave and serious, whether he is employed on the most ludicrous, or the most solemn subjects.

However, we may, without great violence, suppose this rule to mean no more, than that a sensibility is required in the Artist, so that he should be capable of conceiving the passion properly before he sets about representing it on canvas. R.

NOTE XXXV. VERSE 325.

By tedious toil no Passions are express,
His hand who feels them strongest paints them best.

"The two verses of the text, notwithstanding the air of antiquity which they appear to have, seem most probably to be the Author's own," (says the late French Editor); but I suppose, as I did on a similar adage before, that the thought is taken from antiquity. With respect to my translation, I beg leave to intimate, that by feeling the passions strongest, I do not mean that a passionate man will make the best painter of the passions, but he who has the clearest conception of them, that is, who feels their effect on the countenance of other men, as in great actors on the stage, and in persons in real life strongly agitated by them: perhaps my translation would have been
been clearer and more consonant with the above judicious ex-
plication of Sir Joshua Reynolds, if it had run thus,

He who conceives them strongest paints them best.

M.

NOTE XXXVI. VERSE 348.

Full late awoke the ceaseless tear to shed
For perish'd art.

The later French Editor, who has modernized the style of Du Piles translation, says here, that "he has taken the liberty to soften this passage, and has translated Nil supereß, by presque rien, instead of Du Piles version, Il ne nous a rien resté de leur Peinture, being authorized to make this change by the late discoveries of antient painting at Herculaneum;" but I scarce think that, by these discoveries, we have retrieved any thing of antient colouring, which is the matter here in question, therefore I have given my translation that turn. M.

NOTE XXXVII. VERSE 350.

For those celestial hues
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,
Gave to the wondering eye

From the various antient Paintings, which have come down to us, we may form a judgment with tolerable accuracy of the excellencies and the defects of the art amongst the antients.

There can be no doubt, but that the same correctness of design was required from the Painter as from the Sculptor; and if the same good fortune had happened to us in regard to their Paintings, to possess what the Antients themselves esteemed their master-pieces, which is the case in Sculpture, I have no doubt but we should find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian. What disposes me to think higher of their colouring than any re- mains
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Mains of antient Painting will warrant, is the account which Pliny gives of the mode of operation used by Apelles, that over his finished picture he spread a transparent liquid like ink, of which the effect was to give brilliancy, and at the same time to lower the too great glare of the colour: *Quod absoluta opera tramento illinbat ita tenui, ut id ipsum repercussu claritates colorum excitaret.* — *Et tum ratione magna ne colorum claritas oculorum aciem offenderet.* This passage, tho' it may possibly perplex the critics, is a true and an artist-like description of the effect of Glazing or Scumbling, such as was practised by Titian and the rest of the Venetian Painters; this custom, or mode of operation, implies at least a true taste of what the excellence of colouring consists, which does not proceed from fine colours, but true colours; from breaking down these fine colours which would appear too raw, to a deep-toned brightness. Perhaps the manner in which Corregio practised the art of Glazing was still more like that of Apelles, which was only perceptible to those who looked close to the picture, *ad manum intuenti, demum appareret;* whereas in Titian, and still more in Basian and others his imitators, it was apparent on the slightest inspection: Artists who may not approve of Glazing, must still acknowledge, that this practice is not that of ignorance.

Another circumstance, that tends to prejudice me in favour of their colouring, is the account we have of some of their principal painters using but four colours only. I am convinced the fewer the colours the cleaner will be the effect of those colours, and that four is sufficient to make every combination required. Two colours mixed together will not preserve the brightness of either of them single, nor will three be as bright as two: of this observation, simple as it is, an Artist, who wishes to colour bright, will know the value.
In regard to their power of giving peculiar expression, no correct judgment can be formed; but we cannot well suppose that men, who were capable of giving that general grandeur of character which so eminently distinguishes their works in Sculpture, were incapable of expressing peculiar passions.

As to the enthusiastic commendations bestowed on them by their contemporaries, I consider them as of no weight. The best words are always employed to praise the best works: Admiration often proceeds from ignorance of higher excellence. What they appear to have most failed in is composition, both in regard to the grouping of their figures, and the art of disposing the light and shadow in masses. It is apparent that this, which makes so considerable a part of modern art, was to them totally unknown.

If the great Painters had possessed this excellence, some portion of it would have infallibly been diffused, and have been discoverable in the works of the inferior rank of Artists, such as those whose works have come down to us, and which may be considered as on the same rank with the Paintings that ornament our public gardens: supposing our modern pictures of this rank only were preserved for the inspection of Connoisseurs two thousand years hence, the general principles of composition would be still discoverable in those pictures; however feebly executed, there would be seen an attempt to an union of the figure with its ground, some idea of disposing both the figures and the lights in groups. Now as nothing of this appears in what we have of antient Painting, we may conclude, that this part of the art was totally neglected, or more probably unknown.

They might, however, have produced single figures which approached perfection both in drawing and colouring; they might excel in a Solo, (in the language of Musicians) though they
they were probably incapable of composing a full piece for a concert of different instruments.

NOTE XXXVIII. Verse 419.

*Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine*
*With rival radiance in the same design.*

The same right judgment which proscribe two equal lights, forbids any two objects to be introduced of equal magnitude or force, so as to appear to be competitors for the attention of the spectator. This is common; but I do not think it quite so common, to extend the rule so far as it ought to be extended: even in colours, whether of the warm or cold kind, there should be one of each which should be apparently principal and predominate over the rest. It must be observed, even in drapery, that two folds of the same drapery be not of equal magnitude.

NOTE XXXIX. Verse 421.

*But yield to one alone the power to blaze,*
*And spread 'tis extensive vigor of its rays.*

Rembrandt frequently practised this rule to a degree of affectation, by allowing but one mass of light; but the Venetian Painters, and Rubens, who extracted his principles from their works, admitted many subordinate lights.

The same rules, which have been given in regard to the regulation of groups of figures, must be observed in regard to the grouping of lights, that there shall be a superiority of one over the rest, that they shall be separated, and varied in their shapes, and that there should be at least three lights; the secondary lights ought, for the sake of harmony and union, to be of nearly equal brightness, though not of equal magnitude with the principal.
The Dutch Painters particularly excelled in the management of light and shade, and have shewn, in this department, that consummate skill which entirely conceals the appearance of art.

Jan Steen, Teniers, Ostade, Du Sart, and many others of that school, may be produced as instances, and recommended to the young artist's careful study and attention.

The means by which the Painter works, and on which the effect of his picture depends, are light and shade, warm and cold colours: That there is an art in the management and disposition of those means will be easily granted, and it is equally certain, that this art is to be acquired by a careful examination of the works of those who have excelled in it.

I shall here set down the result of the observations which I have made on the works of those Artists who appear to have best understood the management of light and shade, and who may be considered as examples for imitation in this branch of the art.

Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret, were among the first Painters who reduced to a system what was before practised without any fixed principle, and consequently neglected occasionally. From the Venetian Painters Rubens extracted his scheme of composition, which was soon understood and adopted by his countrymen, and extended even to the minor Painters of familiar life in the Dutch School.

When I was at Venice the method I took to avail myself of their principles was this: When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf of my pocket-book, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject or to the drawing of the figures. A few
trials of this kind will be sufficient to give the method of their conduct in the management of their lights. After a few trials I found the paper blotted nearly alike; their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and secondary lights; another quarter to be as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half shadow.

Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less, scarce an eighth; by this conduct Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant, but it costs too much; the rest of the picture is sacrificed to this one object. That light will certainly appear the brightest which is surrounded with the greatest quantity of shade, supposing equal skill in the artist.

By this means you may likewise remark the various forms and shapes of those lights, as well as the objects on which they are flung, whether on a figure, or the sky, on a white napkin, on animals, or utensils, often introduced for this purpose only: It may be observed likewise what portion is strongly relieved, and how much is united with its ground, for it is necessary that some part (tho' a small one is sufficient) should be sharp and cutting against its ground, whether it be light on a dark, or dark on a light ground, in order to give firmness and distinctness to the work; if on the other hand it is relieved on every side, it will appear as if inlaid on its ground. Such a blotted paper, held at a distance from the eye, will strike the Spectator as something excellent for the disposition of light and shadow, though he does not distinguish whether it is a History, a Portrait, a Landscape, dead Game, or any thing else, for the same principles extend to every branch of the art.
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Whether I have given an exact account, or made a just division of the quantity of light admitted into the works of those Painters, is of no very great consequence; let every person examine and judge for himself; it will be sufficient if I have suggested the method of examining pictures this way, and one means at least of acquiring the principles on which they wrought.

NOTE XL. VERSE 441.

Then only justly spread, when to the light
A breadth of shade pursues a breadth of light.

The highest finishing is labour in vain, unless at the same time there be preserved a breadth of light and shadow; it is a quality, therefore, that is more frequently recommended to students, and insisted upon than any other whatever; and, perhaps, for this reason, because it is most apt to be neglected, the attention of the Artist being so often entirely absorbed in the detail.

To illustrate this, we may have recourse to Titian's bunch of grapes, which we will suppose placed so as to receive a broad light and shadow. Here though each individual grape on the light side has its light and shadow and reflection, yet altogether they make but one broad mass of light; the slightest sketch, therefore, where this breadth is preserved, will have a better effect, will have more the appearance of coming from a master-hand; that is, in other words, will have more the characteristic and general of nature than the most laborious finishing, where this breadth is lost or neglected.

NOTE XLI. VERSE 469.

Which mildly mixing, ev'ry social dye
Unites the whole in loveliest harmony.

The same method may be used to acquire that harmonious
effect of colours as was recommended for the acquisition of light and shade, by adding colours to the darkened paper; but as those are not always at hand, it may be sufficient, if the picture, which you think worthy of imitating, be considered in this light, to ascertain the quantity of warm and the quantity of cold colours.

The predominant colours of the picture ought to be of a warm mellow kind, red or yellow, and no more cold colour should be introduced but what will be just enough to serve as a ground or foil to set off and give value to the mellow colours, and never itself be principal; for this purpose a quarter of the picture will be sufficient; those cold colours, whether blue, grey, or green, are to be dispersed about the ground or surrounding parts of the picture, wherever it has the appearance of wanting such a foil, but sparingly employed in the masses of light.

I am confident an habitual examination of the works of those Painters, who have excelled in harmony, will, by degrees, give a correctness of eye that will revolt at discordant colours as a musician's ear revolts at discordant sounds.

NOTE XLII. VERSE 517.

By mellowing skill thy ground at distance cast
Free as the air, and transient as its blast.

By a story told of Rubens, we have his authority for asserting that to the effect of the picture, the back-ground is of the greatest consequence.

Rubens, on his being desired to take under his instruction a young painter, the person who recommended him, in order to induce Rubens the more readily to take him, said, that he was already somewhat advanced in the art, and that he would be of immediate assistance in his back-grounds. Rubens smiled
smiled at his simplicity, and told him, that if the youth was capable of painting his back-grounds he stood in no need of his instructions; that the regulation and management of them required the most comprehensive knowledge of the art. This Painters know to be no exaggerated account of a back-ground, when we consider how much the effect of the picture depends upon it.

It must be in union with the figure, so that it shall not have the appearance, as if it was inlaid like Holbein's portraits, which are often on a bright green or blue ground: To prevent this effect, the ground must partake of the colour of the figure; or, as expressed in a subsequent line, receive all the treasures of the palette; the back-ground regulates likewise where and in what part the figure is to be relieved. When the form is beautiful, it is to be seen distinctly, when, on the contrary, it is uncouth or too angular, it may be lost in the ground: Sometimes a light is introduced in order to join and extend the light on the figure, and the dark side of the figure is lost in a still darker back-ground; for the fewer the outlines are which cut-against the ground the richer will be the effect, as the contrary produces what is called the dry manner.

One of the arts of supplying the defect of a scantiness of dress by means of the back-ground, may be observed in a whole-length portrait by Vandyke, which is in the cabinet of the Duke of Montagu; the dress of this figure would have an ungraceful effect; he has, therefore, by means of a light back-ground, opposed to the light of the figure, and by the help of a curtain that catches the light near the figure, made the effect of the whole together full and rich to the eye. R.
NOTE XLIII. VERSE 523.

The hand that colours well must colour bright,
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white.

All the modes of harmony, or of producing that effect of colours which is required in a picture, may be reduced to three, two of which belong to the grand style and the other to the ornamental.

The first may be called the Roman manner where the colours are of a full and strong body, such as are found in the Transfiguration; the next is that harmony which is produced by what the Antients called the corruption of the colours, by mixing and breaking them till there is a general union in the whole, without any thing that shall bring to your remembrance the Painter's pallette, or the original colours; this may be called the Bolognian style, and it is this hue and effect of colours which Ludovico Carracci seems to have endeavoured to produce, though he did not carry it to that perfection which we have seen since his time in the small works of the Dutch school, particularly Jan Steen, where art is completely concealed, and the Painter, like a great Orator, never draws the attention from the subject on himself.

The last manner belongs properly to the ornamental style, which we call the Venetian, where it was first practised, but is perhaps better learned from Rubens; here the brightest colours possible are admitted, with the two extremes of warm and cold, and those reconciled by being dispersed over the picture, till the whole appears like a bunch of flowers.

As I have given instances from the Dutch school, where the art of breaking colour may be learned, we may recommend here an attention to the works of Watteau for excellence in this florid style of painting.
To all these different manners, there are some general rules that must never be neglected; first, that the same colour, which makes the largest mass, be diffused and appear to revive in different parts of the picture, for a single colour will make a spot or blot: Even the dispersed flesh colour, which the faces and hands make, require their principal mass, which is best produced by a naked figure; but where the subject will not allow of this, a drapery approaching to flesh-colour will answer the purpose; as in the Transfiguration, where a woman is clothed in drapery of this colour, which makes a principal to all the heads and hands of the picture; and, for the sake of harmony, the colours, however distinguished in their light, should be nearly the same in their shadows, of a simple unity of shade.

"As all were from one single palate spread."

And to give the utmost force, strength, and solidity to your work, some part of the picture should be as light and some as dark as possible; these two extremes are then to be harmonised and reconciled to each other.

Instances, where both of them are used, may be observed in two pictures of Rubens, which are equally eminent for the force and brilliancy of their effect; one is in the cabinet of the Duke of Rutland, and the other in the chapel of Rubens at Antwerp, which serves as his monument. In both these pictures he has introduced a female figure dressed in black satin, the shadows of which are as dark as pure black, opposed to the contrary extreme of brightness, can make them.

If to these different manners we add one more, that in which a silver-grey or pearly tint is predominant, I believe every kind of harmony that can be produced by colours will be comprehended. One of the greatest examples in this mode is the famous marriage at Cana, in St. George's Church at Venice,
Venice, where the sky, which makes a very considerable part of the picture, is of the lightest blue colour, and the clouds perfectly white, the rest of the picture is in the same key, wrought from this high pitch. We see likewise many pictures of Guido in this tint; and indeed those that are so, are in his best manner. Female figures, angels and children, were the subjects in which Guido more particularly succeeded; and to such, the cleanliness and neatness of this tint perfectly corresponds, and contributes not a little to that exquisite beauty and delicacy which so much distinguishes his works. To see this style in perfection, we must again have recourse to the Dutch school, particularly to the works of the younger Vandevelde, and the younger Teniers, whose pictures are valued by the connoisseurs in proportion as they possess this excellence of a silver tint. Which of these different styles ought to be preferred, so as to meet every man’s idea, would be difficult to determine, from the predilection which every man has to that mode, which is practised by the school in which he has been educated; but if any pre-eminence is to be given, it must be to that manner which stands in the highest estimation with mankind in general, and that is the Venetian, or rather the manner of Titian, which, simply considered as producing an effect of colours, will certainly eclipse, with its splendor, whatever is brought into competition with it: But, as I hinted before, if female delicacy and beauty be the principal object of the Painter’s aim, the purity and clearness of the tint of Guido will correspond better, and more contribute to produce it than even the glowing tint of Titian.

The rarity of excellence in any of these styles of colouring sufficiently shews the difficulty of succeeding in them: It may be worth the Artist’s attention, while he is in this pursuit, particularly to guard against those errors which seem to be annexed
annexed to or thinly divided from their neighbouring excellence; thus, when he is endeavouring to acquire the Roman style, without great care, he falls into a hard and dry manner. The flowery colouring is nearly allied to the gaudy effect of fan-painting. The simplicity of the Bolognian style requires the nicest hand to preserve it from insipidity. That of Titian, which may be called the Golden Manner, when unskilfully managed, becomes what the Painters call Foxy; and the silver degenerates into the leaden and heavy manner. All of them, to be perfect in their way, will not bear any union with each other; if they are not distinctly separated, the effect of the picture will be feeble and insipid, without any mark or distinguished character.

NOTE XLIV. VERSE 538.

On that high-finish'd form let paint bestow
Her midnight-shadow, her meridian glow.

It is indeed a rule adopted by many Painters to admit in no part of the back-ground, or on any object in the picture, shadows of equal strength with those which are employed on the principal figure; but this produces a false representation. With deference to our Author, to have the strong light and shadow there alone, is not to produce the best natural effect; nor is it authorised by the practice of those Painters who are most distinguished for harmony of colouring: A conduct, therefore, totally contrary to this is absolutely necessary, that the same strength, the same tone of colour, should be diffused over the whole picture.

I am no enemy to dark shadows; the general deficiency to be observed in the works of the Painters of the last age, as well as indeed of many of the present, is a feebleness of effect; they seem to be too much afraid of those midnight shadows, O which
which alone give the power of nature, and without which a picture will indeed appear like one wholly wanting solidity and strength. The lightest and gayest picture requires this foil to give it force and brilliancy.

There is another fault prevalent in the more modern Painters, which is the predominance of a grey leaden colour over the whole picture; this is more particularly to be remarked when their works hang in the same room with pictures well and powerfully coloured. These two deficiencies, the want of strength, and the want of mellowness or warmth, is often imputed to the want of materials, as if we had not such good colours as those Painters whose works we so much admire.

NOTE XLV. Verse 579.

Know he that well begins has half atchiev'd his deslin'd work

Those Masters are the best models to begin with who have the fewest faults, and who are the most regular in the conduct of their work. The first studies ought rather to be made on their performances than on the productions of the excentric Genius: Where striking beauties are mixed with great defects, the student will be in danger of mistaking blemishes for beauties, and perhaps the beauties may be such as he is not advanced enough to attempt.

NOTE XLVI. Verse 584.

his erroneous lines

Will to the soul that poison rank convey, Which life's best length shall fail to purge away.

Taste will be unavoidably regulated by what is continually before the eyes. It were therefore well if young students could be debarred the sight of any works that were not free from
from gross faults till they had well formed, and, as I may say, hardened their judgment: they might then be permitted to look about them, not only without fear of vitiating their taste, but even with advantage, and would often find great ingenuity and extraordinary invention in works which are under the influence of a bad taste.

NOTE XLVII. Verse 601.
As surely charms that voluntary stile,
Which careless plays and seems to mock at toil.
This appearance of ease and facility may be called the Grace or Genius of the mechanical or executive part of the art. There is undoubtedly something fascinating in seeing that done with careless ease, which others do with laborious difficulty: the spectator unavoidably, by a kind of natural instinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the Artist seems to be inspired.

Of all Painters Rubens appears to claim the first rank for facility both in the invention and in the execution of his work; it makes so great a part of his excellence, that take it away, and half at least of his reputation will go with it. R.

NOTE XLVIII. Verse 617.
The eye each obvious error swift descries,
Hold then the compass only in the eyes.
A Painter who relies on his compass, leans on a prop which will not support him: there are few parts of his figures but what are fore-shortened more or less, and cannot, therefore, be drawn or corrected by measures. Though he begins his studies with the compass in his hand as we learn a dead language by Grammar, yet, after a certain time, they are both flung aside, and in their place a kind of mechanical correctness of
of the eye and ear is substituted, which operates without any conscious effort of the mind.

NOTE XLIX. VERSE 620.

Give to the diSrates of the learn'd respect.

There are few spectators of a Painter's work, learned or unlearned, who, if they can be induced to speak their real sensations, would not be profitable to the Artist. The only opinions of which no use can be made, are those of half-learned connoisseurs, who have quitted Nature and have not acquired Art. That same sagacity which makes a man excel in his profession must assist him in the proper use to be made of the judgment of the learned, and the opinions of the vulgar. Of many things the vulgar are as competent judges as the most learned connoisseur; of the portrait, for instance, of an animal; or, perhaps, of the truth of the representations of some vulgar passions.

It must be expected that the untaught vulgar will carry with them the same want of right taste in the judgment they make of the effect or character in a picture as they do in life, and prefer a strutting figure and gaudy colours to the grandeur of simplicity; but if this same vulgar, or even an infant, mistook for dirt what was intended to be a shade, it may be apprehended the shadow was not the true colour of nature, with almost as much certainty as if the observation had been made by the most able connoisseur.

NOTE L. VERSE 703.

Know that ere perfect taste matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that taste be join'd.

However admirable his taste may be, he is but half a Painter who can only conceive his subject; and is without knowledge
of the mechanical part of his art; as on the other side his skil may be said to be thrown away, who has employed his colours on subjects that create no interest from their beauty, their character, or expression. One part often absorbs the whole mind to the neglect of the rest; the young students, whilst at Rome, studying the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle, are apt to lose all relish for any kind of excellence, except what is found in their works: Perhaps going afterwards to Venice they may be induced to think there are other things required, and that nothing but the most superlative excellence in design, character, and dignity of stile, can atone for a deficiency in the ornamental graces of the art. Excellence must of course be rare; and one of the causes of its rarity, is the necessity of uniting qualities which in their nature are contrary to each other; and yet no approaches can be made towards perfection without it. Every art or profession requires this union of contrary qualities, like the harmony of colouring, which is produced by an opposition of hot and cold hues. The Poet and the Painter must unite to the warmth that accompanies a poetical imagination, patience and perseverance; the one in counting syllables and toiling for a rhyme, and the other in labouring the minute parts and finishing the detail of his works, in order to produce the great effect he desires. They must both possess a comprehensive mind that takes in the whole at one view, and at the same time an accuracy of eye or mind that distinguishes between two things that, to an ordinary spectator, appear the same, whether this consists in tints or words, or the nice discrimination on which expression and elegance depends.

R.
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NOTE LI. VERSE 715.

While free from prejudice your active eye
Preserves its first unfullied purity.

Prejudice is generally used in a bad sense, to imply a pre-
dilection, not founded on reason or nature, in favour of a
particular master, or a particular manner, and therefore to be
opposed with all our force; but totally to eradicate in advanced
age what has so much assisted us in our youth, is a point to
which we cannot hope to arrive; the difficulty of conquering
this prejudice is to be considered in the number of those causes
which makes excellence so very rare.

Whoever would make a rapid progress in any art or science,
must begin by having great confidence in, and even prejudice
in favour of, his instructor; but to continue to think him
infallible, would be continuing for ever in a state of infancy.

It is impossible to draw a line when the Artist shall begin
to dare to examine and criticise the works of his Master, or
of the greatest master-pieces of art; we can only say, that it
will be gradual. In proportion as the Scholar learns to analyse
the excellence of the Masters he esteems; in proportion as he
comes exactly to distinguish in what that excellence consists,
and refer it to some precise rule and fixed standard, in that
proportion he becomes free. When he has once laid hold of
their principle, he will see when they deviate from it, or fail
to come up to it; so that it is in reality through his extreme
admiration of, and blind deference to, these Masters, (without
which he never would have employed an intense application
to discover the rule and scheme of their work) that he is
enabled, if I may use the expression, to emancipate himself,
even to get above them, and to become the judge of those of
whom he was at first the humble disciple.

R.

NOTE
When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school.

The first business of the student is to be able to give a true representation of whatever object presents itself, just as it appears to the eye, so as to amount to a deception, and the geometric rules of perspective are included in this study; this is the language of the art, which appears the more necessary to be taught early, from the natural repugnance which the mind has to such mechanical labour after it has acquired a relish for its higher departments.

The next step is to acquire a knowledge of the beauty of Form; for this purpose he is recommended to the study of the Grecian Sculpture; and for composition, colouring, and expression to the great works at Rome, Venice, Parma, and Bologna; he begins now to look for those excellencies which address themselves to the imagination, and considers deception as a scaffolding to be now thrown aside, as of no importance to this finished idea of the art.

No rest, no pause, till all her graces known,
A happy habit makes each grace your own.

To acquire this excellence, something more is required than measuring statues or copying pictures.

I am confident the works of the antient sculptors were produced, not by measuring, but in consequence of that correctness of eye which they had acquired by long habit, which served them at all times, and on all occasions, when the compass would fail: There is no reason why the eye should not be capable of acquiring equal precision and exactness with the organs of hearing or speaking. We know that an infant, who
who has learned its language by habit, will sometimes correct
the most learned grammarian who has been taught by rule
only: The idiom, which is the peculiarity of language, and
that in which its native grace is seated, can be learned by
habit alone.

To possess this perfect habit, the same conduct is necessary
in art as in language, that it should be begun early, whilst the
organs are pliable and impressions are easily taken, and that we
should accustom ourselves, whilst this habit is forming, to see
beauty only, and avoid as much as possible deformity or what
is incorrect: Whatever is got this way may be said to be pro-
perly made your own, it becomes a part of yourself, and
operates unperceived. The mind acquires by such exercise a
kind of instinctive rectitude which supercedes all rules. R.

NOTE LIV. VERSE 733.
See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace.

The pre-eminence which Fresnay has given to those three
great Painters, Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano,
sufficiently points out to us what ought to be the chief object
of our pursuit. Tho' two of them were either totally ignorant
or never practised any of those graces of the art which proceed
from the management of colours or the disposition of light
and shadow; and the other (Raffaelle) was far from being
eminently skilful in these particulars, yet they all justly deserve
that high rank in which Fresnay has placed them; Michael
Angelo, for the grandeur and sublimity of his characters, as
well as for his profound knowledge of design; Raffaelle, for
the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the
dignity, and expression of his characters; and Julio Romano,
for possessing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps,
to a higher degree than any other Painter whatever.
In heroic subjects it will not, I hope, appear too great refinement of criticism to say, that the want of naturalness or deception of the art, which give to an inferior style its whole value, is no material disadvantage: The Hours, for instance, as represented by Julio Romano, giving provender to the horses of the Sun, would not strike the imagination more forcibly from their being coloured with the pencil of Rubens, tho’ he would have represented them more naturally; but might he not possibly, by that very act, have brought them down from their celestial state to the rank of mere terrestrial animals? In these things, however, I admit there will always be a degree of uncertainty: Who knows that Julio Romano, if he had possessed the art and practice of colouring like Rubens, would not have given to it some taste of poetical grandeur not yet attained to?

The same familiar naturalness would be equally an imperfection in characters which are to be represented as demi-gods, or something above humanity.

Tho’ it would be far from an addition to the merit of those two great Painters to have made their works deceptions, yet there can be no reason why they might not, in some degree, and with a judicious caution and selection, have availed themselves of many excellencies which are found in the Venetian, Flemish, and even Dutch schools, and which have been inculcated in this Poem. There are some of them which are not in absolute contradiction to any style: The happy disposition, for instance, of light and shade; the preservation of breadth in the masses of colours; the union of these with their ground; and the harmony arising from a due mixture of hot and cold hues, with many other excellencies, not inseparably connected with that individuality which produces deception, would surely not counteract the effect of the grand style; they would only
only contribute to the ease of the spectator, by making the vehicle pleasing by which ideas are conveyed to the mind, which otherwise might be perplexed and bewildered with a confused assemblage of objects; it would add a certain degree of grace and sweetness to strength and grandeur. Tho' the excellencies of those two great Painters are of such transcendency as to make us overlook their deficiency, yet a subdued attention to these inferior excellencies must be added to complete the idea of a perfect Painter.

Deception, which is so often recommended by writers on the theory of painting, instead of advancing the art, is in reality carrying it back to its infant state: the first essays of Painting were certainly nothing but mere imitation of individual objects, and when this amounted to a deception, the artist had accomplished his purpose.

And here I must observe, that the arts of Painting and Poetry seem to have no kind of resemblance in their early stages: The first, or, at least, the second stage of Poetry in every nation is the farthest removed possible from common life: Every thing is of the marvellous kind; it treats only of heroes, wars, ghosts, enchantments, and transformations. The Poet could not expect to seize and captivate the attention, if he related only common occurrences, such as every day produced; whereas the Painter exhibited what then appeared a great effort of art, by merely giving the appearance of relief to a flat superficialities, however uninteresting in itself that object might be; but this soon satiating, the same entertainment was required from Painting which had been experienced in Poetry. The mind and imagination were to be satisfied, and required to be amused and delighted as well as the eye; and when the art proceeded to a still higher degree of excellence, it was then found that this deception not only did not assist, but even in
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a certain degree counteracted the flight of imagination; hence proceeded the Roman school, and it is from hence that Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano stand in that pre-eminent rank in which Frensoy has justly placed them.

R.

NOTE LV. VERSE 747.

Bright, beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade. ———

The excellency of Correggio's manner has justly been admired by all succeeding Painters. This manner is in direct opposition to what is called the dry and hard manner which preceded him.

His colour, and his mode of finishing, approach nearer to perfection than those of any other Painter; the gliding motion of his outline, and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground; the cleanness and transparencency of his colouring, which stop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for. Barochio, tho', upon the whole, one of his most successful imitators, yet sometimes, in endeavouring at cleanness or brilliancy of tint, overshot the mark, and falls under the criticism that was made on an antient Painter, that his figures looked as if they fed upon roses.

R.

NOTE LVI. VERSE 767.

Yet more than these to meditation's eyes,
Great Nature's self redundantly supplies.

Frensoy, with great propriety, begins and finishes his Poem with recommending the study of Nature.

This is in reality the beginning and the end of Theory: It is in Nature only we can find that Beauty which is the great
great object of our search, it can be found nowhere else; we can no more form any idea of Beauty superior to Nature than we can form an idea of a sixth sense, or any other excellence out of the limits of the human mind; we are forced to confine our conception even of heaven itself and its inhabitants to what we see in this world; even the Supreme Being, if he is represented at all, the Painter has no other way of representing than by reversing the decree of the inspired Lawgiver, and making God after his own image.

Nothing can be so unphilosophical as a supposition that we can form any idea of beauty or excellence out of or beyond Nature, which is and must be the fountain-head from whence all our ideas must be derived.

This being acknowledged, it must follow, of course, that all the rules which this theory, or any other, teaches, can be no more than teaching the art of seeing nature. The rules of Art are formed on the various works of those who have studied Nature the most successfully: by this advantage of observing the various manners in which various minds have contemplated her works, the artist enlarges his own views, and is taught to look for and see what would otherwise have escaped his observation.

It is to be remarked, that there are two modes of imitating nature; one of which refers to the sensations of the mind for its truth, and the other to the eye.

Some schools, such as the Roman and Florentine, appear to have addressed themselves principally to the mind; others solely to the eye, such as the Venetian in the instances of Paul Veronese and Tintoret: others again have endeavoured to unite both, by joining the elegance and grace of ornament with the strength and vigour of design; such are the schools of Bologna and Parma.
All those schools are equally to be considered as followers of Nature: He who produces a work, analogous to the mind or imagination of man, is as natural a Painter as he whose works are calculated to delight the eye; the works of Michael Angelo or Julio Romano, in this sense, may be said to be as natural as those of the Dutch Painters. The study, therefore, of the nature or affections of the mind is as necessary to the theory of the higher department of art, as the knowledge of what will be pleasing or offensive to the eye, is to the lower style.

What relates to the mind or imagination, such as Invention, Character, Expression, Grace, or Grandeur, certainly cannot be taught by rules; little more can be done than pointing out where they are to be found: it is a part which belongs to general education, and will operate in proportion to the cultivation of the mind of the Artist:

The greater part of the rules in this Poem are, therefore, necessarily confined to what relates to the eye; and it may be remarked, that none of those rules make any pretensions towards improving Nature, or going contrary to her work; their tendency is merely to shew what is truly Nature.

Thus, for instance, a flowing outline is recommended, because Beauty (which alone is Nature) cannot be produced without it; old age or leanness produces strict lines; corpulency round lines; but in a state of health, accompanying youth, the outlines are waving, flowing, and serpentine: Thus again, if we are told to avoid the chalk, the brick, or the leaden colour, it is because real flesh never partakes of those hues, tho’ ill-coloured pictures are always inclinable to one or other of those defects.

Rules are to be considered likewise as fences placed only where trespass is expected; and are particularly enforced in proportion.
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proportion as peculiar faults or defects are prevalent at the time, or age, in which they are delivered; for what may be proper strongly to recommend or enforce in one age, may not with equal propriety be so much laboured in another, when it may be the fashion for Artists to run into the contrary extreme, proceeding from prejudice to a manner adopted by some favourite Painter then in vogue.

When it is recommended to preserve a breadth of colour or of light, it is not intended that the Artist is to work broader than Nature; but this lesson is insisted on because we know, from experience, that the contrary is a fault which Artists are apt to be guilty of; who, when they are examining and finishing the detail, neglect or forget that breadth which is observable only when the eye takes in the effect of the whole.

Thus again, we recommend to paint soft and tender, to make a harmony and union of colouring; and, for this end, that all the shadows shall be nearly of the same colour. The reason of these precepts being at all enforced, proceeds from the disposition which Artists have to paint harder than Nature, to make the outline more cutting against the ground, and to have less harmony and union than is found in Nature, preserving the same brightness of colour in the shadows as are seen in the lights: both these false manners of representing Nature were the practice of the Painters when the art was in its infancy, and would be the practice now of every student who was left to himself, and had never been taught the art of seeing Nature.

There are other rules which may be said not so much to relate to the objects represented as to the eye; but the truth of these are as much fixed in Nature as the others, and proceed from the necessity there is that the work should be seen with ease and satisfaction; to this end are all the rules that relate to grouping and the disposition of light and shade.
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With regard to precepts about moderation, and avoiding extremes, little is to be drawn from them: The rule would be too minute that had any exactness at all: A multiplicity of exceptions would arise, so that the teacher would be for ever saying too much, and yet never enough: When a student is instructed to mark with precision every part of his figure, whether it be naked, or in drapery, he probably becomes hard; if, on the contrary, he is told to paint the most tenderly, possibly he becomes insipid. But among extremes some are more tolerable than others; of the two extremes I have just mentioned, the hard manner is the most pardonable, as it carries with it an air of learning, as if the Artist knew with precision the true form of Nature, though he had rendered it with too heavy a hand.

In every part of the human figure, when not spoiled by too great corpulency, will be found this distinctness, the parts never appearing uncertain or confused, or, as a Musician would say, flurred; and all these smaller parts which are comprehended in the larger compartment are still to be there, however tenderly marked.

To conclude. In all minute, detailed, and practical excellence, general precepts must be either deficient or unnecessary: For the rule is not known, nor is it indeed to any purpose a rule, if it be necessary to inculcate it on every occasion. R.

Note LVII. Verse 772.

Whence Art, by Practice, to Perfection soars.

After this the Poet says, that he passes over in silence many things which will be more amply treated in his Commentary. "Multa supersileo quæ Commentaria dicent." But as he never lived to write that Commentary, his translator has taken the liberty to pass over this line in silence also.

M.
NOTE LVIII. VERSE 775.

What time the Pride of Bourbon urg'd his way, &c.

Du Piles, and after him Dryden, call this Hero Louis XIII. but the later French Editor, whom I have before quoted, will needs have him to be the XIVth. His note is as follows: "At the accession of Louis XIV. Du Fresnoy had been ten years at Rome, therefore the epoch, marked by the Poet, falls probably upon the first years of that Prince; that is to say, upon the years 1643 or 1644. The thunders which he darts on the Alps, allude to the successes of our arms in the Milanese, and in Piedmont; and the Alcides, who is born again in France for the defence of his country, is the conqueror of Rocroy, the young Duke of Anguien, afterwards called Le Grand Condé." I am apt to suspect that all this fine criticism is false, though I do not think it worth while to controvert it. Whether the Poet meant to compliment Louis XIII. or the little boy that succeeded him, (for he was only six years old in the year 1644) he was guilty of gross flattery. It is impossible, however, from the construction of the sentence, that Lodovicus Borbonidum Decus, & Gallicus Alcides, could mean any more than one identical person; and consequently the Editor's notion concerning the Grand Condé is indisputably false. I have, therefore, taken the whole passage in the same sense that Du Piles did; and have also, like him, used the Poet's phrase of the Spanish Lion in the concluding line, rather than that of the Spanish Geryon, to which Mr. Dryden has transformed him: His reason, I suppose, for doing this was, that the monster Geryon was of Spanish extraction, and the Nemean Lion, which Hercules killed, was of Peloponnesus; but we are told by Martial *, that there was a fountain in Spain called Nemea, which, perhaps, led Fresnoy astray in this passage.

* Avidam rigens Direcenna placabit sitim
Et Nemea que vincit nives. Mort. lib. i. Epig. 50. de Hisp. loc.
passage. However this be, Hercules killed so many lions, besides that which constituted the first of his twelve labours, that either he, or at least some one of his numerous namesakes, may well be supposed to have killed one in Spain. Geryon is described by all the poets as a man with three heads, and therefore could not well have been called a Lion by Fresnoy; neither does the plural Ora mean any more than the Jaws of a single beast. So Lucan, lib. iv. ver. 739.

quippe ubi non Sonipes motus clangore tubarum
Saxa quatit pulsu, rigidos vexantia frænos
ora terens

NOTE LIX. VERSE 785.

But mark the Proteus Policy of State.

If this translation should live as many years as the original has done already, which, by its being printed with that original, and illustrated by such a Commentator, is a thing not impossible, it may not be amis, in order to prevent an hallucination of some future critic, similar to that of the French Editor mentioned in the last note, to conclude with a memorandum that the translation was finished, and these occasional verses added, in the year 1781; leaving, however, the political sentiments, which they express, to be approved or condemned by him, as the annals of the time (written at a period distant enough for history to become impartial) may determine his judgment.

END OF THE NOTES.
The Precepts which Sir Joshua Reynolds has illustrated are marked in the following Table with one or more Asterisks, according to the Number of his Notes.
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APPENDIX.
The following little piece has been constantly annexed to M. du Fresnoy's Poem. It is here given from the former Editions; but the liberty has been taken of making some alterations in the Version, which, when compared with the Original in French, appeared either to be done very carelessly by Mr. Dryden, or (what is more probable) to be the work of some inferior hand which he employed on the occasion.
THE

SENTIMENTS

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY,

On the Works of the

Principal and best PAINTERS of the two last Ages.
THE

SENTIMENT

OF

CHARLES ALEXANDRE DU PLESSIS

COMTE DE ROCHEJAOUET

AND HIS PICTURES OF THE TWO LAST YEARS

THE

R

A
PAINTING was in its perfection amongst the Greeks. The principal schools were at Sycin, afterwards at Rhodes, at Athens, and at Corinth, and at last in Rome. Wars and Luxury having overthrown the Roman Empire, it was totally extinguished, together with all the noble Arts, the studies of Humanity, and the other Sciences.

It began to appear again in the year 1450, amongst some Painters of Florence, of which DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO was one, who was Master to Michael Angelo, and had some kind of reputation, though his manner was Gothic, and very dry.

MICHAEL ANGELO, his Disciple, flourished in the times of Julius II. Leo X. and of seven successive Popes. He was a Painter, a Sculptor, and an Architect, both civil and military. The choice which he made of his attitudes was not always beautiful or pleasing; his gusto of design was not the finest, nor his outlines the most elegant; the folds of his draperies, and the ornaments of his habits, were neither noble nor graceful. He was not a little fantastical and extravagant in his compositions; he was bold, even to rashness, in taking liberties.
liberties against the rules of Perspective; his colouring is not
over true, or very pleasant: He knew not the artifice of light
and shadow; but he designed more learnedly, and better
understood all the knittings of the bones, and the office and
situation of the muscles, than any of the modern Painters.
There appears a certain air of greatness and severity in his
figures; in both which he has oftentimes succeeded. But
above the rest of his excellencies, was his wonderful skil in
Architecture, wherein he has not only surpassed all the mo-
derns, but even the antients also; the St. Peter's of Rome,
the St. John's of Florence, the Capitol, the Palazzo Farnese,
and his own House, are sufficient testimonies of it. His dis-
ciples were, Marcello Venusti, Il Rosso, Georgio Vasari, Fra.
Bastiano, (who commonly painted for him) and many other
Florentines.

PIETRO PERUGINO designed with sufficient knowledge of
Nature; but he is dry, and his manner little. His Disciple
was

RAPHAEL SANTIO, who was born on Good-Friday, in the
year 1483, and died on Good-Friday, in the year 1520; so
that he lived only thirty-seven years compleat. He surpassed
all modern Painters, because he possessed more of the excel-
lent parts of Painting than any other; and it is believed that
he equalled the antients, excepting only that he designed not
naked bodies with so much learning as Michael Angelo; but
his gusto of design is purer, and much better. He painted
not with so good, so full, and so graceful a manner as Cor-
reggio; nor has he any thing of the contrast of light and
shadow, or so strong and free a colouring as Titian; but he
had a better disposition in his pieces, without comparison,
than either Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, or all the rest
of the succeeding Painters to our days. His choice of atti-
tudes,
tudes, of heads, of ornaments, the arrangement of his drapery, his manner of designing, his variety, his contrast, his expression, were beautiful in perfection; but above all, he possessed the Graces in so advantageous a manner, that he has never since been equalled by any other. There are portraits (or single figures) of his, which are well executed. He was an admirable Architect. He was handsome, well-made, civil and good-natured, never refusing to teach another what he knew himself. He had many scholars; amongst others, Julio Romano, Polydore, Gaudenzio, Giovanni d'Udine, and Michael Coxis. His Graver was Mark Antonio, whose prints are admirable for the correctness of their outlines.

Julio Romano was the most excellent of all Raphael's Disciples: He had conceptions which were more extraordinary, more profound, and more elevated than even his Master himself; he was also a great Architect; his gusto was pure and exquisite. He was a great imitator of the antients, giving a clear testimony in all his productions, that he was desirous to restore to practice the same forms and fabrics which were antient. He had the good fortune to find great persons, who committed to him the care of edifices, vestibules, and porticoes, all tetrastyles, xystes, theatres, and such other places as are not now in use. He was wonderful in his choice of attitudes. His manner was drier and harder than any of Raphael's school. He did not exactly understand either light and shadow, or colouring. He is frequently harsh and ungraceful; the folds of his draperies are neither beautiful nor great, easy nor natural, but all of them imaginary, and too like the habits of fantastical comedians. He was well versed in polite learning. His Disciples were Pirro Ligorio, (who was admirable for antique buildings, as towns, temples, tombs,
Appendix.

Tombs, and trophies, and the situation of antient edifices) Æneas Vico, Bonafone, Georgio Mantuano, and others.

Polydore, a Disciple of Raphael, designed admirably well as to the practical part, having a particular genius for freezes, as we may see by those of white and black, which he has painted at Rome. He imitated the Antients, but his manner was greater than that of Julio Romano; nevertheless Julio seems to be the truer. Some admirable groups are seen in his works, and such as are not elsewhere to be found. He coloured very seldom, and made landscapes in a tolerably good taste.

Gio. Bellino, one of the first who was of any consideration at Venice, painted very drily, according to the manner of his time. He was very knowing both in Architecture and Perspective. He was Titian’s first Master; which may easily be observed in the earlier works of that noble Disciple; in which we may remark that propriety of colours which his Master has observed.

About this time Georgione, the cotemporary of Titian, came to excel in portraits and also in greater works. He first began to make choice of glowing and agreeable colours; the perfection and entire harmony of which were afterwards to be found in Titian’s pictures. He dressed his figures wonderfully well: And it may be truly said, that but for him, Titian had never arrived to that height of perfection, which proceeded from the rivalship and jealousy which prevailed between them.

Titian was one of the greatest colourists ever known: He designed with much more ease and practice than Georgione. There are to be seen women and children of his hand, which are admirable both for design and colouring; the gusto of them is delicate, charming, and noble, with a certain pleasing negligence in the head-dresses, draperies, and ornaments, which are wholly peculiar to himself. As for the figures of men, he has
has designed them but moderately well: There are even some of his draperies which are mean, and in a little taste. His Painting is wonderfully glowing, sweet and delicate. He drew portraits, which were extremely noble; the attitudes of them being very graceful, grave, diversified, and adorned after a very becoming fashion. No man ever painted landscape in so great a manner, so well coloured, and with such Truth of Nature. For eight or ten years space, he copied, with great labour and exactness, whatsoever he undertook; thereby to make himself an easy way, and to establish some general maxims for his future conduct. Besides the excellent guusto which he had in colouring, in which he excelled all mortal men, he perfectly understood how to give every thing those touches which were most suitable and proper to them; such as distinguished them from each other, and which gave the greatest spirit, and the most of truth. The pictures which he made in his beginning, and in the declension of his age, are of a dry and mean manner. He lived ninety-nine years. His Disciples were Paulo Veronese, Giacomo Tintoret, Giacomo da Ponte Bassano, and his sons.

Paulo Veronese was wonderfully graceful in his airs of women, with great variety of brilliant draperies, and incredible vivacity and ease; nevertheless his composition is sometimes improper, and his design incorrect: but his colouring, and whatsoever depends on it, is so very charming in his pictures, that it surprizes at the first sight, and makes us totally forget those other qualities in which he fails.

Tintoret was the Disciple of Titian; great in design and practice, but sometimes also greatly extravagant. He had an admirable genius for Painting, but not so great an affection for his art, or patience in the executive part of it, as he had fire and vivacity of Nature. He yet has made pictures not inferior
inferior in beauty to those of Titian. His composition and
decorations are for the most part rude, and his outlines are
incorrect; but his colouring, and all that depends upon it, is
admirable.

The Bassans had a more mean and poor gusto in Painting
than Tintoret, and their designs were also less correct than his.
They had indeed an excellent manner of colouring, and have
touched all kinds of animals with an admirable hand; but
were notoriously imperfect in composition and design.

Correggio painted at Parma two large cupola’s in fresco,
and some altar-pieces. This artist struck out certain natural
and unaffected graces for his Madonna’s, his Saints, and little
Children, which were peculiar to himself. His manner, de-
sign, and execution are all very great, but yet without correct-
ness. He had a most free and delightful pencil; and it is to
be acknowledged, that he painted with a strength, relief,
sweetness, and vivacity of colouring, which nothing ever ex-
ceeded. He understood how to distribute his lights in such a
manner, as was wholly peculiar to himself, which gave a great
force and great roundness to his figures. This manner con-
sists in extending a large light, and then making it lose itself
insensibly in the dark shadowings, which he placed out of the
masses; and those give them this great relief, without our
being able to perceive from whence proceeds so much effect,
and so vast a pleasure to the sight. It appears, that in this part
the rest of the Lombard School copied him. He had no great
choice of graceful attitudes, or distribution of beautiful groups.
His design oftentimes appears lame, and his positions not well
chosen: The look of his figures is often unpleasing; but his
manner of designing heads, hands, feet, and other parts, is very
great, and well deserves our imitation. In the conduct and
finishing of a picture, he has done wonders; for he painted
with
with so much union, that his greatest works seem to have been finished in the compass of one day; and appear as if we saw them in a looking-glass. His landscape is equally beautiful with his figures.

At the same time with Correggio, lived and flourished Parmegiano; who, besides his great manner of colouring, excelled also both in invention and design; with a genius full of delicacy and spirit, having nothing that was ungraceful in his choice of attitudes, or in the dresses of his figures, which we cannot say of Correggio; there are pieces of Parmegiano's, very beautiful and correct.

These two Painters last mentioned had very good Disciples, but they are known only to those of their own province; and besides, there is little to be credited of what his countrymen say, for Painting is wholly extinguished amongst them.

I say nothing of Leonardo da Vinci, because I have seen but little of his; though he restored the arts at Milan, and had there many Scholars.

Ludovico Carrache, the Cousin German of Hannibal and Augustino, studied at Parma after Correggio; and excelled in design and colouring, with a grace and clearness, which Guido, the Scholar of Hannibal, afterwards imitated with great success. There are some of his pictures to be seen, which are very beautiful, and well understood. He made his ordinary residence at Bologna; and it was he who put the pencil into the hands of Hannibal his Cousin.

Hannibal, in a little time, excelled his Master in all parts of Painting. He imitated Correggio, Titian, and Raphael, in their different manners as he pleased; excepting only, that you see not in his pictures the nobleness, the graces, and the charms of Raphael; and his outlines are neither so pure, nor so elegant as his. In all other things he is wonderfully accomplished, and of an universal genius.
AUGUSTINO, brother to Hannibal, was also a very good Painter, and an admirable graver. He had a natural son, called ANTONIO, who died at the age of thirty-five; and who (according to the general opinion) would have surpassed his uncle Hannibal: For, by what he left behind him, it appears that he was of a more lofty genius.

Guido chiefly imitated Ludovico Carrache, yet retained always somewhat of the manner which his Master Denis Calvert, the Fleming, taught him. This Calvert lived at Bologna, and was competitor and rival to Ludovico Carrache. Guido made the same use of Albert Durer as Virgil did of old Ennius, borrowed what pleased him, and made it afterwards his own; that is, he accommodated what was good in Albert to his own manner; which he executed with so much gracefulness and beauty, that he got more money and reputation in his time than any of his Masters, and than all the Scholars of the Carraches, tho' they were of greater capacity than himself. His heads yield no manner of precedence to those of Raphael.

Sisto Badolocchi designed the best of all his Disciples, but he died young.

Domenichino was a very knowing Painter, and very laborious, but of no great natural endowments. It is true, he was profoundly skilled in all the parts of Painting, but wanting genius (as I said) he had less of nobleness in his works than all the rest who studied in the School of the Carraches.

Albani was excellent in all the parts of Painting, and a polite scholar.

Lanfranc, a man of a great and sprightly wit, supported his reputation for a long time with an extraordinary gusto of design and colouring: But his foundation being only on the practical part, he at length lost ground in point of correctness, so that many of his pieces appear extravagant and fantastical; and
and after his decease, the school of the Carraches went daily
to decay, in all the parts of Painting.

Gio. Viola was very old before he learned landscape; the knowledge of which was imparted to him by Hannibal Carrache, who took pleasure to instruct him; so that he painted many of that kind, which are wonderfully fine, and well coloured.

If we cast our eyes towards Germany and the Low Countries, we may there behold Albert Durer, Lucas van Leyden, Holbein, Aldegrave, &c. who were all contemporaries. Amongst these, Albert Durer and Holbein were both of them wonderfully knowing, and had certainly been of the first form of Painters, had they travelled into Italy; for nothing can be laid to their charge, but only that they had a Gothic gusto. As for Holbein, his execution surpassed even that of Raphael; and I have seen a portrait of his painting, with which one of Titian’s could not come in competition.

Amongst the Flemings, appeared Rubens, who had, from his birth, a lively, free, noble, and universal genius: A genius capable not only of raising him to the rank of the antient Painters, but also to the highest employments in the service of his country; so that he was chosen for one of the most important embassies in our time. His gusto of design favours somewhat more of the Flemifh than of the beauty of the antique, because he stayed not long at Rome. And though we cannot but observe in all his Paintings ideas which are great and noble, yet it must be confessed, that, generally speaking, he designed not correctly; but, for all the other parts of Painting, he was as absolute a master of them, and possessed them all as thoroughly as any of his predecessors in that noble art. His principal studies were made in Lombardy, after the works of Titian, Paulo Veronefe, and Tintoret, whose cream
he has skimmed, (if you will allow the phrase) and extracted from their several beauties many general maxims and infallible rules which he always followed, and by which he has acquired in his works a greater facility than that of Titian; more of purity, truth, and science than Paulo Veronese; and more of majesty, repose, and moderation than Tintoret. To conclude; his manner is so solid, so knowing, and so ready, that it may seem this rare accomplished genius was sent from heaven to instruct mankind in the Art of Painting.

His School was full of admirable Disciples; amongst whom Vandyke was he who best comprehended all the rules and general maxims of his Master; and who has even excelled him in the delicacy of his carnations, and in his cabinet-pieces; but his taste, in the designing part, was nothing better than that of Rubens.
THE PREFACE OF Mr. DRYDEN TO HIS TRANSLATION, Containing a PARALLEL between POETRY and PAINTING.
It was thought proper to insert in this place the pleasing Preface which Mr. Dryden printed before his Translation of M. du Fresnoy's Poem. There is a charm in that great writer's Prose peculiar to itself; and tho', perhaps, the Parallel between the two Arts, which he has here drawn, be too superficial to stand the test of strict Criticism, yet it will always give pleasure to Readers of Taste, even when it fails to satisfy their Judgment.
It may be reasonably expected, that I should say something on my behalf, in respect to my present undertaking. First then, the Reader may be pleased to know, that it was not of my own choice that I undertook this work. Many of our most skilful Painters, and other Artists, were pleased to recommend this Author to me, as one who perfectly understood the rules of Painting; who gave the best and most concise instructions for performance, and the surest to inform the judgment of all who loved this noble Art; that they who before were rather fond of it, than knowingly admired it, might defend their inclination by their reason; that they might understand those excellencies which they blindly valued, so as not to be farther imposed on by bad pieces, and to know when Nature was well imitated by the most able Masters. It is true indeed, and they acknowledge it, that, besides the rules which are given in this Treatise, or which can be given in any other, to make a perfect judgment of good pictures, and to value them more or less, when compared with one another, there is farther required a long conversation with the best pieces, which are not very frequent either in France or England: yet some we have, not only from the hands of Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke, (one of them admirable for History-painting, and the other two for Portraits) but of many Flemish Masters, and those not inconsiderable, though for design not equal to the
the Italians. And of these latter also, we are not unfurnished with some pieces of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others. But to return to my own undertaking of this translation; I freely own that I thought myself incapable of performing it, either to their satisfaction, or my own credit. Not but that I understood the original Latin, and the French Author perhaps as well as most Englishmen; but I was not sufficiently versed in the terms of art: And therefore thought that many of those persons, who put this honourable task on me, were more able to perform it themselves, as undoubtedly they were. But they assuring me of their assistance in correcting my faults, where I spoke improperly, I was encouraged to attempt it, that I might not be wanting in what I could, to satisfy the desires of so many Gentlemen who were willing to give the world this useful work. They have effectually performed their promise to me, and I have been as careful on my side to take their advice in all things; so that the reader may assure himself of a tolerable translation; not elegant, for I proposed not that to myself, but familiar, clear, and instructive: in any of which parts, if I have failed, the fault lies wholly at my door. In this one particular only, I must beg the reader’s pardon: The Prose Translation of the Poem is not free from poetical expressions, and I dare not promise that some of them are not fantastic, or at least highly metaphorical; but this being a fault in the first digest, (that is, the original Latin) was not to be remedied in the second, viz. the Translation; and I may confidently say, that whoever had attempted it, must have fallen into the same inconvenience, or a much greater, that of a false version. When I undertook this work, I was already engaged in the translation of Virgil, from whom I have borrowed only two months, and am now returning to that which I ought to understand better.
In the mean-time, I beg the reader's pardon for entertaining him so long with myself: It is an usual part of ill manners in all Authors, and almost in all mankind, to trouble others with their business; and I was so sensible of it beforehand, that I had not now committed it, unless some concerns of the readers had been interwoven with my own. But I know not, while I am atoning for one error, if I am not falling into another: For I have been importuned to say something farther of this art; and to make some observations on it, in relation to the likeness and agreement which it has with Poetry its Sister. But before I proceed, it will not be amiss, if I copy from Bellori (a most ingenious author) some part of his idea of a Painter, which cannot be unpleasing, at least to such who are conversant in the philosophy of Plato; and to avoid tediousness, I will not translate the whole discourse, but take and leave, as I find occasion.

"God Almighty, in the fabric of the universe, first contemplated himself, and reflected on his own excellencies; from which he drew and constituted those first forms, which are called Ideas: So that every species which was afterwards expressed, was produced from that first Idea, forming that wonderful contexture of all created Beings. But the celestial Bodies above the moon being incorruptible, and not subject to change, remained for ever fair, and in perpetual order. On the contrary, all things which are sublunary, are subject to change, to deformity, and to decay; and though Nature always intends a consummate beauty in her productions, yet, through the inequality of the matter, the forms are altered; and in particular, human beauty suffers alteration for the worse, as we see to our mortification, in the deformities and disproportions which are in us. For which reason, the artful Painter, and the Sculptor, imitating the Divine Maker, form to themselves,
elves, as well as they are able, a model of the superior beauties; and, reflecting on them, endeavour to correct and amend the common Nature, and to represent it as it was first created, without fault, either in colour or in lineament.

"This idea, which we may call the Goddes's of Painting and of Sculpture, descends upon the marble and the cloth, and becomes the original of those Arts; and, being measured by the compass of the intellect, is itself the measure of the performing hand; and, being animated by the imagination, infuses life into the image. The idea of the Painter and the Sculptor is undoubtedly that perfect and excellent example of the mind, by imitation of which imagined form, all things are represented which fall under human sight: Such is the definition which is made by Cicero, in his book of the Orator to Brutus. "As therefore in forms and figures, there is somewhat which is excellent and perfect, to which imagined species all things are referred by imitation, which are the objects of sight; in like manner we behold the species of Eloquence in our minds, the effigies, or actual image of which we seek in the organs of our hearing. This is likewise confirmed by Proclus, in the Dialogue of Plato, called Timæus: If, says he, you take a man, as he is made by Nature, and compare him with another who is the effect of art, the work of Nature will always appear the less beautiful, because Art is more accurate than Nature."—But Zeuxis, who, from the choice which he made of five virgins, drew that wonderful picture of Helena, which Cicero, in his Orator before-mentioned, sets before us, as the most perfect example of beauty, at the same time admonishes a Painter to contemplate the ideas of the most natural forms; and to make a judicious choice of several bodies, all of them the most elegant which he can find: By which we may plainly understand, that
that he thought it impossible to find in any one body all those perfections which he sought for the accomplishment of a Helena, because Nature in any individual person makes nothing that is perfect in all its parts. For this reason Maximus Tyrius also says, that the image which is taken by a Painter from several bodies, produces a beauty, which it is impossible to find in any single natural body, approaching to the perfection of the fairest statues. Thus Nature, on this account, is so much inferior to Art, that those Artists who propose to themselves only the imitation or likeness of such or such a particular person, without election of those ideas before-mentioned, have often been reproached for that omission. Demetrius was taxed for being too natural; Dionysius was also blamed for drawing men like us, and was commonly called 'Ανθοπώτογραφος, that is, a Painter of Men. In our times, Michael Angelo da Caravaggio was esteemed too natural: He drew persons as they were; and Bamboccio, and most of the Dutch Painters, have drawn the worst likeness. Lysippus, of old, upbraided the common sort of Sculptors for making men such as they were found in Nature; and boasted of himself, that he made them as they ought to be; which is a precept of Aristotle, given as well to Poets as to Painters. Phidias raised an admiration even to astonishment, in those who beheld his statues, with the forms which he gave to his Gods and Heroes, by imitating the Idea, rather than Nature; and Cicero, speaking of him, affirms, that figuring Jupiter and Pallas, he did not contemplate any object from whence he took any likeness, but considered in his own mind a great and admirable form of beauty, and according to that image in his soul, he directed the operation of his hand. Seneca also seems to wonder that Phidias, having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind. Apollonius Tyanaeus says
fays the fame in other words, that the Fancy more instructs the Painter than the Imitation; for the last makes only the things which it sees, but the first makes also the things which it never sees.

"Leon Battista Alberti tells us, that we ought not so much to love the Likeness as the Beauty, and to choose from the fairest bodies severally the fairest parts. Leonardo da Vinci instructs the Painter to form this Idea to himself; and Raphael, the greatest of all modern Masters, writes thus to Castiglione, concerning his Galatea: "To paint a fair one, it is necessary for me to see many fair ones; but because there is so great a scarcity of lovely women, I am constrained to make use of one certain Idea, which I have formed to myself in my own fancy." Guido Reni sending to Rome his St. Michael, which he had painted for the Church of the Capuchins, at the same time wrote to Monsignor Maslano, who was the maestro di casa (or steward of the house) to Pope Urban VIII. in this manner: "I wish I had the wings of an angel, to have ascended into Paradise, and there to have beheld the forms of those beatified spirits, from which I might have copied my Archangel: But not being able to mount so high, it was in vain for me to search his resemblance here below; so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that Idea of Beauty, which I have formed in my own imagination. I have likewise created there the contrary Idea of Deformity and Uglinefs; but I leave the consideration of it till I paint the Devil, and, in the mean-time, shun the very thought of it as much as possibly I can, and am even endeavouring to blot it wholly out of my remembrance." There was not any Lady in all antiquity who was Mistress of so much Beauty, as was to be found in the Venus of Gnidus, made by Praxiteles, or the Minerva of Athens, by Phidias, which was therefore
therefore called the Beautiful Form. Neither is there any man of the present age equal in the strength, proportion, and knitting of his limbs, to the Hercules of Farnese, made by Glycon; or any woman who can justly be compared with the Medicean Venus of Cleomenes. And upon this account the noblest Poets and the best Orators, when they desired to celebrate any extraordinary beauty, are forced to have recourse to statues and pictures, and to draw their persons and faces into comparison: Ovid, endeavouring to express the beauty of Cyllarus, the fairest of the Centaurs, celebrates him as next in perfection to the most admirable statues:

Gratus in ore vigor, cervix, humerique, manusque,
Pectoraque, artificum laudatis proxima signis.
A pleasing vigour his fair face express’d;
His neck, his hands, his shoulders, and his breast,
Did next in gracefulness and beauty stand,
To breathing figures of the Sculptor’s hand.

In another place he sets Apelles above Venus:

Si Venerem Cois nunquam pinxisset Apelles,
Meris sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Thus varied.

One birth to seas the Cyprian Goddess ow’d,
A second birth the Painter’s art bestow’d:
Lest by the seas than by his pow’r was giv’n;
They made her live, but he advanc’d to heav’n.

"The Idea of this Beauty is indeed various, according to the several forms which the Painter or Sculptor would describe: As one in strength, another in magnanimity; and sometimes it consists in cheerfulness, and sometimes in delicacy, and is always diversified by the sex and age.

"The beauty of Jove is one, and that of Juno another: Hercules and Cupid are perfect beauties, though of different kinds;
kinds; for beauty is only that which makes all things as they are in their proper and perfect nature, which the best Painters always choose, by contemplating the forms of each. We ought farther to consider, that a picture being the representation of a human action, the Painter ought to retain in his mind the examples of all affections and passions; as a Poet preserves the idea of an angry man, of one who is fearful, sad, or merry; and so of all the rest: For it is impossible to express that with the hand, which never entered into the imagination. In this manner, as I have rudely and briefly shewn you, Painters and Sculptors choosing the most elegant, natural beauties, perfectionate the Idea, and advance their art, even above Nature itself, in her individual productions, which is the utmost mastery of human performance.

"From hence arises that astonishment, and almost adoration, which is paid by the knowing to those divine remains of antiquity. From hence Phidias, Lysippus, and other noble Sculptors, are still held in veneration; and Apelles, Zeuxis, Protogenes, and other admirable Painters, though their works are perished, are and will be eternally admired; who all of them drew after the ideas of perfection; which are the miracles of Nature, the providence of the Understanding, the exemplars of the Mind, the light of the Fancy; the sun, which, from its rising, inspired the statue of Memnon, and the fire which warmed into life the image of Prometheus: It is this which causes the Graces and the Loves to take up their habitations in the hardest marble, and to subsist in the emptiness of light and shadows. But since the Idea of Eloquence is as inferior to that of Painting, as the force of words is to the sight, I must here break off abruptly; and having conducted the reader, as it were, to a secret walk, there leave him in the midst
midst of silence to contemplate those ideas which I have only sketched, and which every man must finish for himself."

In these pompous expressions, or such as these, the Italian has given you his idea of a Painter; and tho' I cannot much commend the style, I must needs say, there is somewhat in the matter: Plato himself is accustomed to write loftily, imitating, as the critics tell us, the manner of Homer; but, surely, that inimitable Poet had not so much of smoke in his writings, though not less of fire. But in short, this is the present genius of Italy. What Philostratus tells us, in the proem of his *Figures*, is somewhat plainer, and therefore I will translate it almost word for word: "He who will rightly govern the Art of Painting, ought, of necessity, first to understand human Nature. He ought likewise to be endued with a genius, to express the signs of their passions whom he represents, and to make the dumb as it were to speak: He must yet farther understand what is contained in the constitution of the checks, in the temperament of the eyes, in the naturalness (if I may so call it) of the eye-brows; and in short, whatsoever belongs to the mind and thought. He who thoroughly possesses all these things, will obtain the whole, and the hand will exquisitely represent the action of every particular person; if it happens that he be either mad or angry, melancholic or cheerful, a sprightly youth, or a languishing lover: in one word, he will be able to paint whatsoever is proportionable to any one. And even in all this there is a sweet error without causing any shame: For the eyes and mind of the beholders being fastened on objects which have no real being, as if they were truly existent, and being induced by them to believe them so, what pleasure is it not capable of giving? The ancients, and other wise men, have written many things concerning the symmetry, which is in the Art of Painting; constitu-
ting as it were some certain laws for the proportion of every member; not thinking it possible for a Painter to undertake the expression of those motions which are in the mind, without a concurrent harmony in the natural measure: For that which is out of its own kind and measure, is not received from Nature, whose motion is always right. On a serious consideration of this matter, it will be found, that the Art of Painting has a wonderful affinity with that of Poetry, and that there is betwixt them a certain common imagination. For, as the Poets introduce the Gods and Heroes, and all those things which are either majestical, honest, or delightful; in like manner, the Painters, by the virtue of their outlines, colours, lights, and shadows, represent the same things and persons in their pictures."

Thus, as convoy ships either accompany, or should accompany their merchants, till they may prosecute the rest of their voyage without danger; so Philostratus has brought me thus far on my way, and I can now sail on without him. He has begun to speak of the great relation betwixt Painting and Poetry, and thither the greatest part of this discourse, by my promise, was directed. I have not engaged myself to any perfect method, neither am I loaded with a full cargo: It is sufficient if I bring a sample of some goods in this voyage. It will be easy for others to add more, when the commerce is settled: For a treatise, twice as large as this, of Painting, could not contain all that might be said on the parallel of these two Sifter-Arts. I will take my rise from Bellori before I proceed to the Author of this Book.

The business of his Preface is to prove, that a learned Painter should form to himself an Idea of perfect Nature. This image he is to set before his mind in all his undertakings; and to draw from thence, as from a storehouse, the beauties which
which are to enter into his work; thereby correcting Nature from what actually she is in individuals, to what she ought to be, and what she was created. Now as this Idea of Perfection is of little use in Portraits, or the resemblances of particular persons, so neither is it in the characters of Comedy and Tragedy, which are never to be made perfect, but always to be drawn with some specks of frailty and deficiency; such as they have been described to us in history, if they were real characters; or such as the Poet began to shew them, at their first appearance, if they were only fictitious, or imaginary. The perfection of such stage characters consists chiefly in their likeness to the deficient faulty Nature, which is their original; only (as it is observed more at large hereafter) in such cases there will always be found a better likeness and a worse, and the better is constantly to be chosen; I mean in Tragedy, which represents the figures of the highest form among mankind: Thus, in Portraits, the Painter will not take that side of the face which has some notorious blemish in it, but either draw it in profile, as Apelles did Antigonus, who had lost one of his eyes, or else shadow the more imperfect side; for an ingenious flattery is to be allowed to the professors of both arts, so long as the likeness is not destroyed. It is true, that all manner of imperfections must not be taken away from the characters; and the reason is, that there may be left some grounds of pity for their misfortunes: We can never be grieved for their miseries who are thoroughly wicked, and have thereby justly called their calamities on themselves: Such men are the natural objects of our hatred, not of our commiseration. If, on the other side, their characters were wholly perfect, such as, for example, the character of a Saint or Martyr in a Play, his or her misfortunes would produce impious thoughts in the beholders; they would accuse the Heavens of injustice,
injustice, and think of leaving a religion where piety was so ill requited. I say the greater part would be tempted to do; I say not that they ought; and the consequence is too dangerous for the practice. In this I have accused myself for my own St. Catharine; but let truth prevail. Sophocles has taken the just medium in his Oedipus: He is somewhat arrogant at his first entrance, and is too inquisitive through the whole Tragedy; yet these imperfections being balanced by great virtues, they hinder not our compassion for his miseries, neither yet can they destroy that horror which the nature of his crimes have excited in us. Such in Painting are the warts and moles which, adding a likeness to the face, are not, therefore, to be omitted; but these produce no loathing in us: but how far to proceed, and where to stop, is left to the judgment of the Poet and the Painter. In Comedy there is somewhat more of the worse likeness to be taken, because that is often to produce laughter, which is occasioned by the sight of some deformity; but for this I refer the reader to Aristotle. It is a sharp manner of instruction for the vulgar, who are never well amended till they are more than sufficiently exposed. That I may return to the beginning of this remark, concerning perfect Ideas, I have only this to say, that the parallel is often true in Epic Poetry.

The Heroes of the Poets are to be drawn according to this rule: There is scarce a frailty to be left in the best of them, any more than is to be found in a Divine Nature. And if Æneas sometimes weeps, it is not in bemoaning his own miseries, but those which his people undergo. If this be an imperfection, the Son of God, when he was incarnate, shed tears of compassion over Jerusalem; and Lentulus describes him often weeping, but never laughing; so that Virgil is justified even from the Holy Scriptures. I have but one word more,
more, which for once I will anticipate from the author of this book. Though it must be an Idea of perfection from which both the Epic Poet and the History Painter draws, yet all perfections are not suitable to all subjects, but every one must be designed according to that perfect beauty which is proper to him: An Apollo must be distinguished from a Jupiter, a Pallas from a Venus; and so in Poetry, an Æneas from any other Hero, for Piety is his chief perfection. Homer’s Achilles is a kind of exception to this rule; but then he is not a perfect Hero, nor so intended by the Poet. All his Gods had somewhat of human imperfection, for which he has been taxed by Plato, as an imitator of what was bad. But Virgil observed his fault and mended it. Yet Achilles was perfect in the strength of his body, and the vigor of his mind. Had he been less passionate or less revengeful, the Poet well foresaw that Hector had been killed, and Troy taken at the first assault; which had destroyed the beautiful contrivance of his Iliad, and the moral of preventing discord amongst confederate Princes, which was his principal intention: For the moral (as Bossu observes) is the first business of the Poet, as being the ground-work of his instruction. This being formed, he contrives such a design or fable, as may be most suitable to the moral: After this he begins to think of the persons whom he is to employ in carrying on his design, and gives them the manners which are most proper to their several characters. The thoughts and words are the last parts which give beauty and colouring to the piece. When I say, that the manners of the Hero ought to be good in perfection, I contradict not the Marquis of Normanby’s opinion, in that admirable verse, where, speaking of a perfect character, he calls it

“A faultless monster, which the world ne’er knew:"

For that excellent Critic intended only to speak of Dramatic
characters, and not of Epic. Thus at least I have shewn, that in the most perfect Poem, which is that of Virgil, a perfect idea was required and followed; and, consequently, that all succeeding Poets ought rather to imitate him, than even Homer. I will now proceed, as I promised, to the author of this book: He tells you, almost in the first lines of it, that “the chief end of Painting is to please the eyes; and it is one great end of Poetry to please the mind.” Thus far the parallel of the Arts holds true; with this difference, that the principal end of Painting is to please, and the chief design of Poetry is to instruct. In this, the latter seems to have the advantage of the former. But if we consider the Artists themselves on both sides, certainly their aims are the very same; they would both make sure of pleasing, and that in preference to instruction. Next, the means of this pleasure is by deceit: One imposes on the sight, and the other on the understanding. Fiction is of the essence of Poetry as well as of Painting; there is a resemblance in one, of human bodies, things and actions, which are not real; and in the other, of a true story by a fiction. And as all stories are not proper subjects for an Epic Poem or a Tragedy, so neither are they for a noble Picture. The subjects both of the one and of the other ought to have nothing of immoral, low, or filthy in them; but this being treated at large in the book itself, I wave it, to avoid repetition. Only I must add, that, though Catullus, Ovid, and others, were of another opinion, that the subject of Poets, and even their thoughts and expressions might be loose, provided their lives were chaste and holy, yet there are no such licences permitted in that Art, any more than in Painting to design and colour obscene nudities. Vita probar est, is no excuse; for it will scarcely be admitted, that either a Poet or a Painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their Writings.
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Writings and their Pictures. We see nothing of this kind in Virgil: That which comes the nearest to it is the Adventure of the Cave, where Dido and Æneas were driven by the storm; yet even there, the Poet pretends a marriage before the consummation, and Juno herself was present at it. Neither is there any expression in that story which a Roman Matron might not read without a blush. Besides, the Poet passes it over as hastily as he can, as if he were afraid of staying in the cave with the two lovers, and of being a witness to their actions. Now I suppose that a Painter would not be much commended, who should pick out this cavern from the whole Æneis, when there is not another in the work. He had better leave them in their obscurity, than let in a flash of lightning to clear the natural darkness of the place, by which he must discover himself as much as them. The altar-pieces, and holy decorations of Painting, shew that Art may be applied to better uses as well as Poetry; and, amongst many other instances, the Farnese Gallery, painted by Hannibal Carracci, is a sufficient witness yet remaining: The whole work being morally instructive, and particularly the Hercules Bivium, which is a perfect Triumph of Virtue over Vice, as it is wonderfully well described by the ingenious Bellori.

Hitherto I have only told the reader what ought not to be the subject of a Picture, or of a Poem. What it ought to be on either side, our Author tells us. It must, in general, be great and noble; and in this the parallel is exactly true. The subject of a Poet, either in Tragedy, or in an Epic Poem, is a great action of some illustrious Hero. It is the same in Painting: not every action, nor every person, is considerable enough to enter into the cloth. It must be the Anger of an Achilles, the Piety of an Æneas, the Sacrifice of an Iphigenia, for He-

roines
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roines as well as Heroes are comprehended in the rule. But the parallel is more complete in Tragedy than in an Epic Poem: For as a Tragedy may be made out of many particular Episodes of Homer, or of Virgil; so may a noble picture be designed out of this or that particular story in either author. History is also fruitful of designs, both for the Painter and the Tragic Poet: Curtius throwing himself into a gulf, and the two Decii sacrificing themselves for the safety of their country, are subjects for Tragedy and Picture. Such is Scipio, restoring the Spanish Bride, whom he either loved, or may be supposed to love; by which he gained the hearts of a great nation, to interest themselves for Rome against Carthage: These are all but particular pieces in Livy’s History, and yet are full, complete subjects for the pen and pencil. Now the reason of this is evident: Tragedy and Picture are more narrowly circumscribed by the mechanic rules of Time and Place than the Epic Poem: The Time of this last is left indefinite. It is true, Homer took up only the space of eight and forty days for his Iliad; but whether Virgil’s action was comprehended in a year, or somewhat more, is not determined by BosLiu. Homer made the Place of his action Troy, and the Grecian camp besieging it. Virgil introduces his Æneas sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in Carthage, and other times at Cumæ, before he brings him to Laurentum; and even after that, he wanders again to the kingdom of Evander, and some parts of Tuscany, before he returns to finish the war by the death of Turnus. But Tragedy, according to the practice of the Antients, was always confined within the compass of twenty-four hours, and seldom takes up too much time. As for the place of it, it was always one, and that not in a larger sense, as, for example, a whole city, or two or three several houses in it, but the market, or some other public place, common
common to the Chorus and all the Actors: Which established law of theirs, I have not an opportunity to examine in this place, because I cannot do it without digression from my subject, though it seems too strict at the first appearance, because it excludes all secret intrigues, which are the beauties of the modern stage; for nothing can be carried on with privacy, when the Chorus is supposed to be always present. But to proceed: I must say this to the advantage of Painting, even above Tragedy, that what this last represents in the space of many hours, the former shews us in one moment. The action, the passion, and the manners of so many persons as are contained in a picture, are to be discerned at once in the twinkling of an eye; at least they would be so, if the sight could travel over so many different objects all at once, or the mind could digest them all at the same instant, or point of time. Thus, in the famous picture of Poussin, which represents the Institution of the blessed Sacrament, you see our Saviour and his twelve Disciples, all concurring in the same action, after different manners, and in different postures; only the manners of Judas are distinguished from the rest. Here is but one indivisible point of time observed; but one action performed by so many persons, in one room, and at the same table; yet the eye cannot comprehend at once the whole object, nor the mind follow it so fast; it is considered at leisure, and seen by intervals. Such are the subjects of noble pictures, and such are only to be undertaken by noble hands. There are other parts of Nature which are meaner, and yet are the subjects both of Painters and of Poets.

For to proceed in the parallel; as Comedy is a representation of human life in inferior persons and low subjects, and by that means creeps into the Nature of Poetry, and is a kind of Juniper, a shrub belonging to the species of Cedar; so is the painting
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painting of Clowns, the representation of a Dutch Kermis, the brutal sport of Snick-or-Snee, and a thousand other things of this mean invention, a kind of picture which belongs to Nature, but of the lowest form. Such is a Lazar in comparison to a Venus; both are drawn in human figures; they have faces alike, though not like faces. There is yet a lower sort of Poetry and Painting, which is out of Nature; for a Farce is that in Poetry which Grotesque is in a Picture: The persons and action of a Farce are all unnatural, and the manners false; that is, inconsisting with the characters of mankind. Grotesque Painting is the just resemblance of this; and Horace begins his Art of Poetry, by describing such a figure with a man's head, a horse's neck, the wings of a bird, and a fish's tail, parts of different species jumbled together, according to the mad imagination of the Dauber; and the end of all this, as he tells you afterward, is to cause laughter: A very monster in Bartholomew Fair, for the mob to gape at for their twopence. Laughter is indeed the propriety of a man, but just enough to distinguish him from his elder brother with four legs. It is a kind of bastard-pleasure too, taken in at the eyes of the vulgar gazers, and at the ears of the beastly audience. Church-painters use it to divert the honest country man at public prayers, and keep his eyes open at a heavy sermon; and farce-scribblers make use of the same noble invention to entertain Citizens, Country Gentlemen, and Covent-Garden Fops: If they are merry, all goes well on the Poet's side. The better sort go thither too, but in despair of sense and the just images of Nature, which are the adequate pleasures of the mind. But the Author can give the stage no better than what was given him by Nature; and the Actors must represent such things as they are capable to perform, and by which both they and the Scribbler may get their living. After
ter all, it is a good Thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness. Beasts can weep when they suffer, but they cannot laugh: And, as Sir William Davenant observes, in his Preface to Gondibert, “It is the wisdom of a government to permit Plays,” (he might have added Farces) “as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horses to make them carry their burdens cheerfully.”

I have already shewn, that one main end of Poetry and Painting is to please, and have said something of the kinds of both, and of their subjects, in which they bear a great resemblance to each other. I must now consider them as they are great and noble Arts; and as they are arts, they must have rules which may direct them to their common end.

To all Arts and Sciences, but more particularly to these, may be applied what Hippocrates says of Physic, as I find him cited by an eminent French critic. “Medicine has long subsisted in the world; the principles of it are certain, and it has a certain way; by both which there has been found, in the course of many ages, an infinite number of things, the experience of which has confirmed its usefulness and goodness. All that is wanting to the perfection of this art, will undoubtedly be found, if able men, and such as are instructed in the antient rules, will make a farther inquiry into it, and endeavour to arrive at that which is hitherto unknown by that which is already known. But all, who having rejected the antient rules, and taken the opposite ways, yet boast themselves to be Masters of this Art, do but deceive others, and are themselves deceived; for that is absolutely impossible.”

This is notoriously true in these two Arts; for the way to please being to imitate Nature, both the Poets and the Painters in antient times, and in the best ages, have studied her;
her; and from the practice of both these Arts the rules have been drawn, by which we are instructed how to please, and to compass that end which they obtained, by following their example; for Nature is still the same in all ages, and can never be contrary to herself. Thus, from the practice of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, Aristotle drew his rules for Tragedy, and Philostratus for Painting. Thus, amongst the moderns, the Italian and French critics, by studying the precepts of Aristotle and Horace, and having the example of the Grecian Poets before their eyes, have given us the rules of modern Tragedy; and thus the critics of the same countries, in the Art of Painting, have given the precepts of perfecting that art. It is true, that Poetry has one advantage over Painting in these last ages, that we have still the remaining examples both of the Greek and Latin Poets; whereas the Painters have nothing left them from Apelles, Protogenes, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and the rest, but only the testimonies which are given of their incomparable works. But instead of this, they have some of their best statues, baso-relievos, columns, obelisks, &c. which are saved out of the common ruin, and are still preserved in Italy; and by well distinguishing what is proper to Sculpture, and what to Painting, and what is common to them both, they have judiciously repaired that loss; and the great genius of Raphael and others, having succeeded to the times of barbarism and ignorance, the knowledge of Painting is now arrived to a supreme perfection, tho' the performance of it is much declined in the present age. The greatest age for Poetry amongst the Romans, was certainly that of Augustus Caesar; and yet we are told, that Painting was then at its lowest ebb, and perhaps Sculpture was also declining at the same time. In the reign of Domitian, and some who succeeded him, Poetry was but meanly cultivated, but Painting emi-
nently flourished. I am not here to give the History of the two Arts, how they were both in a manner extinguished by the irruption of the barbarous nations, and both restored about the times of Leo X. Charles V. and Francis I. tho' I might observe, that neither Ariosto, nor any of his cotemporary Poets, ever arrived at the excellency of Raphael, Titian, and the rest in Painting. But in revenge, at this time, or lately in many countries, Poetry is better practised than her Sister-Art. To what height the magnificence and encouragement of the present King of France may carry Painting and Sculpture is uncertain; but by what he has done before the war in which he is engaged, we may expect what he will do after the happy conclusion of a peace; which is the prayer and wish of all those who have not an interest to prolong the miseries of Europe. For it is most certain, as our Author, amongst others, has observed, that Reward is the spur of virtue, as well in all good arts, as in all laudable attempts; and Emulation, which is the other spur, will never be wanting either amongst Poets or Painters, when particular rewards and prizes are proposed to the best deservers. But to return from this digression, though it was almost necessary, all the rules of Painting are methodically, concisely, and yet clearly delivered in this present treatise which I have translated: Bosiu has not given more exact rules for the Epic Poem, nor Dacier for Tragedy, in his late excellent Translation of Aristotle, and his Notes upon him, than our Fresnoy has made for Painting; with the parallel of which I must resume my discourse, following my Author's Text, though with more brevity than I intended, because Virgil calls me.

"The principal and most important part of Painting is to know what is most beautiful in Nature, and most proper for that art." That which is the most beautiful is the most noble

X 2 subject,
subject; so in Poetry, Tragedy is more beautiful than Comedy, because, as I said, the persons are greater whom the Poet instructs; and, consequently, the instructions of more benefit to mankind: the action is likewise greater and more noble, and thence is derived the greater and more noble pleasure.

To imitate Nature well in whatsoever subject, is the perfection of both Arts; and that Picture, and that Poem, which comes nearest the resemblance of Nature, is the best: But it follows not, that what pleases most in either kind is therefore good, but what ought to please. Our depraved appetites and ignorance of the arts mislead our judgments, and cause us often to take that for true Imitation of Nature, which has no resemblance of Nature in it. To inform our Judgments, and to reform our Tastes, rules were invented, that by them we might discern when Nature was imitated, and how nearly. I have been forced to recapitulate these things, because mankind is not more liable to deceit than it is willing to continue in a pleasing error, strengthened by a long habitude. The imitation of Nature is therefore justly constituted as the general, and indeed the only rule of pleasing, both in Poetry and Painting. Aristotle tells us, that Imitation pleases, because it affords matter for a reasoner to inquire into the truth or falsehood of Imitation, by comparing its likeness or unlikeness with the original: But by this rule, every speculation in Nature, whose truth falls under the inquiry of a Philosopher, must produce the same delight, which is not true. I should rather assign another reason: Truth is the object of our Understanding, as Good is of our Will; and the understanding can no more be delighted with a lie, than the will can choose an apparent evil. As truth is the End of all our speculations, so the discovery of it is the Pleasure of them; and since a true knowledge of Nature gives us pleasure, a lively imitation of it,
it, either in Poetry or Painting, must of necessity produce a much greater: For both these arts, as I said before, are not only true imitations of Nature, but of the best Nature, of that which is wrought up to a nobler pitch. They present us with images more perfect than the life in any individual; and we have the pleasure to see all the scattered beauties of Nature united by a happy Chemistry without its deformities or faults. They are imitations of the passions which always move, and therefore consequently please; for without motion there can be no delight, which cannot be considered but as an active passion. When we view these elevated ideas of Nature, the result of that view is Admiration, which is always the cause of pleasure.

This foregoing remark, which gives the reason why Imitation pleases, was sent me by Mr. Walter Moyle, a most ingenious young Gentleman, conversant in all the studies of Humanity, much above his years. He had also furnished me, according to my request, with all the particular passages in Aristotle and Horace, which are used by them to explain the Art of Poetry by that of Painting; which, if ever I have time to retouch this Essay, shall be inserted in their places. Having thus shewn that Imitation pleases, and why it pleases in both these arts, it follows, that some rules of imitation are necessary to obtain the end; for without rules there can be no art, any more than there can be a house without a door to conduct you into it. The principal parts of Painting and Poetry next follow.

Invention is the first part, and absolutely necessary to them both; yet no rule ever was or ever can be given how to compass it. A happy Genius is the gift of Nature; it depends on the influence of the stars, say the Astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the Naturalists; it is the particular gift
of heaven, say the Divines, both Christians and Heathens. How to improve it, many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none; that nothing can be done without it, all agree:

Tu nihil invitá dices faciesve Minervâ.

Without Invention a Painter is but a Copier, and a Poet but a Plagiary of others. Both are allowed sometimes to copy and translate; but, as our Author tells you, that is not the best part of their reputation. "Imitators are but a servile kind of cattle," says the Poet; or at best, the keepers of cattle for other men: They have nothing which is properly their own; that is a sufficient mortification for me, while I am translating Virgil. But to copy the best author is a kind of praise, if I perform it as I ought; as a copy after Raphael is more to be commended than an original of any indifferent Painter.

Under this head of Invention is placed the Disposition of the work, to put all things in a beautiful order and harmony, that the whole may be of a piece. "The compositions of the Painter should be conformable to the text of antient authors, to the customs, and the times;" and this is exactly the same in Poetry: Homer and Virgil are to be our guides in the Epic; Sophocles and Euripides in Tragedy: In all things we are to imitate the customs and the times of those persons and things which we represent: Not to make new rules of the Drama, as Lopez de Vega has attempted unsuccessfully to do, but to be content to follow our Masters, who understood Nature better than we. But if the story which we treat be modern, we are to vary the customs, according to the time and the country where the scene of action lies; for this is still to imitate Nature which is always the same, though in a different dress.

As "in the composition of a picture, the Painter is to take care that nothing enter into it, which is not proper or convenient
venient to the subject;" so likewise is the Poet to reject all incidents which are foreign to his Poem, and are naturally no parts of it: They are wens, and other excrescences, which belong not to the body, but deform it. No person, no incident in the piece, or in the play, but must be of use to carry on the main design. All things else are like six fingers to the hand, when Nature, which is superfluous in nothing, can do her work with five. "A Painter must reject all trifling ornaments;" so must a Poet refuse all tedious and unnecessary descriptions. A robe, which is too heavy, is less an ornament than a burden. In Poetry, Horace calls these things,

Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canoræ.
These are also the lucus & ara Dianae, which he mentions in the same Art of Poetry: But since there must be ornaments, both in Painting and Poetry, if they are not necessary, they must at least be decent; that is, in their due place, and but moderately used. The Painter is not to take so much pains about the drapery, as about the face, where the principal resemblance lies; neither is the Poet, who is working up a passion to make similes, which will certainly make it languish. My Montezuma dies with a fine one in his mouth, but it is out of season. Where there are more figures in a picture than are necessary, or at least ornamental, our author calls them "Figures to be lett," because the picture has no use of them: So I have seen in some modern plays above twenty actors, when the action has not required half the number. In the principal figures of a picture, the Painter is to employ the finews of his art, for in them consists the principal beauty of his work. Our Author saves me the comparison with Tragedy: for he says, that "herein he is to imitate the Tragic Poet, who employs his utmost force in those places, wherein consists the height and beauty of the action."
Du Fresnoy, whom I follow, makes Design, or Drawing, the second part of Painting; but the rules which he gives concerning the posture of the figures are almost wholly proper to that art, and admit not any comparison, that I know, with Poetry. The posture of a poetical figure is, as I conceive, the description of his heroes in the performance of such or such an action; as of Achilles, just in the act of killing Hector; or of Æneas, who has Turnus under him. Both the Poet and the Painter vary the postures, according to the action or passion, which they represent of the same person. But all must be great and graceful in them. The same Æneas must be drawn a suppliant to Dido, with respect in his gestures, and humility in his eyes; but when he is forced, in his own defence, to kill Lausus, the Poet shews him compassionate, and tempering the severity of his looks with a reluctance to the action, which he is going to perform. He has pity on his beauty and his youth, and is loth to destroy such a master-piece of Nature. He considers Lausus rescuing his father, at the hazard of his own life, as an image of himself, when he took Anchises on his shoulders, and bore him safe through the rage of the fire, and the opposition of his enemies; and therefore, in the posture of a retiring man, who avoids the combat, he stretches out his arm in sign of peace, with his right foot drawn a little back, and his breast bending inward, more like an orator than a soldier; and seems to dissuade the young man from pulling on his destiny, by attempting more than he was able to perform. Take the passage as I have thus translated it:

Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
All, fir'd with noble emulation, strive,
And with a storm of darts to distance drive

The
The Trojan chief; who held at bay, from far
On his Vulcanian orb, sustain'd the war.
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,
Their first assault undaunted did abide;
And thus to Lausus, loud, with friendly threatening cry'd,
Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious Love?

And afterwards,
He grief'd, he wept; the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought."

But, beside the outlines of the posture, the Design of the picture comprehends in the next place the "forms of faces, which are to be different;" and so in a Poem, or Play, must the several characters of the persons be distinguished from each other. I knew a Poet, whom out of respect I will not name, who, being too witty himself, could draw nothing but Wits in a Comedy of his; even his Fools were infected with the disease of their Author: They overflowed with smart repartees, and were only distinguished from the intended Wits, by being called Coxcombs, though they deserved not so scandalous a name. Another, who had a great genius for Tragedy, following the fury of his natural temper, made every man and woman too, in his Plays, stark raging mad; there was not a sober person to be had for love or money; all was tempestuous and blustering; heaven and earth were coming together at every word; a mere hurricane from the beginning to the end; and every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgment!

"Let every member be made for its own head," says our Author, not a withered hand to a young face. So in the persons.
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The principal figure of the subject must appear in the midst of the picture, under the principal light, to distinguish it from the rest, which are only its attendants.” Thus in a Tragedy, or an Epic Poem, the hero of the piece must be advanced foremost to the view of the reader or spectator: he must outshine the rest of all the characters; he must appear the prince of them, like the sun in the Copernican System, encompassed with the less noble planets. Because the Hero is the centre of the main action, all the lines from the circumference tend to him alone; he is the chief object of pity in the Drama, and of admiration in the Epic Poem.

As in a picture, besides the principal figures which compose it, and are placed in the midst of it, there are less “groupes, or knots of figures disposed at proper distances,” which are parts of the piece, and seem to carry on the same design in a more inferior manner: So in Epic Poetry there are Episodes, and a Chorus in Tragedy, which are members of the action as growing out of it, not inferred into it. Such, in the ninth book of the Æneis, is the Episode of Nisus and Euryalus:
the adventure belongs to them alone; they alone are the objects of compassion and admiration; but their business which they carry on, is the general concernment of the Trojan camp, then beleaguered by Turnus and the Latines, as the Christians were lately by the Turks: They were to advertise the chief Hero of the distresses of his subjects, occasioned by his absence, to crave his succour, and solicit him to hasten his return.

The Grecian Tragedy was at first nothing but a Chorus of Singers; afterwards one actor was introduced, which was the Poet himself, who entertained the people with a discourse in verse, betwixt the pauses of the singing. This succeeding with the people, more actors were added to make the variety the greater; and in process of time the Chorus only sung betwixt the acts, and the Coryphæus, or chief of them, spoke for the rest, as an actor concerned in the business of the Play.

Thus Tragedy was perfected by degrees, and being arrived at that perfection, the Painters might probably take the hint from thence, of adding groupes to their pictures; but as a good Picture may be without a groupe, so a good Tragedy may subsist without a Chorus, notwithstanding any reasons which have been given by Dacier to the contrary.

Monseur Racine has indeed used it in his Esther, but not that he found any necessity of it, as the French Critic would insinuate. The Chorus at St. Cyr was only to give the young Ladies an occasion of entertaining the King with vocal music, and of commending their own voices. The play itself was never intended for the public stage; nor, without any disparagement to the learned Author, could possibly have succeeded there, and much less in the translation of it here. Mr. Wycherley, when we read it together, was of my opinion in this, or rather I of his; for it becomes me so to speak of so excellent,
excellent a Poet, and so great a Judge. But since I am in this place, as Virgil says, "Spatiis exclusus iniquis," that is, shortened in my time, I will give no other reason than that it is impracticable on our stage. A new theatre, much more ample, and much deeper, must be made for that purpose, besides the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits, which is an expense too large to be supplied by a company of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry to see a Chorus on a theatre, more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a King's charges; and on that condition and another, which is, that my hands were not bound behind me, as now they are, I should not despair of making such a tragedy, as might be both instructive and delightful, according to the manner of the Grecians.

"To make a sketch, or a more perfect model of a picture," is, in the language of Poets, to draw up the Scenery of a Play; and the reason is the same for both; to guide the undertaking, and to preserve the remembrance of such things whose natures are difficult to retain.

To avoid absurdities and incongruities is the same law established for both Arts. "The Painter is not to paint a cloud at the bottom of a picture, but in the uppermost parts;" nor the Poet to place what is proper to the End or Middle in the Beginning of a Poem. I might enlarge on this; but there are few Poets or Painters who can be supposed to sin so grossly against the Laws of Nature and of Art. I remember only one Play, and for once I will call it by its name, *The Slighted Maid*, where there is nothing in the first act but what might have been said or done in the fifth; nor any thing in the Midst which might not have been placed as well in the Beginning or the End.

"To
"To express the passions, which are seated on the heart by outward signs," is one great precept of the Painters, and very difficult to perform. In Poetry the same passions and motions of the mind are to be expressed; and in this consists the principal difficulty, as well as the excellency of that Art. "This," says my Author, "is the gift of Jupiter;" and, to speak in the same Heathen language, We call it the gift of our Apollo, not to be obtained by pains or study, if we are not born to it: For the motions which are studied are never so natural as those which break out in the height of a real passion. Mr. Otway possessed this part as thoroughly as any of the antients or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his Venice Preserved; but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touched in it, though, perhaps, there is somewhat to be desired both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression; but Nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.

"In the passions," says our Author, "we must have a very great regard to the quality of the persons who are actually possessed with them." The joy of a Monarch for the news of a victory must not be expressed like the extasy of a Harlequin on the receipt of a letter from his Mistref: This is so much the same in both the Arts, that it is no longer a comparison. What he says of face-painting, or the portrait of any one particular person, concerning the likeness, is also applicable to Poetry: In the character of an hero, as well as in an inferior figure, there is a better or worse likeness to be taken; the better is a panegyric, if it be not false, and the worse is a libel. Sophocles, says Aristotle, always drew men as they ought to be; that is, better than they were. Another, whose name I have forgotten, drew them worse than naturally they were.
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were. Euripides altered nothing in the character, but made them such as they were represented by History, Epic Poetry, or Tradition. Of the three, the draught of Sophocles is most commended by Aristotle. I have followed it in that part of _Oedipus_ which I writ; though, perhaps, I have made him too good a man. But my characters of Anthony and Cleopatra, though they are favourable to them, have nothing of outrageous panegyric; their passions were their own, and such as were given them by History, only the deformities of them were cast into shadows, that they might be objects of compassion: whereas, if I had chosen a noon-day light for them, somewhat must have been discovered, which would rather have moved our hatred than our pity.

"The Gothic manner, and the barbarous ornaments which are to be avoided in a picture," are just the same with those in an ill-ordered Play. For example, our English Tragi-comedy must be confessed to be wholly Gothic, notwithstanding the success which it has found upon our theatre; and in the _Pastor Fido_ of Guarini, even though Corisca and the Satyr contribute somewhat to the main action: Neither can I defend my _Spanish Friar_, as fond as otherwise I am of it, from this imputation; for though the comical parts are diverting, and the serious moving, yet they are of an unnatural mingle: for mirth and gravity destroy each other, and are no more to be allowed for decent, than a gay widow laughing in a mourning habit.

I had almost forgot one considerable resemblance. Du Fresnoy tells us, "That the figures of the groupes must not be all on a side, that is, with their faces and bodies all turned the same way, but must contrast each other by their several positions." Thus in a Play, some characters must be raised to oppose others, and to set them off the better, according to the
the old maxim, "Contraria juxta se posita, magis elucefcunt." Thus in the *Scornful Lady*, the Usurer is sent to confront the Prodigal: Thus in my *Tyrannic Love*, the Atheist Maximin is opposed to the character of St. Catharine.

I am now come, though with the omission of many likeness, to the third part of Painting, which is called the Chromatic or Colouring. Expression, and all that belongs to words, is that in a Poem which Colouring is in a Picture: The colours well chosen, in their proper places, together with the lights and shadows which belong to them, lighten the design, and make it pleasing to the eye. The Words, the Expressions, the Tropes and Figures, the Verfification, and all the other elegancies of sound, as cadences, turns of words upon the thought, and many other things, which are all parts of expression, perform exactly the same office both in Dramatic and Epic Poetry. Our Author calls colouring, "lena fororis;" in plain English, the Bawd of her Sister, the design or drawing; she clothes, she dresses her up, she paints her, she makes her appear more lovely than naturally she is, she procures for the design, and makes lovers for her; for the design of itself is only so many naked lines. Thus in Poetry, the Expression is that which charms the reader, and beautifies the Design, which is only the outlines of the fables. It is true, the design must of itself be good; if it be vicious, or, in one word, unpleasing, the cost of colouring is thrown away upon it. It is an ugly woman in a rich habit, set out with jewels; nothing can become her. But granting the design to be moderately good, it is like an excellent complexion with indifferent features; the white and red well mingled on the face, make what was before but passable, appear beautiful. "Operum Colores" is the very word which Horace uses to signify Words.
and elegant Expression, of which he himself was so great Master in his Odes. Amongst the Antients, Zeuxis was most famous for his colouring; amongst the Moderns, Titian and Correggio. Of the two antient Epic Poets, who have so far excelled all the moderns, the Invention and Design were the particular talents of Homer. Virgil must yield to him in both; for the design of the Latin was borrowed from the Grecian: But the "Dictio Virgiliana," the Expression of Virgil, his Colouring, was incomparably the better; and in that I have always endeavour'd to copy him. Most of the pedants, I know, maintain the contrary, and will have Homer excel even in this part. But of all people, as they are the most ill-mannered, so they are the worst judges, even of words which are their province; they seldom know more than the grammatical construction, unless they are born with a poetical genius, which is a rare portion amongst them: Yet some, I know, may stand excepted, and such I honour. Virgil is so exact in every word, that none can be changed but for a worse; nor any one removed from its place, but the harmony will be altered. He pretends sometimes to trip; but it is only to make you think him in danger of a fall, when he is most secure. Like a skilful dancer on the ropes (if you will pardon the meanness of the similitude) who slips willingly and makes a seeming stumble, that you may think him in great hazard of breaking his neck, while at the same time he is only giving you a proof of his dexterity. My late Lord Roscommon was often pleased with this reflection, and with the examples of it in this admirable Author.

I have not leisure to run through the whole comparison of lights and shadows with tropes and figures; yet I cannot but take notice of metaphors, which, like them, have power to
leffen or greaten any thing. Strong and glowing colours are the just resemblances of bold metaphors, but both must be judiciously applied; for there is a difference betwixt Daring and Fool-hardiness. Lucan and Statius often ventured them too far; our Virgil never. But the great defect of the *Pharsalia* and the *Thebais* was in the design; if that had been more perfect, we might have forgiven many of their bold strokes in the colouring, or at least excused them; yet some of them are such as Demosthenes or Cicero could not have defended. Virgil, if he could have seen the first verses of the *Sylva*, would have thought Statius mad in his sustian description of the Statue on the Brazen Horse: But that Poet was always in a foam at his setting out, even before the motion of the race had warmed him. The soberness of Virgil whom he read, it seems to little purpose, might have shewn him the difference betwixt "Arma virumque cano, and Magnanimum æacidem, formidatamque tonanti progeniem." But Virgil knew how to rise by degrees in his expressions: Statius was in his towering heights at the first stretch of his pinions. The description of his running horse, just starting in the funeral games for Archemorus, though the verses are wonderfully fine, are the true image of their author:

Stare adeo nescit, pereunt vestigia milles

Ante fugam; absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Which would cost me an hour, if I had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original. Virgil, as he better knew his colours, so he knew better how and where to place them. In as much haste as I am, I cannot forbear giving one example: It is said of him, that he read the second, fourth, and sixth books of his *Æneis* to Augustus Cæsar. In the sixth (which we are sure he read, because we know Oc-
tavia was present, who rewarded him so bountifully for the
twenty verses which were made in honour of her deceased son
Marcellus; in this sixth book, I say, the Poet, speaking of
Misenus, the trumpeter, says,

—— Quo non præstantior alter,
Ære ciere viros, ———

and broke off in the hemistich, or midst of the verse; but in
the very reading, seized as it were with a divine fury, he made
up the latter part of the hemistich with these following
words,

—— Martemque accendere cantu.

How warm, nay, how glowing a colouring is this! In the
beginning of the verse, the word æs, or brass, was taken for
a trumpet, because the instrument was made of that metal,
which of itself was fine; but in the latter end, which was
made extempore, you see three metaphors, Martemque,——
accendere,—— cantu. Good Heavens! how the plain sense is
raised by the beauty of the words. But this was Happiness,
the former might be only Judgment. This was the "curiosa
felicitas" which Petronius attributes to Horace. It is the
pencil thrown luckily full upon the horse's mouth, to express
the foam, which the Painter, with all his skill, could not
perform without it. These hits of words a true Poet often
finds, as I may say, without seeking; but he knows their
value when he finds them, and is infinitely pleased. A bad
Poet may sometimes light on them, but he discerns not a
diamond from a Bristol stone; and would have been of the
cock's mind in Æsop, a grain of Barley would have pleased
him better than the jewel. The lights and shadows which
belong to colouring, put me in mind of that verse of Horace,
Hoc amat obscurum, vult hoc sub luce videri.

Some
Some parts of a Poem require to be amply written, and with all the force and elegance of words: others must be cast into shadows; that is, passed over in silence, or but faintly touched. This belongs wholly to the judgment of the Poet and the Painter. The most beautiful parts of the Picture and the Poem must be the most finished; the colours and words most chosen; many things in both, which are not deserving of this care, must be shifted off, content with vulgar expressions; and those very short, and left, as in a shadow, to the imagination of the reader.

We have the proverb, "Manum de tabulâ," from the Painters, which signifies to know when to give over, and to lay by the pencil. Both Homer and Virgil practised this precept wonderfully well; but Virgil the better of the two. Homer knew that when Hector was slain, Troy was as good as already taken; therefore he concludes his action there: For what follows in the funerals of Patroclus, and the redemption of Hector's body, is not, properly speaking, a part of the main action. But Virgil concludes with the death of Turnus; for, after that difficulty was removed, Æneas might marry, and establish the Trojans when he pleased. This rule I had before my eyes in the conclusion of the Spanish Friar, when the discovery was made that the King was living; which was the knot of the Play untied: the rest is shut up in the compass of some few lines, because nothing then hindered the happiness of Torismond and Leonora. The faults of that Drama are in the kind of it, which is Tragi-comedy. But it was given to the people, and I never writ any thing for myself but Anthony and Cleopatra.

This remark, I must acknowledge, is not so proper for the colouring as the design; but it will hold for both. As the
words, &c. are evidently shewn to be the cloathing of the
thought, in the same sense as colours are the cloathing of the
design; so the Painter and the Poet ought to judge exactly
when the colouring and expressions are perfect, and then to
think their work is truly finished. Apelles said of Protogenes,
that "he knew not when to give over." A work may be
over-wrought as well as under-wrought: Too much labour
often takes away the spirit, by adding to the polishing; so
that there remains nothing but a dull correctness, a piece
without any considerable faults, but with few beauties; for
when the spirits are drawn off, there is nothing but a "caput
mortuum." Statius never thought an expression could be
bold enough; and if a bolder could be found, he rejected the
first. Virgil had judgment enough to know Daring was ne-
cessary; but he knew the difference betwixt a glowing colour
and a glaring; as when he compared the jostling of the
fleets at Actium to the clashing of islands rent from their
foundations and meeting in the ocean. He knew the com-
parison was forced beyond Nature, and raised too high; he
therefore softens the metaphor with a _credas_. You would
almost believe that mountains or islands rushed against each
other:

_Credas innaré revulfas_

_Cycladas; aut montes concurrere montibus æquos._

But here I must break off without finishing the discourse.

"Cynthius aurem vellit, & admonuit, &c." the things
which are behind are of too nice a consideration for an Essay
begun and ended in twelve mornings; and perhaps the Judges
of Painting and Poetry, when I tell them how short a time it
cost me, may make me the same answer which my late Lord
Rochester made to one, who, to commend a Tragedy, said,
it was written in three weeks: "How the Devil could he be so long about it? for that Poem was infamously bad," and I doubt this Parallel is little better; and then the shortness of the time is so far from being a commendation, that it is scarcely an excuse. But if I have really drawn a portrait to the knees, or an half-length, with a tolerable likeness, then I may plead with some justice for myself, that the rest is left to the Imagination. Let some better Artist provide himself of a deeper canvas; and taking these hints which I have given, set the figure on its legs, and finish it in the Invention, Design, and Colouring.
EPISTLE,
OF
MR. POPE
TO
MR. JERVAS.
The following elegant Epistle has constantly been prefixed to all the Editions of Du Fresnoy, which have been published since Jervas corrected the translation of Dryden. It is, therefore, here reprinted, in order that a Poem which does so much honour to the original Author may still accompany his work, although the Translator is but too conscious how much so masterly a piece of Versification on the subject of Painting, will, by being brought thus near it, prejudice his own lines.
TO

MR. JERVASES,

WITH

FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING,

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN. *

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
FRESNOY's close Art, and DRYDEN's native fire;
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long-succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

"Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing talks we wear the day,
While Summer suns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft our flowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?"

A a

* First printed in 1717.
APPENDIX.

How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend?

What flattery'g scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;
While Fancy brings the vanish'd pile to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's Grace with thy lov'd Guido's Air;
Caracci's Strength, Coreggio's softer Line,
Paulo's free Stroke, and Titian's Warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years! *
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the Painter's breast?
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgwater's eyes.

Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead:

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing this Poem.
APPENDIX.

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wise!
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,
And other beauties envy Wortley's * eyes,
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh! lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
New graces yearly, like thy works, display;
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the Pencil, and one string the Lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;

* In one of Dr. Warburton's Editions of Pope, by which copy this has been corrected, the name is changed to Worley. If that reading be not an error of the press, I suppose the Poet altered the name after he had quarrelled with Lady M. W. Montague, and, being offended at her Wit, thus revenged himself on her Beauty.
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgwater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
Thou but preservest a Face, and I a Name.
A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF PAINTERS

From the Revival of the Art to the Beginning of the present Century.
CHRONOLOGICAL

PINTERS

[Text not legible due to poor image quality]
Instead of the short account of the lives of the Painters by Mr. Graham, which has been annexed to the later Editions of Mr. Dryden's Translation, I have thought proper to insert, at the conclusion of this work, the following Chronological List drawn up by the late Mr. Gray, when in Italy, for his own use, and which I found fairly transcribed amongst those papers which his friendship bequeathed to me. Mr. Gray was as diligent in his researches as correct in his judgment; and has here employed both these talents to point out in one column the places where the principal works of each Master are to be found, and in another the different parts of the art in which his own taste led him to think that they severally excelled*. It is presumed, therefore, that these two additions to the names and dates will render this little work more useful than any thing of the Catalogue kind hitherto printed on the subject. For more copious Biographical information, the reader is referred to Mr. Pilkington's Dictionary.

* See Memoirs of Mr. Gray, Note on Letter XIV. S. a. II.
### APPENDIX.

**ACHRONOLOGICAL LIST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names.</th>
<th>Studied under</th>
<th>Excellled in</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. Giovanni Cimabue</td>
<td>certain Greeks - Apollonius, a Greek</td>
<td>first revived Painting - revived Mosaics - quit the stiff manner of the Greeks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Taffi</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giotto</td>
<td>Cimabue</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buonamico Buffalmacco</td>
<td>Andrea Taffi</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Ambrogio Lorenzetti</td>
<td>Giotto</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pietro Cavallini</td>
<td>Giotto</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon Menni</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Orgagna</td>
<td>imitated Giotto</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomaso Giotto</td>
<td>imitated Giotto</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Paolo Uccello</td>
<td>Antonio Venetiano</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maffolino</td>
<td>Lorenzo Ghiberti and Gher. Starnina</td>
<td>first who studied perspective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mafaccio</td>
<td>Maffolino</td>
<td>gave more grace to his figures and drapery</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fra. Giov. Angelico da Fiesole</td>
<td>Giotto</td>
<td>introduced oil Painting into Italy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonello da Messina</td>
<td>John Van Eyck</td>
<td>began to paint figures larger than life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45 Fra. Filippo Lippi</td>
<td>Mafaccio</td>
<td>painted in oil first at Florence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea del Castagno detto Degl' Impiccati</td>
<td>Domenico Venetiano</td>
<td>lively colouring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentile del Fabriano</td>
<td>Giovanni da Fiesole</td>
<td>genteel designing and good airs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giacomo Bellini</td>
<td>Gentile del Fabriano</td>
<td>observation of perspective</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentile</td>
<td>Giacomo their father</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20 Giovanni Bellini</td>
<td></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosmo Rosselli</td>
<td></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domenico Ghirlandaio</td>
<td>Alessand. Baldovinetti</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Verocchio</td>
<td>Giacomo Suardcione</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Mantegna</td>
<td></td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Filippo Lippi</td>
<td>Fra. Filippo his father, and Sandro Boticelli</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pietro Perugino</td>
<td>Andrea Verocchio</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernardino Pinturicchio</td>
<td>Pietro Perugino</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francesco Francia</td>
<td>Marco Zoppo</td>
<td>first considerable Master of the Bolognese School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29 Bartolomeo Ramenghi, detto II Bagnacavallo</td>
<td>Francesco Francia</td>
<td>soft and fleshy colouring</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### APPENDIX.

**OF MODERN PAINTERS.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Painted</th>
<th>Country, Place, and Year of their Death</th>
<th>Aged</th>
<th>Principal Works are at</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence, Florence, 1300</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Rome, St. Peter's, Arezzo—Mosaics.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1294</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>unknown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1336</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>Rome, St. Paolo fuor della Citta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1340</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>Florence, the Dome.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Sienna — 1350</td>
<td>83</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Rome — 1364</td>
<td>85</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portraits</td>
<td>Sienna, Florence, 1345</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1389</td>
<td>60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1356</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Birds, some History</td>
<td>Florence — 1432</td>
<td>83</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1418</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>Florence, the Palace, in the Apartments of the old Pictures.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1443</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>Florence, the Palace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History, Miniatures</td>
<td>Florence, Rome 1455</td>
<td>68</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Messina — 1475</td>
<td>49</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 History</td>
<td>Florence, Rome 1438</td>
<td>69</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Verona</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>Venice, and in some Cabinets.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Venice — 1470</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>Rome, Capella Sistina.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence, Rome 1484</td>
<td>68</td>
<td>Florence, Palace, Closet of Madama.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1403</td>
<td>44</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence — 1488</td>
<td>56</td>
<td>Florence, Rome, Apartments of Innocent 8, at the Belvedere Chapel.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Padua, Mantua 1517</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Rnesia, Rome 1524</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>Sienna, Library of the Dome, Rome, Santa Croce in Gierufaleme; Madonna dell Popolo, &amp;c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence, Sienna 1513</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>Bologna, in several Churches.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Bologna — 1518</td>
<td>68</td>
<td></td>
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<td>29 History</td>
<td>Bologna — 1541</td>
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<tr>
<td>Names</td>
<td>Studied under</td>
<td>Excellled in</td>
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<tr>
<td>Innocenzo Francuzzi, detto da Imola</td>
<td>Francesco Francia</td>
<td>correct drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francesco Turbido, detto II Mauro</td>
<td>* Giorgione</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luca Signorelli</td>
<td>Pietro della Francesca</td>
<td>exquifite designing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Lionardo da Vinci</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Giorgio Giorgione</td>
<td>imitated Lionardo's manner</td>
<td>management of the clair-obscura, and</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>colouring</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Antonio da Correggio</td>
<td></td>
<td>divine colouring and morbidezza of his</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>flesh; angelical grace</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>and joyous airs of his figures and</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>clair-obfure</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mariotto Albertinelli</td>
<td>Cosmo Roselli</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td>Baccio, detto Fra. Bartolomeo di S. Marco</td>
<td>Cosmo Roselli</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Pietro di Cosimo</td>
<td>Cosmo Roselli</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Raphaelino del Garbo</td>
<td>Filippo Lippi</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dominico Ghirlandaio</td>
<td>great correctness of design, grand</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>and terrible subjects, profound</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>knowledge of the anatomical part</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pietro Perugino; corrected</td>
<td>in every part of painting, but chiefly</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>his manner upon seeing the</td>
<td>in the thought, composition,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>works of Lionardo da Vinci</td>
<td>expression, and drawing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and Michael Angelo</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Raffaelle Sanzio d' Urbino</td>
<td>Giovanni Bellini</td>
<td>the clair-obfure and all the beauties</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>of colouring</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Titiano Vecelli</td>
<td>Domenico Ghirlandaio</td>
<td>the same as his Master</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Domenico Puligo</td>
<td>Rafaëlle</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Timoteo Urbino</td>
<td>Rafaëlle</td>
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<td>Vincenzo da San Geminiano</td>
<td>Andrea Verocchio imitated</td>
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<td>Lionardo da Vinci</td>
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<tr>
<td>Balthazar Peruzzi</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
### Appendix

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Painted</th>
<th>Country, Place, and Year of their Death</th>
<th>Aged</th>
<th>Principal Works are at</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Bologna</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>Bologna,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portraits</td>
<td>Verona</td>
<td>1521</td>
<td>Milan, the Dominicans, the Academy; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Borghese, Barberini.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Cortona</td>
<td>1521</td>
<td>Venice; Florence, Pal. Pitti; Rome, Pal. Pamphili.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History and Portraits</td>
<td>Milan, Paris</td>
<td>1517</td>
<td>Modena, the Duke's Collections; Parma, the Dome, Saint Antonio Abbate, S. Giovanni del monte, San Sepulcro; Florence, the Palace; Paris, the Palais Royal, &amp;c. Naples, the King's Collections.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History and Portraits</td>
<td>Cassile Franco nel Trevigiano, Venice</td>
<td>1511</td>
<td>Rome, Capella Seflina, Capella Pia, S. Giovanni Laterano; Florence, the Palace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>1520</td>
<td>Rome, the Vatican, S. Pietro, in Montorio; S. Agustino, the Lungara, &amp;c. Florence, the Palace; France, Versailles, the Palais Royal; England, Hampton-Court; Naples, the King's Collection.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>1517</td>
<td>Venice; Rome; in many Collections, &amp;c.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grotesques and monsters</td>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>1521</td>
<td>Rome, Madonna della Pace.</td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>1529</td>
<td>Rome, the Vatican.</td>
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<td>History and Portraits</td>
<td>Chiusi, presso d'Aretze; Rome</td>
<td>1564</td>
<td>Rome, Madonna della Pace.</td>
</tr>
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<td>History and Portraits</td>
<td>Cadore nel Friulefe; Venice</td>
<td>1576</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
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B b 2 Giovanni
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<td>Rafaël</td>
<td>good imitation of his Master, and great dispatch</td>
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<td>* Giulio Romano</td>
<td>Rafaël</td>
<td>his Master’s excellencies</td>
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<td>Rafaël</td>
<td>animals, flowers, and fruits</td>
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<td>Rafaël</td>
<td>natural and graceful airs, and correct drawing; a bright manner of colouring</td>
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<td>Rafaël</td>
<td>painted in company with and like Andrea painted in the strong and correct manner of this last, and coloured better</td>
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<td>* Andrea del Sarto</td>
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<td>Mariotto Albertinelli</td>
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<td>the fame</td>
<td>the correctness of design and imitation of the antique, chiefly in chiaro-scuro</td>
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### Appendix IX

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<td>Bellini</td>
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<td>imitated Pietro Perugino</td>
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<td>Peter Koëk</td>
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## APPENDIX

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## Names

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Giulio
<table>
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<tr>
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<td>Giulio Cesare Procaecini</td>
<td>Erecole, his father, Prosper Fontana</td>
<td>a dark, strong, expressive manner</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jude Indocus Van-Winghen</td>
<td>studied in Italy</td>
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<td>John Strada</td>
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<td>Bartholomew Sprangher</td>
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<tr>
<td>5 Michael John Miervelt</td>
<td>Ant. Blockland</td>
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<tr>
<td>* Paolo Cagliari, detto Paul Veronefe</td>
<td>Antonio Badiglio</td>
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<td>Carlo Cagliari</td>
<td>Paolo, his father</td>
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<td>Gabrielle Cagliari</td>
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<td>10 Battista Zelotti</td>
<td>Ant. Badiglio worked with Paul Veronefe</td>
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<td>Giacomo da Ponte, detto Il Baffano</td>
<td>Francesco, his father, Bonifacio Venetiano, imitated Titian</td>
<td>much Nature, and fine colouring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francesco Baffano</td>
<td>Giacomo, his father</td>
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</tr>
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<tr>
<td>15 Girolamo Baffano</td>
<td>Titian, in his drawing, imitated Michael Angelo</td>
<td></td>
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<td>* Giacomo Robusti, detto II Tintoretto</td>
<td>Tintoret, her father</td>
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<td>Marietta Tintoretto</td>
<td>Tintoret</td>
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<td>Martin de Vos</td>
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<td>20 John Rothenamer</td>
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<td>Marco Vecelli</td>
<td>Titian, his uncle</td>
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<td>Livio Agretti</td>
<td>Perin del Vago</td>
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<td>Dan. Volterra</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frederico Baroccio</td>
<td>Fred. Baroccio</td>
<td>fine gentele drawing, correct design and agreeable colouring</td>
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<tr>
<td>Il Cavalliero Francesco Vanni</td>
<td></td>
<td>a strong and close imitation of Nature, but without choice; exquisite colouring</td>
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<tr>
<td>* Michael Angelo Amarigi, detto, Il Caravaggio</td>
<td>Cav. Arpino</td>
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## APPENDIX.

<table>
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<th>Country, Place, and Year of his Death</th>
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<tr>
<td>History</td>
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<td>Bruges, Florence - 1604</td>
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<td>Antwerp, Vienna - 1623</td>
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<td>73</td>
<td>Venice, and almost every where.</td>
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<td>Venice - - 1596</td>
<td>26</td>
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<td>the same - - 1631</td>
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<td>Venice, and every where.</td>
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<td>Verona - - 1606</td>
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<td>Sienna; Rome, St. Peter’s; Genoa, Santa Maria in Carignano.</td>
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<td>Sienna, Rome - - 1615</td>
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<td>Caravaggio in Lombardy, Rome - - 1609</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>Rome, Pal. Barberini; several Collections.</td>
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</table>

* Ludovico
Names. | Studied under | Excelled in
--- | --- | ---
* Ludovico Caracci | Prospero Fontana | exquisite design; noble and proper composition; strong and harmonious colouring; similarly accomplished
* Agostino Caracci | Ludovico, his cousin | similarly accomplished
* Annibale Caracci | Ludovico, his cousin | correct design, strong and moving expression
Domenico Zampieri, detto, Il Domenichino | the Caracci | divine and graceful airs and attitudes, gay and lightsome colouring

5 * Guido Reni | Dionigi Calvart, the Caracci | great force, and fulgore, chiefly in fresco

* Cav. Giov. Lanfranco | the Caracci | gentle poetical fancy, beautiful airy colouring, his Nymphs and Boys are most admired

* Francesco Albani | Dionigi Calvart, the Caracci | the furia and force of his compositions
Lucio Massari | the Caracci | 
Sifto Badalocchio | Annibal Caracci | 
10 Antonio Caracci | Annibal, his uncle | 
Giuseppe Pini, detto, Cavalier Arpino | Rafaël da Rheggio | 
Il Paduano | Andrea del Sarto | 
Il Cigoli | Cigoli | 
Domenico Feti | | 
15 Cherubino Alberti | Frederic Zucchero | 
Cavaliere Passignano | Aurelio Lomi | 
Orazio Gentileschi | | 
Filippo d'Angeli, detto, Il Napoletano | | 
Paul Brill | after Titian and Annibale | 
20 Matthew Brill | | worked with Paul, his brother
Pietro Paolo Gobbo | | 

History
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Painted</th>
<th>Country, Place, and Year of their Death</th>
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<th>Principal Works are at</th>
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<td>Il Viola</td>
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<td>Roland Saveri</td>
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<td>a dark strong manner; dismal and cruel subjects</td>
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<td>M. Ang. Caravaggio</td>
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<td>Il Valentino</td>
<td>M. Ang. Caravaggio</td>
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<td>Giuseppe Ribera, detto, Lo</td>
<td>M. Ang. Caravaggio</td>
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<td>Spagnuolotto</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Mompre</td>
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<tr>
<td>Henry Cornelius Wroon, or</td>
<td>Corn. Henrickson</td>
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<td>Vroom</td>
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<td>Agostino Tassi</td>
<td>Paul Brill</td>
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<td>10 Fra. Matteo Zaccolino</td>
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<td>Sir Peter Paul Rubens</td>
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<td>Abraham Jansens</td>
<td>admirable colouring; great magnificence and harmony of composition; a gay</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>and lightsome manner</td>
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<td>Otho Vænius</td>
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<td>20 Sir Anthony Vandyke</td>
<td>Rubens</td>
<td></td>
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<td>Rembrandt</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td>great knowledge and execution of the Clair-obscure; high finishing; some-</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>times a very bold pencil and distinct colouring; vast Nature.</td>
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### APPENDIX.

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<td>Haarlem, Rome</td>
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<td>1603</td>
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<td>Abraham Bloemart</td>
<td>extreme neatness and finishing</td>
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<td>John Brugle, called Velvet Brugle</td>
<td>Old Brugle, his father</td>
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<td>Corn. Polembourg</td>
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<td>Young Brugle</td>
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<td>Coxis</td>
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<td>Giov. Battifta Mola</td>
<td>Albani</td>
<td>the fame</td>
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<tr>
<td>10 Giacomo Cavedone</td>
<td>Lud. Caracci</td>
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<td>Agostino Metelli</td>
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<td>Ferrantino</td>
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<td>Giov. Benedetto Castiglione, detto, Il Genoëse</td>
<td>Paggi, Vandyke</td>
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<td>Pietro Tehta</td>
<td>Domenichino</td>
<td>capricious and strange designs</td>
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<td>15 Matthew Platten, called II Montagna</td>
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<td>Francesco Barbieri, detto, Il Guercino da Cento</td>
<td>the Carracci</td>
<td>a medium between the Caracci and Caravaggio; he has two manners, one a dark and strong one; the other more gay and gracious compositions; bright and beautiful colouring</td>
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<td>Baccio Ciarpi</td>
<td>noble compositions; bright and beautiful colouring</td>
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<td>Brussels - - 1670</td>
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<td>Haarlem - - 1670</td>
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<td>76</td>
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<td>Excelling in</td>
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<td>Antonino Barbalonga</td>
<td>Domenichino</td>
<td>a colouring more languid than Pietro Cortona, but extreme delicate and pleasing</td>
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<td>Andrea Camaceo</td>
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<td>noble, bold manner; and bright colouring</td>
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<td>Andrea Sacchi</td>
<td>Albani</td>
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<td>Simone Cantarini</td>
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<td>Spagnuololetto and Daniele Falcone</td>
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<td>Salvator Rofa</td>
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<td>Il Cav. Calabrese</td>
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<td>Il Maltefe</td>
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<td>Claude Gelee, called Claude</td>
<td>Godfrey Wals; Agostino Taffi</td>
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<td>Lorraine</td>
<td></td>
<td>rural and pleasing scenes, with various accidents of Nature, as gleams of sunshine, the rising moon, &amp;c.</td>
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<td>Calabria 1688</td>
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<td>Rome, St. Andrea della Valle, &amp;c.</td>
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<td>Vases, Instruments, Carpets, and Still-life the fame</td>
<td>Brescia 1512</td>
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<td>82</td>
<td>Rome, Pal. Chigi, Altieri, Colonna; many Collections.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Names</td>
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<td>Excelled in</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nicolas Poussin</td>
<td>Quintin Varin</td>
<td>exquisite knowledge of the antique; fine expression; skilful and well-chosen composition and design. Scenes of the country with ancient buildings and historical figures intermixed.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Gaspar Du Ghet, called Gaper Poussin</td>
<td>Nicolas, his brother-in-law</td>
<td>a mixture of Nicolas and Claude Lorraine's style</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Euftache Le Sueur</td>
<td>Simon Vouët</td>
<td>simplicity, dignity, and correctness of style, he is called the French Rafael</td>
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<tr>
<td>Michelangelo delle Battaglie</td>
<td>Mozzo of Antwerp; his father</td>
<td>painted upon marble frequently</td>
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<td>Jaques Stella</td>
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<td>Andrea Sacchi</td>
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<td>Luca Giordano</td>
<td>Lo Spagnuoleto</td>
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<td>Charles Le Brun</td>
<td>Simon Vouët; Nicolas Poussin</td>
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<td>Lanfranco</td>
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<td>Ciro Ferri</td>
<td>Pietro Cortona</td>
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</table>
ERRATA.

Page 17, line 193, for figured, read figur'd.
P. 61, l. 755, for He knew, r. His were.
P. 70, l. 14, for Paraphase, r. Paraphrase.
P. 94, l. 6, for opera atramento, r. opera atramento.
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