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ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS

Sculptors and Architects,

AND

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

BY

S. SPOONER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FINE ARTS."

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:

A. W. LOVERING, PUBLISHER.

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P R E F A C E .

WITH the progressive increase of wealth, leisure, and refinement in a country, the Fine Arts gradually and silently, but surely, assert their importance and take leading rank among the pursuits that diffuse a grace on worldly prosperity, and tend by their successful prosecution to heighten the measure of a nation's glory.

It is the privilege of affluence to protect and nourish Art, more often than to originate it. Its divine flame usually burns brightest and most unquenchably in bosoms whose aspirations every concurrence of external discouragement and uncongenial surroundings have had no power to chill. This truth every page of Art-History teaches us, and this fact it is that communicates the peculiar charm to Art-Biography, as exemplified in the career of its most exalted votaries.

The truthful incidents that illustrate the life-work of a great artist, possess an interest in their minutest details that fiction never can equal. There we find the daring devotion to a worthy object; the endurance that quails not at the long years of patient and self-denying toil undertaken to secure it; the faith and hope that keep the eye fixed singly on its great aim, and the heroic resolution that defies the seductions of present gratification to divert it from its lofty purpose.

It was in the persuasion that such lessons were taught and more effectually than in any other way, by example that this collection of anecdotes was commenced. To select the salient facts and occurrences of each artist's experience, to mark the critical turning-point of his life when fortune and fame seem suspended on a trivial or accidental event, and to impart readily, information on a subject, familiarity with which distinguishes the gentleman and the man of cultivation—are its objects; and on their attainment no labor in consulting original and authentic sources of information has been spared.

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ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

It is deemed appropriate to devote this page to the infelicities which often fall to the lot of men of genius, in hopes to strike a sympathetic chord; since to them the world owes all that is beautiful as well as useful in art. It is well known that men of fine imaginations and delicate taste, are generally distinguished for acute sensibilities, and for being deficient in more practical qualities; they are frequently eccentric, and illy adapted to contend with the coldness and indifference of the world, much less its sarcasm and enmity. The history of Art is full of melancholy examples.

When Torregiano, the cotemporary of Michael Angelo, had finished his exquisite group of the Madonna and Child for the Duke d'Arcos, with the as

surance of a rich reward, the nobleman sent two servants, bearing two well-filled bags of money, with orders to bring the work to his palace. The sculptor, upon opening the bags, found nothing but brass maravedi! Filled with just indignation, he seized his mallet, in a moment of uncontrollable rage, and smashed the beautiful group into a thousand pieces, saying to the servants, "Go, take your base metal to your ignoble lord, and tell him he shall never possess a sculpture by my hand!" The infamous nobleman, burning with shame, resolved on a terrible revenge; he arraigned the unhappy artist before the Inquisition, on a charge of sacrilege for destroying the sacred images. Torregiano was imprisoned and condemned to death by torture; but to escape that awful fate, he destroyed himself in the dungeon.

It is not necessary to go back further than the history of this work, to find melancholy examples of the trials of genius. Thomas Banks vainly endeavored to introduce a lofty and heroic style of sculpture into his native country. He could obtain no commissions to execute in marble his most beautiful and sublime compositions, and was compelled to confine himself to monumental sculpture. James Barry, after struggling with poverty and neglect all his days, died in a garret, a raving maniac. A subscription had been started for his relief; but it was all expended in defraying his funeral expenses, and in erecting a monument to his memory in St. Paul's

Cathedral, with this inscription,—“The Great Historical Painter, JAMES BARRY. Died, Feb. 1806, aged 65”! His remains were laid out in state, in the Great Room of the Adelphi—the true and appropriate monument of his genius. The Society had requested the members of the Royal Academy to decorate their Room, and when all others declined, Barry nobly came forward, and offered his services gratuitously, which were gladly accepted. He spent seven long years in decorating this apartment with fresco paintings, which the Society publicly declared was “a national ornament, as well as a monument of the talents and ingenuity of the artist”; and Dr. Johnson said, “They shew a grasp of mind that you will find nowhere else.” Observe the contrast: Cunningham says, that when he began this great work, he had but a shilling in his pocket, and during its execution he lived on the coarsest fare, in a miserable garret, subsisting by the sale of an occasional drawing, when he could find a purchaser!

The life of William Blake presents a picture no less melancholy. An eccentric and extraordinary genius, he seemed, in the flights of his wild imagination, to hold converse with the spirits of the departed; and in some of his works there is a truly wonderful sublimity of conception and grandeur of execution. Although not appreciated during his lifetime, he toiled on in abject poverty with indefatigable industry, reveling in visions of future fame. His *Ancient of Days* was his greatest favorite;

three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and touched it over and over with the choicest colors, in his happiest style; then held it off at arms' length, exclaiming, "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." Observing his wife in tears, he said, "Stay, Kate! keep just as you are; I will draw your portrait, for you have been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. He was cheerful and contented to the last "I glory," said he, "in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katharine; we have lived happy and we have lived long; we have ever been together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death! Nor do I fear it. I have endeavored to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly." On the day of his death, Aug. 12, 1827, he composed and sung hymns to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his beloved Katharine, that she stood wrapt to hear him. Observing this, he said to her, with looks of intense affection, "My beloved, they are not mine---no, they are the songs of the angels."

Young Proctor, the sculptor, was a student of the rarest promise, in the Royal Academy. After obtaining two silver medals, the president, Benjamin West, had the suggestion conveyed to him, that he had better execute a historical composition. Accordingly, in the next year, Proctor produced his model of "Ixion on the Wheel," and in the following year, "Pirithous slain by Cerberus," both of which

excited great admiration. In the third year, he conceived a much bolder flight of imagination, "Diomed torn in pieces by Wild Horses," which was far more successful than his previous efforts, approaching, in the opinion of the best judges, the grandeur of Michael Angelo, and even the Phidian period of Greek design. But this noble emanation of high native talent could not find a purchaser, and at the close of the exhibition it was returned to the studio of the sculptor, who, stung to the heart by this severe disappointment, instantly destroyed his sublime creation. Derided by his more favored but less deserving cotemporaries, Proctor shunned society, and having exhausted all his means of support to produce this last work, he was reduced to the greatest straits. When Mr. West, after some time, succeeded in ascertaining the place of his obscure retreat, he stated the circumstance to the Academy, who unanimously agreed to send Proctor to Italy, with the usual pension, and fifty pounds besides, for necessary preparations. This joyful intelligence was immediately communicated to the despairing artist, but it came too late! his constitution, undermined by want and vexation, was unable to bear the revulsion of his feelings, and he shortly after breathed his last, "a victim," says his biographer, "to anti-national prejudices."

The life of Thomas Kirk, termed the "English Raffaele," is another melancholy example of unappreciated genius. Chagrin and disappointment of

his ambitious hopes, consigned him to an untimely grave. Taylor, in his History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, says, that a few years ago, one of Hogarth's pictures brought at public sale in London, more money than the artist ever received for all his paintings together. Nollekens, the sculptor, bought two landscapes of Richard Wilson, for fifteen guineas, to relieve his pressing necessities. At the sale of the effects of the former after his decease, they brought two hundred and fifty guineas each!

Shall instances like these stain the annals of American Art, or will this free people accord to its gifted sons the encouragement they so richly deserve? May the sympathies of those who can perceive in painting and sculpture, most efficient means of mental culture, refinement, and gratification, be enlisted by these sad memories, to render timely encouragement to exalted genius! It adds to national and individual profit, pride, and glory. How much does America owe Robert Fulton and Eli Whitney?

ADVANTAGES OF THE CULTIVATION OF THE FINE ARTS TO A COUNTRY.

The advantages which a country derives from the cultivation of the fine arts, are thus admirably summed up by Sir M. A. Shee, late President of the Royal Academy, London:—

“It should be the policy of a great nation to be

liberal and magnificent; to be free of her rewards, splendid in her establishments, and gorgeous in her public works. These are not the expenses that sap and mine the foundations of public prosperity, that break in upon the capital, or lay waste the income of a state; they may be said to arise in her most enlightened views of general advantage; to be amongst her best and most profitable speculations; they produce large sums of respect and consideration from our neighbors and competitors, and of patriotic exultation among ourselves; they make men proud of their country, and from priding it, prompt in its defense; they play upon all the chords of generous feeling, elevate us above the animal and the machine, and make us triumph in the powers and attributes of men."

Sir George Beaumont, in a letter to Lord Dover, on the subject of the purchase of the Angerstein collection by the government, speaking of the benefit which a country derives from the possession of the best works of art, says, "My belief is that the Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, &c., are worth many thousands a year to the country that possesses them." When Parliament was debating the propriety of buying the Angerstein Collection for £60,000, he advocated the measure with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "Buy this collection of pictures for the nation, and I will give you mine." And this he nobly did, not in the form of a bequest, but he transferred them at once as soon as the galleries

were prepared for their reception, with the exception of one little gem, with him a household god, which he retained till his death. This picture was a landscape by Claude, with figures representing Hagar and her child, and he was so much attached to it that he took it with him as a constant traveling companion. When he died, it was sent to its place in the Gallery. The value of this collection was 70,000 guineas. Such instances of noble generosity for public benefaction, deserve to be held in grateful remembrance, and should be "written in letters of gold on enduring marble," for the imitation of mankind.

After the peace of Amiens, Benjamin West visited Paris, for the purpose of viewing the world's gems of art, which Bonaparte had collected together in the Louvre. He had already conceived a project for establishing in England a national institution for the encouragement of art, similar to that of the Louvre, and he took occasion one day, while strolling about the galleries in company with Mr. Fox, the British minister, and Sir Francis Baring, to point out to them the advantages of such an institution, not only in promoting the Fine Arts, by furnishing models of study for artists, but he showed the propriety, in a commercial point of view, of encouraging to a seven fold extent, the higher department of art in England. Cunningham relates that Fox was so forcibly struck with his remarks that he said, "I have been rocked in the cradle of

politics, but never before was so much struck with the advantages, even in a political bearing, of the Fine Arts, to the prosperity, as well as the renown of a kingdom; and I do assure you, Mr. West, if I ever have it in my power to influence our government to promote the Arts, the conversation which we have had to-day shall not be forgotten." Sir Francis Baring also promised his hearty coöperation. West was mainly instrumental in establishing the Royal British Institution. Taylor, in his History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, says, he battled for years against coldly calculating politicians for its accomplishment; at length, his plan was adopted with scarcely an alteration.

"The commercial states of the classic ages of antiquity held the arts in very high estimation. The Rhodians were deeply engaged in commerce, yet their cultivation of the arts, more especially that of sculpture, was most surprising. The people of Ægina were equally engaged in commercial pursuits, but they were also admired for the correctness and elegance of their taste and manners, as well as their sculpture. A more ancient people still, the Phœnicians, Tyrians, Tyrrhenians, Etruscans, or Carthagenians, who were all colonies from one race of men, long before the foundation of Rome, understood and taught others the working in metals, one instance of which is remarkable: Hiram, king of Tyre, cast the brazen sea, and other immense objects in metal, for Solomon's temple. Let us cast our

eyes on Argos, Athens, Corinth, and Sicyon, those ancient abodes of good taste and transcendent genius; each of them were commercial states and cities. The remains of their beautifully-sculptured marbles, which once were in profusion, and of which we now strive to possess even the fragments, at almost any cost, show evidently that their commercial pursuits and relations with other countries had not narrowed, if it had not rather developed, the powers, and given that elastic vigor to the human mind that can, under due encouragement, overcome the greatest difficulties, and produce the grandest or the most enchanting works of utility or imagination. The marble quarries of Paros and Pentelicus were by such encouragements transformed into the noblest temples and most exquisitely beautiful statues of deities, heroes, and men, that it is possible to conceive. Such was the case throughout all the cities on the coast of the Ægean sea and of the Cyclades. Their arts increased their commerce; this was the source of their wealth; and fully aware of these advantages, their wealth reacted again on their arts, and thus there was kept alive that healthful movement of the whole popular mind, directed to the useful and elegant purposes of life.

“Let us come down to much later times, and to states far less remote, and ask what it was that gave such wealth and consequence to Venice, Genoa, Holland, and Flanders, to Pisa, Florence, and Lucca, not one of which states possessed much exten-

of territory, nor any large amount of population? The answer is, 'their commercial enterprise and industry did it for them.' True; but it is equally remarkable, that in all these states and cities the fine arts gave their powerful aid to those pursuits, as the splendid manufactures of these people testify. And where have the arts been fostered with more parental solicitude, or in what region have they shed more glory upon mankind, than they have done in these comparatively small territories? But it was the same principle that produced such splendid works in Greece: the cause and effect were precisely the same, the mode only was changed. But the principles are universal and eternal, and they may be brought to operate in other countries, to the fullest extent, and with as much grandeur, grace, and beauty, as they ever did attain, even in their most prosperous periods, under the guidance of Pericles when they reached the highest splendor of Chryselephantine art, under the master minds of Phidias and Praxiteles, Callicrates and Ictinus, and at a later period displayed the equally resplendent genius of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Parrhasius, in the time of Alexander—those splendid epochs of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which shed an imperishable lustre upon the most enlightened states of the Hellenic confederacy, and on the throne of the greatest conqueror of ancient times. We must not omit mentioning their palmy state in the Augustan age of Rome, and their still more glorious elevation there during the memorable *cinque cents*.

“ But to reach these proud eminences of intellectual grandeur and extensive usefulness, the arts must be solicited, ample protection must be afforded to them ; similar inducements to those which produced these great results must not only be offered, but substantially and permanently provided for their use. This garden of the human intellect must be regularly and assiduously cultivated with great care, and kept clear of the noxious weeds that would deform its beauties. Under genial treatment, all its charms develop themselves, and an endless variety of interesting and charming creations are called into existence, illustrating the high principles of religion, the noblest traits of moral and heroic conduct, and the sweetest dreams of the poetic muse : but the turmoils of war and high political contention are to them most injurious, blasting their fairest bloom, as the poisonous simoon of the desert withers the gardens of Palestine ; and to these two causes, and these only, aided by anti-English prejudice, can we attribute the very slow advances which the arts had made among the natives of Britain until the auspicious period of which we are now treating”—time of George III.—*Taylor’s History of the Fine Arts in Great Britain*, vol. ii, p. 150.

ANTIQUITY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Homer, who flourished about B. C. 900, gives a striking proof of the antiquity of the fine arts, in his description of that admirable piece of chased and

inlaid work—the shield of Achilles. Its rich design could not have been imagined, unless the arts necessary to produce it had arrived to a high degree of perfection in his country at the time he wrote, though we may doubt whether, at the period of the Trojan war, three hundred years before Homer, there existed artificers capable of executing it.

Within a century after the taking of Troy, the Greeks had founded many new colonies in Asia Minor, and the Heraclidæ finally regained their ancient seats in the Peloponnesus. It is worthy of remark that about that period, David built his house of cedars, and Solomon adorned Jerusalem with her magnificent first temple, and that Hiram, king of Tyre, sent to Solomon “a cunning man, endued with understanding,” to assist him in the building of the temple, but more especially to superintend the execution of the ornaments. (1st Kings, vii, 13, and 2d Chron., ii, 14.)

THE PŒCILE AT ATHENS.

The stoa or celebrated Portico at Athens, called the Pœcile on account of its paintings, was the pride of the Athenians. Polygnotus, Mycon, and Pantænus adorned it with pictures of gods, heroes, benefactors, and the most memorable acts of the Athenians, as the incidents of the siege and sacking of Troy, the battle of Theseus against the Amazons, the battle between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians at Cœnoe in Argolis, the battle of Marathon, and

other memorable actions. The most celebrated of these were a series of the Siege of Troy, and the Battle of Marathon by Polygnotus, more especially the latter, which eclipsed all the others, and gained the painter so much reputation that the Athenians offered him any sum he should ask, and when he refused all compensation, the Amphictyonic council decreed that wherever he might travel in Greece, he should be received with public honors, and provided for at the public expense.

According to Pausanias, Polygnotus represented the hero Marathon, after whom the plain was named, in the act of receiving Minerva, the patroness of Athens, accompanied by Hercules, about to be joined by Theseus, whose shade is seen rising out of the earth—thus claiming Attica as his native soil. In the foreground, the Greeks and Persians are combating with equal valor, but in extending the view to the middle of the composition, the barbarians were seen routed and flying to the Phœnician ships, which were visible in the distance, and to the marshes, while the Greeks were in hot pursuit, slaying their foes in their flight. The principal commanders of both parties were distinguished, particularly Mardonius, the Persian general, the insertion of whose portrait gratified the Athenians little less than that of their own commander, Miltiades, along with whom were Callimachus, Echetlus, and the poet Æschylus, who was in the battle that day. It is evident that the painter did not strictly follow his

tory, but treated his subject in a grand poetic and heroic style, and that too, we may rest assured, with consummate skill, to have elicited such applause from a people too refined to be deceived by any meretricious trickery of art.

MOSAICS.

Mosaics are ornamented works, made in ancient times, of cubes of variously colored stones, and in modern, more frequently of glass of different colors. The art originated in the East, and seems first to have been introduced among the Romans in the time of Sylla. It was an ornament in great request by the luxurious Romans, especially in the time of the Emperors, for the decoration of every species of edifice, and to this day, they continue to discover, in the ruins of the Imperial Baths, and elsewhere, many magnificent specimens in the finest preservation. In Pompeii, mosaic floors and pavements may be said to have been universal among the wealthy.

In modern times, great attention has been bestowed to revive and improve the art, with a view to perpetuate the works of the great masters. In this way, Guercino's Martyrdom of St. Petronilla, and Domenichino's Communion of the dying St. Jerome, in St. Peter's Church, which were falling into decay, have been rendered eternal. Also, the Transfiguration of Raffaele, and other great works. Pope Clement VIII. had the whole interior dome of St. Peter's ornamented with this work. A grand

Mosaic, covering the whole side of a wall, representing, as some suppose, the Battle of Platea ; as others, with more probability, one of the Victories of Alexander, was discovered in Pompeii. This work, now in the Academy of Naples, is the admiration of connoisseurs and the learned, not only from its antiquity, but from the beauty of its execution. The most probable supposition is, that it is a copy of the celebrated Victory of Arbela, by Philoxenes.

Vasari says that the art of Mosaic work had been brought to such perfection at Venice in the time of the Bianchini, famous mosaic painters of the 16th century, that "it would not be possible to effect more with colors." Lanzi observes that "the church and portico of St. Mark remain an invaluable museum of this kind of work ; where, commencing with the 11th century, we may trace the gradual progress of design belonging to each age, up to the present, as exhibited in many works in mosaic, beginning from the Greeks, and continued by the Italians. They consist chiefly of histories from the Old and New Testaments, and at the same time, furnish very interesting notices of civic and ecclesiastical history." There are a multitude of mosaic pictures in the churches, galleries, and public edifices of Italy, especially at Venice, Rome, Florence, Milan ; and some of the greatest artists were employed to furnish the designs. In delicate ornamental work, the pieces are multiplied by sawing into thin slabs. Some spe-

cimens made of precious stones, are of incredible value.

In working, the different pieces are cemented together, and when dry the surface is highly polished, which brings out the colors in great brilliancy. The ancients usually employed different colored marbles, stones, and shells; the Italians formerly employed brilliant stones, as agate, jasper, onyx, cornelian, &c., but now they employ glass exclusively.

THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

The Greek masters in sculpture have been happily designated as "Magicians in Marble." The taste which the Grecian people possessed for the beautiful, is well known. It stands among the chief of those characteristics by which they designated persons of great eminence. Their artists considered beauty as the first object of their studies; and by this means they surpassed all other nations, and have become models for all ages.

Of Phidias, the most celebrated sculptor of Greece, the Athenians spoke with rapture which knew no bounds. Lucian says, "We adore Phidias in his works, and he partakes of the incense we offer to the gods he has made." Pausanias relates, that when this artist had finished his magnificent statue of the Olympian Jupiter, Jupiter himself applauded his labors; for when Phidias urged the god to show by some sign if the work was agreeable to him, the pavement of the Temple was immediately struck

with lightning. Such incidents though fabulous, are valuable, inasmuch as they serve to prove the exalted notions the people entertained of the objects to which they relate.

PAINTING FROM NATURE.

Eupompus, the painter, was asked by Lysippus, the sculptor, whom, among his predecessors, he should make the objects of his imitation? "Behold," said the painter, showing his friend a multitude of people passing by, "behold my models. From nature, not from art, by whomsoever wrought, must the artist labor, who hopes to attain honor, and extend the boundaries of his art."

APELLES.

Apelles, according to the general testimony of ancient writers, was the most renowned painter of antiquity; hence painting is termed, by some of the Romans, the Apellean art. He flourished in the last half of the fourth century before Christ. Pliny affirms that he contributed more towards perfecting the art than all other painters. He seems to have claimed the palm in elegance and grace, or beauty, the *charis* of the Greeks, and the *venustas* of the Romans; a quality for which, among the moderns, perhaps Correggio is the most distinguished; but in the works of Apelles, it was unquestionably connected with a proportionably perfect design; a combination not found among the moderns. Pliny re-

marks that Apelles allowed that he was equalled by Protogenes in all respects save one, namely, in knowing when to take his hand from the picture. From this we may infer that the deficiency in grace which he remarked in the works of Protogenes, was owing to the excessive finish for which that painter was celebrated. Lucian speaks of Apelles as one of the best colorists among the ancient painters.

Apelles was famed for his industry ; he is said never to have allowed a day to pass without exercising his pencil. "*Nulla dies sine linea,*" is a saying that arose from one of his maxims. His principal works appear to have been generally single figures, and rarely of more than a single group. The only large compositions of his execution that are mentioned by the ancient writers are, Diana surrounded by her Nymphs, in which he was allowed to have surpassed the lines of Homer from which he took the subject ; and the Procession of the High Priest of Diana at Ephesus.

In portraits, Apelles was unrivalled. He is said to have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of painting Philip and Alexander the Great, both of whom he painted many times. In one of his portraits of Alexander, which was preserved in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, he represented him wielding the thunderbolts of Jupiter : Pliny says the hand and lightning appeared to start from the picture ; and, judging from an observation in Plutarch, the figure of the king was lighted solely by the radiance of

the lightning. Apelles received for this picture, termed the Alexander Ceraunophorus, twenty talents of gold (about \$20,000). The criticism of Lysippus, upon this picture, which has been approved by ancients and moderns, that a lance, as he had himself given the king, would have been a more appropriate weapon in the hands of Alexander, than the lightnings of Jupiter; is the criticism of a sculptor who overlooked the pictorial value of the color, and of light and shade. The lightning would certainly have had little effect in a work of sculpture, but had a lance been substituted in its place in the picture of Apelles, a totally different production would have been the result. This picture gave rise to a saying, that there were two Alexanders, the one of Philip, the invincible, the other of Apelles, the inimitable.

Competent judges, says Pliny, decided the portrait of Antigonus (king of Asia Minor) on horseback, the master-piece of Apelles. He excelled greatly in painting horses, which he frequently introduced into his pictures. The most celebrated of all his works was the Venus Anadyomene, which was painted for the people of Coös, and was placed in the temple of Æsculapius on that island, where it remained until it was removed by Augustus, who took it in lieu of 100 talents tribute, and dedicated it in the temple of Julius Cæsar. It was unfortunately damaged on the voyage, and was in such a decayed state in the time of Nero, that the Empe

ror replaced it with a copy by a painter named Dorotheus. This happened about 350 years after it was executed, and what then became of it is not known. This celebrated painting; upon which every writer who has noticed it has bestowed unqualified praise, represented Venus naked, rising out of the ocean, squeezing the water from her hair with her fingers, while her only veil was the silver shower that fell from her shining locks. This picture is said to have been painted from Campaspe, a beautiful slave of Apelles, formerly the favorite of Alexander. The king had ordered Apelles to paint her naked portrait, and perceiving that the painter was smitten with the charms of his beautiful model, he gave her to him, contenting himself with the painting. He commenced a second Venus for the people of Coös, which, according to Pliny, would have surpassed the first, had not its completion been interrupted by the death of the painter: the only parts finished were the head and bust. Two portraits of Alexander painted by Apelles, were dedicated by Augustus, in the most conspicuous part of the forum bearing his name; in one was Alexander, with Castor and Pollux, and a figure of Victory; in the other was Alexander in a triumphal car, accompanied by a figure of War, with her hands pinioned behind her. The Emperor Claudius took out the heads of Alexander, and substituted those of Augustus. The following portraits are also mentioned among the most famous works of this great artist: Clitus

preparing for Battle; Antigonus in armor, walking by the side of his Horse; and Archelaus the General, with his wife and daughter. Pausanias mentions a draped figure of one of the Graces by him, which he saw in the Odeon at Smyrna. A famous back view of a Hercules, in the temple of Antonius at Rome, was said to have been by Apelles. He painted many other famous works: Pliny mentions a naked figure by him, which he says challenged Nature herself. The same author says he covered his pictures with a dark transparent liquid or varnish, which had the effect of harmonising the colors, and also of preserving the work from injury.

Pliny says Apelles was the first artist who painted tetrachromes, or paintings executed with four colors, viz.; lamp black, white chalk, ruddle, and yellow ochre; yet, in describing his Venus Anadyomene, he says she was rising from the green or azure ocean under a bright blue sky. Zeuxis painted grapes so naturally as to deceive the birds. Where got he his green and purple? There has been a great deal of useless disquisition about the merits of ancient painters, and the materials they employed. When we take into consideration their thorough system of education; that the sister arts had been brought to such perfection as to render them the models of all succeeding times; that these painters enjoyed the highest honors and admiration of their polished countrymen, who, it must be admitted, were competent to judge of the merits of

their works; that the Romans prized and praised them as much as the Greeks themselves; that there were in Rome in the time of Pliny many ancient paintings 600 years old, still retaining all their original freshness and beauty, it can scarcely be doubted that the paintings of the great Greek artists equaled the best of the moderns; that they possessed all the requisite colors and materials; and, if they did not possess all those now known, they had others unknown to us. It is certain that they employed canvass for paintings of a temporary character, as decorations; and that they treated every subject, both such as required those colors suitable to represent the solemnity and dignity of the gods, as well as others of the most delicate tints, with which to depict flowers; for the Venus of Apelles, and the Flower-Girl of Pausias must have glowed with Titian tints to have attracted such admiration. Colonel Leake, in his Topography of Athens, speaking of the temple of Theseus, says that the stucco still bears the marks or stains of the ancient paintings, in which he distinctly recognized the blue sky, vestiges of bronze and gold colored armor, and blue, green, and red draperies. What then becomes of the tetrachromes of Apelles, and the monochromes of previous artists? for Mycon painted the Theseum near 200 years before the time of Apelles.

APELLES AND THE COBBLER.

It was customary with Apelles to expose to public view the works which he had finished, and to

hide himself behind the canvass, in order to hear the remarks made by spectators. He once overheard himself blamed by a shoemaker for a fault in the slippers of some figure ; having too much good sense to be offended with any objection, however trifling, which came from a competent judge, he corrected the fault which the man had noticed. On the following day, however, the shoemaker began to animadvert upon the leg ; on which Apelles, with some anger, looked out from the canvass, and reproved him in these words, which are also become a proverb, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*"—"let the cobbler keep to his last," or "every man to his trade."

APELLES' FOAMING CHARGER.

In finishing a drawing of a horse, in the portraiture of which he much excelled, a very remarkable circumstance is related of him. He had painted a war horse returning from battle, and had succeeded to his wishes in describing nearly every mark that could indicate a high-mettled steed impatient of restraint ; there was wanting nothing but a foam of bloody hue issuing from the mouth. He again and again endeavored to express this, but his attempts were unsuccessful. At last in vexation, he threw against the mouth of the horse a sponge filled with different colors, which produced the very effect desired by the painter. A similar story is related of Protogenes, in painting his picture of Jalytus and his Dog.

APELLES AND ALEXANDER.

Apelles was held in great esteem by Alexander the Great, and was admitted into the most intimate familiarity with him. He executed a portrait of this prince in the character of a thundering Jove; a piece which was finished with such skill and dexterity, that it used to be said there were "two Alexanders, the one invincible, the son of Philip, and the other inimitable, the production of Apelles." Alexander appears to have been a patron of the fine arts more from vanity than taste; and it is related, as an instance of those freedoms which Apelles was permitted to use with him, that when on one occasion he was talking in this artist's painting room very ignorantly of the art of painting, Apelles requested him to be silent lest the boys who ground his colors should laugh at him. On another occasion, when he had painted a picture of his famous war-horse, Alexander did not seem to appreciate its excellence; but Bucephalus, on seeing his own portrait, began to prance and neigh, when the painter observed that the horse was a better judge of painting than his master.

APELLES AND PROTOGENES.

Apelles, being highly delighted with a picture of Jalytus, painted by Protogenes of Rhodes, sailed thither to pay him a visit. Protogenes was gone from home, but an old woman was left watching a large piece of canvass which was fitted in a frame

for painting. She told Apelles that Protogenes was gone out, and asked him his name, that she might inform her master who had inquired for him. "Tell him," said Apelles, "he was inquired for by this person," at the same time taking up a pencil, and drawing on the canvass a line of great delicacy. When Protogenes returned, the old woman acquainted him with what had happened. The artist, upon contemplating the fine stroke of the pencil, immediately proclaimed that Apelles must have been there, for so finished a work could be produced by no other person. Protogenes, however, drew a finer line of another color; and as he was going away ordered the old woman to show that line to Apelles if he came again, and to say, "This is the person for whom you were inquiring." When Apelles returned and saw the line, he resolved not to be overcome, and in a color different from either of the former, he drew some lines so exquisitely delicate, that it was impossible for finer strokes to be made. Having done so, he departed. Protogenes now confessed the superiority of Apelles; flew to the harbor in search of him; and resolved to leave the canvass as it was, with the lines on it, for the astonishment of future artists. It was in after years taken to Rome, and was there seen by Pliny, who speaks of it as having the appearance of a large black surface, the extreme delicacy of the lines rendering them invisible, except on close inspection. They were drawn with different colors, the one upon

or rather within, the other. This picture (continues Pliny), was handed down, a wonder for posterity, but especially for artists; and, notwithstanding it contained only those three scarcely visible lines (*tres lineas*), still it was the most noble work in the Gallery, though surrounded by many finished paintings by renowned masters.

This celebrated contest of lines between Apelles and Protogenes, is a subject which has greatly perplexed painters and critics; and in fact, Carducci asserts that Michael Angelo and other great artists treated the idea with contempt. The picture was preserved in the gallery of the Imperial palace on the Palatine, and was destroyed by the first fire that consumed that palace, in the time of Augustus; therefore it could not have been seen by Pliny, and the account must have been related by him from some other work. In regard to its vagueness, one of the principal causes, undoubtedly, is a mutilation of the text; but the whole thing is told with obscurity. Suffice it to say, that in the opinion of Professor Tölken of Berlin, and the best modern critics, this wonderful piece could not have contained only *three simple lines*, as stated by Pliny, else how could it have been termed "the most noble work in the gallery, and the wonder of posterity."

At the time this occurrence took place, Protogenes lived in a state of poverty and neglect; but the generous notice of Apelles soon caused him to be valued as he deserved by the Rhodians. Apelles

acknowledged that Protogenes was even in some respects his superior; the chief fault he found with him was, that "he did not know when to take his hand from his work;" a phrase which has become proverbial among artists. He volunteered to purchase all the works he had by him, at any price he should name, and when Protogenes estimated them far below their real value, he offered him fifty talents, and spread the report that he intended to sell them as his own. He thus opened the eyes of the Rhodians to the merit of their painter, and they accordingly secured his works at a still higher price.

In Protogenes, the able rival of Apelles, the arts received one of the highest tokens of regard they were ever favored with; for when Demetrius Poliorcetes was besieging the city of Rhodes, and might have taken it by assaulting it on the side where Protogenes resided, he forbore, lest he should do an injury to his works; and when the Rhodians delivered the place to him, requesting him to spare the pictures of this admired artist, he replied, "that he would sooner destroy the images of his forefathers, than the productions of Protogenes."

ANECDOTES OF BENJAMIN WEST.

HIS ANCESTRY.

Cunningham says, "John West, the father of Benjamin, was of that family, settled at Long-Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, which produced Colonel James West, the friend and companion in arms

of John Hampden. Upon one occasion in the course of a conversation in Buckingham palace, respecting his picture of the Institution of the Garter, West happened to make some allusion to his English descent, when the Marquis of Buckingham, to the manifest pleasure of the king, declared that the Wests of Long-Crendon were undoubted descendants of the Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Edward the Third and the Black Prince, and that the artist's likeness had therefore a right to a place amongst those of the nobles and warriors, in his historical picture."

WEST'S BIRTH.

Galt says Benjamin's birth was brought on prematurely by a vehement sermon, preached in the fields, by Edward Peckover, on the corrupt state of the Old World, which he prophesied was about to be visited with the tempest of God's judgments, the wicked to be swallowed up, and the terrified remnant compelled to seek refuge in happy America. Mrs. West was so affected that she swooned away was carried home severely ill, and the pains of labor came upon her; she was, however, safely delivered, and the preacher consoled the parents by predicting that "a child sent into the world under such remarkable circumstances, would assuredly prove a wonderful man," and admonished them to watch over their son with more than ordinary care.

HIS FIRST REMARKABLE FEAT.

The first remarkable incident recorded of the infant prodigy, occurred in his seventh year; when, being placed to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, he drew a sort of likeness of the child with a pen, in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!" She took him in her arms, and kissed him fondly. This feat appeared so wonderful in the eyes of his parents that they recalled to mind the prediction of Peckover.

LITTLE BENJAMIN AND THE INDIANS.

When he was about eight years old, a party of Indians, who were always kindly treated by the followers of George Fox, paid their summer visit to Springfield, and struck with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, fruit, and flowers, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they stained their weapons and ornamented their skins; his mother added indigo, and thus he was possessed of three primary colors. The Indians also instructed him in archery.

HIS CAT'S TAIL PENCILS.

His wants of the child increased with his knowledge; he could draw, and had colors, but how to lay them on skillfully, he could not conceive; a pen would not answer, and he tried feathers with no bet

ter success; a neighbor informed him that it was done with a camel's hair pencil, but as such a thing was not to be had, he bethought himself of the cat, and supplied himself from her back and tail. The cat was a favorite, and the altered condition of her fur was attributed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his parents and friends. His cat's tail pencils enabled him to make more satisfactory efforts than he had before done.

WEST'S FIRST PICTURE.

When he was only eight years old, a merchant of Philadelphia, named Pennington, and a cousin of the Wests, was so much pleased with the sketches of little Benjamin, that he sent him a box of paints and pencils, with canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Gribelin. The child was perfectly enraptured with his treasure; he carried the box about in his arms, and took it to his bedside, but could not sleep. He rose with the dawn, carried his canvass and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced work. So completely was he under this species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly, and without interruption, for several days, when the anxious inquiries of his schoolmaster introduced his mother into his *studio*, with no pleasure in her looks. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture com-

posed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which, to her eyes, appeared wonderful. Galt, who wrote West's life, and had the story from the artist's own lips, says, "She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished. Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece, in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ Rejected (West's brother had sent it to him from Springfield), on which occasion the painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." A similar story is told of Canova, who visited his native place towards the close of his brilliant career, and looking earnestly at his youthful performances, sorrowfully said, "I have been walking, but not climbing."

WEST'S FIRST VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

In the ninth year of his age, he accompanied his relative Pennington to Philadelphia, and executed a view of the banks of the river, which so much pleased a painter named Williams, that he took him to his studio, and showed him all his pictures, at the sight of which he was so affected that he burst into

was. The artist, surprised, declared like Peckover that Benjamin would be a remarkable man; he gave him two books, Du Fresnoy, and Richardson on Painting, and invited him to call whenever he pleased, to see his pictures. From this time, Benjamin resolved to become a painter, and returned home with the love of painting too firmly implanted to be eradicated. His parents, also, though the art was not approved by the Friends, now openly encouraged him, being strongly impressed with the opinion that he was *predestinated* to become a great artist.

WEST'S AMBITION.

His notions of a painter at this time were also very grand, as the following characteristic anecdote will show. One of his school-fellows allured him, on a half holiday from school, to take a ride with him to a neighboring plantation. "Here is the horse, bridled and saddled," said the boy, "so come, get up behind me." "Behind you!" said Benjamin; "I will ride behind nobody." "Oh, very well," replied the other; "I will ride behind you, so mount." He mounted accordingly, and away they rode. "This is the last ride I shall have for some time," said his companion; "to-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor." "A tailor!" exclaimed West; "you will surely never be a tailor?" "Indeed but I shall," replied the other; "it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?"

“A painter.” “A painter! what sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of it before.” “A painter,” said West, “is the companion of kings and emperors.” “You are surely mad,” said the embryo tailor; “there are neither kings nor emperors in America.” “Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?” “Indeed I do; there is nothing surer.” “Then you may ride alone,” said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; “I will not ride with one who is willing to be a tailor!”

WEST'S FIRST PATRONS.

West's first patron was Mr. Wayne, the father of General Anthony Wayne, who gave him a dollar a piece for two small pictures he made on poplar boards which a carpenter had given him. Another patron was Mr. Flower, a justice of Chester, who took young West to his house for a short time, where he was made acquainted with a young English lady, governess to Mr. Flower's daughters, who had a good knowledge of art, and told him stories of Greek and Roman history, fit for a painter's pencil. He had never before heard of the heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and historians of Greece and Rome, and he listened while the lady spoke of them, with an enthusiasm which he loved to live over again in his old age. His first painting which attracted much notice was a portrait of Mrs. Ross

a very beautiful lady, the wife of a lawyer of Lancaster. The picture was regarded as a wonderful performance, and gained him so much reputation, says Galt, "that the citizens came in such crowds to sit to the boy for portraits, that he had some trouble in meeting the demand." At the same time, a gunsmith, named Henry, who had a classic turn, commissioned him to paint a picture of the Death of Socrates. West forthwith made a sketch which his employer thought excellent, but he now began to see his difficulties, and feel his deficiencies. "I have hitherto painted faces," said he, "and people clothed. What am I to do with the slave who presents the poison? He ought, I think, to be painted naked." Henry went to his shop, and returned with one of his workmen, a handsome young negro man half naked, saying, "There is your model." He accordingly introduced him into his picture, which excited great attention.

WEST'S EDUCATION.

West was now fifteen years old. Dr. Smith, Provost of the College at Philadelphia, happened to see him at Lancaster, and perceiving his wonderful talents, and that his education was being neglected, generously proposed to his father to take him with him to Philadelphia, where he proposed to direct his studies, and to instruct him in all the learning most important for a painter to know.

WEST'S DEDICATION TO ART.

The art of painting being regarded by the Quakers as not only useless but pernicious, "in preserving voluptuous images, and adding to the sensual gratifications of man," Mr. West determined to submit the matter to the wisdom of the Society, before giving a positive answer. He accordingly sent for his son to attend the solemn assembly. The Friends met, and the spirit of speech first descended on John Williamson, who, according to Galt, thus spake: "To John West and Sarah Pearson, a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind, but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God hath bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question his wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth." The Quakers gave their unanimous consent, and summoned the youth before them. He came, and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand, his mother on his left, while around him gathered the whole assembly. One of the women first spake, but the words of Williamson, says Galt, are alone remembered. "Painting," said he, "has hitherto

been employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of men. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle but the mis-employment of painting. In wise and pure hands, it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness of sentiment, and a devout dignity, worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is, let us not inquire—it will be manifest in His own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art; may it be demonstrated in his life and works, that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operations of our tenets, prove barren of religious and moral effect!" At the conclusion of this address, says Galt, the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head. The scene made so strong an impression on the mind of West, that he looked upon himself as expressly dedicated to art, and considered this release from the strict tenets of his sect, as enjoining on his part a covenant to employ his powers on subjects pure and holy. The grave simplicity of the Quaker continued to the last in his looks, manners, and deportment; and the moral rec

titude and internal purity of the man were diffused through all his productions.

WEST'S EARLY PRICES.

At about eighteen years of age, West commenced portrait painting as a profession in Philadelphia. His extreme youth, the peculiar circumstances of his history, and his undoubted merit, brought him many sitters. His prices were very humble—\$12.50 for a head, and \$25 for a full-length; all the money he thus laboriously earned, he carefully treasured, to secure, at some future period, the means of travel and study; for his sagacious mind perceived that travel not only influenced public opinion, but was absolutely necessary for him if he wished to excel, especially in historical painting. There were no galleries in America; he knew that the masterpieces of art were in Italy, and he had already set his heart on visiting that delightful country. He made a copy of a picture of St. Ignatius, by Murillo, which had been captured in a Spanish vessel, and belonged to Governor Hamilton; he also painted a large picture for Mr. Cox, from the history of Susanna, the Elders, and Daniel, in which he introduced no less than forty figures. This work gained him great reputation, and West always considered it the masterpiece of his youth; it was afterwards unfortunately destroyed by fire. After having painted the portraits of all who desired it in Philadelphia, he proceeded to New York, where he opened a stu-

dio, and Dunlap says for eleven months he had all the portraits he could execute, at double the prices he had charged in Philadelphia. An opportunity now presented itself, which enabled him to gratify his long cherished desire of going to Italy. The harvest had partially failed in that country, and Mr. Allen, a merchant of Philadelphia, was loading a ship with wheat and flour for Leghorn. He had resolved to send his son as supercargo, to give him the benefit of travel, and West's invaluable friend, Provost Smith, made arrangements for the young painter to accompany the young merchant. It happened that a New York merchant, of the name of Kelly, was sitting for his portrait when this good news arrived, and West with joy spoke to him of the great advantage he expected to derive from a residence of two or three years in Italy. The portrait being finished, Mr. Kelly paid him ten guineas, and gave him a letter to his agent in Philadelphia, which, on being presented, proved to be an order from the generous merchant to pay him fifty guineas, as "a present to aid in his equipment for Italy."

WEST'S ARRIVAL AT ROME.

West arrived at Rome on the 10th of July, 1760, in the 22d year of his age. Cunningham thus describes his reception: "When it was known that a young American had come to study Raffaele and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibitor of

this lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham the English ambassador, to whom West had letters. He invited West to dinner, and afterwards took him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Among the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. 'I have the honor,' said Lord Grantham, 'to present you a young American, who has a letter for your Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts.' The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived an American must needs be a savage. 'Is he black or white?' said the aged virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching, at least, this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled and said, 'he is fair—very fair.' 'What! as fair as I am?' exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of the churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair; and as they stood together, the company smiled. 'As fair as the Cardinal,' became for a while proverbial. Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage, and accordingly were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raffaele would have upon him, and thirty of the most magnificent equipages in

the capital, filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, says Galt, conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, 'My God! a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West, perceiving the unfavorable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks, the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons, the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. 'I have seen them often,' he continued, 'standing in the attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been made. West was no longer a barbarian."

WEST'S EARLY FRIENDS.

The excitement to which West was subjected at Rome, his intense application, and his anxiety to distinguish himself, brought on a fever, and for a time, interrupted his studies; by the advice of his physicians, he returned to Leghorn, for the benefit of the sea air, where, after a lingering sickness of eleven months, he was completely cured. But he found his funds almost exhausted, and he began to des

pair of being able to prosecute his studies according to the proposed plan. He called on his agents, to take up the last ten pounds he had in the world, when to his astonishment and joy, he was handed a letter of unlimited credit from his old friends in Philadelphia, Mr. Allen and Governor Hamilton; they had heard of his glorious reception at Rome, and his success with the portrait of Lord Grantham. At a dinner, one day, with Governor Hamilton, Mr Allen said, "I regard this young man as an honor to his country, and as he is the first that America has sent out to cultivate the Fine Arts, he shall not be frustrated in his studies, for I shall send him whatever money he may require." "I think with you, sir," replied Hamilton, "but you must not have all the honor to yourself; allow me to unite with you in the responsibility of the credit." Those who befriend genius when it is struggling for distinction, are public benefactors, and their names should be held in grateful remembrance. The names of Hamilton, Allen, Smith, Kelly, Jackson, Rutherford, and Lord Grantham, must be dear to all the admirers of West; they aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune, cheered him when he was drooping and desponding; and watched over his person and purse with the vigilance of true friendship. West always expressed his deepest obligation to these generous men, and it was at his particular request that Galt recorded their names, and their deeds.

WEST'S COURSE OF STUDY.

West now proceeded with redoubled alacrity, to execute the plan recommended by Mengs. He visited Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice, and diligently examined everything worth studying. He everywhere received marks of attention, and was elected a member of the Academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma. In the latter city, he painted and presented to the Academy, a copy of the famous St. Jerome by Correggio, "of such excellence," says Galt, "that the reigning prince desired to see the artist. He went to court, and to the utter astonishment of the attendants, appeared with his hat on. The prince was familiar with the tenets of the Quakers, and was a lover of William Penn; he received the young artist with complacency, and dismissed him with many expressions of regard." West returned to Rome, where he painted two pictures which were highly commended, one of Cimon and Iphigenia, and the other of Angelica and Medora. At Venice, he particularly studied the works of Titian, and Cunningham says, "he imagined he had discovered his principles of coloring."

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

As West was conversing one evening with Gavin Hamilton in the British Coffee House, at Rome, an old man, with a long and flowing beard and a harp in his hand, entered and offered his services as an

improvisatore bard. "Here is an American," said the wily Scot, "come to study the Fine Arts in Rome; take him for your theme, and it is a magnificent one." The minstrel casting a glance at West, who never in his life could perceive what a joke was, commenced his song. "I behold in this youth an instrument chosen by heaven to create in his native country a taste for those arts which have elevated the nature of man—an assurance that his land will be the refuge of science and knowledge, when in the old age of Europe they shall have forsaken her shores. All things of heavenly origin move westward, and Truth, and Art, have their periods of light and darkness. Rejoice, O Rome, for thy spirit immortal and undecayed now spreads towards a new world, where, like the soul of man in Paradise, it will be perfected more and more." The prediction of Peckover, the fond expressions of his beloved mother, and his solemn dedication to art, rushed upon West's memory, and he burst into tears; and even in his riper years, he was willing to consider the poor mendicant's song as another prophecy.

WEST'S FONDNESS FOR SKATING.

There are other minor matters, says Cunningham, which help a man on to fame and fortune. West was a skillful skater, and in America had formed an acquaintance on the ice with Colonel Howe. One day, the painter having tied on his skates at the Serpentine, was astonishing the timid practitioners of

London with the rapidity of his motions, and the graceful figure which he cut. Some one shouted "West! West!" It was Colonel Howe. "I am glad to see you," said he, "and not less so that you came in good time to vindicate my praises of American skating." He called to him Lord Spencer Hamilton, and some of the Cavendishes, to whom he introduced West as one of the Philadelphia prodigies of skating, and requested him to show them what was called "the Salute." He performed this feat so much to their satisfaction that they spread the praises of the American skater all over London. West was exceedingly fond of this invigorating amusement, and used frequently to gratify large crowds by cutting the Philadelphia Salute. Cunningham says, "Many to the praise of skating, added panegyrics on his professional skill, and not a few to vindicate their applause, followed him to his easel, and sat for their portraits."

WEST'S DEATH OF WOLFE.

A change was now to be effected in the character of British art. Hitherto, historical painting had appeared in a masking habit; the actions of English men, says Cunningham, had all been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks and Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of "the Death of Wolfe." The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once, on its being exhibited

at the Royal Academy; but the lovers of old art, or of the compositions called *classical*, complained of the barbarism of boots, buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering rams. Lord Grosvenor was so pleased with the picture, that, disregarding the frowns of amateurs, and the cold approbation of the Academy, he purchased it. Galt says that the king questioned West concerning this picture and put him on his defense of this new heresy in art. "When it was understood," said the artist, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovator incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian, should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the ac-

tion, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it, I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this, I must abide by truth. They went away, and returned again when I had finished the painting. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." "I wish," said the king, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture; but you shall make a copy for me."

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo was descended from the noble family of Canosa. From his earliest infancy, he discovered a passion for drawing and sculpture. It is said that his nurse was the wife of a poor sculptor, or as some say, a mason. His father, Lodovico Simone Buonarotti, intended him for one of the learned professions, and placed him in a grammar school at Florence. Here young Angelo soon manifested the greatest fondness for drawing, and became quite intimate with the students in painting. The decided

bent of his genius induced his parents, against their wishes, to place him at the age of fourteen under the instruction of Domenico Ghirlandaio. He made such rapid progress, that he soon not only surpassed all his fellow disciples, but even his instructor, so that he was able to correct Domenico's drawing.

While pursuing his studies under Ghirlandaio, he was accustomed to visit the gardens of the Grand Duke, (Lorenzo the Magnificent) to study the antique. One day, when he was about fifteen years of age, he found a piece of marble in the garden, and carved it into the mask of a satyr, borrowing the design from an antique fragment. Lorenzo, on seeing the work, was struck with its excellence, and jestingly told the young Angelo that he had made a mistake in giving a full set of teeth to an old man. This hint was not lost; the next day it was found that the artist had broken one of the teeth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum to represent the cavity left by the lost tooth. The first work executed by Michael Angelo, on his return to Florence from Bologna, where he had fled on account of the disturbances in the former city, was a Sleeping Cupid, in marble, which considerably enhanced his reputation; but so great was the prejudice in favor of the antique, that by the advice of a friend, Michael Angelo sent his statue to Rome, to undergo the process of burial, in order to give it the appearance of a work of ancient art, before it should be submitted to public inspection. This fraud, like

many of a similar kind at this time practiced, succeeded completely; and the Cupid was eagerly purchased by the Cardinal St. Giorgio, for 200 ducats. It was not long before the Cardinal was told that a trick had been played upon him, and he sent a person to Florence, in order to ascertain, if possible the truth of the charge. The latter repaired to the studios of the different artists in that city, on the pretence of seeing their productions. On visiting the *atelier* of Michael Angelo, he requested to see a specimen of his work; but not having anything finished at the time, he carelessly took up a pen, and made a sketch of a hand. The Cardinal's messenger, struck by the freedom and grandeur of the style, inquired what was the last work he had executed. The artist, without consideration, answered at the moment, it was a Sleeping Cupid; and so minutely described the supposed antique statue, that there remained no doubt whose work it was. The messenger at once confessed the object of his journey, and so strongly recommended Michael Angelo to visit Rome, that he soon after went to that city, on the express invitation of the Cardinal St. Giorgio himself. Here he executed several admirable works, among which the Pietá, or dead Christ, has been highly extolled for the great knowledge of anatomy displayed in the figure. He afterwards returned to Florence, where he executed his celebrated marble statue of David.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND JULIUS THE SECOND.

Julius the Second, a patron of genius and learning, having ascended the papal throne, Michael Angelo was among the first invited to Rome, and was immediately employed by the pope in the execution of a magnificent mausoleum. On the completion of the design, it was difficult to find a site befitting its splendor; and it was finally determined to rebuild St. Peter's, in order that this monument might be contained in a building of corresponding magnificence. Thus originated the design of that edifice, which was one hundred and fifty years in completion, and which is now the noblest triumph of architectural genius the world can boast. The completion of this grand monument was delayed by various causes during the pontificates of several succeeding popes, until the time of Paul III. It was not placed in St. Peter's, as originally intended, but in the church of S. Pietro, in Vincoli. On this monument is the celebrated colossal statue of Moses, which ranks Michael Angelo among the first sculptors, and has contributed largely to his renown.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

Michael Angelo's greatest architectural work was the cupola of St. Peter's church. Bramante, the original architect, had executed his design only up to the springing of the four great arches of the central intersection. Giuliano di Sangallo, Giocondo, Raffaello, Peruzzi, and Antonio Sangallo, had been

successively engaged, after Bramante's decease, to carry on the work; but during the inert sway of Adrian VI., and amid the catastrophes of Clement VII., little had been accomplished. At length Paul III. appointed Michael Angelo to the post of architect, much against his will, as he was then seventy-two years of age. He immediately laid aside all the drawings and models of his predecessors, and taking the simple subject of the original idea, he carried it out with remarkable purity, divesting it of all the intricacies and puerilities of the previous successors of Bramante, and by its unaffected dignity, and unity of conception, he rendered the interior of the cupola superior to any similar work of modern times. He was engaged upon it seventeen years, and at the age of eighty-seven he had a model prepared of the dome, which he carried up to a considerable height; in fact, to such a point as rendered it impossible to deviate from his plan; and it was completed in conformity with his design, by Giacomo della Porta, and Domenico Fontana. The work was greatly delayed in consequence of the want of necessary funds, or else Michael Angelo would have himself completed this great monument of his taste and skill. If we are indebted to Bramante for the first simple plan of the Greek Cross of St. Peter's, and the idea of a cupola to crown the centre, still it must be allowed that to Michael Angelo is due the merit of carrying out the conception of the original architect, with a beauty of proportion, a simplicity and unity of form,

a combination of dignity and magnificence of decoration, beyond what even the powers of Bramante could have effected.

Such was the unparalleled eminence which this wonderful genius attained in the three sister arts of sculpture, architecture, and painting. His chief characteristics were grandeur and sublimity. His powers were little adapted to represent the gentle and the beautiful; but whatever in nature partook of the sublime and the terrible, were portrayed by him with such fidelity and grandeur as intimidates the beholder. Never before nor since has the world beheld so powerful a genius. The name of Michael Angelo will be immortal as long as the peopled walls of the Sistine chapel endure, or the mighty fabric of St. Peter's rears its proud dome above the spires of the Eternal city.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S FIRST PATRON.

Lanzi says that Lorenzo the Magnificent, desirous of encouraging the statuary art, then on the decline in his country, had collected in his gardens many antique marbles, which he committed to the care of Bertoldo. He requested Ghirlandaio to send him a talented young man, to be educated there, and he sent him Michael Angelo, then a youth of sixteen. Lorenzo was so pleased with his genius that he took him into his palace, rather as a relative than a dependent, placing him at the same table with his own sons, with Poliziano and other learned men who

graced his residence. During the four years that he remained there, he laid the foundation of all his acquirements.

THE CARTOON OF PISA.

According to Condivi, Michael Angelo devoted twelve years to the study of anatomy, with great injury to his health, and this course "determined his style, his practice, and his glory." His perfect knowledge of the human body was best shown in his famous Cartoon of the Battle of Pisa, prepared in competition with Lionardo da Vinci, in the saloon of the public palace at Florence. Angelo did not rest satisfied with representing the Florentines, cased in armor, and mingling with their enemies in deadly combat; but choosing the moment of the attack upon the van, while bathing in the river Arno, he seized the opportunity of representing many naked figures, as they rushed to arms from the water, by which he was enabled to introduce a prodigious variety of foreshortenings, and attitudes the most energetic—in a word, the highest perfection of his peculiar excellence. Cellini observes of this work, that "when Michael Angelo painted in the chapel of Julius II., he did not reach half that dignity;" and Vasari says that "all the artists who studied and designed after this cartoon, became eminent."

This sublime production has perished, and report, though not authenticated, accuses Baccio Bandinelli of having destroyed it, either that others might

not derive advantage from its study, or, because of his partiality to Vinci and his hatred to Buonarrotti, he wished to remove a subject of comparison that might exalt the reputation of the latter above that of the former.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S LAST JUDGMENT.

Lanzi says, "In the succeeding pontificates (to that of Julius II.) Michael Angelo, always occupied in sculpture and architecture, almost wholly abandoned painting, till he was induced by Paul III. to resume the pencil. Clement VII. had conceived the design of employing him in the Sistine chapel, on two other grand historical pictures—the Fall of the Angels, over the gate; and the Last Judgment, in the opposite façade, over the altar. Michael Angelo had composed designs for the Last Judgment, and Paul III. being aware of this, commanded, or rather entreated, him to commence the work; for he went to his house, accompanied by ten Cardinals,—an honor, except in this instance, unknown in the annals of the art." This sublime work was finished by Michael Angelo in eight years, and was exhibited in 1541. Vasari says that at the suggestion of Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, the Pope desired that it should be painted in oil; but Michael Angelo positively declined to undertake it, except in fresco, saying "that oil painting was an employment only fit for women, or idlers of mean capacity." Varchio in his funeral oration says, "Such was the delicacy

of his taste that no artist could please him ; and as in sculpture, every pincer, file, and chisel which he used, was the work of his own hands, so in painting, he prepared his own colors, and did not commit the mixing and other necessary manipulations to mechanics and boys."

Lanzi says that Michael Angelo must be acknowledged supreme in that peculiar branch of the profession (the nude), at which he aimed in all his works, especially in his Last Judgment. "The subject appeared rather *created* than selected by him. To a genius so comprehensive, and so skilled in drawing the human figure, no subject could be better adapted than the Resurrection ; and to an artist who delighted in the awful, no story more suitable than the day of supernal terrors. He saw Raffaello preëminent in every other department of the art ; he foresaw that in this alone could he expect to be triumphant ; and perhaps he indulged the hope that posterity would adjudge the palm to him who excelled all others in the most arduous walk of art."

"The Last Judgment," says Lanzi, "was filled with such a profusion of nudity that it was in great danger of being destroyed, from a regard to the decency of the sanctuary. Paul IV. proposed to whitewash it, and was hardly appeased with the correction of its most glaring indelicacies, by some drapery introduced here and there by Daniello da Volterra, on whom the facetious Romans, from this circumstance, conferred the nickname of the

Breeches-maker." Other corrections were proposed by different critics, and some alterations made. Angelo was censured for mixing sacred with profane history ; for introducing the angels of revelation with the Stygian ferryman ; Christ sitting in judgment, and Minos assigning his proper station to each of the damned. To this profanity, he added satire ; in Minos, he portrayed the features of the Master of Ceremonies, who in the hearing of the pope, had pronounced this picture more suitable for a Bagnio than a church ; and an officious Cardinal, he placed among the damned, with a fiend dragging him by the testes down to hell.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S COLORING.

The coloring of Michael Angelo has been generally criticised as being too cold and inharmonious, but the best critics now consider that it was admirably adapted to his design. His chief characteristics were grandeur and sublimity, and whatever partook of the sublime and the terrible, he portrayed with a fidelity that intimidates the beholder. It is an error to suppose that he could not color delicately and brilliantly when he chose. During his residence at Florence, he painted an exquisite Leda for Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara. Michael Angelo was so much offended at the manner of one of the courtiers of that prince, who was sent to bring it to Ferrara, that he refused to let him have it, but made it a present to his favorite pupil, Antonio Mini, who car-

ried it to France. Vasari describes it as "a grand picture, painted in distemper, that seemed as if it breathed on the canvass"; and Mariette, in his notes on Condivi, affirms that he saw the picture, and that "Michael Angelo appeared to have forgot his usual style, and approached the tone of Titian." D'Argenville informs us that the picture was destroyed by fire in the reign of Louis XIII. Lanzi says, "In chiaro-scuro, Michael Angelo had not the skill and delicacy of Correggio; but his paintings in the Vatican have a force and relief much commended by Renfesthein, an eminent connoisseur, who, on passing from the Sistine chapel to the Farnesian gallery, remarked how greatly in this respect the Caracci themselves were eclipsed by Buonarrotti."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S GRACE.

"It is a vulgar error," says Lanzi, "to suppose that Michael Angelo had no idea of grace and beauty; the Eve in the Sistine chapel turns to thank her Maker, on her creation, with an attitude so fine and lovely, that it would do honor to the school of Raffaello. Annibale Caracci admired this, and many other naked figures in this grand ceiling, so highly that he proposed them to himself as models in the art, and according to Bellori, preferred them to the Last Judgment, which appeared to him to be too anatomical."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OIL PAINTINGS.

It has long been a disputed point whether Michael Angelo ever painted in oil; but it has been ascertained by Lanzi that the Holy Family in the Florentine gallery, which is the only picture by him supposed to be painted in oil, is in reality in distemper. Many of his designs, however, were executed in oil by his cotemporaries, especially Sebastiano del Piombo, Jacopo da Pontormo, and Marcello Venusti. Fresco painting was better adapted to the elevated character of his composition, which required a simple and solid system of coloring, rather subdued than enlivened, and producing a grand and impressive effect, which could not have been expressed by the glittering splendor of oil painting. There are many oil paintings erroneously attributed to him in the galleries at Rome, Florence, Milan, the Imperial gallery at Vienna, and elsewhere.

MICHAEL ANGELO, HIS PROPHETS, AND JULIUS II.

When Michael Angelo had finished the works in the Sistine chapel which Julius II. had commanded him to paint, the Pope, not appreciating their native dignity and simplicity, told him that "the chapel appeared cold and mean, and there wanted some brilliancy of coloring, and some gilding to be added to it." "Holy father," replied the artist, "formerly men did not dress as they do now, in gold and sil-

ver ; those personages whom I have represented in my pictures in the chapel, were not persons of wealth, but saints, who were divinely inspired, and despised pomp and riches."

BON-MOTS OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo was a true poet. He was endowed with a ready wit and consummate eloquence. His bon-mots, recorded by Dati, rival those of the Grecian painters, and he was esteemed one of the most witty and lively men of his time.

When he had finished his statue of Julius II. for the Bolognese, the Pope thought it too severe, and said to him, "Angelo, my statue appears rather to curse than to bless the good people of Bologna." "Holy father," replied the artist, "as they have not always been the most obedient of your subjects, it will teach them to be afraid of you, and to behave better in future."

Under the pontificate of Julius III., the faction of San Gallo went so far, as to prevail upon the Pope to appoint a committee to examine the fabric. Angelo paid no attention to the cavils of his enemies. Finally the Pope summoned him before him, and told him that a particular part of the church was too dark. "Who told you that, holy father?" said Angelo. "I did," interrupted the Cardinal Marcello. "Your eminence should consider, then," said the artist, casting at the prelate a look of cool contempt. "that besides the window

there is at present, I have designed three more in the ceiling of the church!" "You did not tell me that," replied the Cardinal. "No indeed, I did not, sir. I am not obliged to tell you; nor would I ever consent to be obliged to tell your eminence, or any person whomsoever, anything concerning it. Your business is to take care that money is plenty at Rome; that there are no thieves there; to let me alone; and to permit me to go on with my plan as I please."

When asked why he did not marry, he replied that "his art was his mistress, and gave him trouble enough." Again, that "an artist should never cease to learn." When told that some one had performed a remarkable feat in painting with his fingers, he said, "Why don't the blockhead use his brush?" When shown Titian's Danaë, he observed, "What a pity these Venetians do not study design." Of the Gates of Ghiberti, he said, "they are fit to adorn the portals of Paradise."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost

desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from heaven. His heart, all at once, seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of "Angel Uriel," regarded by the artist as one of his masterpieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold. "Can it be possible? Not sold! Where is it to be had?" "In this very room. Here it is," producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale—but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated—and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers. I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate

recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine." The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford; and he became, from that moment, one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him Mr. A. was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry; and he became one of the most favored among the many gifted minds that adorned the circle, in which he was never fond of appearing often.

The instantaneous relief thus afforded by the liberality of this noble visitor, was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings which became a prominent trait in his character."

ALLSTON'S DEATH.

"Notwithstanding the general respect which is manifested to the memory of this distinguished artist, there are unsympathising, ice-hearted men of the world who yet reproach him for uncontrollable events in his career.

The actions of the painter, the poet, and the musician, are dictated often by other motives than those impelling the arm of the mechanic, or the tongue of the advocate. Men of genius are of a more delicate organization than those possessing inferior abilities, and are swayed by emotions the most lofty that can actuate humanity. The world's neglect,

the contempt of critics, depressed spirits induced by pecuniary embarrassments, blast their hopes, enervate their energies, and deprive them of the potency to cope with the heartless world.

Men there are who would visit the generous Allston with censure, because, while laboring under disappointments, ill health, and crushed anticipations, he failed to finish his painting of Belshazzar's Feast, a theme that possibly became uncongenial to his pencil. May their ill feeling be forgotten, and, if the fountain of their sympathies be not wholly dried up, may it yield a little lenity towards one of America's noblest sons.

It may not be inappropriate to insert a tribute to the memory of Allston, which will serve to vindicate his character from his aspersers, and exhibit it as traced by one for many years connected with him by the dearest ties of friendship :

' PARIS, November, 1843.

The Duke de Luynes, a French nobleman, has lately given a commission to Monsieur Ingres, the painter, recently Director of the French Academy of Arts in Rome, to decorate his palace at Dampierre with a series of pictures, the subjects of which I have not heard. One hundred thousand francs are allowed to the artist for this work. M. Ingres was a student at Rome, pensioned by his government, at the time Mr. W. Allston and my-

self were there pursuing the same studies—not, however, aided by a government.

When the melancholy news of the death of my much regretted friend and fellow artist reached here, which was about the time the above favor was granted to M. Ingres, I could not but reflect on the less fortunate destiny of our highly accomplished countryman, whose muse, alas! was doomed to linger out a languid existence in a state of society unfavorable to the arts, or at least where there was little to encourage and sustain them, compared with the capitals in Europe where he had lived and studied. Such an indifference to the arts is not confined to one section of our country, but pervades the whole United States.

It is indeed a subject of regret that so highly-gifted an artist should not have been commissioned to ornament some public building, or private mansion of opulence, with a series of pictures in the free style of fresco, comprising poetical designs and landscapes, in which he was so superior. Instead of being subjected to finish a picture which, from some cause, he had become dissatisfied with, for the prosecution of which he found himself debarred of even the advantages of models and costume, not to mention those of a less material nature—the absence of all the great models of art to kindle and inspire his genius, etc. A work of the kind before suggested would admit of a free execution, independent in a degree of models and costume. Such a commis

sion, I am persuaded, would have cheered up his spirit, and called forth fresh images from his fancy. It is ever to be regretted that he was not employed in this way; had he been, our country would no doubt have had a beautiful creation from a highly cultivated and poetic mind, now forever lost.

No one who was ever acquainted with the subject of this notice, but must feel sincere regret, also, that so fair and amiable a character was not scotched in his latter years with all the ease and comfort of mind and body that the world could bestow, which thus far has been seldom if ever the lot of his profession in our country. How many there are who have not undergone half the fatigue, physical or mental, endured by Mr. Allston—not to mention the far greater amount of time and money expended in the acquisition of his profession than in most other pursuits—yet have secured to themselves the means to reach the decline of life in a condition to assure ease and comfort. Such is the unequal compensation of the world.

When I look back some five or six-and-thirty years, when we were both in Rome, and next-door neighbors on the *Trinita del Monte*, and in the spring of life, full of enthusiasm for our art, and fancying fair prospects awaiting us in after years—and few certainly had more right than my worthy colleague to look towards such a futurity—it is painful to reflect how far these hopes have been from being realized. Such may be the lot of a great

many ; still we may believe and hope that so melancholy an example rarely occurs.

J. VANDERLYN.'

The Art-Union of New-York have struck a commemorative medal, with Allston's face on the obverse side ; and thus is the great artist rewarded.

Genius, that breaks the fetters encircling the mind, is fated to drink life's bitterest cup to the dregs. After earth has flung the gem away, she proclaims its value.

Reformers must be martyrs. Every Socrates must quaff his hemlock—every Burns pine in unpitied poverty. In life, the artist appears on the reverse side of the world's medal—in death, on the obverse."—*Dewey Fay*.

AMERICAN PATRONAGE AT HOME AND ABROAD

The writer has frequently heard our artists bitterly complain of the meanness of their countrymen in patronizing everything foreign, not only at home but abroad. It is mortifying enough to them to see the palaces of many of our merchant princes *disgraced*, not *adorned*, with a multitude of modern flashy French pictures, without a single piece by a native artist. How cutting then must be the slight to those young artists, who, having gone to Italy for improvement, are visited in their studios, by their countrymen, who, desirous of bringing home some copies of favorite pictures, give their commissions to foreigners. Our young artists, during their resi-

dence abroad, are generally poor, and frequently undergo every privation to enable them to achieve the object of their ambition. Weir says that at one time during his residence at Rome, he was obliged "to live on ten cents a day for a month." Greenough, during his second visit to Italy, was almost driven to despair. Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper found him in this deplorable state in 1829, and gave him a commission for his beautiful group of Chanting Cherubs. He had already distinguished himself by several admirable busts of John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, and others, but this was the first commission he had ever received for a group. The grateful sculptor says in a letter to Mr. Dunlap, "Mr. Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair, after my second return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and has, up to this moment, been a father to me in kindness."

Mr. Cooper, in a letter published in the New-York American, April 30, 1831, says.

"Most of our people, who come to Italy, employ the artists of the country to make copies, under the impression that they will be both cheaper and better, than those done by Americans, studying here. My own observation has led me to adopt a different course. I am well assured that few things are done for us by Europeans, under the same sense of responsibility, as when they work for customers near home. The very occupation of the copyist, in

fers some want of that original capacity, without which no man can impart to a work, however exact it may be in its mechanical details, the charm of expression. In the case of Mr. Greenough, I was led even to try the experiment of an original. The difference in value between an original and a copy is so greatly in favor of the former, with anything like approach to success, that I am surprised that more of our amateurs are not induced to command them. The little group I have sent home, (the Chanting Cherubs) will always have an interest that can belong to no other work of the same character. It is the first effort of a young artist who bids fair to build for himself a name, and whose life will be connected with the history of the art in that country which is so soon to occupy such a place in the world. It is more; it is probably the first group ever completed by an American sculptor."

When this beautiful group had been exhibited a sufficient time in the United States, to bring its merits before the public, Mr. Cooper, in the hope of influencing the government to employ Greenough on a statue of Washington, wrote to the President, and to Mr. McLane the Secretary of the Treasury, strongly urging the plan of a statue of the "Father of his Country," by the first American sculptor who had shown himself competent to so great a task. He was successful, and Congress commissioned Greenough to execute a statue of Washington for the Capitol. The sculptor received the intelligence

with transports of delight, but when he had had time for reflection, he modestly began to doubt his ability to do justice to his subject, and "answer all the expectations of his friends." "When I went," says he, "the other morning, into the large room in which I propose to execute my statue, I felt like a spoiled boy, who, after insisting upon riding on horseback, bawled aloud with fright, at finding himself in the saddle, so far from the ground!"

Is it not a burning shame, that the most gifted artists of this great and glorious country should be compelled to go abroad to seek both fame and bread, not fortune? What merchant prince will set his countrymen an example, and, like Sir George Beaumont, bribe Congress and his fellow citizens to form a national gallery, by giving a collection of casts from the antique, first class paintings and engravings, rare works of art, and a library on art, worth 70,000 guineas? It is a mistaken opinion, entertained by many, that the fine arts are of little importance to our country. On the contrary, every person is directly interested. A foreign writer observes that, "silver-plating in the United States, is what tin-smithery is in Paris." Fuseli terms Venice "the toy-shop of Europe;" better Paris. What a multitude of people are supported in that great city by the manufacture of ten thousand fabrics, exquisitely designed and executed. The Parisians have a keen perception of the beautiful, simply from being educated in a city abounding with galleries

and the best models of art, or as Reynolds terms it, "the accumulated genius of ages."

RAFFAELLE SANZIO DI URBINO.

By the general approbation of mankind, this illustrious artist has been styled "the prince of modern painters." He is universally acknowledged to have possessed a greater combination of the excellencies of art than has fallen to the lot of any other individual. It is a remarkable fact, mentioned by many artists and writers, that the most capital frescoes of Raffaele in the Vatican, do not at first strike the beholder with surprise, nor satisfy his expectations; but as he begins to study them, he constantly discovers new beauties, and his admiration continues to increase with contemplation.

RAFFAELLE'S AMBITION.

Raffaele was inspired by the most unbounded ambition; the efforts of Michael Angelo to supplant him only stimulated him to greater exertions; and, on his death-bed, he thanked God he was born in the days of Buonarotti. He was instructed in the principles of architecture for six years by Bramante, that on his death he might succeed him in superintending the erection of St. Peter's. He lived among the ancient sculptures, and derived from them not only the contours, drapery, and attitudes, but the spirit and principles of the art. Not content with what he saw at Rome, he employed



MICHAEL ANGELO.

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able artists to copy the remains of antiquity at Pozzuolo, throughout all Italy, and even in Greece. It is also probable that he derived much assistance from living artists, whom he consulted in regard to his compositions. The universal esteem which he enjoyed, his attractive person, and his engaging manners, which all authors unite in describing as incomparable, conciliated the favor of the most eminent men of letters, as Bembo, Castiglione, Giovio; Navagero, Ariosto, Fulvio, Calcagnini, etc., who set a high value on his friendship, and were doubtless ready to supply him with many valuable hints and ideas.

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

“Michael Angelo, his rival,” says Lanzi, “contributed not a little to the success of Raffaelle. As the contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius was beneficial to both, so the rivalry of Buonarotti and Sanzio aided the fame of Michael Angelo, and produced the paintings in the Sistine chapel; and at the same time contributed to the celebrity of Raffaelle, by producing the pictures in the Vatican, and not a few others. Michael Angelo, disdainng any secondary honors, came to the combat, as it were, attended by his shield-bearer, for he made drawings in his grand style, and then gave them to Fra Sebastian del Piombo, the scholar of Giorgione, to execute; and, by this means, he hoped that Raffaelle would never be able to rival his productions, either

in design or color. Raffaele stood alone, but a mediator at producing works with a degree of perfection beyond the united efforts of Michael Angelo and F. Sebastiano, combining in himself a fertile imagination, ideal beauty founded on a correct imitation of the Greek style, grace, ease, amenity, and a universality of genius in every department of art. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, and allowed him no respite. It also animated him to surpass both his rivals and himself in every new work."

RAFFAELLE'S TRANSFIGURATION.

"This great artist" (Michael Angelo), says Vasari, "had felt some uneasiness at the growing fame of Raffaele, and he gladly availed himself of the powers of Sebastiano del Piombo, as a colorist, in the hope that, assisted by his designs, he might be enabled to enter the lists successfully with his illustrious antagonist, if not to drive him from the field. With this view, he furnished him with the designs for the Pietà in the church of the Conventuali at Viterbo, and the Transfiguration and Flagellation, in S. Pietro in Montorio, at Rome, which, as he was very tedious in the process, occupied him six years." It was at this juncture that the Cardinal de Medici commissioned Raffaele to paint a picture of the Transfiguration, and in order to stimulate the rivalry, he engaged Sebastiano to paint one of the Resurrection of Lazarus, of precisely the same dimensions

for his Cathedral of Narbonne. That Sebastian might enter the lists with some chance of success, he was again assisted by Buonarotti, who composed and designed the picture. On this occasion, Raffaele exerted his utmost powers, triumphed over both his competitors, and produced that immortal picture which has received the most unqualified approbation of mankind as the finest picture in the world. Both pictures were publicly exhibited in competition, and the palm of victory was adjudged to Raffaele—the Transfiguration was pronounced inimitable in composition, in design, in expression, and in grace. This sublime composition represents the mystery of Christ's Transfiguration on Mount Tabor. At the foot of the Mount is assembled a multitude, among whom are the Disciples of our Lord, endeavoring in vain to relieve a youth from the dominion of an evil spirit. The various emotions of human doubt, anxiety, and pity, exhibited in the different figures, present one of the most pathetic incidents ever conceived; yet this part of the composition does not fix the attention so much as the principal figure on the summit of the mountain. There Christ appears elevated in the air, surrounded with a celestial radiance, between Moses and Elias, while the three favored Apostles are kneeling in devout astonishment on the ground. The head and attitude of the Saviour are distinguished by a divine majesty and sublimity, that is indescribable.

DEATH OF RAFFAELLE.

With his incomparable work of the *Transfiguration*, ceased the life and the labors of Raffaelle; he did not live to entirely complete it, and the few remaining parts were finished by his scholar, Giulio Romano. While engaged upon it, he was seized with a fever, of which he died on his birth-day, Good Friday, April 7th, 1520, aged 37 years. His body lay in state in the chamber where he had been accustomed to paint, and near the bier was placed the noble picture of the *Transfiguration*. The throngs who came to pay their respects to the illustrious artist were deeply affected; there was not an artist in Rome but was moved to tears by the sight, and his death was deplored throughout Italy as a national calamity. The funeral ceremony was performed with great pomp and solemnity, and his remains were interred in the church of the *Rotunda*, otherwise called the *Pantheon*. The Cardinal Bembo, at the desire of the Pope, wrote the epitaph which is now inscribed on his tomb.

CHARACTER OF RAFFAELLE.

All cotemporary writers unite in describing Raffaelle as amiable, modest, kind, and obliging; equally respected and beloved by the high and the low. His beauty of person and noble countenance inspired confidence, and strongly prepossessed the beholder in his favor at first sight. Respectful to the memory of Perugino, and grateful for the instructions he

had received from him, he exerted all his influence with the Pope, that the works of his master in one of the ceilings of the Vatican might be spared, when the other paintings were destroyed to make room for his own embellishments. Just and generous to his cotemporaries, though not ignorant of their intrigues, he thanked God that he had been born in the days of Buonarotti. Gracious towards his pupils, he loved and instructed them as his own sons; courteous even to strangers, he cheerfully extended his advice to all who asked it, and in order to make designs for others, or to direct them in their studies, he had been known to neglect his own works, rather than refuse them his assistance.

LA BELLA FORNARINA.

Raffaelle was never married, though by no means averse to female society. The Cardinal da Bibiena offered him his niece, which high alliance he is said to have declined because the honors of the purple were held out to him by the Pope, who favored him greatly, and made him groom of his chamber. Early in life he became attached to a young woman, the daughter of a baker at Rome, called by way of distinction, La Bella Fornarina, to whom he was solely and constantly attached, and he left her in his will sufficient for an independent maintenance. The rest of his property he bequeathed to a relative in Urbino, and to his favorite scholars, Giulio Romano, and Gio. Francesco Penni.

THE GENIUS OF RAFFAELLE.

Raffaelle possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary to constitute a preëminent painter. When we consider the number of his paintings, and the multitude of his designs, (it is said he left behind him 287 pictures, and 576 cartoons, drawings, and studies) to which he devoted so much study, as is shown in his numerous sketches of Madonnas and Holy Families, &c., and especially his great works in the Vatican, in which, in many cases, he drew all the figures naked, in order the better to adapt the drapery and its folds to their respective attitudes; and further, his supervision of the building of St. Peter's church, his admeasurements of the ancient edifices of Rome with exact drawings and descriptions, the preparation of designs for various churches and palaces, with several collateral tasks, it seems incredible that even a long life were sufficient for their execution; and when we further reflect that he accomplished all this at an age when most men only begin to distinguish themselves, we are struck with astonishment at the wonderful fecundity of his genius.

RAFFAELLE'S MODEL FOR HIS FEMALE SAINTS.

"His own Fornarina," says Lanzi, "assisted him in this object. Her portrait by Raffaelle's own hand was formerly in the Barberini Palace, and it is repeated in many of his Madonnas, in the picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna, and in many female heads."

RAFFAELLE'S OIL PAINTINGS.

“Of his oil paintings,” says Lanzi, “a considerable number are to be found in private collections, particularly on sacred subjects, such as the Madonna and Child, and other compositions of the Holy Family. They are in three styles, which we have before described: the Grand Duke of Florence has some specimens of each. The most admired is that which is named the Madonna della Seggiola. Of this class of pictures it is often doubted whether they ought to be considered as originals or copies, as some of them have been three, five, or ten times repeated. The same may be said of other cabinet pictures by him, particularly the St. John in the Desert, which is in the Grand Ducal gallery at Florence, and is found repeated in many collections both in Italy and other countries. This was likely to happen in a school where the most common mode was the following:—The subject was designed by Raffaello, the picture prepared by Giulio, and finished by the master so exquisitely, that one might almost count the hairs of the head. When pictures were thus finished, they were copied by the scholars of Raffaello, who were very numerous, and of the second and third order; and these were also sometimes retouched by Giulio and by Raffaello himself. But whoever is experienced in the freedom and delicacy of the chief of this school, need not fear confounding his productions with those of the scholars, or Giulio himself; who, besides having a more

timid pencil, made use of a darker tint than his master was accustomed to do. I have met with an experienced person, who declared that he could recognize the character of Giulio in the dark parts of the flesh tints, and in the middle dark tints, not of a leaden color as Raffaello used, nor so well harmonized; in the greater quantity of light, and in the eyes designed more roundly, which Raffaello painted somewhat long, after the manner of Pietro Perugino."

PORTRAITS OF POPE JULIUS II.

There are no less than eight portraits of Julius II. attributed to Raffaello. 1. The original, by Raffaello's own hand, is in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the best of all; 2. a scarcely inferior one in the Tribune of the Florentine Gallery; 3. one in the English National Gallery, from the Falconieri Palace at Rome; 4. a very fine one, formerly in the Orleans Gallery; 5. an inferior one in the Corsini Palace at Rome; 6. a very fine one in the Borghese Gallery at Rome; 7. one at Berlin, from the Gius-tinian Gallery; 8. one in the possession of Count Torlonia at Rome. Most of these are doubtless copies by Raffaello's scholars, some of them finished by himself. The original cartoon is preserved in the Corsini Palace at Florence.

MANNERS OF RAFFAELLE.

Raffaello had three manners; first, that of his instructor, Pietro Perugino, hence many exquisite pic-

tures in the style of that master are erroneously attributed to him; second, the same, modified by his residence and studies at Florence, which continued till his completion of the Theology in the Vatican, though constantly improving; and the third, his own grand original manner, commencing with the school of Athens.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

This preëminent painter, accomplished scholar, and skillful diplomatist, was born at Antwerp in 1577, on the feast day of St. Peter and St. Paul, for which reason he received at the baptismal font the names of those Apostles. Rubens, in his earliest years, discovered uncommon ability, vivacity of genius, literary taste, and a mild and docile disposition. His father, intending him for one of the learned professions, gave him a very liberal education, and on the completion of his studies, placed him as a page with the Countess of Lalain, in order that his son might acquire graceful and accomplished manners, so important to success in a professional career. His father dying soon afterwards, young Rubens obtained the permission of his mother, to follow the bent of his genius. He studied under several masters, the last of whom was the celebrated Otho Venius. He made such extraordinary progress,

that when he had reached his twenty-third year, Venius frankly told him that he could be of no further service to him, and that nothing more remained for his improvement but a journey to Italy, which he recommended as the surest means of ripening his extraordinary talents to the greatest perfection.

RUBENS' VISIT TO ITALY.

Rubens having secured the favor and patronage of the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, for whom he executed several pictures, set out for Italy, with letters from his patron, recommending him in the most honorable manner to the Duke of Mantua, that at his court he might have access to his admirable collection of paintings and antique statues. He was received with the most marked distinction by the Duke, who took him into his service, and appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, an honor which was the more acceptable to Rubens, as it gave him greater facility for studying the great works of Giulio Romano in the Palazzo del Te, which were the objects of his particular admiration.

RUBENS' ENTHUSIASM.

Giulio Romano's masterly illustrations of the sublime poetry of Homer excited Rubens' emulation in the highest degree. One day, while he was engaged in painting the history of Turnus and Æneas, in order to warm his imagination with poetic rapture,

He repeated with great energy, the lines of Virgil, beginning,

“*Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet.*” &c.

The Duke, overhearing his recitations, entered the apartment, and was surprised to find the young painter's mind richly stored with classical literature. Rubens remained in the service of the Duke of Mantua, who had conceived the strongest attachment to him, nearly eight years, visiting Venice, Rome, Genoa, and other cities, executing many commissions, and leaving everywhere superb specimens of his magic pencil. In 1605, the Duke having occasion to send an envoy to the court of Spain, employed Rubens as a person eminently fitted for the delicate mission. He successfully accomplished the negotiations confided to him, painted the portrait of Philip III., and received from that monarch the most flattering marks of distinction.

RUBENS' RETURN TO ANTWERP.

In 1608, after an absence of eight years, Rubens was suddenly recalled to Antwerp by the severe illness of his mother, who died before his arrival. The loss of his dearly beloved parent was a severe affliction to him. He had proposed to return to Italy, but the Archduke Albert, and the Infanta Isabella, induced him to settle at Antwerp, where he married, built a magnificent house, with a saloon in the form of a rotunda, which he embellished with a rich collection of antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures

by the greatest masters. This collection he sold many years afterwards to the Duke of Buckingham for £10,000. Amidst these select productions of art, he passed about twelve years in the tranquil exercise of his great abilities, producing an astonishing number of admirable pictures for the churches and public edifices of the Low Countries.

RUBENS' HABITS.

In order to continue his mental improvement, to enjoy the sweets of friendly intercourse, and to economize his precious time, Rubens regulated his affairs with a precision which nothing was permitted to derange. He received company at stated times, took regular exercise out of doors, usually on horseback, and it is said that he never painted without having some one to read to him from a classic work of history or poetry. He possessed an extraordinary memory, and understood the ancient and several modern languages, writing and speaking them with ease and fluency. His familiar acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources.

RUBENS' DETRACTORS.

Rubens' great popularity naturally excited envy, and created enemies. Generous and affable to all, and a liberal encourager of art, he found himself assailed by those who were most indebted to him for assistance. With the most audacious effrontery

they insinuated that he owed the best part of his reputation in the great variety of his works, for which he was celebrated, to the talents of two of his disciples, Snyders and Wildens, whom he employed occasionally in forwarding the animals and landscapes in his pictures. The principal of these vilifiers were Abraham Janssens, Cornelius Schut, and Theodore Rombouts; the first had the hardihood to challenge him to paint a picture in competition with him. Rubens treated these attacks with a dignity and philanthropy that shows his exalted mind, and the goodness of his heart; he relieved the necessities of his accusers, and exposed his immortal production of the Descent from the Cross.

THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

In 1620, Mary of Medicis commissioned Rubens to decorate the gallery of the Luxembourg with a series of emblematical paintings, in twenty-four compartments, illustrative of the principal events of her life. The series was painted at Antwerp, except two pictures, which he finished at Paris in 1623, when he arranged the whole in the gallery. These great works, executed in less than three years, are alone sufficient to attest the abundant fertility of his genius, and the wonderful facility of his hand.

RUBENS SENT AS AMBASSADOR TO THE COURTS OF SPAIN AND ENGLAND

In 1628, the Infanta Isabella despatched Rubens on a delicate political mission to the court of Spain,

relative to the critical state of the government of the Low Countries, and for instructions preparatory to a negotiation of peace between Spain and England. On his arrival at the Spanish capital, he was received in the most gracious manner by Philip IV., acquitted himself of his diplomatic mission to the entire satisfaction of the Infanta and the King, and completely captivated that monarch, and his minister, the Duke de Olivares, by the magnificent productions of his pencil. He executed several great works, for which he was munificently rewarded, received the honors of knighthood, and was presented with the golden key, as a Gentleman of the Royal Bed-Chamber.

In 1629 he returned to Flanders, and was immediately despatched to England by the Infanta, on a secret mission, to ascertain the disposition of the government on the subject of peace. The king, Charles I., an ardent lover of the fine arts, received the illustrious painter with every mark of distinction, and immediately employed him in painting the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, where he represented the Apotheosis of his father, James I., for which he received £3,000. Here Rubens showed himself no less skillful as a diplomatist than as a painter. In one of the frequent visits with which the king honored him during the execution of the work, he alluded with infinite delicacy and address to the subject of a peace with Spain, and finding the monarch not averse to such a measure, he

immediately produced his credentials. Charles at once appointed some members of his council to negotiate with him, and a pacification was soon effected. The King was so highly pleased with the productions of his pencil, and particularly with his conduct in this diplomatic emergency, that he gave him a munificent reward, and conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, Feb. 21, 1630. On this occasion, the king presented Rubens with his own sword, enriched with diamonds, his hat-band of jewels, valued at ten thousand crowns, and a gold chain, which Rubens wore ever afterwards.

DEATH OF RUBENS.

Rubens, after having successfully accomplished the objects of his missions to the courts of Spain and England, returned to Antwerp, where he was received with all the honors and distinction due to his services and exalted merit. He still continued to exercise his pencil with undiminished industry and reputation till 1635, when he experienced some aggravated attacks of the gout, to which he had been subject, succeeded by an infirmity and trembling of the hand, which obliged him to decline executing all works of large dimensions. Though he had now reached his fifty-eighth year, and was loaded with deserved honors and wealth, he nevertheless continued to instruct his pupils, to correspond with his cherished friends, and to paint easel pictures when his torturing malady would permit, till his

death, in 1640, aged 63 years. He was buried with extraordinary pomp and solemnity in the church of St. James, under the altar of the private chapel, which he had decorated with one of his finest pictures. A superb monument was erected to his memory.

RUBENS' NUMEROUS WORKS.

The number of works executed by Rubens is truly astonishing; Smith, in his *Catalogue raisonné*, vols. ii. and ix., describes about eighteen hundred considered genuine by him, in the different public and private collections of Europe. There can be no doubt that a great number of these were executed by his numerous scholars and assistants, under his direction, from his designs, and then finished by himself. It is well known that he employed his pupils in forwarding many of his pictures, and that Wildens, van Uden, and Mompers, in particular, assisted him in his landscapes, and Snyders in his animals. His principal scholars were Anthony Vandyck, Justus van Egmont, Theodore van Thulden, Abraham Diepenbeck, Jacob Jordaens, Peter van Mol, Cornelius Schut, John van Hoeck, Simon de Vos, Peter Soutman, Deodato Delmont, Erasmus Quellinus, Francis Wouters, Francis Snyders, John Wildens, Lucas van Uden, and Jodocus Mompers. Several other distinguished Flemish painters of the period, who were not his pupils, imitated his style; the most eminent of whom were Gerard Seghers,

Gaspar de Crayer, and Martin Pepin. Besides the genuine paintings of Rubens, there are a multitude of doubtful authenticity, attributed to him, most of which were executed by his pupils and imitators. Many such, fine pictures, are in the United States. There are upwards of twelve hundred engravings after works attributed to Rubens; some of which, however, are of doubtful authenticity. Those executed by the Bolswerts, Paul Pontius, and other contemporary engravers who worked under Rubens' supervision, are undoubtedly genuine. There are a great number of his works in England in the public galleries and the collections of the nobility; there are nine in the National gallery, fourteen in the Dulwich gallery, and others at Windsor, Hampton Court, and Whitehall. The enormous value set upon his works at the present time, may be seen by referring to the catalogue of the National gallery; thus, the Brazen Serpent cost £1260; a Landscape, called Rubens' Chateau, £1500; Peace and War, £3000; the Rape of the Sabines, £3000; and the Judgment of Paris, 4000 guineas. Many of the works of Rubens, like those of other great masters, have suffered greatly from the effects of time, but more from improper cleaning and unskillful restoration, especially in retouching injured parts, by which the original harmony of coloring has been destroyed. Thus his pictures in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, have been three times cleaned, repaired, and painted over, so that little of the original splendor of coloring remains.

THE FIRST PICTURE BROUGHT TO ROME.

The first picture carried to Rome from Greece, according to Pliny, was the famous Bacchus and Ariadne, painted by Aristides of Thebes. It was painted on a heavy panel, and King Attalus offered for it, its weight in gold, which excited the suspicion of the Consul Mummius that it contained some secret charm. He accordingly broke off the bargain, and took it himself to Rome, where he dedicated it in the temple of Ceres. After this example, every Roman commander seems to have been ambitious of adorning the city with the finest pictures and statues of Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Sicily. Julius Cæsar enshrined the two exquisite pictures of Medea and Ajax, by Timomachus, in the Temple of Venus. Augustus hung his forum with pictures of the horrors of war, and the glories of a triumph; and he adorned the temple which he dedicated to the deified Julius with many choice pictures, the most beautiful of which was the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles. Another, scarcely less celebrated, by the same painter, was one of Alexander in triumph, leading War, bound and manacled. This picture was afterwards defaced by Claudius, who caused the head of Alexander to be scraped out, and that of Augustus to be inserted. Another picture of especial note, in the same temple, was one of Castor and Pollux.

Augustus also placed in the Comitium some excellent works, by Nicias of Athens, and others. The

Temple of Peace was rich in pictures of the highest class. There was placed the most valued of all the works of Protogenes, the hunter Jalyus with his dogs and game, the Cyclops of Timanthes, and the sea-monster Scylla, by Nicomachus.

In the Temple of Concord, there was a precious picture by Zeuxis—that of Marsyas bound to a Tree; and the Muses and the Helen of the same painter adorned some of the private villas at Rome.

In the Temple of Minerva, on the Capitol, was the Theseus of Parrhasius, with the Rape of Proserpine, and a Victory by Nicomachus.

In the shrine of Ceres, where Mummius had placed the Bacchus and Ariadne of Aristides, were several other works by the same painter.

The Portico of Octavia was adorned with pictures of Greek mythology and history by Antiphilus; and that of Pompey boasted a rare fragment by Polygnotus, of a Soldier upon a Scaling Ladder, probably a part of some great battle-piece, which that illustrious painter had executed in honor of his countrymen. Some suppose it to have been taken from the Pœcile at Athens, where the pictures were not painted in fresco, but on panels. The Portico of Pompey was still further adorned with pictures by Nicias, among which were a large portrait of Alexander, a picture of Calypso, and some animals, which were much prized. There was also a beautiful picture of Hyacinthus, by the same artist, which was so highly valued by Augustus, that, after his

death, Tiberius consecrated it to his memory, in the temple dedicated to him.

The Romans did not hesitate to carry off everything appertaining to the fine arts in the countries they conquered. The greatest influx of Greek pictures into Rome, at any one time, was during the edileship of Scaurus, when, on account of a real or pretended debt owing by the people of Sicily to Rome, all the valuable pictures in that city were seized and conveyed to Italy. Such were a few of the many pictures, the spoils of war, which were carried to Rome, to adorn the temples, palaces, and public places, not to speak of those which decorated the villas of persons of rank and taste.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE.

The Romans were so fond of Etruscan statues that they collected them from all quarters. At the taking of Volsinum (now Bolsena), they removed two thousand bronze statues to Rome. The Etruscans were also much employed by the Romans to make bronze statues of their divinities and great personages. One of the most ancient remaining works executed by them for Rome, is the bronze Wolf, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," preserved in the Capitol, and of which Micali has given an excellent figure. There was a colossal Etruscan Apollo, fifty feet high, placed in the library of the Temple of Augustus, "the bigness of which," says Pliny, "is not so remarkable as the material and the

workmanship; for hard it is to say whether is most admirable, the beautiful figure of the body, or the exquisite temperature of the metal." There was also a colossal Jupiter of the Capitol, cast by Corvilius out of the brazen armor taken from the dead bodies of the conquered Samnites. Pliny says the first bronze statue cast in Rome, was that of the goddess Ceres, the expense of which was defrayed by the forfeited goods of Spurius Capius, who was put to death for aspiring to the dignity of king.

CAMPUS MARTIUS

The Campus Martius was a large plain without the city of Rome, which was adorned with a multitude of statues, the spoils of war; also with columns, arches, and porticos. The public assemblies were held there, the officers of state chosen, and audience given to foreign ambassadors; there, also, the Roman youths performed their exercises, learned to wrestle and box, to throw the discus, hurl the javelin, ride a horse, drive a chariot, etc.

ELECTIONEERING PICTURES AT ROME.

The Roman commanders made a singular use of painting to advance their interests. Their inordinate love of military fame discovered a mode of feeding that ruling passion by means of this charming art. According to Valerius Maximus, Massala was the first who, when he offered himself for the consulship, instead of sitting in the market-place,

dressed in the white robe of humility, and pointing to his wounds like Coriolanus,

"Show them the scars that I would hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only,"

caused a picture to be hung up in the portico Hostilia, representing the battle of Messana, where he had vanquished both the Carthagenians and Syracusans. The picture told the story of his achievements to the best advantage, and secured his election. Scipio Africanus was greatly incensed against his brother, Lucius Scipio, for placing in the Capitol a picture of the battle near Sardis, which won him the title of Asiaticus, but in which, his nephew, the son of Africanus, was taken prisoner. Again, Scipio Emilianus was highly offended at the display of a picture of the Taking of Carthage, exhibited in the market-place by Lucius Hostilius Mancinus. It appears that Mancinus was the first to enter the city, and on his return to Rome, being desirous of the consulship, he had a picture painted, representing the situation of the town, its strong fortifications, all the machines used in the attack and defense, and the actions of the besiegers, in which care was taken that those of Mancinus should be most conspicuous. This he hung up in the Forum, and personally explained to the people in such a manner, that he won their good will, and gained the consulship. We learn from Quintilian that the

lawyers of Rome often made use of pictures in their pleadings for the purpose of moving the judges.

DRAMATIC SCENERY AT ROME.

It is related that when Clau lius Pulcher, during his edileship, exhibited dramas publicly at Rome, the scenery, representing trees, houses and other buildings was so naturally depicted, that the ravens and other birds came to perch upon them. Many such anecdotes are related as having occurred in all ages of the history of the art, but they are not so sure a test of excellence as people generally imagine, for animals are easily deceived. The writer has made experiments to satisfy himself on this point; he has seen a whiffet dog bark obstreperously at the portrait of a person it disliked; birds approach a picture of fruit, and bees one of flowers. He has a picture of three dogs, so naturally painted, that almost every dog, admitted into the room, not only looks at it, but endeavors to *smell of it*. Every sportsman knows that it is easy to decoy wild ducks with an artificial one.

APELLES OF EPHEBUS AND PTOLEMY PHILOPATOR.

During a voyage in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, Apelles was driven into Alexandria, in Egypt, by stress of weather. Not being in favor with king Ptolemy, he did not venture to appear at the court; but some of his enemies suborned one of the royal buffoons to invite him to supper in the

king's name. Apelles attended accordingly, but Ptolemy, indignant at the intrusion, demanded by whom he had been invited; whereupon the painter, seizing an extinguished coal from the hearth, drew upon the wall the features of the man who had invited him, with such accuracy that the king, even from the first lines, immediately recognized the buffoon, and thenceforth received Apelles into his favor

APELLES' FAMOUS PICTURE OF CALUMNY.

According to Lucian, the reputation of Apelles, and the favor he enjoyed at the court of Ptolemy, excited the jealousy of Antiphilus, a celebrated Egyptian painter, who unjustly accused him of having participated in the conspiracy of Theodotus of Tyre. Apelles was thrown into the dungeon, and treated with great severity, but his innocence being clearly established, Ptolemy endeavored to make reparation, presented him with one hundred talents, and condemned Antiphilus to be his slave. Apelles, however, was not satisfied with this reparation, and on returning to Ephesus, painted in retaliation his famous picture of Calumny, in which Ptolemy acted a principal part. Lucian saw this picture, and thus describes it:

“On the right, is seated a person of magisterial authority, to whom the painter has given ears like Midas, who holds forth his hand to Calumny, as if inviting her to approach. He is attended by Ig-

Ignorance and Suspicion, who stand by his side. Calumny advances in the form of a beautiful female, her countenance and demeanor exhibiting an air of fury and hatred; in one hand she holds the torch of discord, and with the other, she drags by the hair a youth personifying Innocence, who, with eyes raised to heaven, seems to implore succor of the gods. She is preceded by Envy, a figure with a pallid visage and emaciated form, who appears to be the leader of the band. Calumny is also attended by two other figures who seem to excite and animate her, and whose deceitful looks discover them to be Intrigue and Treachery. At last follows Repentance clothed in black, and covered with confusion at the discovery of Truth in the distance, environed with celestial light."

This sketch has been regarded as one of the most ingenious examples of allegorical painting which the history of the art affords. Raffaelle made a drawing from Lucian's description, which was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Modena, and was afterwards transferred to the French Museum.

Professor Tölken, of Berlin, has shown that this Apelles was not the great cotemporary of Alexander, for the persons mentioned in connection with the story, lived more than a hundred years after the death of Alexander—or about the 144th Olympiad. This reconciles many contradictory statements with regard to Apelles, both by ancient and modern

writers See Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects.

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

Soon after Kneller's arrival in England, he painted the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, who was so much pleased with it that he persuaded the king his father (Charles II.) to have his portrait painted by the *new artist*. The King had promised the Duke of York his portrait, to be painted by Sir Peter Lely, and unwilling to go through the ceremony of a double sitting, he proposed that both artists should paint him at the same time. Lely, as the king's painter, took the light and station he liked; but Kneller took the next best he could find and went to work with so much expedition, that he had nearly finished his portrait, when Lely had only laid in his dead coloring. This novelty pleased, and Lely himself had the candor to acknowledge his merit. Kneller immediately found himself in the possession of great reputation and abundant employment, and the immense number of portraits he executed, proves the stability of his reputation. He was equally patronized by Kings Charles, James, and William, and he had the honor of painting ten sovereigns. His best friend was King William, for whom he painted the beauties of Hampton Court, and by whom he was knighted in 1692, and presented with a gold chain and medal, worth £300. In the latter part of this reign, he painted the portraits

of the members of the famous Kit-cat Club, forty-two in number, and the several portraits now in the gallery of the Admirals. He lived to paint the portrait of George I., who made him a Baronet. He died in 1723. His body lay in state, and he was buried at his country-seat at Wilton; a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey

KNELLER AND JAMES II.

It was while sitting to this artist, that James the Second manifested a most surprising instance of coolness and shrewdness united. Kneller was painting his portrait as a present to Pepys, when suddenly intelligence arrived of the landing of the Prince of Orange. The artist was confounded, and laid down his brush. "Go on, Kneller," said the king, betraying no outward emotion; "I wish not to disappoint my friend Pepys."

KNELLER'S COMPLIMENT TO LOUIS XIV.

When Kneller painted the portrait of Louis XIV., the monarch asked him what mark of his esteem would be most agreeable to him; whereupon he modestly answered that he should feel honored if his Majesty would bestow a quarter of an hour upon him, that he might execute a drawing of his face for himself. The request was granted.

Kneller painted Dryden in his own hair, in plain drapery, holding a laurel, and made him a present of the work; to which the poet responded in an epistle

containing encomiums such as few painters deserve.

Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That nature seems obedient to thy will,
Comes out and meets thy pencil in the draught,
Lives there, and wants but words to speak the thought."

KNELLER'S WIT.

The servants of his neighbor, Dr. Radcliffe abused the liberty of a private entrance to the painter's garden, and plucked his flowers. Kneller sent him word that he must shut the door up, whereupon the doctor peevishly replied, "Tell him he may do any thing with it but paint it." "Never mind what he says," retorted Sir Godfrey; "I can take anything from him but physic." He once overheard a low fellow cursing himself. "God damn *you*, indeed!" exclaimed the artist in wonder; "God may damn the Duke of Marlborough, and perhaps Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you think he will ever take the trouble of damning such a scoundrel as you?" To his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil, he said, "Dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No, God Almighty only makes painters." He gave a reason for preferring portraiture to historical painting, which forms an admirable *bon-mot*, for its shrewdness, truthfulness, and ingenuity. "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live till

they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live!"

KNELLER'S KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSIOGNOMY.

In a conversation concerning the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James II., some doubts having been expressed by an Oxford Doctor, Kneller exclaimed, with much warmth, "His father and mother have sat to me about thirty-six times apiece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Men Gott! I could paint King James *now* by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature of his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken; nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's, the queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines."

KNELLER AS A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Sir Godfrey acted as a justice of the peace at Wilton, and his sense of justice induced him always to decide rather by equity than law. His judgments, too, were often accompanied with so much humor, as caused the greatest merriment among his acquaintance. Thus, he dismissed a poor soldier who had stolen a piece of meat, and fined the butcher for purposely tempting him to commit the crime. Hence Pope wrote the following lines:

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,
And punished him that put it in his way."

Whenever he was applied to by paupers, he always inquired which were the richest parishes, and settled them there. He could never be induced to sign a warrant to distrain the goods of a poor man, who could not pay a tax, and he took pleasure in assisting the honest poor with his advice and purse. He disliked interruption, and if the case appeared trivial, or was the result of a row, he would not be disturbed. Seeing a constable coming to him one day, with two men, having bloody noses, and a mob at his heels, he called out to him, "Mr. Constable, do you see that turning? Go that way, and you will find an ale-house—the sign of the King's Head. Go and make it up." A handsome young woman came before him one day to swear a rape; struck with her beauty, he continued examining her as he sat painting, till he had taken her likeness. Perceiving from her manner that she was not free from guilt, he advised her not to prosecute her suit, but seek some other mode of redress. These instances show the goodness of his heart, and refute the many absurd and malicious stories that are told of him.

KNELLER AND CLOSTERMANS.

When Clostermans, an inferior artist, sent a challenge to Kneller to paint a picture in competition with him for a wager, he courteously declined the contest, and sent him word that "he allowed him to be his superior."

THE CAVALIERE BERNINI.

Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, whose renown filled all Europe in the seventeenth century, was called the Michael Angelo of his age, because, like that great artist, he united in an eminent degree, the three great branches of art—painting, sculpture, and architecture, though he was chiefly renowned in the two last.

BERNINI'S PRECOCITY.

Bernini manifested his extraordinary talents almost in infancy. At the age of eight years, he executed a child's head in marble, which was considered a wonder. When he was ten years old, his talents had become so widely known, that Pope Paul V. wished to see the prodigy who was the astonishment of artists, and on his being brought into his presence, desired him to draw a figure of St. Paul, which he did in half an hour, so much to the satisfaction of the pontiff that he recommended him to Cardinal Barberini, saying, "Direct the studies of this child, who will become the Michael Angelo of this century."

BERNINI'S STRIKING PREDICTION.

During Bernini's distinguished career, Charles I. of England endeavored in vain to allure him to visit his court. Not succeeding in this, he employed Vandyck to paint two excellent portraits of himself, one in profile and the other in full face, and sent

them to Bernini, to enable him to execute his bust. The sculptor surveyed them with an anxious eye, and exclaimed, "Something evil will befall this man; he carries misfortune in his face." The tragical termination of the monarch's career, verified the sculptor's knowledge of physiognomy. Bernini made a striking likeness, with which the king was so much pleased, that, in addition to the stipulated price, six thousand crowns, he made him a present of a diamond ring, worth six thousand more.

BERNINI AND LOUIS XIV.

Bernini received the most flattering and pressing invitations from Louis XIV. to visit Paris. At length, he was persuaded by the great Colbert to undertake the journey, and having with great difficulty obtained permission of the Pope, he set out for France, at the age of sixty-eight, accompanied by one of his sons, and a numerous retinue. Never did an artist travel with so much pomp, and under so many flattering circumstances. By order of the King, he was received everywhere on his way with the honors due to a prince, and on his arrival at Paris, he was received by the king with every mark of distinction, and apartments assigned to him in the royal palace. Louis defrayed all the expenses of his journey, and to immortalize the event, had a medal struck, with the portrait of the artist, and on the reverse, the Muses of the Arts, with this in

scription, "*Singularis in singularis ; in omnibus, unicus.*" When he returned to Rome, Louis presented him with ten thousand crowns, gave him a pension of two thousand, and one of four hundred to his son, and commissioned him to execute an equestrian statue of himself, in marble, of colossal proportions. The statue was executed in four years; and sent to Versailles, where it was afterwards converted into *Marcus Curtius*, and where, as such, it still remains.

BERNINI'S WORKS.

Bernini designed and wrought with wonderful facility; his life was one of continued exertion, and he lived to the great age of eighty-two years, so that he was enabled to execute an astonishing number of works. Richly endowed by nature, and favored by circumstances, he rose superior to the rules of art, creating for himself an easy manner, the faults of which he knew well how to disguise by its brilliancy; yet this course, as must ever be the case, did not lead to a lasting reputation. "The Cav. Bernini," says Lanzi, "the great architect and skillful sculptor, was the arbiter and dispenser of all the works at Rome, under the pontificates of Urban VIII. and Innocent X. His style necessarily influenced those of all the artists, his cotemporaries. He was affected, particularly in his drapery. He opened the way to caprice, changed the true principles of art, and substituted for them the false. At

different times, the study of painting has taken the same vicious course; above all, among the imitators of Pietro da Cortona, some of whom went so far as to condemn a study of the works of Raffaele, and even to decry, as useless, the imitation of nature." Bernini lived in splendor and magnificence, and left a fortune of 400,000 Roman crowns (about \$700,000) to his children.

BERNINI AND THE VEROSPI HERCULES.

When the Verospi statue of Hercules killing the Hydra was first discovered, some parts of it, particularly the monster itself, were wanting, and were supplied by Bernini. Some years after, in further digging the same piece of ground, they found the hydra that originally belonged to it, which differs very much from Bernini's supplemental one; yet the latter is given in Maffei's Statues, and other books of prints, as the antique. The statue was removed from the Verospi palace to the Capitol, where it now is; and the original hydra, with a horned sort of a human face, snakes for hair, and a serpentine body, is there also, in the same court.

FANATICISM DESTRUCTIVE TO ART.

Queen Elizabeth was a bitter persecutor of art; she ordered all sacred pictures in the churches to be utterly destroyed, and the walls to be white-washed, so that no memorial of them might remain. In her reign, it became fashionable to sally forth

and knock pictures and images to pieces. Flaxman says, "The commands for destroying sacred paintings and sculpture prevented the artist from suffering his mind to rise to the contemplation or execution of any sublime effort, as he dreaded a prison or a stake, and reduced him to the lowest drudgery in his profession. This extraordinary check to our national art occurred at a time which offered the most essential and extraordinary assistance to its progress." Flaxman proceeds to remark, "the civil wars completed what fanaticism had begun, and English art was so completely extinguished that foreign artists were always employed for public or private undertakings."

Charles I. was a great lover and patron of the fine arts, and during his reign they made rapid advances in England; but the blind zeal of the Puritans dispersed his splendid gallery, and destroyed almost every vestige of art. In the Journal of the House, July 23d, 1645, it is "Ordered, that all pictures having the second person of the Trinity, be burnt." Walpole relates that "one Blessie was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the painted windows in Croydon church." One *Dowsing* was employed from June 9th, 1642, to October 4th, 1644, in this *holy* business, and by calculation it is found that he and his agents had destroyed about 4660 pictures, evidently not all glass, because when they were glass he so specified them.

"The result of this continued persecution," says

Haydon, "was the ruin of high art, for the people had not taste enough to feel any sympathy for it independently of religion, and every man who has pursued it since, who had not a private fortune, and was not supported by a pension, like West, became infallibly ruined."

PAINTINGS EVANESCENT.

"Few works are more evanescent than paintings. Sculpture retains its freshness for twenty centuries. The Apollo and the Venus are as they were. But books are perhaps the only productions of man coeval with the human race. Sophocles and Shakspeare can be produced and reproduced forever. But how evanescent are paintings, and must necessarily be! Those of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more, and perhaps they have the same relation to Homer and Æschylus, that those of Raffælle and Guido have to Dante and Petrarch.

"There is however, one refuge from the despondency of this contemplation. The material part, indeed, of their works must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances of them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations, and the systems of philosophers are modeled to gentleness by their contemplation; opinion, that legislator, is infected with their influence; men become better and wiser; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent than that from which they fell."—*Shelley*.

There is at least another *refuge*. Paintings are now rendered as permanent as books by engraving, or statuary, by mosaics. In the time of Pliny, there were Greek paintings in Rome 600 years old. There is a painting at Florence dated 886. It is also to be hoped that christianity and civilization have made such advances, that no more Goths, Vandals, Turks, and fanatics, will take pleasure in demolishing works of art as in ages past.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL GALLERY.

“A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley’s theory of matter and spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colors. Everything seems palpable to feeling as to sight; substances turn to shadows by the arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances; ‘the eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest.’ The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial, or at least we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is an enchanting deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvass; a thin evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead reappear by means of this so potent art!

“What hues (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter! What forms are there

woven into the memory! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of ancient art! The works are various, but the names the same; heaps of Rembrandts frowning from their darkened walls—Rubens' glad gorgeous groups—Titian's more rich and rare—Claude always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare—Guido's endless cloying sweetness—the learning of Poussin and the Caracci—and Raphael's princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound a miracle of skill and beauty starts to view.

“Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind,—to con over the relics of ancient art bound up ‘within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed, (if it were possible) with baser matter.’ A life passed among pictures, in the study and love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream: or rather it is to dream and to be awake at the same time, for it has all ‘the sober certainty of waking bliss,’ with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essence of things, and he who knows of these delights, ‘to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!’”—*Hazlitt.*

THE NUDE FIGURE.

“It is difficult to discover any settled rules of propriety in the different modes of dress, as all ages and nations have fluctuated with regard to their notions and fashions in this matter. The Greek statues of the Laocoön, Apollo, Melcager, Hercules; the Fighting and Dying Gladiator, and the Venus de Medicis, though altogether without drapery, yet surely there is nothing in them offensive to modesty, nothing immoral: on the contrary, looking on these figures, the mind of the spectator is taken up with the surprising beauty or sublimity of the personage, his great strength, vigorous and manly character, or those pains and agonies that so feelingly discover themselves throughout the whole work. It is not in showing or concealing the form that modesty or the want of it depends; *that* rises entirely from the choice and intentions of the artist himself. The Greeks and other great designers came into this practice (of representing the figure undraped) in order to show in its full extent the idea of character they meant to establish. If it was beauty, they show it to you in all the limbs; if strength, the same, and the agonies of the Laocoön are as discernible in his foot as in his face. This pure and naked nature speaks a universal language, which is understood and valued in all times and countries, where the Grecian dress, language, and manners are neither regarded or known. It is worth observing also that many of the fair sex do sometimes be-

tray themselves by their over-delicacy (which is the want of all true delicacy) in this respect. But I am ashamed to be obliged to combat such silly affectations; they are beneath men who have either head or heart; they are unworthy of women who have either education or simplicity of manner; they would disgrace even waiting-maids and sentimental milliners."—*Barry*.

"There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. The accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy."—*A. W. von Schlegel*.

DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF PAINTING COMPARED

"The painters of the Roman school were the best designers, and had more of the antique taste in their works than any of the others, but generally they were not good colorists. Those of Florence were good designers, and had a kind of greatness, but it was not antique. The Venetian and Lombard schools had excellent colorists, and a certain grace, but entirely modern, especially those of Venice; but their drawing was generally incorrect, and their knowledge in history and the antique very little. And the Bolognese school of the Caracci is a sort of composition of the others; even Annibal himself

possessed not any part of painting in the perfection which is to be seen in those from whom his manner is composed, though, to make amends, he possessed more parts than perhaps any other master, and all in a very high degree. The works of those of the German school have a dryness and ungraceful stiffness, not unlike what is seen amongst the old Florentines. The Flemings were good colorists, and imitated nature as they conceived it—that is, instead of raising nature, they fell below it, though not so much as the Germans, nor in the same manner. Rubens himself lived and died a Fleming, though he would fain have been an Italian; but his imitators have caricatured his manner—that is, they have been more Rubens in his defects than he himself was, but without his excellencies. The French, excepting some few of them (N. Poussin, Le Sueur, Sebastien Bourdon), as they have not the German stiffness nor the Flemish ungracefulness, neither have they the Italian solidity; and in their airs of heads and manners they are easily distinguished from the antique, how much soever they may have endeavored to imitate it.”—*Richardson*.

THE OLD MASTERS.

“The duration and stability of the fame of the old masters of painting is sufficient to evince that it has not been suspended upon the slender thread of fashion and caprice, but bound to the human heart by every chord of sympathetic approbation.”—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

PRICES OF GALLERIES.

The prices given for the three great collections of paintings sold in England within the last century, may perhaps not be uninteresting. The Houghton gallery, of two hundred and thirty-two pictures, collected by Sir Robert Walpole, was sold to the Empress Catharine of Russia for £43,500. The Orleans gallery of two hundred and ninety-six pictures was sold in London, in 1798, for £43,555; and the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures was bought by the British government, in 1823, for £57,000. This last purchase was the commencement of the English National Gallery.

LOVE MAKES A PAINTER.

Quintin Matsys, called the Blacksmith of Antwerp, was bred up to the trade of a blacksmith or farrier, which business he followed till he was twenty years of age, when, according to Lampsonius, his love for a blue-eyed lass, whose cruel father, an artist, refused her hand to any one but a painter, caused him to abandon his devotion to Vulcan, and inspired him with the ambition to become a worshipper at the shrine of the Muses. He possessed uncommon talents and genius, applied himself with great assiduity, and in a short time produced pictures that gave promise of the highest excellence, and gained him the fair hand for which he sighed. The inscription on the monument erected to his memory in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, re

cords in a few expressive words the singular story of his life :

“ Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.”

JOHN WESLEY JARVIS.

Jarvis, though a wayward and eccentric man, unfortunately for himself and the world too much given to strong potations, was “ a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,” whose “ gambols, songs, and flashes of merriment were wont to set the table on a roar.” He was a merry wag, and an inimitable story-teller and mimic. Some of his stories were dramatized by Dunlap, Hackett, and Matthews, the best of which is the laughable farce of *Monsieur Mallet*. Dunlap says, “ Another story which Matthews dressed up for John Bull, originated with Jarvis. From a friend I have what I suppose to be the original scene. My friend was passing the painter’s room, when he suddenly threw up the window, and called him in, saying, ‘ I have something for your criticism, that you will be pleased with.’ He entered, expecting to see a picture, or some other specimen of the fine arts, but nothing of the kind was produced—he was, however, introduced with a great deal of ceremony, to Monsieur B——, ‘ celebrated for his accurate knowledge of the English language, and intimate critical acquaintance with its poetry—particularly Shakspeare.’ Mr. A——, as I shall call my friend, began to understand Jarvis’ object in calling him in. After a lit-

the preliminary conversation, Jarvis said, 'I hope, Monsieur B——, you still retain your love of the drama?' 'O certainly, sir, wid my life I renounce it.' 'Mr. A——, did you ever hear Monsieur recite?' 'Never.' 'Your recitations from Racine, Monsieur B——, will you oblige us?'

"The polite and vain Frenchman was easily prevailed upon to roll out several long speeches, from Racine and Corneille, with much gesticulation and many a well-rounded *R.* This was only to introduce the main subject of entertainment. 'Monsieur B—— is not only remarkable, as you hear, for his very extraordinary recitations from the poets of his native land, but for his perfect conquest over the difficulties of the English language, in the most difficult of all our poets—Shakspeare. He has studied Hamlet and Macbeth thoroughly—and if he would oblige us—do, Monsieur B——, do give us, "To be, or not to be." 'Sur, the language is too difficult—I make great efforts to be sure, but still the foreigner is to be detected.' This gentleman's peculiarities were in extreme precision and double efforts with the *th* and the other shibboleths of English. The unsuspecting and vain man is soon induced to give Hamlet's soliloquy, the *th* forced out as from a pop-gun, and some of the words irresistibly comic. 'But, Monsieur B——, you are particularly great in Macbeth—*that* "if it were done, when it is done," and "peep through the blanket,"—come, let us have Macbeth' Then followed

Macbeth's soliloquies in the same style. All this was ludicrous enough, but upon this foundation Jarvis raised a superstructure, which he carried as high as the zest with which it was received by his companions, his own feelings, or other circumstances prompted or warranted. The unfortunate Monsieur B—— was imitated and caricatured with most laugh-provoking effect; but to add to the treat, he was made not only to recite, but to comment and criticise. 'If it were done,' 'peep through the blanket,' and, 'catch with the sursease, success,' gave a rich field for the imaginary critic's commentaries—then he would expose, and overthrow Voltaire's criticisms, and give as examples of the true sublime in tragedy, the scene of the witches in Macbeth.

“‘Huen shall we thtree meet aggen?’ but, ‘mounched, and mounched, and mounched,’ was a delicious feast for the critic—and ‘rrump fed rronion,’ gave an opportunity to show that the English witch was a true John Bull, and fed upon the ‘rrump of the beef,’ ‘thither in a sieve I’ll sail and like a rat without a tail, I’ll do—I’ll do—I’ll do,’ being recited in burlesque imitation, gives an opportunity for comment and criticism, something in this manner. ‘You see not only how true to nature, but to the science of navigation all this is. If the rat had a tail, he could steer the sieve as the sailor steer his ship by the rudder; but if he have no tail, he cannot command the navigation, that is, the course of the sieve; and

it will run round—and round—and round—that is what the witch say—"I'll do—I'll do—I'll do!" But how can the humor of the story-teller be represented by the writer—or how can I dispose my reader to receive a story dressed in cold black and white—in formal type—with the same hilarity which attends upon the table, and the warm and warming rosy wine? The reader has perceived the want of these magical auxiliaries in the above."

Jarvis was equally ludicrous in his readings from Shakspeare, in imitation of the stutterer and lisper. The venerable Dr. C. S. Francis, who was intimately acquainted with the painter, says, "Dr. Syntax never with more avidity sought after the sublime and picturesque, than did Jarvis after the scenes of many-colored life; whether his subject was the author of Common Sense or the notorious Baron von Hoffman. His stories, particularly those connected with his southern tours, abounded in motley scenes and ludicrous occurrences; there was no lacking of hair-breadth escapes, whether the incidents involved the collisions of intellect, or sprung from alligators and rattlesnakes. His humor won the admiration of every hearer, and he is recognized as the master of anecdote. But he deserves to be remembered on other accounts—his corporeal intrepidity and his reckless indifference of consequences. I believe there have been not a few of the faculty who have exercised, with public advantage, their professional duties among us for a series of years, who never be

came as familiar with the terrific scenes of yellow fever and of malignant cholera as Jarvis did. He seemed to have a singular desire to become personally acquainted with the details connected with such occurrences; and a death-bed scene, with all its appalling circumstances, in a disorder of a formidable character, was sought after by him with the solicitude of the inquirer after fresh news. Nor was this wholly an idle curiosity. Jarvis often freely gave of his limited stores to the indigent, and he listened with a fellow feeling to the recital of the profuse liberality with which that opulent merchant of our city, the late Thomas H. Smith, supplied daily the wants of the afflicted and necessitous sufferer during the pestilence of 1832.

“ We are indebted to Jarvis for probably the best, if not the only good drawing of the morbid effects of cholera on the human body while it existed here in 1832. During that season of dismay and danger our professional artists declined visiting the cholera hospitals, and were reluctant to delineate when the subject was brought to them. But it afforded a new topic for the consideration of Jarvis, and perhaps also for the better display of his anatomical attainments, he with promptitude discharged the task. When making a drawing from the lifeless and morbid organs of digestion, to one who inquired if he were not apprehensive of danger while thus employed, he put the interrogatory, ‘ Pray what part of the system is affected by the cholera?’ ‘ The di

gestive organs,' was the reply. 'Oh no, then,' said Jarvis, 'for now you see I am doubly armed—I am furnished with two sets.' "

THE BIGGEST LIE.

Jarvis resided a long time at Charleston, S. C., where his convivial qualities made him a great favorite. On one occasion, at a large dinner party, after the wine had freely circulated, banishing not only form, but discretion, some one of the company proposed that they should make up a prize to the man who would tell the greatest and most palpable *lie*. It was purposely arranged that Jarvis should speak last. The President began. They

"Spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

Lie followed lie; and as it is easy to heap absurdity upon absurdity, and extravagance on enormous exaggeration; and as easy to excite laughter and command applause, when champagne has been enthroned in the seat of judgment, each lie was hailed with shouts of approbation and bursts of merriment. One of the company, who sat next to Jarvis, had exceeded all his competitors, and unanimous admiration seemed to ensure him the prize. The *lie* was so monstrous and palpable, that it was thought wit or ingenuity could not equal it. Still, something was expected from the famous story-teller, and every eye was turned on the painter. He rose, and

placing his hand on his breast and making a low bow, gravely said, "Gentlemen, I assure you that I fully and unequivocally believe every word the last speaker has uttered." A burst of applause followed, and the prize was adjudged to the witty artist.

JARVIS AND BISHOP MOORE.

Jarvis painted the portrait of Bishop Benjamin Moore, who used to relate one of his quick strokes of humor with great glee. The good Bishop, during one of the sittings, introduced the subject of religion, and asked Jarvis some questions as to his belief or practice. The painter, with an arch look, but as if intent upon catching the likeness of the sitter, waved his hand and said, "Turn your face more that way, Bishop, and *shut your mouth.*"

JARVIS AND COMMODORE PERRY.

When Jarvis painted the portrait of Commodore Perry, he wished to infuse into the likeness of the hero the fire which composed animated him during the terrible contest on Lake Erie. During two or three sittings he tried in vain to rouse him by his lively conversation; he would soon sink into a reverie; it was evident that his thoughts were far away. The painter now had recourse to artifice. He deliberately laid down his palette and pencils got up, and seizing a chair, swung it over his head in a menacing manner. This strange conduct instantly brought Perry to his feet, his eyes flashing

fire, and every feature lit up with the desired expression. "There, that will do," said the painter, "please sit just as you are." The result was the admirable picture which now adorns our City Hall, representing the hero standing in his boat, with his flag in one arm, triumphantly waving his sword, as he left the dismantled St. Lawrence for the Niagara, to renew the contest, resolved to conquer or die.

JARVIS AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Jarvis was a great wag as well as an inimitable story-teller. Whenever he met with an eccentric genius, he delighted to make him indulge in strong potations, and then engage him on his favorite hobby. On one such occasion, a gentleman who had a smattering of Zoology, declared it as his opinion, that it was possible to change the nature of animals; for instance, that by cutting off the end of dogs' or monkeys' tails for a few generations, they would become tailless. "That is capital logic," said Jarvis, "I wonder that the Jews have now any *tails*!" The philosopher shot out of the room amidst shouts of laughter.

JARVIS AND DR. MITCHELL.

Jarvis could not forbear to crack a joke on the learned Dr. Mitchell, whose profundity sometimes led him to analyze cause and effect in a hyper-philosophical manner. "Can you tell," said he one day to the learned Doctor, who was sitting for his portra.,

“why white sheep eat more than black ones?” “But is it a fact?” enquired the Doctor. “Most assuredly,” said the painter, “as every farmer will tell you.” The Doctor then went on to give sundry philosophical reasons why white sheep might require more food than black ones. “Your reasons are excellent—but I think I can give you a better one. In my opinion the reason why white sheep eat more than black ones is, because there are more of them!”

JARVIS' HABITS.

Jarvis, in his more prosperous days, was always improvident and recklessly extravagant. Dunlap says, “when he went to New Orleans for the first time, (in 1833) he took Henry Inman with him. To use his own words,—‘my purse and my pockets were empty; (when he went to N. O.) I spent \$3000 there in six months, and brought \$3000 to New York. The next winter I did the same.’ He used to receive six sitters a day. A sitting occupied an hour. The picture was then handed to Inman, who painted upon the background and drapery under the master’s directions. Thus six portraits were finished each week.” His prices at this time were \$100 for a head, and \$150 for head and hands.

“Mr. Sully once told me,” says Dunlap, “that calling on Jarvis, he was shown into a room, and left to wait some minutes before he entered. He saw a book on the table amidst palette, brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, and other heterogeneous af-

fairs, and on opening it, he found a life of Moreland. When Jarvis came into the room, Sully sat with the book in his hand. 'Do you know why like that book?' said Jarvis. 'I suppose because it is the life of a painter,' was the reply. 'Not merely that,' rejoined the other, 'but because I think he was like myself.'" What a commentary! Moreland was a man of genius, and might have shone as a bright star in the history of art, had he not degraded himself by dissipation, almost to a level with the pigs he delighted to paint. The glory of both Stuart and Jarvis is obscured by the same fatal passion. "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

"Jarvis," says Dunlap, "was fond of notoriety from almost any source, and probably thought it aided him in his profession. His dress was generally unique. His long coat, trimmed with furs like a Russian prince, or a potentate from the north pole, and his two enormous dogs which accompanied him through the streets, and often carried home his market basket, must be remembered by many."

ROBERT FULTON.

It is not generally known that this celebrated engineer was in his early life a practical painter.— From the age of 17 to 21, he painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia. In his 22d year, he

went to England to prosecute his studies under West, who received him with great kindness, and was so much pleased with his genius and amiable qualities, that he took him into his own house, as a member of his family. After leaving West, he seems to have made painting his chief employment for a livelihood for several years, though at this time, his mind was occupied with various great projects connected with engineering. In 1797, he went to Paris in prosecution of these projects, and to fill his empty coffers, he projected the first panorama ever exhibited in that city. He was a true lover of art, too, and endeavored to induce the citizens of Philadelphia to get up a subscription to purchase some of West's choicest pictures, which then could have been bought very cheap, as the commencement of a gallery in that city.

AN EXALTED MIND AND A TRUE PATRIOT

Robert Fulton, after years of toil, anxiety, and ridicule, thus writes to his friend, Joel Barlow, immediately after his first steam-boat voyage from New York to Albany and back:

'New York, August 2, 1807.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—My steam-boat voyage to Albany and back, has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty hours; the lat

ter is five miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners, beating to windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

“The power of propelling boats by steam, is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not, perhaps, thirty persons, who believed that the boat would move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way you know, in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

“Having employed much time, money, and zeal, in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure, to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandize on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen. Although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantages my country will derive from the invention.”

GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

This preëminent portrait painter was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island, in 1756. He received his

first instruction from a Scotch painter at Newport, named Alexander, who was so much pleased with his talents and lively disposition, that he took him with him on his return to Scotland. His friend dying soon after, the youth found himself penniless in a strange country, but undismayed, he resolved to return home, and found himself obliged to work his passage before the mast. He had already made considerable progress in art, and on his return commenced portrait painting, although without meeting much encouragement. He was in Boston at the time of the Battle of Lexington, but immediately left that city and went to New York, where he painted the portrait of his grandmother from memory, though she had been dead about ten years, which is said to have been a capital likeness, and gained him some business. About this time he painted his own portrait, the only one he ever took of himself, to the excellence of which his friend Dr. Waterhouse bears ample testimony. He says, "it was painted in his freest manner, and with a Rubens' hat," and in another place, that "Stuart in his best days, said he need not be ashamed of it."

STUART GOES TO LONDON.

Not meeting with any adequate encouragement, and the country being in a deplorable state, in the midst of the Revolution, Stuart set sail for London in 1778, at the age of twenty-two, to try his fortunes in that city. He was a wayward and eccentric

genius, proud as Lucifer withal; and on his arrival in that metropolis, he found himself full of poverty, enthusiasm, and hope,—often a painter's only capital. He expected to have found Waterhouse, who would have helped him with his advice, and purse if necessary, but he had gone to Edinburg. Instead of going directly to West, as he should have done, he wandered about the "dreary solitude" of London, as Johnson used to characterize the busy hum of that crowded city to the poverty-stricken sons of genius, till he had expended his last dollar.

STUART AN ORGANIST.

Stuart had a great taste for music, which he had cultivated, and was an accomplished musician. One day, as he was passing a church in Foster-Lane, hearing the sound of an organ, he stepped in, and ascertaining that the vestry were testing the candidates for the post of organist, he asked if he might try. Being told that he could, he did so, and succeeded in getting the place, with a salary of thirty guineas a year!

STUART'S INTRODUCTION TO WEST.

During all this time, for some unknown reason, Stuart never sought the acquaintance of West, but the moment that excellent man heard of the young painter and his circumstances, he immediately sent a messenger to him with money to relieve his necessities, and invited him to call at his studio. "Such

was Stuart's first introduction," says Dunlap to the man from whose instruction he derived the most important advantages from that time forward; whose character he always justly appreciated, but whose example he could not, or would not follow." Stuart himself says, "On application to West to receive me as a pupil, I was welcomed with true benevolence, encouraged and taken into the family, and nothing could exceed the attentions of the great artist to me—they were paternal." He was twenty-four years old when he entered the studio of West. Before he left the roof of his benefactor and teacher, he painted a full-length portrait of him, which elicited general admiration. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the young painter paid frequent visits to the exhibition rooms. It happened that one day, as he stood near the picture, surrounded by artists and students (for he had fine wit, and was an inimitable story-teller), West came in and joined the group. He praised the picture, and addressing himself to his pupil, said, "you have done well, Stuart, very well; now all you have to do is to go home and do better." Stuart always expressed the obligations he was under to that distinguished artist. When West saw that he was fitted for the field, prepared for and capable of contending with the best portrait painters, he advised him to commence his professional career, and pointed out to him the way to fame and fortune. But Stuart did not follow this wise counsel, preferring to indulge his

own wayward fancy. He had a noble, generous, and disinterested heart, but he was eccentric, improvident, and extravagant, and consequently he was always in necessitous circumstances.

STUART AND WEST.

“I used often to provoke my good old master,” said Stuart to Dunlap, “though, heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the color closet at the bottom of his painting-room. One day, Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing, I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his easel. I was a giddy, foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush; thus, like a figure of three. “Here, Trumbull,” said I, “do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in arithmetic. Let us see—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition,—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—” How much the sum would have amounted to, I can’t tell; for just then in stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. “Very well, Mr. Stuart”—he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man’s wife calls him *my dear*, when she wishes him to the d——l,—“Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well indeed!” You may

believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture, without my making any reply. But when the head was finished, there were no *figures of three in the hair.*"

"Mr. West," says Stuart, "treated me very cavalierly on one occasion; but I had my revenge. My old master, who was always called upon to paint a portrait of his majesty for every governor-general sent out to India, received an order for one for Lord ——. He was busily employed upon one of his *ten acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, and thought he could turn over the king to me. He could never paint a portrait.

"'Stuart,' said he, 'it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted; let me have it for Lord ——. I will retouch it, and it will do well enough.' 'Well enough! very pretty,' thought I; 'you might be civil, when you ask a favor.' So I *thought*; but I *said*, 'Very well, sir.' So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, 'Stuart,' says he, 'have you got your palette set?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can soon set another; let me have it; I can't satisfy myself with that head.'

"I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. 'Stuart,' says he, 'I

don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else. Here, take the palette, and finish the head.' 'I can't, sir.' 'You can't?' 'I can't indeed, sir, as it is; but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.' The picture was to go away the day after the morrow; so he made me promise to do it early next morning.

He never came down into the painting room until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* (Raphael West, the master's son) and I began to fence; I with my maul-stick, and he with his father's. I had just driven Rafe up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered; his white silk stockings and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery, or open the door. 'There, you dog,' says I to Rafe, 'there I have you, and nothing but your back-ground *relieves* you.'

The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' says he, 'is this the way you use me?' 'Why! what's the matter, sir? I have neither hurt the boy nor the background.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to

morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?"

" 'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the easel. I have finished the picture: please to look at it.' He did so, complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his, 'It will do well enough.' "

STUART'S SCHOLARSHIP.

Trumbull, speaking of Stuart as he knew him in London, says, "He was a much better scholar than I had supposed he was. He once undertook to paint my portrait, and I sat every day for a week, and then he left off without finishing it, saying, 'he could make nothing of my d——d sallow face.' But during the time, in his conversation, I observed that he had not only read, but remembered what he had read. In speaking of the character of man, he said, 'Linnæus is right; Plato and Diogenes call man a biped without feathers; that's a shallow definition. Franklin's is better—a tool-making animal; but Linnæus' is the best—homo, animal mendax, rapax, pugnax.' "

STUART'S RULE OF THE PAYMENT OF HALF PRICE AT THE FIRST SITTING.

Stuart thus explains how he came to adopt a custom, which, when practicable, commends itself to others. "Lord St. Vincent, the Duke of Northumberland, and Colonel Barre, came unexpectedly into my room one morning after my setting up an inde

pendent easel, and explained the object of their visit. They understood that I was under pecuniary embarrassment, and offered me assistance, which I declined. They then said they would sit for their portraits; of course I was ready to serve them. They then advised that I should make it a rule that half the price must be paid at the first sitting. They insisted on setting the example, and I followed the practice, ever after this delicate mode of their showing their friendship."

STUART'S POWERS OF PERCEPTION.

Stuart read men's characters at a glance, and always engaged his sitters on some interesting topic of conversation, and while their features were thus lit up, he transferred them to his canvas, with the magic of his pencil. Hence his portraits are full of animation, truth, and nature. This trait is well illustrated by the following anecdote. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the portrait was finished, and the general had sailed, the Earl called for the picture, and on examining it, he seemed disturbed, and said, "This picture looks strange, sir; how is it? I think I see insanity in that face!" "I painted your brother as I saw him," replied the painter. The first account Lord Mulgrave had of his brother was, that insanity, unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends, had driven him to commit suicide. Washington

Allston, in his eulogium on Stuart, says, "The narratives and anecdotes with which his knowledge of men and the world had stored his memory, and which he often gave with great beauty and dramatic effect, were not unfrequently employed by Mr. Stuart in a way, and with an address peculiar to himself. From this store it was his custom to draw largely, while occupied with his sitters, apparently for their amusement; but his object was rather, by thus banishing all restraint, to call forth, if possible, some involuntary traits of natural character. It was this which enabled him to animate his canvass, not with the appearance of mere general life, but with that peculiar, distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men—for they were made to rise and speak on the surface."

STUART'S CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

Dr. Waterhouse relates the following anecdote of Stuart. He was traveling one day in an English stage-coach, with some gentlemen who were all strangers, and at first rather taciturn, but he soon engaged them in the most animated conversation. At length they arrived at their place of destination, and stopped at an inn to dine. "His companions," says the Doctor, "were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Dr. Franklin may have said a half century ago about the question-asking propensity of his countrymen, I never noticed

so much of that kind of traveling curiosity in New England as in Britain. To the round-about inquiries to find out his calling or profession, Stuart answered with a grave face and serious tone,

“ ‘ I sometimes dress gentlemen’s and ladies’ hair’ (at that time, the high craped, pomatumed hair was all the fashion).

“ ‘ You are a hair-dresser, then ?’

“ ‘ What,’ said he, ‘ do I look like a barber ?’

“ ‘ I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, I may take the liberty to ask you what you are then ?’

“ ‘ Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman’s coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat.’

“ ‘ O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman ?’

“ ‘ A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen.’

“ ‘ O, you are a tailor ?’

“ ‘ A tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one.’

By this time they were all in a roar.

“ ‘ What are you, then ?’ said one.

“ ‘ I’ll tell you,’ said Stuart. ‘ Be assured, all I have told you is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service.

“ ‘ O, ho! a boot and shoemaker after all!’

“ Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I told you is true.’

“ ‘ We may as well give up guessing.

“ ‘ Well then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces.’

He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre, and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession, when, to their utter astonishment, he assured them he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions,—

“ ‘ Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter!* If you will call at John Palmer’s, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *a la mode*, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you.’ ”

STUART'S SUCCESS IN EUROPE.

Stanley, in his edition of Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, says, "He rose into eminence, and his claims were acknowledged, even in the life time of Sir Joshua Reynolds. His high reputation as a portrait painter, as well in Ireland as in England, introduced him to a large acquaintance among the higher circles of society, and he was in the road of realizing a large fortune, had he not returned to America."

STUART IN IRELAND.

"The Duke of Rutland," says Dunlap, who had the story from the artist himself, "invited Stuart to his house in Dublin. Stuart got money enough together somehow to pay his passage to Ireland; but when he got there, he found that the duke had died the day before. If any body else had gone there, the duke would have been just as sure to live, for something extraordinary must happen to Stuart, of course. He soon got into the debtors' prison again; but he was a star still. He would not let people give him money. Rich people and nobles *would* be painted by him, and they had to go to jail to find the painter. There he held his court; flashing equipages of lords and ladies came dashing up to prison, while their exquisite proprietors waited for their first sitting. He began the pictures of a great many nobles and men of wealth and fashion, received half price at the first sitting, and left their

Irish lordships imprisoned in effigy. Having thus liberated *himself*, and there being no law that would justify the jailor in holding half-finished peers in prison, the painter fulfilled his engagements, more at his ease, in his own house, and in the bosom of his own family; and it is propable the Irish gentlemen laughed heartily at the trick, and willingly paid the remainder of the price."

STUART'S RETURN TO AMERICA.

Miss Stuart, the daughter of the painter, says, "he arrived in Dublin in 1788, and notwithstanding the loss of his friendly inviter, he met with great success, painted most of the nobility, and lived in a good deal of splendor. The love of his own country, his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, was the *only* inducement to turn his back on his good fortunes in Europe." Accordingly, in 1793, he embarked for New York, where he took up his abode for some months, and painted the portraits of Sir John Temple, John Jay, Gen. Clarkson, John R. Murray, Colonel Giles, and other persons of distinction.

STUART AND WASHINGTON.

In 1794, Stuart proceeded to Philadelphia, for the purpose of painting a portrait of Washington, who received him courteously. He used to say that when he entered the room where Washington was, he felt embarrassed, and that it was the first time

in his life he had ever felt awed in the presence of a fellow man. Washington was then standing on the highest eminence of earthly glory, and the gaze of the world was steadily fixed upon the man, whom Botta terms "the Father of Freedom." To leave to posterity a faithful portrait of the Father of his country, had become the most earnest wish of Stuart's life. This he accomplished, but not at the first time; he was not satisfied with the expression, and destroyed the picture. The President sat again, and he produced that head which embodies not only the features but the soul of Washington, from which he painted all his other portraits of that great man.

STUART'S LAST PICTURE.

After the removal of Congress to Washington, Stuart followed, and resided there till 1806, when he went to Boston, and passed there the rest of his days. He painted a great many portraits, which are scattered all over the country. The last work he ever painted was a head of the elder John Quincy Adams. He began it a full-length; but he was an old man, and only lived to complete the head, which is considered one of his best likenesses, and shows that the powers of his mind and the magic of his pencil continued brilliant to the last. The picture was finished by that eminent and highly gifted artist, Thomas Sully, who would not touch the head, as he said, "he would have thought it little

less than sacrilege." He died in 1828, in the seventy fifth year of his age.

STUART'S REPUTATION.

As a painter of heads, Stuart stands almost unrivalled in any age or country; beyond this he made no pretensions, and indeed bestowed very little care or labor. He used to express his contempt for fine finishing of the extremities, or rich and elegant accessories, which he used to say was "work for girls." Whether these were his real sentiments, or affectation, it is difficult to determine. He was, however, totally deficient in that academic education which is necessary to success in the highest branch of the art—historical painting. He had genius enough to have distinguished himself in any branch, but he could not, or would not, brook the necessary toil.

STUART'S DRAWING

Stuart never had patience to undergo the drudgery necessary to become a skillful draughtsman. His kind instructor, Mr. West, urged upon him its importance and necessity, and advised him to frequent the Royal Academy for this purpose, which he neglected to do. Trumbull relates that Fuseli, on being shown some of his drawings, observed in his usual sarcastic manner, "young man, if this is the best you can do, you had better go and make shoes."

STUART A PUNSTER.

Stuart was an inveterate punster. Mr. Allston, calling on him a short time before his death, asked him how he was. "Ah!" said he, drawing up his pantaloons, and showing his emaciated leg, which in his youth had been his pride, "you can judge how much I am *out of drawing*."

STUART BORN IN A SNUFF-MILL.

Stuart was an inordinate snuff-taker. He used to jocosely apologise for the habit, by saying that "he was born in a snuff-mill," which was literally true, for his father was a manufacturer of snuff. He said a pinch of snuff has a wonderful effect upon a man's spirits." An old sea captain once observed to him, "you see, sir, I have always a nostril in reserve. When the right becomes callous after a few weeks' usage, I apply for comfort to the left, which having had time to regain its sense of feeling, enjoys the *blackguard* till the right comes to its senses." "Thank you," said Stuart, "it's a great discovery. Strange that I should not have made it myself, when I have been voyaging all my life in these channels."

STUART'S NOSE.

Stuart always maintained that a likeness depended more on the *nose*, than any other feature, and in proof of his theory, he would put his thumb under his own large and flexible proboscis, and turning it

up, exclaim, "who would know my portrait with such a nose as this?" Therefore he is said to have generally painted a likeness, before *putting in* the eyes. On one occasion, a pert young coxcomb, who was sitting for his portrait, stole a glance at the canvas and exclaimed, "why, it has no eyes!" Stuart coolly observed, "It is not nine days old yet," referring of course to the time when a *puppy* first opens its eyes.

STUART'S SITTERS.

A portrait was once returned to Stuart with the grievous complaint, that the muslin of the cravat was too coarsely executed. Stuart indignantly observed to a friend, "I am determined to glue a piece of muslin of the finest texture on the part that offends their *exquisite* judgment, and send it back again." A lady once sat to him dressed in the extreme of fashion, loaded with jewelry and gewgaws, besides an abundance of hair powder and rouge. Stuart, being *hard up* for cash, consented to "raise a monument to her folly." After the picture was completed, he observed to a friend, "There is what I have all my life been endeavoring to avoid,—vanity and bad taste."

A gentleman of note employed Stuart to paint his own portrait and that of his wife, who, when he married her, was a very rich widow, but a very ordinary looking person. The husband was handsome, and of a noble figure, and the painter *hit him*

off. to admiration. Not so with the lady; he flattered her as much as he could without destroying the likeness, but the husband was not satisfied, expressed his dissatisfaction in polite terms, and requested him to try again. He did so, without any better success. The husband now began to fret, when the painter losing his patience, jumped up, laid down his palette, took a huge pinch of snuff, and stalking rapidly up and down the room, exclaimed, "What a d——d business is this of a portrait painter—zounds, you bring a *potato* and expect him to paint you a peach"

STUART'S MARK.

Stuart, it is said, never signed but one picture in his life, and that was his own portrait, before mentioned, on which he wrote *Gilbert Charles Stuart*. Dr. Waterhouse says, "his parents named him after his father, and Charles the Pretender, but Stuart soon dropt the Charles, as he was a staunch republican. When asked why he did not sign his pictures, he replied, "I mark them all over."

STUART AND HIS DOG.

In the early part of Stuart's career as a portrait painter in London, he had for his attendant a wild boy, the son of a poor widow, who spent half his time in frolicking with a fine Newfoundland dog belonging to his master. The boy and dog were inseparable companions, and when Tom went on an

errand, Towzer must accompany him. Tom was a terrible truant, and played so many tricks upon Stuart, that he again and again threatened to discharge him. One day, out of all patience at his long absence, he posted off to his mother, in a rage, to dismiss him. The old woman, perceiving a tempest, *began first*, and told a pitiful story, how his dog had upset her mutton pie, broke the dish, greased the floor, and devoured the meat. "I am glad of it; you encourage the rascal to come here, and here I will send him." An idea struck Stuart, and he consented to keep Tom, on condition that she kept his visit a profound secret. When the boy returned, he found his master at his easel, and being roundly lectured, he told a story that had no relation to his mother, Towzer, or the pie. "Very well," said the painter, "bring in dinner, I shall know all about it by-and-by." Stuart sat down to his dinner, and Towzer took his accustomed place by his side, while Tom stood in attendance. "Well, Towzer, your mouth don't water for your share; where have you been?" and he put his ear to the dog's mouth, "I thought so, with Tom's mother, ha!" "Bow-wow." "And you have had your dinner?" "Bow." "I thought so; what have you been eating? Put your mouth nearer, sir Mutton-pie; very pretty. So you and Tom have eaten Mrs. Jenkins' mutton-pie, have you?" "Bow wow." "He lies, sir," exclaimed Tom, in amazement, "I didn't touch it; he broke mother's dish

and eat all the mutton!" From that time, Tom concluded that the devil must be in the dog or the painter, and that he had no chance for successful lying.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

This famous temple, according to Vitruvius, was designed and commenced by Ctesiphon, a Cretan architect of great eminence. It was two hundred years in building, and was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. The gods having designated the spot, according to tradition, every nation of Asia Minor contributed to its completion, with the most fervent zeal. It was ornamented with one hundred and twenty-seven columns of Parian marble, of the Ionic order, sixty feet high, thirty-seven of which were the gifts of as many kings, and were exquisitely wrought. This great temple was finished by Demetrius and Paonius of Ephesus. It was afterwards burned by Erostratus, in order to immortalize his name. It was subsequently rebuilt, but was finally destroyed totally by the barbarians, in the third or fourth century.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

The most famous work of Ctesilas was the Dying Gladiator, which has received the highest commendations from both ancient and modern writers. It was long preserved at Rome, in the Chigi palace, but was taken to Paris with the Laocoon and other

antiques in 1796. These works were restored by the allies, in 1815. Ctesilas flourished about B. C. 432, was a cotemporary of Phidias, and with him and others competed for the prize offered for six statues for the temple of Diana at Ephesus; the first was awarded to Polyclethus, the second to Phidias, and the third to Ctesilas. He also distinguished himself by a number of other works, among which were a statue of Pericles, and a Wounded Amazon.

FABIUS MAXIMUS.

It was not until the second Punic war that the Romans acquired a taste for the arts and elegancies of life; for though in the first war with Carthage, they had conquered Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece), and were masters of several cities in the eastern part of Italy, (which were inhabited by Grecian colonies, and adorned with pictures and statues in which the Greeks excelled all the world,) they had hitherto looked on them with so careless an eye, that they were not touched with their beauty. This insensibility long remained, either from the grossness of their minds, or from superstition, or (what is more likely) from a political dread that their martial spirit and natural roughness might be destroyed by Grecian art and elegance. When Fabius Maximus, in the second Punic war, captured Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and adorned with pictures and statues, particularly with some fine colossal figures of the gods

fighting against the rebel giants: Fabius ordered, that the money and plate should be sent to Rome, but that the statues and pictures should be left behind. The Secretary, struck with the size and noble air of the statues, asked whether they too were to be left with the rest? "Yes," replied he, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with them."

LOVE OF THE ARTS AMONG THE ROMANS.

We may judge to what extent the love of the arts prevailed in Rome, by a speech of Cato the Censor, in the Senate, about seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. In vain did Cato exclaim against the pernicious taste, and its demoralizing effects; the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have striven who should bring away the most statues and pictures to adorn their triumphs and the city of Rome. Flaminius from Greece, and more particularly Æmilius from Macedonia, brought a very great number of vases and statues. Not many years after, Scipio Africanus destroyed Carthage, and transferred to Rome the chief ornaments of that city. The same year, Mummius sacked Corinth, one of the principal repositories of the finest works of art. Having but little taste himself, he took the surest method not to be mistaken, for he carried off all that came in his way, and in such quantities, that he alone is said to have filled Rome with with pictures and statues. Sylla,

besides many others, made vast additions to them afterwards, by the taking of Athens and by his conquests in Asia.

COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI AND
THE CELESTIAL VENUS.

The Venus de Medici is placed in the tribune of the Florentine gallery, between two other Venuses, the Celestial and the Victorious. "If you observe them well," says Spence, "you will find as much difference between her air, and that of the celestial Venus, as there is between Titian's wife as a Venus, and as a Madonna, in the same room."

THE EFFECT OF PAINTING ON THE MIND.

The effects of the pencil are sometimes wonderful. It is said that Alexander trembled and grew pale on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends. It doubtless brought to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus.

Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, a few hours after, a picture of the Parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears. Full as seemed her cup of sorrow, the painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impressed more strongly her own.

An Athenian courtesan, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye

on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had before been of debauchery.

PAUSIAS.

Pausias, an eminent Greek painter, was a native of Sicyon, and flourished about B. C. 450. His most famous picture was one representing the Sacrifice of an Ox, which, according to Pliny, decorated the Hall of Pompey in his time. Pausanias mentions two of his paintings at Epidaurus—the one a Cupid with a lyre in his hand; and the other a figure of Methe, or Drunkenness, drinking out of a glass vessel, through which his face is seen. These pictures were held in the highest estimation by the Sicyonians, but they were compelled to give them up to M. Scaurus, who took them to Rome.

THE GARLAND TWINER.

Pausias fell in love with a beautiful damsel, a native of his own city, called Glycera, who gained a livelihood by making garlands of flowers, and wreaths of roses. Her skill in this art induced Pausias, in a loving rivalry, to attempt to compete with her, and he ultimately became an inimitable flower painter. A portrait of Glycera with a gar-

land of flowers, called Stephanopolis, or the Garland Twiner, was reckoned his masterpiece. So great was the fame of it, that Lucius Lucullus gave for a copy, at Athens, two talents, or about two thousand dollars.

PROTOGENES, THE GREAT RHODIAN PAINTER.

The most famous of his works was the picture of Ialysus and his Dog, which occupied him seven years. The dog, represented as panting and foaming at the mouth, was greatly admired; and it is related that Protogenes was for a long time unable to represent the foam in the manner he wished, till at length he threw his sponge in a fury at the mouth, and produced the very effect he desired! The fame of this painting was so great, that, according to Pliny, Demetrius Poliorcetes, when besieging Rhodes, did not assault that part of the city where Protogenes lived, lest he should destroy the picture. His studio was situated without the walls, where, to the astonishment of the besiegers, he continued to paint with perfect tranquillity. This coming to the ears of Demetrius, he ordered the artist to be brought to his tent, and demanded how he could persist in the quiet exercise of his profession, when surrounded by enemies? Protogenes replied that he did not consider himself in any danger, convinced that a great prince like Demetrius did not make war against the Arts, but against the Rhodians.

PARRHASIUS.

This great painter was a native of Ephesus, but he came a citizen of Athens, where he flourished about B. C. 390. He raised the art to a much higher degree of perfection than it had before attained. Comparing his three great predecessors with each other, he rejected their errors, and adopted their excellencies. The classic invention of Polygnotus, the magic tones of Apollodorus, and the exquisite design of Zeuxis, are said to have been united in the works of Parrhasius. He reduced to theory the practice of former artists, and all cotemporary and subsequent painters adopted his standard of heroic and divine proportions; hence he was called the *Legislator of painting*.

THE DEMOS AND OTHER WORKS OF PARRHASIUS

One of the most celebrated works of Parrhasius was his *Demos*, or an allegorical picture of the Athenians. Pliny says that "it represented and expressed equally all the good as well as the bad qualities of the Athenians at the same time; one might trace the changeable, the irritable, the kind, the unjust, the forgiving, the vain-glorious, the proud, the humble, the fierce, the timid." There has been considerable dispute among critics whether this picture was a composition of one or several figures. Supposing it to have been a single figure, Pliny's description is absurd and ridiculous, for it is impossible to represent all the passions in a single figure

It does not seem, however, that Parrhasius usually introduced many figures into his compositions. Pliny mentions as among his principal works, a Theseus; a Telephus; an Achilles; an Agamemnon; an Æneas; two famous pictures of Hoplites, or heavily armed warriors, one in action, the other in repose; a Naval Commander in his armor; Ulysses feigning insanity; Castor and Pollux; Bacchus and Virtue; a Cretan nurse with an Infant in her arms; and many others, apparently composed of one, two, or at most three figures.

Parrhasius was equally celebrated for his small, or cabinet pictures of libidinous subjects; hence he was called the *Pornograph*. His famous picture of Archigallus, the priest of Cybele, mentioned by Pliny, is supposed to have been of this description. Also the Meleager and Atalanta mentioned by Suetonius. This picture was bequeathed to Tiberius, on the condition that if he were offended with the subject, he should receive in its stead one million sesterces (about forty thousand dollars). The Emperor not only preferred the picture, but had it hung up in his own chamber, where the Archigallus, valued at six hundred thousand sesterces, was also preserved.

PARRHASIUS AND THE OLYNTHIAN CAPTIVE.

Seneca relates that Parrhasius, when about to paint a picture of Prometheus Chained, crucified an

old Olynthian captive, to serve as a model, that he might be able to portray correctly the agonies of Prometheus while the Vulture preyed upon his vitals. This story is doubtless a fiction, as it is found nowhere but in the Controversies. Olynthus was taken by Philip of Macedon, B. C. 347, about forty years subsequent to the latest accounts of Parrhasius.

THE VANITY OF PARRHASIUS.

This great artist was well aware of his powers, but the applause which he received, added to a naturally vain and conceited disposition, so completely carried him away, that Pliny terms him "the most insolent and the most arrogant of artists." He assumed the title of *The Elegant*, styled himself the *Prince of Painters*, wrote an epigram upon himself, in which he proclaimed his birth, and declared that he had carried the art to perfection. He clothed himself in purple, and wore a wreath of gold on his head; and when he appeared on public occasions, particularly at the Olympic games, he changed his robes several times a day! He went so far as to pretend that he was descended from Appollo, one of whose surnames was *Parrhasius*, and even to dedicate his own portrait as Mercury in a temple, and thus received the adoration of the multitude.

THE INVENTION OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

About B. C. 550, there died at Corinth a marriageable virgin; and her nurse, according to the

custom of the times, placed on her tomb a basket containing those viands most agreeable to her when alive, covering them with a tile, for better preservation. This basket was unintentionally placed over the root of an acanthus, the spring leaves and stems of which growing up, covered it in so elegant a manner as to attract the notice of Callimachus, who struck with the idea and novelty of the figure, modelled from it the Corinthian capital, thus giving a remarkable proof of the intimate connection between Art, and Nature—the source of all true art—and producing that exquisitely graceful design which for twenty-four centuries has charmed the civilized world.

THE INVENTION OF SCULPTURE.

Pliny relates a pleasing and highly poetic anecdote of the invention of sculpture. Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, on the eve of a long separation. After a repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, the youth fell fast asleep. The fair nymph, whose imagination was on the alert, observing that her admirer's profile was strongly reflected on the wall by the light of a lamp, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline, that she might have the image of her lover before her during his absence. Her father, when he chanced to see the sketch,

struck with its correctness, determined to preserve it, if possible, as a memento of such a remarkable circumstance. With this view he formed a kind of clay model from it, and baked it; which, being the first essay of the kind, was preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles, one of the most eminent Grecian sculptors, was cotemporary with Euphranor, and flourished, according to Pliny, in the one hundred and fourth Olympiad, or B. C. 360. The place of his birth is not mentioned. He lived in the period immediately subsequent to the age of Phidias, but his genius took a different course from that style of elevation and sublimity which distinguishes the *Æschylus* of Sculpture. Praxiteles was the founder of a new school. His style was eminently distinguished for softness, delicacy, and high finish; and he was fond of representing whatsoever in nature appeared gentle, tender, and lovely. Consequently his favorite subjects were the soft and delicate forms of females and children, rather than the hard ones of athletes, warriors, and heroes.

PRAXITELES AND PHIDIAS COMPARED.

The peculiar abilities of Praxiteles were admirably displayed in the *Venus of Cnidus*, which, with

the exception of the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias, has received higher and more unqualified elogiums from ancient writers, than any other work of Grecian art. These too great artists may therefore be considered as standing at the head of their respective schools; Praxiteles, of the delicate and beautiful—Phidias, of the grand and sublime.

THE WORKS OF PRAXITELES.

Praxiteles was eminent for his works, both in bronze and marble, but he seems to have had the highest reputation for his skill in the latter. Among those in bronze, Pliny and Pausanias mention a statue of Bacchus; and one of a Satyr so excellent, that it was called *Periboetos*, or the Celebrated. He also made a statue of Venus; a statue of a Matron weeping; and one of a Courtesan laughing, believed to be a portrait of the celebrated Thespian courtesan, Phryne. His Apollo Sauroctonos (or the Lizard Killer), was the finest of his works in bronze, and was greatly distinguished for purity of style, and graceful beauty of form. In the Vatican, there is a well-authenticated marble copy of this work, which is justly considered one of the greatest treasures of that storehouse of art. Among the works in marble by Praxiteles, the famous Venus of Cnidus takes the preëminence.

THE VENUS OF CNIDUS.

Praxiteles executed two statues of Venus—the one draped, and the other naked. The people of

Coös chose the former, as the most delicate; but the Cnidians immediately purchased the latter. This work is mentioned by Lucian as the masterpiece of Praxiteles; and it is also the subject of numerous epigrams in the Greek Anthology. Its fame was so great that travelers visited Cnidus on purpose to see it. The original work was destroyed at Constantinople, in the fifth century, in the dreadful fire which consumed so many of the admirable monuments of art, collected in that city.

PRAXITELES AND PHRYNE.

Pausanias relates that the beautiful Phryne, whose influence over Praxiteles seems to have been considerable, was anxious to possess a work from his chisel, and when desired to choose for herself, not knowing which of his exquisite works to select, she devised the following expedient. She commanded a servant to hasten to him, and tell him that his work-shop was in flames, and that with few exceptions, his works had already perished. Praxiteles, not doubting the truth of the announcement, rushed out in the greatest anxiety and alarm, exclaiming, "all is lost, if my *Satyr and Cupid* are not saved!" The object of Phryne being accomplished, she confessed her stratagem, and chose the Cupid.

Pliny mentions two figures of Cupids as among the finest works of Praxiteles, one of which he ranks on an equality with the Venus of Cnidus. It was made of Parian marble. There is an exquisite an-

tique Cupid in the Vatican, supposed to be a copy of the Cupid of Phryne.

THE KING OF BITHYNIA AND THE VENUS OF CNIDUS.

According to Lucian, Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, was so captivated with the Venus of Cnidus, that he offered to pay a debt of the city, amounting to one hundred talents, (about one hundred thousand dollars) on condition of their giving up to him this celebrated statue; but the citizens, to their honor, refused to part with it on any terms, regarding it as the principal glory of their state.

PHIDIAS.

Phidias, the most renowned sculptor of antiquity, was born about B. C. 490. Quintillian calls him "the Sculptor of the Gods," and others, "the Æschylus of Sculpture," from the character of grandeur and sublimity in his works. The times in which he lived were peculiarly favorable to the development of his genius. He was employed upon great public works during the administration of Cimon, and subsequently, when Pericles attained the height of his power, Phidias seems to have been consulted in regard to the conduct of all the works in sculpture, as well as architecture. Plutarch says, "It was Phidias who had the direction of these works, although great architects and skillful sculptors were employed in erecting them." Among the most remarkable objects upon which his talents were

exercised, the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, claims preëminence. It was built by Callicrates and Ictinus, under the superintendence of Phidias. Within the temple, Phidias executed his celebrated statue, in gold and ivory, of Minerva, represented standing erect, holding in one hand a spear, and in the other a statue of Victory. The helmet was highly decorated, and surmounted by a sphinx; the naked parts were of ivory; the eyes of precious stones; and the drapery throughout was of gold. It is said there were forty talents weight of this metal used in the statue. The people, being desirous of having all the glory of the work, prohibited Phidias from inscribing his name upon it; but he contrived to introduce his own portrait as an old bald-headed man throwing a stone, in the representation of the combat between the Athenians and Amazons, which decorated the shield. A likeness of Pericles was also introduced in the same composition. The exterior of the Parthenon was enriched with admirable sculptures, many of which were from the hand of Phidias, and all of them executed under his direction. A portion of these, termed the Elgin marbles, from their having been taken to England by the Earl of Elgin, are now in the British Museum. They have been highly commended by most excellent judges; and the eminent sculptor Canova, after visiting London declared that "he should have been well repaid for his journey

to England had he seen nothing but the Elgin marbles.”

PHIDIAS AND ALCAMENES.

The comprehensive character of the genius of this preëminent sculptor, is well attested by his contest with Alcamenes. It was designed to place a statue of Minerva on a column of great height in the city of Athens; and both these artists were employed to produce images for the purpose, which were to be chosen by the citizens. When the statues were completed, the universal preference was given to the work of Alcamenes, which appeared elegantly finished, while that of Phidias appeared rude and sketchy, with coarse and ill-proportioned features. However, at the request of Phidias, the statues were successively exhibited on the elevation for which they were intended; when all the minute beauties of his rival's work completely disappeared, together with the seeming defects of his own; and the latter, though previously despised, seemed perfect in its proportions, and was surveyed with wonder and delight.

INGRATITUDE OF THE ATHENIANS.

The enemies of Pericles, with the view of implicating that statesman, accused Phidias of having misapplied part of the gold entrusted to him for the statue of Minerva, and desired that he should be brought to trial. The sculptor, however, by the

prudent advice of Pericles, had executed the work in such a manner that the gold might easily be removed, and it was ordered by Pericles to be carefully weighed before the people. As might have been expected, this test was not required, and the malicious accusation was withdrawn. They then declared the sculptor guilty of sacrilege in placing his own portrait upon the shield of Minerva; and some writers state that he was thrown into prison; others, that he was banished.

THE JUPITER OF PHIDIAS.

Phidias fled from Athens to Elis, where he was employed to execute a costly statue of the Olympian Jupiter, for the temple in Altis. This statue was the most renowned of all the works of Phidias. It was of prodigious colossal dimensions, being sixty feet in height, though seated on a throne; the head was crowned with olive; the right hand held a small statue of Victory, in gold and ivory; the left hand grasped a golden sceptre of exquisite workmanship, surmounted by an eagle; the sandals and mantle were also of the same material, the latter sculptured with every description of flowers and animals; the pedestal was also of gold, ornamented with a number of deities in bas-relief. In the front of the throne was a representation of the Sphynx carrying off the Theban youths; beneath these, the Fate of Niobe and her Children: and, on the pedestal joining the feet, the Contest of Hercules with the Amazons, embra-

eing twenty-nine figures, among which was one intended to represent Theseus. On the hinder feet of the throne were four Victories, as treading in the dance. On the back of the throne, above the head of the god, were figures of the Hours and Graces; on the seat, Theseus warring with the Amazons, and Lions of gold. Its base, which was of gold, represented various groups of Divinities, among which were Jupiter and Juno, with the Graces leading on Mercury and Vesta; Cupid receiving Venus from the Sea; Apollo with Diana; Minerva with Hercules; and, below these, Neptune, and the Moon in her Chariot. On the base of the statue, was the inscription, *Phidias, the son of Charmidas, made me*. Quintillian observes that this unparalleled work even added new feelings to the religion of Greece. It was without a rival in ancient times, all writers speaking of it as a production that none would even dare to imitate. There is a tradition connected with this celebrated work. Phidias, after the completion of his work, is said to have prayed Jupiter to favor him with some intimation of his approbation, whereupon a flash of lightning darted into the temple, and struck the pavement before him. This was hailed as a proof of divine favor, and a brazen urn or vase was placed upon the spot, which Pausanias mentions as existing in his time.

PHIDIAS' MODEL FOR THE OLYMPIAN JUPITER.

Phidias, being asked how he could conceive that air of divinity which he had expressed in the face

of the Olympian Jupiter, replied that he had copied it from Homer's celebrated description of him. All the personal strokes in that description relate to the hair, the eye-brows, and the beard: and indeed to these it is that the best heads of Jupiter owe most of their dignity; for though we have now a mean opinion of beards, yet all over the east a full beard carries the idea of majesty along with it; and the Grecians had a share of this Oriental notion, as may be seen in their busts of Jupiter, and the heads of kings on Greek medals. But the Romans, though they esteemed beards even as far down as the sacking of Rome by the Goths, held them in contempt in their better ages, and spoke disrespectfully of their bearded forefathers. They were worn only by poor philosophers, and by those who were under disgrace or misfortune. For this reason Virgil, in copying Homer's striking description of Jupiter, has omitted all the picturesque strokes on the beard, hair, and eye-brows; for which Macrobius censures him, and Scaliger extols him. The matter might have been compounded between them, by allowing that Virgil's description was the most proper for the Romans, and Homer's the noblest among Greeks.

APOLLODORUS THE ATHENIAN

Apollodorus, one of the most famous of the ancient Greek painters, was born at Athens B. C. 440 Pliny commences his history of Greek painting with

this artist, terming him "the first luminary of the art." He also says of him, "I may well and truly say that none before him brought the pencil into a glorious name and especial credit." The two most famous works of Apollodorus, were, a Priest in the act of Devotion, and Ajax Oileus Wrecked, both remarkable, not only in coloring and chiaro-scuro, but in invention and composition. These paintings were preserved at Pergamos in the time of Pliny, six hundred years after they were executed. Apollodorus was the first who attained the perfect imitation of the effects of light and shadow invariably seen in nature. If we may depend upon the criticisms of ancient writers, the works of this master were not inferior in this respect to those of the most distinguished moderns. His pictures riveted the eye, not merely from their general coloring, but also from a powerful and peculiar effect of light and shade, on which account he was called "the Shadower."

APOLLODORUS THE ARCHITECT.

This great architect, who flourished about A. D. 100, was born at Damascus. By his great genius he acquired the favor of the emperor Trajan; for whom he executed many works. He built the great Square of Trajan, to effect which, he leveled a hill, one hundred and forty-four feet high; in the centre he raised the famous column, of the same height as the hill that had been removed, which commem-

orated the victories of Trajan, and served as a monument to that victorious Emperor. Around the Square, he erected the most beautiful assemblage of buildings then known in the world, among which was the triumphal arch commemorative of Trajan's victories. The marble pavements of this Square are fifteen feet below the streets of modern Rome. Apollodorus also erected a college, a theatre appropriated to music, the Basilica Nepia, a celebrated library, the Baths of Trajan, aqueducts, and other important works at Rome. His most famous work was a stone bridge over the Danube, in Lower Hungary, near Zeverino. It was one mile and a half long, three hundred feet high, forty feet wide, and was built upon twenty piers and twenty-two arches. Its extremities were defended by two fortresses. Trajan had it constructed to facilitate the passage of his troops, but his successor dismantled it, fearing that the barbarians would use it *against the Romans*.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

This column is one of the most celebrated monuments of antiquity. Its height, including the pedestal and statue, is one hundred and forty-four English feet. It was erected in the centre of the forum of Trajan, and was dedicated to that emperor by the senate and people of Rome in commemoration of his decisive victory over the Dacians. It is of the Doric order, and its shaft is constructed of thirty-four pieces of Greek marble, hollowed out in the

centre for the stairs, and joined together with cramps of bronze. For elegance of proportion, beauty of style, and for simplicity and dexterity of sculpture, it is accounted the finest column in the world. The sculptures on the pedestal are master-pieces of Roman art. The shaft is embellished with bassi-rilievi, representing the expedition of Trajan against the Dacians, which run spirally, twenty-three times around the column, and which gradually increase in size, so that those at the top appear to the spectator, to be of the same size as those at the bottom. A spiral stair-case, of one hundred and eighty-five steps, runs up the interior, and receives light from sixty-three openings in the shaft. A gold medal, struck in commemoration of the completion of the column, shows that it was formerly surmounted by a statue of Trajan, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a globe, in which were deposited the ashes of that prince. Pope Sixtus V. placed a statue of St. Peter, by the Cavaliere Fontana, in the place of that of Trajan, which had been destroyed some centuries before. A greater absurdity than placing the statue of a peaceful apostle over the sculptured representation of the Dacian war, can scarcely be conceived.

THE DEATH OF APOLLODORUS.

Apollodorus fell a victim to the envy of Adrian the successor of Trajan, who himself dabbled in architecture, as well as the other arts. According to

Pliny, he ridiculed the proportions of the temple of Rome and Venus, which had been built from Adrian's designs, saying that "if the goddesses who were placed in it should be disposed to stand up, they would be in danger of breaking their heads against the roof, or if they should wish to go out, they could not," which so incensed the Emperor, that he banished the architect, and had him put to death. Another account says, that as Trajan was conversing about some of the buildings, Adrian, who was present, made some impertinent remarks, on which the architect said, "Go and paint pumpkins, for you know nothing about these matters," an affront which Adrian never forgot, and avenged by the death of the architect when he became Emperor. What a return to the architect of Trajan's Column!

HOGARTH.

The talents of this eccentric genius were preëminent in burlesque and satire. He therefore chiefly devoted himself to delineate the calamities and crimes of private life, and the vices and follies of the age. He portrayed vice as leading to disgrace and misery, while he represented virtue as conducting to happiness and honor. His series of the "Harlot's Progress," the "Rake's Progress," "Marriage a la Mode," gained him great reputation: and the prints which he engraved and published from them, although rude specimens of the art, met with an enormous sale, greatly to his own emolument. Lord

Orford characterizes him as a painter of comedy. "If catching the manners and follies of the age, 'living as they rise;' if general satire on vices and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by just and proper expressions of the persons, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedy as much as Moliere." Others have better characterized him as a great moral preacher. Alderman Boydell was accustomed to say that every merchant, shopkeeper, mechanic, and others who had youth in their employment, ought to have some of Hogarth's prints framed and hung up for their admonition.

HOGARTH'S APPRENTICESHIP.

Hogarth was apprenticed, at an early age, to an engraver of arms on plate. While thus engaged, his inclination for painting was manifested in a remarkable manner. Going out one day with some companions on an excursion to Highgate, the weather being very hot, they entered a public house, where before long a quarrel occurred. One of the disputants struck the other on the head with a quart pot, which cut him severely; and the blood running down the man's face, gave him a singular appearance, which, with the contortions of his countenance, presented Hogarth with a laughable subject. Taking out his pencil, he sketched the scene in such a truthful and ludicrous manner, that order and good feeling were at once restored.

HOGARTH'S REVENGE.

Hogarth in his early career, was once greatly distressed to raise the paltry sum of twenty shillings, to satisfy his landlady, who endeavored to enforce payment. To be revenged on her, he painted her an ugly and malicious hag, her features so truthfully drawn, that every person who had seen her at once recognized the individual. Woe betided the man who incurred his ire; he crucified him without mercy. In his controversy with Wilkes, he caricatured him in his print of "The Times;" and Churchill, the poet, he represented as a canonical bear, with a ragged staff, and a pot of porter.

HOGARTH'S METHOD OF SKETCHING.

It was Hogarth's custom to sketch on the spot any remarkable face that struck him. A gentleman being once with him at the Bedford Coffee House, observing him to draw something on his thumb nail, inquired what he was doing, when he was shown the likeness of a comical looking person sitting in the company.

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE.

Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who was dissatisfied with the match. Soon after this period, he began his *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to place some of the prints in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly, early one morning, Mrs. Hogarth con-

veyed several of them into the dining room, when Sir James inquired whence they came? Being told, he said, "Very well, very well; the man who can produce representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple.

The "Harlot's Progress" was the first work which rendered the genius of Hogarth conspicuously known. About twelve hundred names were entered in his subscription book. It was dramatized, and represented on the stage. Fans were likewise embellished with miniature representations of all the six plates.

SUCCESSFUL EXPEDIENT OF HOGARTH.

A nobleman, not remarkable for personal beauty, once sat to Hogarth for his portrait, which the artist executed in his happiest manner, but with rigid fidelity. The peer, disgusted at this exact counterpart of his dear self, did not feel disposed to pay for the picture. After some time had elapsed, and numerous unsuccessful attempts had been made to obtain payment, the painter resorted to an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride. He sent him the following card:—

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding he does not mean to have the picture drawn for him, Lord —— is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessity for money. If, there-

fore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr. Pau, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his Lordship's refusal." This intimation had the desired effect; the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames.

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.

Hogarth was once applied to, by a certain nobleman, to paint on his staircase a representation of the Destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became disgusted with the miserly conduct of his patron, who was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, out of all patience, he agreed to his terms. In two or three days the picture was ready. The nobleman, surprised at such expedition, immediately called to examine it, and found the space painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said the painter.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

HOGARTH'S COURTESY.

Hogarth treated those who sat for their portraits with a courtesy which is not always practiced, even now, in England. "When I sat to Hogarth," says Mr. Cole, "the custom of giving vails to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity; but the man politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This was so uncommon and so liberal in a man of Hogarth's profession, at that time, that it much struck me, as nothing of the kind had happened to me before." Nor is it likely that such a thing would happen again: Sir Joshua Reynolds gave his servant six pounds annually as wages, and offered him one hundred pounds a year for the door.

HOGARTH'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

Hogarth was one of the most absent minded of men. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor. When he went, the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion house by a different door from the one which he had entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not being able to procure one, he braved the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester Fields, without bestowing a thought on his carriage, till his wife

astonished to see him so wet, asked him where he had left it.

HOGARTH'S MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

Hogarth disposed of this celebrated picture by lottery. There were eighteen hundred and forty-three chances subscribed for; he gave the remaining one hundred and sixty-seven tickets to the Foundling Hospital, and the same night delivered the picture to the governors.

HOGARTH'S UNFORTUNATE DEDICATION OF A PICTURE.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the March to Finchley to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued, on this occasion, between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting:

“Pray, who is this Hogarth?”

“A painter, my liege.”

“I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one nor the other ever did any good.”

“The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque.”

“What! burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight.”

HOGARTH'S METHOD OF SELLING HIS PICTURES.

Hogarth supported himself by the sale of his prints: the prices of his pictures kept pace neither

with his fame nor with his expectations. He knew however, the passion of his countrymen for novelty—how they love to encourage whatever is strange and mysterious; and hoping to profit by these feelings, the artist determined to sell his principal paintings by an auction of a very singular nature.

On the 25th of January, 1745, he offered for sale the six paintings of the Harlot's Progress, the eight paintings of the Rake's Progress, The Four Times of the Day, and the Strolling Actresses, on the following conditions:

“ 1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be entered his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for what picture.

2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it has struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock has struck the next five minutes after twelve; and so on in succession, till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

3. That none advance anything short of gold at each bidding.

4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered on the book. As Mr. Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favor that no person, except those whose names are entered on the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale.”

This plan was new, startling, and unproductive. It was probably planned to prevent biddings by proxy, and so secure to the artist the price which men of wealth and rank might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius. "A method so novel," observes Ireland, "probably disgusted the town; they might not exactly understand the tedious formula of entering their names and places of abode in a book open to indiscriminate inspection; they might wish to humble an artist, who, by his proposals, seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works; or the rage for paintings might be confined to the admirers of the old masters." Be that as it may, he received only four hundred and twenty-seven pounds seven shillings for his nineteen pictures—a price by no means equal to their merit.

The prints of the Harlot's Progress had sold much better than those of the Rake's; yet the paintings of the former produced only fourteen guineas each, while those of the latter were sold for twenty-two. That admirable picture, Morning, brought twenty guineas; and Night, in every respect inferior to almost any of his works, six and twenty. Such was the reward, then, to which these patrons of genius thought his works entitled. More has since been given, over and over again, for a single painting, than Hogarth obtained for all his paintings put together.

HOGARTH'S LAST WORK.

A short time before Hogarth was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the *Tail Piece*. The first idea of this picture is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the *end of all things*." "If this is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, or there will be an end to the painter." "The fact will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything that could denote the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt-end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End falling down; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with *ex*

in t omnes stamped in the corner; an empty purse and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance; "nothing remains but this;" taking his pencil, and sketching the resemblance of a painter's palette broken. "Finis!" he then exclaimed, "the deed is done; all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died in about a month after he had finished this *Tail Piece*.

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID.

This great painter was born at Paris in 1750. His countrymen have conferred upon him the distinguished title of *The Head and Restorer of the French School*, which he brought back from its previous gaudy and affected style, to the study of nature and the antique. His reputation was established as the first painter in France when the French Revolution broke out, and filled with an ardent love of liberty, he lent all his powers in overturning the government, and establishing the Republic. For this purpose, in 1789, he executed his Brutus condemning his sons to death. He also executed the designs for the numerous republican monuments and festivals of the time. He was a chosen deputy to the National Convention, and voted for the king's death. During the Reign of Terror, he was one of the most zealous Jacobins, wholly devoted to

Robespierre, and on the fall of that monster, he was thrown into prison, and his great reputation as a painter alone saved him from the guillotine. At length, disgusted with the excesses and revolting scenes transpiring on all sides, and seeing no hopes of the Republic being established on a permanent basis, he retired to private life, and devoted himself exclusively to his pencil. When Napoleon came into power, perceiving the advantage of employing such a painter as David to immortalize his glorious victories on canvas, he appointed him his chief painter, showed him every mark of his favor, and endeavored to engage him to paint the successes of the French armies. But these subjects were not congenial to his taste, which ran to the antique. "I wish," said he, "that my works may have so completely an antique character, that if it were possible for an Athenian to return to life, they might appear to him to be the productions of a Greek painter." He however painted several portraits of the Emperor and the members of the Imperial family, and other subjects, the chief of which were, Napoleon as First Consul crossing the Alps, and pointing out to his troops the path to glory, and the Coronation of Napoleon.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, David was included in the decree which banished all the regicides forever from France, when he retired to Brussels, where he continued to practice his profession till his death in 1825.

DAVID'S PICTURE OF THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON

The largest picture ever known to have been executed, prior to this production, is the celebrated *Marriage at Cana* by Paul Veronese, now at the Louvre; being thirty-three feet long, and eighteen high; whereas the present composition, containing two hundred and ten personages, eighty of whom are whole lengths, is thirty-three feet long and twenty-one high. This performance occupied four years in its completion, during which many impediments were thrown in the way of the artist's labor, by the clergy on the one hand, and the orders of the Emperor on the other. Cardinal Caprara, for instance, who is represented bareheaded, producing one of the finest heads in the picture, was very desirous of being painted with the decoration of his wig; Napoleon had also ordered the Turkish ambassador to be exhibited in company with the other envoys; but he objected, because the law of the Koran forbids to Mahometans the entrance into a Christian church. His consent, however, was at length obtained, and these scruples removed, under the consideration that, in the character of an ambassador, he belonged to no religious sect.

During the execution of this colossal picture, M. David was incessantly interrupted by applications from artists to witness the progress of his work; amongst whom was Camucini, prince of the Roman school, and the late famous statuary Canova, who daily presented themselves at the artist's painting

gallery. At the last visit made by Camucini, he found David surrounded by many of his pupils, and on taking leave of the painter, he bowed to him in the most respectful manner, using the following expressive words on the occasion :

“Adio il piu bravo pittore di scholari ben bravi.”

On Canova's return to Italy, in order to fulfil what he conceived to be a duty in regard to this artist, he proposed to the Academy of Saint Luke, that he should be received as an honorary member ; when the academicians set aside their usual forms, and in honor of M. David, unanimously elected him one of their body, Canova being chosen to announce this pleasing intelligence to their new associate.

The picture was completed in 1807, and prior to its public exposition Napoleon appointed a day to inspect it in person, which was the fourth of January, 1808 ; upon which occasion, in order to confer a greater honor upon the artist, he went in state, attended by a detachment of horse and a military band, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, the princes and princesses of his family, and followed by his ministers and the great officers of the crown.

Several criticisms had been previously passed upon the composition, which had gained the Emperor's ear, and in particular, that it was not the coronation of Napoleon, but of his consort ; the moment selected by the painter, however, was highly approved by his master, who, after an attentive ex-

amination of the work, expressed himself in these words :

“ M. David, this is well ; very well, indeed ; you have conceived my whole idea ; the Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all, are most appropriately placed, you have made me a French knight, and I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages, the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying towards the Empress.” After a silence of some seconds, Napoleon’s hat being on, and Josephine standing at his right hand, with M. David on his left, the emperor advanced two steps, and turning to the painter, uncovered himself, making a profound obeisance while uttering these words in an elevated tone of voice, “ *Monsieur David, I salute you !*”

“ Sire,” replied the painter, “ I receive the compliment of the Emperor, in the name of all the artists of the empire, happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor.”

In the month of October, 1808, when this performance was removed to the Museum, the Emperor wished to inspect it a second time. M. David in consequence attended in the hall of the Louvre, surrounded by his pupils, upon which occasion at the Emperor’s desire, he pointed out the most conspicuous *élves*, who received the decorations of the Legion of Honor : “ It is requisite,” said Napoleon, that I should testify my satisfaction to the master of so many distinguished artists ; therefore, I promote

you to be an officer of the Legion of Honor: M. Duroc, give a golden decoration to M. David!" "Sire, I have none with me," answered the grand marshal. "No matter," replied the Emperor, "do not let this day transpire without executing my order." Duroc, although no friend to the painter, was obliged to obey, and on the same evening the insignia were forwarded to M. David.

The King of Wurtemberg, at the suggestion of the Emperor, also waited upon the artist to inspect his labor. On contemplating the performance, and in particular, the luminous brightness spread over the group in which are the Pope and Cardinal Caprara, his majesty thus expressed himself: "I did not believe that your art would affect such wonders; white and black in painting afford but very weak resources. When you produced this you had, nodoubt, a sun-beam upon your pencil."

This compliment, which displayed great knowledge of the art, surprised the painter, who, after offering his thanks, added: "Sire, your conception, and the mode in which you express it, bespeak either the practical artist or the well informed amateur. Your majesty has doubtless learned to paint."—"Yes," said the king, "I sometimes occupy myself with the art, and all my brothers possess a similar taste; that one in particular, who frequently visits you, has acquired some celebrity; for his performances are not like the generality of royal paintings they are worthy of the artist. M. David," added

the monarch, "I dare not hope to obtain a copy of this picture; but you may indemnify me by placing my name at the head of the subscribers to the engraving; pray do not forget me."

The personages represented in this picture are as follow: the Emperor; the Empress Josephine; the Pope; Cambaceres, Duke of Parma, arch-chancellor; the Duke of Plaisance, arch-treasurer; Mareschal Berthier, Prince of Wagram; M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, grand chamberlain to the emperor; Prince Eugene Beauharnais, viceroy of the kingdom of Lombardy; Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, grand écuyer; Mareschal Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, and afterwards King of Sweden; Cardinal Pacca, councillor of the Pope; Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon; Cardinal Caprara, then the Pope's legate at the court of France; the Count D'Harville, senator and governor of the palace of the Tuileries; Esteve, grand treasurer of the crown; Mareschal Prince Murat, afterwards king of Naples; Mareschal Serrurier, governor of the royal Hotel of Invalids; Mareschal Monecy, Duke of Cornegliane, inspector-general of the gendarmerie; Mareschal Bessierre, Duke of Treviso, general of the imperial guard; Compté Segur, grand master of the Ceremonies; the beautiful and heroic Madame Lavalette, and the Countess of La Rochefoucault, ladies of honor to the empress; Cardinal du Belloy, archbishop of Paris; Maria Annunciade Carolina, wife of Murat; Maria

Paulina, wife of Prince Borghese, Duke of Guastalla; and Maria Anna Elisa, Duchess of Tuscany, and Princess of Lucca and Piombino;—the three sisters of Napoleon; Hortense Eugenia Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, and wife of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland, together with her son Louis Napoleon Maria Julia Clary, wife of Joseph Napoleon; Junot, Duke of Abrantes, colonel-general of hussars; Louis Napoleon, grand constable; Joseph Napoleon, grand electeur, King of Spain, afterwards a citizen of the United States; Mareschal Le Febvre, Duke of Dantzic; Mareschal Perignon, governor of Naples; Counts de Very, de Longis, D'Arjuzen, Nansouty, Forbin, Beausset, and Detemaud, all filling distinguished posts; Duroc, Duke of Frioul, grand mareschal of the palace; Counts de Jaucourt, Brigade, de Boudy, and de Laville; the Baron Beaumont; the Duke of Cossé Brissac; Madame, mother of the emperor; Count Beaumont; Countess Fontanges; Madame la Mareschal Soult; the Duke of Gravina, ambassador from Spain; Count Marescalchi, minister of the Kingdom of Lombardy; Count Cobenzel, Austrian ambassador; the Turkish envoy; Mr. Armstrong, ambassador from the United States; the Marquis of Luchesini, Prussian envoy; M. and Madame David; and the senator Vien, master of the artist; of whom the emperor said, when viewing the picture, "I perceive the likeness of the good M. Vien." Whereto the painter replied, "I was desirous to testify my gratitude to my master."

by placing him in a picture, which from its subject will be the most important of my labors." There were, besides the poet Lebrun; Gretry the musician; Monges, member of the Institute; Count D'Aubusson de la Feuillade; chamberlain, etc., etc.

The Bourbons, upon their restoration, unmindful of the arts, and actuated by a mean spirit of revenge, ordered this chef d'œuvre of David to be destroyed, which was accordingly done!! When Napoleon returned to Paris, the existing government, conceiving it important that the picture should be replaced, requested David to repaint his former picture, which he felt great repugnance to do, regarding it as not within the province of real genius to repaint former productions. He was, however, prevailed upon to acquiesce, and the government agreed to pay the same price that he had received for the original, 100,000 francs. Upon Napoleon's second abdication, the Emperor Alexander, aware of the history of the performance, made overtures to become possessed of it, after David had completed it at Brussels; but, though his offers were munificent, the painter refused to part with it, and left it to his son, who subsequently exhibited it in London.

DAVID AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

During David's exile at Brussels, the Duke of Wellington called on him, and said, "Monsieur

David, I have called to have my portrait taken by the illustrious painter of Leonidas at Thermopylæ." David, eyeing fiercely the man who had humbled his country, and dethroned her Emperor, replied, "Sir, I cannot paint the English."

DAVID AND THE CARDINAL CAPRARA.

David introduced the Cardinal Caprara, as the Pope's legate, in the picture of the Coronation of Napoleon, without his wig. The likeness was exact, and the Cardinal remonstrated with David on the omission, desiring him to supply it. The painter replied that he never had and never would paint a wig. The Cardinal then applied to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and represented that as no pope had hitherto worn a wig, it might seem as if he (Caprara) had purposely left his own off, to show his pretensions to the tiara. David, however, stood firm as a rock, even before Talleyrand, and said, "his Eminence may think himself lucky that nothing but his wig has been taken off."

DAVID AT BRUSSELS.

David, then advanced in years, severely felt his exile at Brussels. He lived very retired, saw little company, and seldom went abroad. It is related that Talma, during a professional engagement at Brussels, got up the tragedy of Leonidas, expressly to gratify his old friend, and invited him to the theatre to see the performance. David consented to go,

but told Talma he must pardon him if he should happen to *nod*. As soon as David was recognized in the theatre, the whole house rose *en masse*, and gave three hearty cheers for the illustrious exile, which so affected him that he burst into tears. When the performance commenced, so far from giving way to sleep, he became completely absorbed in the play, and when the curtain dropped, he exclaimed, "Heavens! how glorious it is to possess such a talent."

PIERRE MIGNARD.

There have been found occasionally some artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skillful connoisseurs.

An anecdote of Pierre Mignard is singular. This great artist painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with him, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as a secret, that he was to receive from Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and one of his master-pieces. The Chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price. Some time afterwards, he was informed that he had been imposed upon, for that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Although Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was

Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion. The Chevalier came to Mignard: "There are," said he, "some persons who assure me that my Magdalen is your work." "Mine!" replied Mignard; "they do me great honor. I am sure that Le Brun is not of that opinion." "Le Brun swears it can be none other than a Guido," said the Chevalier; "you shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs." On the day of meeting, the picture was more closely inspected than ever. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work by Guido; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived, and added that, if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner. "I am perfectly convinced that it is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun, with warmth; and all the critics unanimously agreed with him. Mignard then said, in a firm tone of voice, "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido." The dispute now became violent—Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such as could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, sir," replied the latter; "I am too honest to bet, when I am certain to win. Monsieur le Chevalier, this piece cost you two thousand crowns; the money must be returned—the painting is by my hand." Le Brun would not believe it. "The proof," continued Mignard, "is easy; on this

canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a Cardinal; I will show you his cap."

The Chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to believe; the proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall mend it," said Mignard; and taking a pencil dipped in spirits, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, he soon discovered the cap of the Cardinal. The honor of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

This eminent painter was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, who intended him for the medical profession; but his natural taste and genius for painting, induced his father to send him to London to study painting under Hudson, when he was seventeen years of age. In 1749, he accompanied Captain, afterwards Lord Keppel to the Mediterranean, and passed about three years in Italy. On his return to England, he established himself in London, where he soon acquired a distinguished reputation, and rose to be esteemed the head of the English school of painting. At the formation of the Royal Academy in 1768, he was elected president, and received the honor of knighthood. In 1781 he visited Holland and the Netherlands to examine the productions of the Dutch and Flemish masters, by which he is said to have improved his coloring. In 1784, on the death of Ramsay, he was appointed

principal painter to the King. He died in 1792⁴ and his remains were deposited in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren. He formed a splendid collection of works of art, which, after his death, brought at public sale about £17,000; and the whole of his property amounted to about £80,000, the bulk of which he left to his niece, who married Lord Inchiquin, afterwards Marquis of Thomond. He never married; his sister Frances Reynolds conducted his domestic affairs. He was fond of the society of literary men, kept open house, and seldom dined without his table being graced by the presence of some of the chosen spirits of the land. He was simple and unostentatious in his habits and affable in his deportment; and while his table was abundantly supplied, there was an absence of all ceremony, and each guest was made to feel himself perfectly at home, which gave a delightful zest to his hospitality.

REYNOLDS' NEW STYLE.

Soon after Reynolds' return to England from Italy in 1752, he commenced his professional career in St. Martin's Lane, London. He found such opposition as genius is commonly doomed to encounter, and does not always overcome. The boldness of his attempts, and the brilliancy of his coloring, were considered innovations upon the established and orthodox system of portrait manufacture, in the styles of Lely and Kneller. The old artists first raised their voices

His old master Hudson called at his rooms to see his Turkish Boy, which had caused quite a sensation in the town. After contemplating the picture some minutes, he said with a national oath,—“Why, Reynolds, you do not paint as well as you did when you left England.” Ellis, an eminent portrait maker, who had studied under Kneller, next lifted up his voice. “Ah, Reynolds,” said he, “this will never answer, you do not paint in the least like Sir Godfrey.” When the young artist vindicated himself with much ability, Ellis, finding himself unable to give any good reasons for the objections he had made, cried out in a rage, “Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting for me,” and stalked out of the room. Reynolds’ new style, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition he met with, took with the fashionable world, his fame spread far and wide, and he soon became the leading painter in London. In 1754, he removed from St. Martin’s Lane, the Grub-street of artists, and took a handsome house on the north side of Great Newport-Street, which he furnished with elegance and taste. Northcote says his apartments were filled with ladies of quality and with men of rank, all alike desirous to have their persons preserved to posterity by one who touched no subject without adorning it. “The desire to perpetuate the form of self-complacency, crowded the sitting room of Reynolds with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and with men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers. From his pencil!

they were sure to be gratified. The force and facility of his portraits, not only drew around him the opulence and beauty of the nation, but happily gained him the merited honor of perpetuating the features of all the eminent and distinguished men of learning then living.

REYNOLDS' PRICES.

“The price,” says Cunningham, “which Reynolds at first received for a *head* was five guineas; the rate increased with his fame, and in the year 1755 his charge was twelve. Experience about this time dictated the following memorandum respecting his art. ‘For painting the flesh:—black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow-ochre, ultramarine, and varnish. To lay the palette:—first lay, carmine and white in different degrees; second lay, orpiment and white ditto; third lay, blue-black and white ditto. The first sitting, for expedition, make a mixture as like the sitters’ complexion as you can.’ Some years afterwards, I find, by a casual notice from Johnson that Reynolds had raised his price for a head to twenty guineas.

“The year 1758 was perhaps the most lucrative of his professional career. The account of the economy of his studies, and the distribution of his time at this period, is curious and instructive. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio; these he submitted to his sitters; and what

ever position they selected, he immediately proceeded to copy it on the canvas, and paint the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, who appeared in their turns; and he kept regular lists of those who sat, and of those who were waiting until a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood on his list, and often sent the work home before the colors were dry. Of lounging visitors he had a great abhorrence, and, as he reckoned up the fruits of his labors, 'Those idle people,' said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo, 'those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour.' This calculation incidentally informs us, that it was Reynolds' practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours."

REYNOLDS' IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

Reynold's commissions continued to increase, and to pour in so abundantly, that in addition to his pupils, he found it necessary to employ several subordinate artists, skillful in drapery and back-grounds, as assistants. He also raised his price to twenty-five guineas a head.

"In the year 1761," says Cunningham, "the accumulating thousands which Johnson speaks of, began to have a visible effect on Reynolds' establishment. He quitted Newport Street, purchased a fine house on the west side of Leicester Square, furnished it with

much taste, added a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works, and an elegant dining-room; and finally taxed his invention and his purse in the production of a carriage, with wheels carved and gilt, and bearing on its pannels the Four Seasons of the year. Those who flocked to see his new gallery, were sometimes curious enough to desire a sight of this gay carriage, and the coachman, imitating the lackey who showed the gallery, earned a little money by opening the coach-house doors. His sister complained that it was too showy—‘What!’ said the painter, ‘would you have one like an apothecary’s carriage?’

“By what course of study he attained his skill in art, Reynolds has not condescended to tell us; but of many minor matters we are informed by one of his pupils, with all the scrupulosity of biography. His study was octagonal, some twenty feet long, sixteen broad, and about fifteen feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill nine feet from the floor. His sitter’s chair moved on casters, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he held his palettes by a handle, and the sticks of his brushes were eighteen inches long. He wrought standing, with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs, or touched unfinished portraits till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four; then dressed, and gave the evening to company.

“His table was now elegantly furnished, and

round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there too with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-colored coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honorable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honor which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment.”

THE FOUNDING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

“The Royal Academy,” says Cunningham, “was planned and proposed in 1768, by Chambers, West, Cotes and Moser; the caution or timidity of Reynolds kept him for some time from assisting. A list of thirty members was made out; and West, a prudent and amiable man, called on Reynolds, and, in a conference of two hours’ continuance, succeeded in persuading him to join them. He ordered his carriage, and, accompanied by West, entered the

room where his brother artists were assembled. They rose up to a man, and saluted him 'President.' He was affected by the compliment, but declined the honor till he had talked with Johnson and Burke; he went, consulted his friends, and having considered the consequences carefully, then consented. He expressed his belief at the same time, that their scheme was a mere delusion: the King, he said, would not patronize nor even acknowledge them, as his majesty was well known to be the friend of another body—"The Incorporated Society of Artists.'

The truth is, the Royal Academy was planned at the suggestion of the King himself. He had learned, through West, the cause of the indecent bickerings in the Society of Artists, and declared to him that he was ready to patronize any institution founded on principles calculated to advance the interests of art. West communicated the King's declaration to some of the dissenters, who drew up a plan which the king corrected with his own hand.

REYNOLDS AND DR. JOHNSON.

In the year 1754, Reynolds accidentally made the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which ripened into a mutual and warm friendship, that continued through life. Of the fruit which he derived from his intercourse, Reynolds thus speaks, in one of his *Discourses on Art* .

“Whatever merit these Discourses may have must be imputed in a great measure to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr. Johnson. I do not mean to say, though it certainly would be to the credit of these Discourses if I could say it with truth, that he contributed even a single sentiment to them; but he qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the art of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking. Perhaps other men might have equal knowledge, but few were so communicative. His great pleasure was to talk to those who looked up to him. It was here he exhibited his wonderful powers. The observations which he made on poetry, on life, and on everything about us, I applied to one art—with what success others must judge.”

DR. JOHNSON'S FRIENDSHIP FOR REYNOLDS.

In 1764, Reynolds was attacked by a sudden and dangerous illness. He was cheered by the sympathy of many friends, and by the solicitude of Johnson, who thus wrote him from Northamptonshire:

“I did not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain which every man must feel to whom you are known as you are known to me. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure as by pleasing you

or my own interest as by preserving you ; in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I can call a friend." He to whom Johnson could thus write, must have possessed many noble qualities ; for no one could estimate human nature more truly than that illustrious man.

JOHNSON'S APOLOGY FOR PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Johnson showed his kindly feelings for Sir Joshua Reynolds, by writing the following apology for portrait painting. Had the same friendship induced him to compliment West, he doubtless would have written in a very different strain :

"Genius," said he, "is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of the subject. But it is in painting as in life ; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead. Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance ; nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection ; and though, like all other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more

laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, which however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it."

THE LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Club was founded by Dr. Johnson, in 1764, and among many men of eminence and talent, it numbered Reynolds. His modesty would not permit him to assume to himself the distinction which literature bestows, but his friends knew too well the value of his presence, to lose it by a fastidious observance of the title of the club. Poets, painters, and sculptors, are all brothers; and had Reynolds been less eminent in art, his sound sense, varied information, and pleasing manners would have made him an acceptable companion in the most intellectual society.

JOHNSON'S PORTRAIT.

In 1775, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted his famous portrait of Dr. Johnson, in which he represented him as reading, and near-sighted. This latter circumstance was very displeasing to the "Giant of Literature," who reproved Reynolds, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But Reynolds on the contrary, considered it a natural peculiarity which gave additional value to the portrait. Johnson complained of the caricature to Mrs. Thrale, who to console him, said that he would not be known to posterity by his

defects only, and that Reynolds had painted for her his own portrait, with the ear-trumpet. He replied, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses, but he shall not paint me as *blinking Sam*."

JOHNSON'S DEATH.

"Amidst the applause," says Cunningham, "which these works obtained for him, the President met with a loss which the world could not repair—Samuel Johnson died on the 13th of December, 1784, full of years and honors. A long, a warm, and a beneficial friendship had subsisted between them. The house and the purse of Reynolds were ever open to Johnson, and the word and the pen of Johnson were equally ready for Reynolds. It was pleasing to contemplate this affectionate brotherhood, and it was sorrowful to see it dissevered. 'I have three requests to make,' said Johnson, the day before his death, 'and I beg that you will attend to them, Sir Joshua. Forgive me thirty pounds, which I borrowed from you—read the Scriptures—and abstain from using your pencil on the Sabbath-day.' Reynolds promised, and—what is better—remembered his promise."

REYNOLDS AND GOLDSMITH.

We hear much about "poetic inspiration," and the "poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." Reynolds used to tell an anecdote of Goldsmith calculated to abate our notions about the ardor of composition.

Calling upon the poet one day, he opened the door without ceremony, and found him engaged in the double occupation of tuning a couplet and teaching a pet dog to sit upon its haunches. At one time he would glance at his desk, and at another shake his finger at the dog to make him retain his position. The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:

“By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.”

Goldsmith, with his usual good humor, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the lines.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

When Mr. Goldsmith published his *Deserted Village*, he dedicated it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the following kind and touching manner. “The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men; he is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.”

GOLDSMITH'S “RETALIATION.”

At a festive meeting, where Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Douglas, and Goldsmith, were conspicuous, the idea of composing a set of extempore epitaphs on one another was started. Garrick of

fended Goldsmith so much by two very indifferent lines of waggery, that the latter avenged himself by composing the celebrated poem *Retaliation*, in which he exhibits the characters of his companions with great liveliness and talent. The lines have a melancholy interest, from being the last the author wrote. The character of Sir Joshua Reynolds is drawn with discrimination and judgment—a little flattered, resembling his own portraits in which the features are a little softened, and the expression a little elevated.

“Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind;
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.”

POPE A PAINTER.

Reynolds was a great admirer of Pope. A fan which the poet presented to Martha Blount, and on which he had painted with his own hand the story of *Cephalus and Procris*, with the motto “*Aura Veni*,” was to be sold at auction. Reynolds sent a messenger to bid for it as far as thirty guineas, but it was knocked down for two pounds. “See,” said the president to his pupils, who gathered around him, “the painting of Pope;—this must always be the case, when the work is taken up for idleness, and is laid aside when it ceases to amuse; it is like the

work of one who paints only for amusement. Those who are resolved to excel, must go to their work, willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it to be no play, but very hard labor."

REYNOLD'S FIRST ATTEMPTS IN ART.

This excellent painter, in his boyhood, showed his natural taste for painting, by copying the various prints that fell in his way. His father, a clergyman, thought this an idle passion, which ought not to be encouraged; he esteemed one of these youthful performances worthy of his endorsement, and he wrote underneath it, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." The drawing is still preserved in the family.

Dr. Johnson says that Sir Joshua Reynolds had his first fondness of the art excited by the perusal of Richardson's Treatise on Painting.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Portraits in the time of Hudson, the master of Reynolds, were usually painted in one attitude—one hand in the waistcoat, and the hat under the arm. A gentleman whose portrait young Reynold's painted, desired to have his hat on his head. The picture was quickly despatched and sent home, when it was discovered that it had two hats, one on the head, and another under the arm!

PAYING THE PIPER.

“What do you ask for this sketch?” said Reynolds to a dealer in old pictures and prints, as he was looking over his portfolio. The shrewd tradesman, observing from his manner that he had found a gem, quickly replied, “Twenty guineas, your honor.” “Twenty pence, I suppose you mean.” “No, sir; it is true I would have sold it for twenty pence this morning; but if you think it worth having, all the world will think it worth buying.” Sir Joshua gave him his price. It was an exquisite drawing by Rubens.

REYNOLDS' MODESTY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, like many other distinguished artists, was never satisfied with his works, and endeavored to practise his maxim, that “an artist should endeavor to improve over his every performance.” When an eminent French painter was one day praising the excellence of one of his pictures, he said, “*Ah! Monsieur, Je ne fais que des ebauches, des ebauches.*”—Alas! sir, I can only make sketches, sketches.

REYNOLDS' GENEROSITY.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has been charged by his enemies with avarice; but there are many instances recorded which show that he possessed a noble and generous heart.

When Gainsborough charged him but sixty guineas for his celebrated picture of the Girl and Pigs, Reynolds, conscious that it was worth much more, gave him one hundred. Hearing that a worthy artist with a large family was in distress, and threatened with arrest, he paid him a visit, and learning that the extent of his debts was but forty pounds, he shook him warmly by the hand as he took his leave, and the artist was astonished to find in his fingers a bank-note of one hundred pounds. When Dayes, an artist of merit, showed him his drawings of a Royal pageant at St. Paul's, Reynolds complimented him, and said that he had bestowed so much labor upon them that he could not be remunerated by selling them, but told him that if he would publish them he would loan him the necessary funds, and engage to get him a handsome subscription among the nobility.

REYNOLDS' LOVE OF HIS ART.

Reynolds was an ardent lover of his profession, and ever as ready to defend it when assailed, as to add to its honors by his pencil. When Dr. Tucker, the famous Dean of Gloucester, in his discourse before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, asserted that "a pin-maker was a more valuable member of society than Raffaele," Reynolds was greatly nettled, and said, with some asperity, "This is an observation of a very narrow mind; a mind that is confined to the

mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye, but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences. It is therefore the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say that the brick-maker is superior to the architect.” He might have added that the artisan is indebted to the artist for the design of every beautiful fabric, therefore the artist is a more “valuable member of society” than the manufacturer or the merchant.

REYNOLDS' CRITICISM ON RUBENS.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds made his first tour to Flanders and Holland, he was struck with the brilliancy of coloring which appeared in the works of Rubens, and on his return he said that his own works were deficient in force, in comparison with what he had seen. “On his return from his second tour,” says Sir George Beaumont, “he observed to me that the pictures of Rubens appeared much less brilliant than they had done on the former inspection. He could not for some time account for this circumstance; but when he recollected that when he first saw them he had his note-book in his hand, for the purpose of writing down short remarks, he perceived what had occasioned their now making a

less impression than they had done formerly. By the eye passing immediately from the white paper to the picture, the colors derived uncommon richness and warmth; but for want of this foil they afterwards appeared comparatively cold."

REYNOLDS AND HAYDN'S PORTRAIT.

When Haydn, the eminent composer, was in England, one of the princes commissioned Reynolds to paint his portrait. Haydn sat twice, but he soon grew tired, and Reynolds finding he could make nothing out of his "stupid countenance," communicated the circumstance to his royal highness, who contrived the following stratagem to rouse him. He sent to the painter's house a beautiful German girl, in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat, for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; and Reynolds, rapidly transferring to the canvas his features thus lit up, produced an admirable likeness.

RUBENS' LAST SUPPER.

Sir Joshua Reynolds relates the following anecdote, in his "Journey to Flanders and Holland." He stopped at Mechlin to see the celebrated altar-piece by Rubens in the cathedral, representing the

Last Supper. After describing the picture, he proceeds:—

“There is a circumstance belonging to the altar-piece, which may be worth relating, as it shows Rubens’ manner of proceeding in large works. The person who bespoke this picture, a citizen of Mechlin, desired, to avoid the danger of carriage, that it might be painted at Mechlin; to this the painter easily consented, as it was very near his country-seat at Steen. Rubens, having finished his sketch in colors, gave it as usual to one of his scholars (Van Egmont), and sent him to Mechlin to dead-color from it the great picture. The gentleman, seeing this proceeding, complained that he bespoke a picture of the hand of the master, not of the scholar, and stopped the pupil in his progress. However, Rubens satisfied him that this was always his method of proceeding, and that this piece would be as completely his work as if he had done the whole from the beginning. The citizen was satisfied, and Rubens proceeded with the picture, which appears to me to have no indications of neglect in any part; on the contrary, I think it *has been* one of his best pictures, though those who know this circumstance pretend to see Van Egmont’s inferior genius transpire through Rubens’ touches.”

REYNOLDS’ SKILL IN COMPLIMENTS.

When he painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrought his name on the

border of her robe. The great actress, conceiving it to be a piece of classic embroidery, went near to examine it, and seeing the words, smiled. The artist bowed, and said, "I could not lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his letter to Barry, observes, "Whoever has great views, I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS PORTRAITS.

When Sir Joshua was elected mayor of Plympton, his native town, he painted an admirable portrait of himself and presented it to the mayor and corporation, and it now hangs in the town-hall. When he sent the picture, he wrote to his friend Sir Wm. Elford, requesting him to put it in a good light, which he did, and to set it off he placed by it's side, what he considered to be a bad picture. When Sir William communicated to Reynolds what he had done in order that the excellence of his picture might have a more striking effect, the latter wrote his worthy friend that he was greatly obliged to him for his pains, but that the portrait he so much despised was painted by himself in early life.

REYNOLDS' FLAG.

In the year 1770, a boy named Buckingham, presuming upon his father's acquaintance with Sir Joshua Reynolds, called on the president, and asked him if he would have the kindness to paint him a flag to carry in the procession of the next breaking up of the school. Reynolds, whose every hour was worth guineas, smiled, and told the lad to call again at a certain time, and he would see what could be done for him. The boy accordingly called at the set time, and was presented with an elegant flag a yard square, decorated with the King's coat of arms. The flag was triumphantly carried in procession, an honor as well as a delight to the boys, and a still greater honor to him who painted it, and gave his valuable time to promote their holiday amusements.

BURKE'S EULOGY.

Burke, in his eulogy on Reynolds, says, "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation: nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

REYNOLDS' ESTIMATE AND USE OF OLD PAINTINGS.

He was fond of seeking into the secrets of the old painters; and *dissected* some of their performances, to ascertain their mode of laying on color and finishing with effect. Titian he conceived to be the great master spirit in portraiture; and no enthusiastic ever sought more incessantly for the secret of the philosopher's stone than did Reynolds to possess himself of the whole theory and practice of the Venetian. "To possess," said he, "a real fine picture by that great master—I would sell all my gallery—I would willingly ruin myself." The capital old paintings of the Venetian school destroyed by Sir Joshua's *dissections* were not few; and his experiments of this kind can only properly be likened to that of the boy who cut open the bellows to get at the wind! He was ignorant of chemistry, so much so that he sometimes employed mineral colors that reacted in a short time; and also vegetable colors; and he mixed with these various vehicles, as megilps and different kinds of varnishes or glazes, so that he had the misfortune of seeing some of his finest works change and lose all their harmony, or become cracked with unsightly seams. He kept his system of coloring a profound secret. He lived to regret these experiments, and would never permit his pupils to practise them. His method has been largely imitated, not only in England, but in the United States, greatly to the injury of many fine

works and the reputation of the artist. The only true method for excellence and permanence in coloring, is that employed by the great Italian masters, viz. : to use well prepared and seasoned canvas; then to lay on a good heavy body-color; to employ only the best mineral colors, which will not chemically react, giving the colors time to harden after laying on each successive coat; and above all, to use no varnishes in the process, nor after the completion of the work, till it is sufficiently hardened by age.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE INQUISITION UPON SPANISH PAINTING.

A strong and enthusiastic feeling of a religious character has often inspired the Fine Arts: we owe to such sentiments the finest and purest productions of modern painting. Progress in art, however, implies the study of nature; the study of nature and the exhibition of its results have continually shocked the rigid asceticism of a severe morality—a morality which makes indecency depend on the simple fact of exposure, not on the feeling in which the work is conceived. Scrupulous persons often appear unconscious that in this, as in other things, it is easy to observe the letter, and to violate the spirit. A picture or statue may be perfectly decent, so far as regards drapery, and yet suggest thoughts and ideas far more objectionable than those resulting from the contemplation of figures wholly unclothed. Still, it must be admitted that such a jealousy of the fine arts

might reasonably exist in Italy at the end of the 15th, and the beginning of the 16th centuries, in the days of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X. ; when all the abominations of heathenism prevailed at Rome in practice, and when Christianity can hardly be said to have existed more than in theory. It would have been strange, amidst such universal depravity, that Art should escape unsullied by the general pollution. Still, it was against the *abuses* of art that the efforts of the Catholic church under Paul IV. were directed ; and while those efforts gave a somewhat different character to the subjects and to their treatment in later schools, they cannot be said to have acted on either Painting or Sculpture with any *repressive* force.

But in Spain the case was wholly different. There was no transient insurrection of a purer morality against the vicious extravagancies of a particular period, but a constant and uniform pressure exerted without intermission on all the means of developing and cultivating the human mind, or of imparting its sentiments to others. Painting and Sculpture came in for their share of restriction, and the nature of the discipline to which they were subjected may be gathered from the work of Pacheco, (*Arte de la Pintura*) who was appointed in 1618, by a particular commission from the Inquisition, “to denounce the errors committed in pictures of sacred subjects through the ignorance or wickedness of artists.” He was commissioned to “take particular

care to visit and inspect the paintings of sacred subjects which may stand in the public places of Seville, and if anything objectionable appeared in them, to take them before the Inquisition." His rules, therefore, may properly be received as a fair exponent of the strictures placed upon Art by the Inquisition. In his work upon the Art of Painting, Pacheco censures the nudity of the figures in Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, as well as other things. Thus he says: "As to placing the damned in the air, fighting as they are one with another, and pulling against the devils, when it is matter of faith that they must want the free gifts of glory, and cannot, therefore, possess the requisite lightness or agility—the impropriety of this mode of exhibiting them is self-evident. With regard, again, to the angels without wings and the saints without clothes, although the former do not possess the one and the latter will not have the other, yet, as angels without wings are unknown to us, and our eyes do not allow us to see the saints without clothes, as we shall hereafter—there can be no doubt, that this again is improper. It is, moreover, highly indecent and improper, having regard to their nature, to paint angels with beards."

On the general question of how an artist is to acquire sufficient skill in the figure, without exposing himself to risks which the Inspector of the Inquisition is bound to deprecate, Pacheco is somewhat embarrassed. "I seem," he says, "to hear some one asking me, 'Senor Painter, scrupulous as you

are, whilst you place before us the ancient artists as examples, who contemplated the figures of naked women in order to imitate them perfectly, and whilst you charge us to paint as well, what resource do you afford us?' I would answer, 'Senor Licentiate, this is what I would do; I would paint the faces and hands from nature, with the requisite beauty and variety, after women of good character; in which, in my opinion, there is no danger. With regard to the other parts, I would avail myself of good pictures, engravings, drawings, models, ancient and modern statues, and the excellent designs of Albert Durer, so that I might choose what was most graceful and best composed without running into danger.'" So it appears that they might profit by the works of other artists, without incurring the same danger.

Notwithstanding this advice, as the Inquisition always persecuted nudity, Spain was deficient in models from the antique; wherefore Velasquez, the head of the Spanish school, never designed an exquisite figure; and the collection of models and casts which he made in Italy, late in life, was allowed to go to destruction after his death!

In discussing the proper mode of painting the Nativity of Christ, Pacheco says he is always much affected at seeing the infant Jesus represented naked in the arms of his mother! The impropriety of this, he urges, is shown by the consideration that

“St. Joseph had an office, and it was not possible that poverty could have obliged him to forego those comforts for his child, which scarcely the meanest beggar sare without.” Another fertile subject of dispute among the Spanish artists and theologians, was the number of nails used in the Crucifixion, some arguing for three, and some for four, and drawing their proofs on either side from the vision of some saint!

The precepts as to the proper modes of painting the Virgin, are innumerable. The greatest caution against any approach to nudity is of course requisite. Nay, Pacheco says, “What can be more foreign from the respect which we owe to the purity of Our Lady the Virgin, than to paint her sitting down, with one of her knees placed over the other, and often with her sacred feet uncovered and naked?” We scarcely ever, therefore, see the feet of the Virgin in Spanish pictures. Carducho speaks more particularly on the impropriety of painting the Virgin unshod, since it is manifest that she was in the habit of wearing shoes, as is proved by “the much venerated relic of one of them, from her divine feet, in the Cathedral of Burgos!”

A painter had a penance inflicted on him at Cordova, for painting the Virgin at the foot of the Cross in a hooped petticoat, pointed boddice, and a saffron-colored head-dress; St. John had pantaloons, and a doublet with points. This chastisement Pacheco considers richly deserved. Don Luis Pas-

qual also erred greatly, in his Marriage of the Virgin, representing her without any mantle, in a Venetian petticoat, fitting very close in the waist, covered with knots of colored ribbon, and with wide round sleeves,—“a dress,” adds Pacheco, “in my opinion highly unbecoming the gravity and dignity of our Sovereign Lady.” Nor were there wanting awful examples of warning to painters, as in the story related by Martin de Roa, in his *State of Souls in Purgatory*. “A painter,” so runs the legend, “had executed in youth, at the request of a gentleman, an improper picture. After the painter’s death, this picture was laid to his charge, and it was only by the intercession of those Saints whom he had at various times painted, that he got off with severe torments in Purgatory. Whilst there, however, he contrived to appear to his confessor, and prevailed upon him to go to the gentleman for whom this picture was painted, and entreat him to burn it. The request was complied with, and the painter then got out of Purgatory!”

The author cannot close this too lengthy article without citing the Life of the Virgin written by Maria de Agreda, whose absurd and blasphemous vagaries were “swallowed whole” by the Spanish nation—an unanswerable proof and a fitting result of the blight inflicted by Jesuitism and the Inquisition. Bayle says, “the only wonder is, that the Sorbonne confined itself to saying that her proposition was false, rash, and contrary to the doctrines

of the Gospel, when she taught that God gave the Virgin all he could, and that he could give her all his own attributes, except the essence of the Godhead." The condemnation of Maria de Agreda's *Life of the Virgin* was not carried in the Sorbonne without the greatest opposition and tumult. The book was censured at Rome, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Spanish ambassador. The Spanish feeling, with reference to the Virgin, and more particularly to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, went far beyond the rest of Papal Europe; it was impossible for the Pope and the French Church to sanction at once the absurdities that Spain was quite ready to adopt. (See Sir Edmund Head's *Hand-Book of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting*.)

A MELANCHOLY PICTURE OF THE STATE OF THE
FINE ARTS IN SPAIN.

A most interesting article on the present state of the fine arts in Spain, may be found in the Appendix to Sir Edmund Head's *Hand-Book of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting*. On the 13th of June, 1844, a Royal ordinance was issued, establishing a Central Commission "de Monumentos Historicos y Artisticos del Reino," with local or provincial commissions, to act in concert with the former body. The chief object of the Commission was to report upon the condition of works of art, antiquities, libraries, etc., contained in

the numerous convents and monasteries, which had been suppressed, and what measures had been adopted for their preservation. The members of the Commission were divided into three sections, one for libraries and archives, another for painting and sculpture, and a third for architecture and archæology.

The first annual report of the Central Commission to the Secretary of State for the Home Department is printed in pamphlet form, and embraces the proceedings of the Commission from July 1st, 1844, to July 1st, 1845.

“Nothing can be more melancholy than the picture of Spain drawn by this Commission. They tell us that the most valuable contents of the conventual libraries had been thrown away or mutilated, and that thousands of volumes had been sold as waste paper for three or four reals the arroba, and had been exported to enrich foreign libraries. A hope had been entertained of forming collections in each province, of pictures and other works of art; the Commission was soon undeceived as to the possibility of effecting this. Baron Taylor and a host of foreign dealers had in some provinces carried off all they could lay their hands upon; in others the Commissioners tell us, ‘Many of the most esteemed works of art, the glory and ornament of the most sumptuous churches, had perished in their application to the vilest uses; in others scarcely any record was preserved of what had been in existence at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and no

inventory or catalogue of any kind had been made.' Our only consolation perhaps is that these books and works of art will be better appreciated in other countries, and we may derive comfort from the views expressed by Madame Hahn-Hahn.*

"It is clear that in such a state of things the plunder and destruction of pictures must have been enormous. In the summary of the proceedings of the Commission with reference to pictures, which I shall

* "I cannot forbear quoting Madame Hahn-Hahn's reflections on the Museum of Seville, and the custody of pictures in that city in 1841:

"It is wretched to see how these invaluable jewels of pictures are preserved! Uncleaned' (this is at least some comfort), 'without the necessary varnish, sometimes without frames, they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing; and since these squares are permanent in some pictures in order to spare these admirable artists the trouble of renewing them, the threads have, in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. The proof of this negligence is the fact that we found to-day the mark of a finger-nail on the St. Augustine, which was not there on the first day that we saw it. We can only thank God if nothing worse than a finger-nail make a scar on the picture! It stands there on the ground, without a frame, leaning against the wall. One might knock it over, or kick one's foot through it! There is to be sure a kind of ragged custode sitting by, but if one were to give him a couple of dollars he would hold his tongue; he is, moreover, always sleeping, and yawns as if he would put his jaws out. He does not forget, however, on these occasions to make the sign of the cross with his thumb, opposite his open mouth, for fear the devils should fly in—such is the common belief. You see clearly that with this amount of neglect and want of order, the same fate awaits all the Murillos here as has already befallen Leonardo's Last Supper at Milan. These are all collected in two public buildings, in the church of the Caridad and in the Museum.

proceed to give, the reader will see that all sorts of obstacles to any claim of the central government were raised by the local authorities; such a course was sometimes no doubt the result of genuine Spanish obstinacy, strong in local attachments, and hating all interference; but it too often probably originated in the desire to conceal peculation and robbery on the part of the *alcalde*, or the parish priest, or the sacristan, or the porter of a suppressed convent. Let us remember that in all probability no one of these functionaries ever received the salary which was due to him, and that the unfortunate monks turned out of their convents had neither interest nor duty in protecting what had ceased to be theirs. If they did not (as it may be hoped)

‘The Caridad was a hospital or charitable institution. The pictures were brought thither from Murillo’s own studio; there are five—Moses, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the St. Juan de Dios, a little Salvator Mundi, and a small John the Baptist; the sixth, the pendant to the St. Juan de Dios, the St. Elizabeth with the Sick, has been carried to the Museum at Madrid. It is very questionable whether these fine pictures will be still in the Caridad in ten years’ time. Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out the two small pictures! A painter comes—copies them—does not stand upon a few dollars more or less—takes off the originals and leaves the copies behind in their places, which are high up and badly lighted—the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here, and Baron Taylor’s purchases for Paris prove the fact. It cannot of course be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardians; and after all one has hardly the courage to lament it. The pictures are, in fact, saved—they are protected and duly valued; whilst to me it is completely a matter of indifference whether a custode, on account of this sort of sin, suffer a little more or a little less in Purgatory.’—*Reisebriefe*, ii. n. 126-8.

themselves carry off what they could, they would abandon it to the first plunderer. Added to which, the habitual feeling of every Spaniard is, that what belongs to the government is fair game, and may be stolen with a safe conscience.

“When all this is considered, it will not appear surprising that bribery and robbery should have stripped the deserted convents, and scattered the memorials of Spanish art and literature. It is greatly to be feared too that the ignorance of the local commissioners will cause many an interesting picture of early date to be thrown on one side as barbarous and rude, and that few such valuable records as the altar of the time of Don Jayme el Conquistador, mentioned as rescued at Valencia, will be preserved at all; indifferent second-rate copies, or imitations of the Italian and Flemish masters, will probably pass current as the staple article in most of the provincial museums, even where such institutions are finally formed. At any rate, as a picture of the state of Spain with reference to the Fine Arts, and as a sort of guide to tourists, it may be useful to give, in alphabetical order, as they are enumerated in the report, an abstract of the general result as to the number of paintings got together in each province.

Here follows the result of the labors of the Commission in forty-eight provinces, alphabetically arranged, presenting a sorry picture indeed. Only

a few of them can be given here, which may be taken as specimens of the whole :

- “ *Almeria*.—Here the existence of any local collection was denied, but accidentally a catalogue was discovered containing a list of one hundred and ninety-six pictures, which had been got together in 1837, and had apparently disappeared.
- “ *Burgos*.—The Commissioners say, ‘On seeing the small number of works of art in the province of Burgos, and after examining carefully the communication of the “Gefe Político,” dated in April, 1844, together with the inventory which accompanied it, containing only sixty-nine pictures and thirteen coins, deposited in the Literary Institution of the capital of the province, we could not refrain from signifying our surprise at finding so poor a museum in a province which was at one time one of the richest in Spain in monasteries.’
- “ *Cúceres*.—Here again the Central Commission could get no account of the works of art which were known to have existed, more especially in the magnificent Hieronymite Monastery of Guadalupe, near Logrosan. The Provincial Commission, acting on the authority of that in Madrid, proceeded to ascertain what still remained within the walls of the convent, when they were resisted by the ‘*Ayuntamiento*’ of the town of Guadalupe, who pretended that all that was in

the church and convent belonged to the parish, and not to the state.

“*Cadiz*.—Those who first collected the pictures took care to catalogue them without giving the subjects or the sizes, and mixed up together paintings and prints, so that it was impossible to say what had been stolen. The report goes on to say that the sale of certain pictures was not less irregular and culpable in itself, than the lawfulness of the manner in which the produce of the sale was applied appeared doubtful. The Local Commission of Arts and Sciences thought it prudent to abstain from criminal proceedings against any one; but the pictures yet remaining were in such a state of decay that to protect themselves they caused a *procès verbal* to be drawn up, setting forth their condition.

“*Cuenca*.—All sorts of plunder had gone on here, as elsewhere; but the Local Commissioners seem to have exerted themselves to rescue and place in safety what could yet be secured. The head of the Priory of Santiago de Uclés resisted them. The number of pictures collected is not given.

“*Gerona*.—In August, 1842, the ‘Gefe Político’ reported the existence of certain pictures, as he said, of little merit; but, bad or good, they seem to have disappeared by 1845.

“*Granada*.—Here a museum was formed in 1839, and in 1842, a catalogue of eight hundred and eighty-four pieces of sculpture and painting was

transmitted to the Secretary of State. By January, 1844, it would appear that some, probably many, of them had been stolen, and the report does not tell us how many remained.

“*Guadalajara*.—It appears that out of four hundred and thirty pictures, a few only were considered to be originals of any value, and were attributed to Ribera, Zurbaran, Carreño, el Greco, and others, for the most part Spanish masters: Twenty-five were completely ruined.

“*Guipuzcoa*.—The civil war in this province has been the cause and the pretext for the disappearance of many works of art. ‘Since,’ says the report, ‘whilst many have been destroyed on the one hand, on the other the state of affairs has thrown a shield over those who have profited by the confusion, and have unjustly appropriated the property of the state.’

“*Jaen*.—The Local Commission of Jaen in the course of nine months got together five hundred and twenty-three pictures, of which they reported two hundred and eighty-five as worthless, and placed two hundred and thirty-eight in the old Jesuit convent. The names of Murillo, Zurbaran, Alonso Cano, Castillo, Orrente, Melgar, Juan de Sevilla, Guzman, Coello, Titian, el Greco, and Albano, appear in the catalogue.

“*Leon*.—‘The necessity,’ says the report, ‘of quartering troops in the various convents of this province, and the scandalous tricks which we know

to have been played with the works of art in the same, are the causes why the catalogue, which was framed in September of last year, appeared so imperfect and so scanty, since the number of objects was reduced to sixty-one pictures and three pieces of sculpture, deposited in the convent of the so-called "Monjas Catalinas." No more favorable account seems to have been received at the time the report was drawn up.

Lerida.—Here too the civil war is said to have caused the disappearance of most of the pictures in the convents; only eighteen of any merit had been collected in April, 1844, but some more were known to exist in the Seo de Urgel, where the local authorities however refused to give them up to the government. The Commission had not been able to obtain an accurate account even of the eighteen.

Malaga.—A miserable return of six pieces sculpture and four pictures was all that could be obtained by the Central Commission, and they attribute this result to 'the natural indolence and purely mercantile spirit of that district.' Probably the facility for exportation had a good deal to do with the disappearance of the various works of art which the report affirms to have been once collected and deposited in various public buildings."

DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.

This great painter, justly esteemed the head of the Spanish school, was born at Seville in 1594. He pursued almost every branch of painting, except the marine, and excelled almost equally in all.— Philip IV. conferred on him extraordinary honors, appointed him his principal painter, and ordained that none but the modern Apelles should paint his likeness. When Rubens visited Madrid in 1627, to discharge the duties of his embassy, he formed an intimate and lasting friendship with Velasquez, which continued through life. “There is something in the history of this painter,” says Mrs. Jameson, “which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. In the very sound of his name, *Don Diego Rodriguez Velasquez de Silva*—there is something mouth-filling and magnificent. When we read of his fine chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, his orders of knighthood, and what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a king, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame, it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity. I know of nothing to be compared with it but the history of Rubens, his friend and cotemporary, whom he resembled in character and fortune, and in that union of rare talents with practical good sense which ensures success in life.”



VELASQUEZ.

VELASQUEZ HONORED BY THE KING OF SPAIN.

Philip IV. relaxed the rigor of Spanish etiquette in favor of Velasquez, as Charles V. had done with Titian. He had his studio in the royal palace, and the King kept a private key, by means of which he had access to it whenever he pleased. Almost every day Philip used to visit the artist, and would sit and watch him while at work. When Velasquez produced his celebrated picture of the Infanta Margarita surrounded by her maids of honor, with a portrait of himself, standing near at his easel, the King conferred upon him a very unusual honor. After the picture had been greatly admired, Philip remarked, "There is one thing wanting," and taking the palette and pencils, he drew in with his own hand upon the breast of Velasquez's portrait, the much coveted Cross of Santiago! The nobles resented this profanation of a decoration hitherto only given to high birth; but all difficulties were removed by a *papal dispensation and a grant of Hidalguia*. Velasquez's portraits baffle description or praise—they produce complete illusion, and must be seen to be known. He depicted the *minds* of men; they live, breathe, and seem about to walk out of their frames. The freshness, individuality, and identity of every person are quite startling; nor can we doubt the anecdote related of Philip IV., who, mistaking for the original the portrait of Admiral Pajara in a dark corner of Velasquez's room, exclaimed, as he had been ordered to sea, "What! still here?"

Did I not send thee off? How is it that thou art not gone?" But seeing the figure did not salute him, the King discovered his mistake. While Velasquez sojourned in Rome, he painted the portrait of Innocent X., which is now the gem of the Doria collection, and in which, says Lanzi, "he renewed the wonders which are recounted of those of Leo X. by Raffaello, and Paul III. by Titian; for this picture so entirely deceived the eye as to be taken for the Pope himself."

VELASQUEZ'S SLAVE.

Juan de Pareja was the slave of Don Diego Velasquez. Palomino and others, say he was born in Mexico, of a Spanish father and Indian mother; but Bermudez says he was born at Seville. From being employed in his master's studio to attend on him, grind his colors, clean his palette, brushes, &c., he imbibed a passion for painting, and sought every opportunity to practise during his master's absence. He spent whole nights in drawing and endeavoring to imitate him, for he durst not let him know of his aspiring dreams. At length he had made such proficiency, that he resolved to lay his case before the King, Philip IV., who was not only an excellent judge, but a true lover of art. It was the King's custom to resort frequently to the apartments of Velasquez and to order those pictures which were placed with the painted side to the wall, to be turned to his view. Pareja placed one of his own produc-

tions in that position, which the King's curiosity caused to be turned, when the slave fell on his knees and besought the monarch to obtain his pardon from his master, for having presumed to practise painting without his approbation. Philip, agreeably surprised at his address, and well pleased with the work, bid Pareja to rest contented. He interceded in his behalf, and Velasquez not only forgave him, but emancipated him from servitude; yet such was his attachment and gratitude to his master, that he would never leave him till his death, and afterwards continued to serve his daughter with the same fidelity. He is said to have painted portraits so much in the style of Velasquez, that they could not easily be distinguished from his works. He also painted some historical works, as the Calling of St. Matthew, at Aranjuez; the Baptism of Christ, at Toledo, and some Saints at Madrid.

LUIS TRISTAN.

This eminent Spanish painter was born near Toledo, according to Palomino, in 1594, though Bermudez says in 1586. He was a pupil of El Greco, whom he surpassed in design and purity of taste. His instructor, far from being jealous of his talents, was the first to applaud his works, and to commend him to the public. He executed many admirable works for the churches and public edifices at Toledo and Madrid. It is no mean proof of his ability, that Velasquez professed himself his admirer, and

quitting the precepts of Pacheco, he formed his style from the works of Tristan.

TRISTAN AND EL GRECO.

Tristan was the favorite pupil of El Greco, to whom his master made over many commissions, which he was unable to execute himself. In this manner he was employed to paint the Last Supper, for the Hieronymite monastery of La Sisle. The monks liked the picture; but they thought the price which the artist asked for it, of two hundred ducats, excessive. They therefore sent for El Greco to value it; but when this master saw his pupil's work, he raised his stick and ran at him, calling him a scoundrel and a disgrace to his profession. The monks restrained the angry painter, and soothed him by saying that the young man did not know what he asked, and no doubt would submit to the opinion of his master. "In good truth," returned El Greco, "he does not know what he has asked; and if he does not get *five hundred* ducats for the picture, I desire it may be rolled up and sent to my house." The Hieronymites were compelled to pay the larger sum!

ALONSO CANO.

This eminent Spanish painter, sculptor, and architect, was born at Granada, according to Bermudez, in 1601. He early showed a passion for the fine arts, and exhibited extraordinary talents. He

excelled in all the three sister arts, particularly in painting. There are many excellent works by Cano in the churches and public edifices at Cordova, Madrid, Granada, and Seville, which rank him among the greatest Spanish painters. As a sculptor, he manifested great abilities, and executed many fine works, which excited universal admiration. He also gained considerable reputation as an architect, and was appointed architect and painter to the king.

CANO'S LIBERALITY.

Cano executed many works for the churches and convents gratuitously. When he was young, he painted many pictures for the public places of Seville, which were regarded as astonishing performances. For these he would receive no remuneration, declaring that he considered them unfinished and deficient, and that he wrought for practice and improvement.

CANO'S ECCENTRICITIES.

Palomino relates several characteristic anecdotes of Cano. An Auditor of the Chancery of Granada bore especial devotion to St. Anthony of Padua, and wished for an image of that saint from the hands of Cano. When the figure was finished, the judge liked it much. He inquired what money the artist expected for it: the answer was, one hundred doubloons. The amateur was astonished, and asked, "How many days he might have spent upon

it?" Cano replied, "Some five-and-twenty days." "Well," said the Auditor, "that comes to four doubloons per day." "Your lordship reckons wrong," said Cano, "for I have spent fifty years in learning to execute it in twenty-five days." "That is all very well, but I have spent my patrimony and my youth in studying at the University, and in a higher profession; now here I am, Auditor in Granada, and if I get a doubloon a day, it is as much as I do." Cano had scarce patience to hear him out. "A higher profession, indeed!" he exclaimed; "the king can make judges out of the dust of the earth, but it is reserved for God alone to make an Alonso Cano." Saying this, he took up the figure and dashed it to pieces on the pavement; whereupon the Auditor escaped as fast as he could, not feeling sure that Cano's fury would confine itself to the statue.

CANO'S HATRED OF THE JEWS.

Another characteristic of Cano, was his insuperable repugnance for any persons tainted with Judaism. It appears that in Granada the unhappy persons of that nation who were *penitenciados* (i.e. who had been subjected to penance by the Inquisition) were in the habit of getting what they could to support themselves, by selling linen and other articles about the streets; they wore of course the *sambenito*, or habit prescribed by the Inquisition as the mark of their penance. If Cano met one of these

men in the street, he would cross to the other side, or get out of his way into the passage of a house. Occasionally, however, in turning a corner, or by mere accident, one of these persons would sometimes brush the garment of the artist, who then instantly sent his servant home for another, whether cloak or doublet, and gave the *polluted* one to his attendant. The servant, however, did not dare to wear what he had thus acquired, or his master would have turned him out of the house forthwith—he could only sell it. It is added that the manifest profit which the servant derived from his master's scruples, made the people doubt whether in all cases the Jew had really brushed against the artist, or whether the servant had himself twitched the cloak as the Jew passed. At any rate the servant has been heard to remonstrate, and urge that “it was the slightest touch in the world, sir—it cannot matter.” “Not matter?—you scoundrel, in such things as these, everything matters;” and the valet got the cloak.

On one occasion, Cano's housekeeper, with an excess of audacity, had actually brought one of these *penitenciados* into the house, and was buying some linen of him; a dispute about the price caused high words, and the master came, hearing a disturbance. What could he do? he could not defile himself by laying hands on the miscreant, who got away while the wrathful artist was looking for some weapon that he could use without touching him. But the

housekeeper had to fly to a neighbor's ; and it was only after many entreaties, and performing a rigorous quarantine, that she was received back again.

CANO'S RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

His passion for art, and his eccentric notions respecting the Jews, were strongly manifested in his last sickness. He lived in the parish of the city which contained the prison of the Inquisition. The priest of the parish visited him upon his death-bed, and proposed to administer the sacraments to him after confession, when the artist quietly asked him whether he was in the habit of administering it to the Jews on whom penance was imposed by the Inquisition. The priest replying in the affirmative, Cano said, "Senor Licenciado, go your way, and do not trouble yourself to call again ; for the priest who administers the sacraments to the Jews shall not administer them to me." Accordingly he sent for the priest of the parish of St. Andrew. This last, however, gave offence in another form ; he put into the artist's hands a crucifix of indifferent execution, when Cano desired him to take it away. The priest was so shocked at this, that he thought him possessed, and was at the point of exorcising him. "My son," he said, "what dost thou mean ? this is the Lord who redeemed thee, and who must save thee."—"I know that well," replied Cano, "but do you want to provoke me with that wretched thing, so as to give me over to the devil ? let me

have a simple cross, for with that I can reverence Christ in faith ; I can worship him as he is in himself, and as I contemplate him in my own mind." This was accordingly done, so that the artist was no longer troubled by an indifferent specimen of sculpture.

RIBALTA'S MARRIAGE.

Francisco Ribalta, an eminent Spanish painter, studied first in Valencia, where he fell in love with the daughter of his instructor. The father refused his consent to the marriage ; but the daughter promised to wait for her lover while he studied in Italy. Ribalta accordingly went thither and devoted himself to his art, studying particularly the works of Raffaele and the Caracci, and returned, after a considerable time, to his native country. Quickened by love, he had attained a high degree of excellence. On arriving at the city of Valencia, he went to the house of his beloved, who meanwhile had proved faithful ; and her father being away from home, he finished the sketch of a picture in his studio, in his mistress' presence, and left it to produce its effect upon the hitherto inflexible parent. The latter, on returning, asked his daughter who had been there, adding, with a look at the picture " This is the man to whom I would marry thee, and not to that dauber, Ribalta." The marriage of course took place, immediately ; and the fame of Ribalta soon procured him abundant employment.

APARICIO, CANOVA, AND THORWALDSEN.

Aparicio, a Spanish painter who died in 1838, possessed little merit, but great vanity. Among other works, he painted the Ransoming of 1700 slaves at Algiers, which occurred in 1768, by order of Charles III. When the picture was exhibited at Rome, Canova, who knew the man, told Aparicio, "This is the finest thing in the world, and you are the first of painters." Soon after, Thorwaldsen came in and ventured a critique, whereupon the Don indignantly quoted Canova. "Sir, he has been laughing at you," said the honest Dane, to whom Aparicio never spoke again.

BARTOLOME ESTEBAN MURILLO.

This preëminent Spanish painter was born at Pilas, near Seville, in 1613. There is a great deal of contradiction among writers as to his early history, but it has been proved that he never left his own country. He studied under Don Juan del Castillo, an eminent historical painter at Seville, on leaving whom, he went to Cadiz. It was the custom of the young artists at that time to expose their works for sale at the annual fairs, and many of the earliest productions of Murillo were exported to South America, which gave rise to the tradition, that he had proceeded thither in person.

MURILLO AND VELASQUEZ.

The fame of Velasquez, then at its zenith, inspired Murillo with a desire to visit Madrid, in the

hope to profit by his instruction. He accordingly proceeded thither in 1642, and paid his court to Velasquez, who received him with great kindness, admitted him into his academy, and procured for him the best means of improvement beyond his own instruction, by obtaining for him access to the rich treasures of art in the royal collections, where his attention was particularly directed to the works of Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck.

MURILLO'S RETURN TO SEVILLE.

After a residence of three years at Madrid, Murillo returned to Seville, where he was commissioned to paint his great fresco of St. Thomas of Villanuova distributing alms to the poor, in the convent of San Francisco, consisting of sixteen compartments.—The subject suited his genius, and gave full scope for the display of his powers, which were peculiarly adapted to the representation of nature in her most simple and unsophisticated forms. The Saint stands in a dignified posture, with a countenance beaming with benevolence and compassion, while he is surrounded by groups of paupers, eagerly pressing forward to receive his charity, whose varied character and wretchedness are portrayed with wonderful art and truthfulness of expression. This and other works produced emotions of the greatest astonishment among his countrymen, established his reputation as one of the greatest artists of his age, and procured him abundant employment.

MURILLO AND IRIARTE.

About this time, Murillo was employed by the Marquis of Villamanrique, to paint a series of pictures from the life of David, in which the backgrounds were to be painted by Ignacio Iriarte, an eminent landscape painter of Seville. Murillo rightly proposed that the landscape parts should be first painted, and that he should afterwards put in the figures; but Iriarte contended that the historical part ought to be first finished, to which he would adapt the backgrounds. To put an end to the dispute, Murillo undertook to execute the whole, and changing the History of David to that of Jacob, he produced the famous series of five pictures, now in the possession of the Marquis de Santiago at Madrid, in which the beauty of the landscapes contends with that of the figures, and which remain a monument of his powers in these different departments of the art.

MURILLO'S DEATH.

The last work which Murillo painted was a picture of St. Catherine, in the convent of the Capuchins at Seville, his death being hastened by a fall from the scaffold. He died at Seville in 1685, universally deplored—for he was greatly beloved, not merely for his extraordinary talents, but for the generous qualities of his heart. Such was his noble and charitable disposition, that he is said to have

left but little property, though he received large prices for his works.

MURILLO'S STYLE.

Few painters have a juster claim to originality of style than Murillo, and his works show an incontestible proof of the perfection to which the Spanish school attained, and the character of its artists; for he was never out of his native country, and could have borrowed little from foreign artists; and this originality places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. All his works are distinguished by a close and lively imitation of nature. His pictures of the Virgin, Saints, Magdalens, and even of the Saviour, are stamped with a characteristic expression of the eye, and have a national peculiarity of countenance and habiliments, which are very remarkable. There is little of the academy discernible in his design or his composition. It is a chaste and faithful representation of what he saw or conceived; truth and simplicity are never lost sight of; his coloring is clear, tender, and harmonious, and though it possesses the truth of Titian, and the sweetness of Vandyck, it has nothing of the appearance of imitation. There is little of the ideal in his forms or heads, and though he frequently adopts a beautiful expression, there is usually a portrait-like simplicity in his countenances. In short, his pictures are said to hold a middle rank between the unpolished naturalness of the Flemish,

and the graceful and dignified taste of the Italian schools.

MURILLO'S WORKS.

The works of Murillo are numerous, and widely scattered over the world. Most of his greatest works are in the churches of Spain; some are in the Royal collections at Madrid, some in France and Flanders, many in England, and a few in the United States. They now command enormous prices. The National Gallery of London paid four thousand guineas for a picture of the Holy Family, and two thousand for one of St. John with the Lamb. The late Marshal Soult's collection was very rich in Murillos—the fruits of his campaigns in Spain. The famous Assumption of the Virgin, considered the *chef d'œuvre* of the master, brought the enormous sum of five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs, and was bought by the French government to adorn the Louvre; but it should be recollected that the heads of three governments—those of France, Russia and Spain—and an English Marquis, competed for it. Such works, too, are esteemed above all price, as models of art, in a national collection of pictures. Of the other Murillos in the Soult collection, the principal brought the following prices: “The Ravages of the Plague,” twenty thousand francs; “The Miracle of St. Diego,” eighty-five thousand francs; “The Flight into Egypt,” fifty-one thousand francs; “The Nativity

of the Virgin," ninety thousand francs; "The Repentance of St. Peter," fifty-five thousand francs; "Christ on the Cross," thirty-one thousand francs; "St. Peter in Prison," one hundred and fifty-one thousand francs; "Jesus and St. John—children," fifty-one thousand seven hundred and fifty francs. The two last were purchased for the Emperor of Russia. The collection was sold in May, 1852.

The works of Murillo have been largely copied and imitated, and so successfully as to deceive even connoisseurs.

MURILLO'S ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

The assumption of the Virgin is considered by all the Spanish writers as the masterpiece of Murillo, and never, perhaps, did that great master attain such sublimity of expression and such magnificent coloring, as in this almost divine picture. It represents the Virgin in the act of being carried up into Heaven. Her golden hair floats on her shoulders, and her white robe gently swells in the breeze, while a mantle of blue gracefully falls from her left shoulder. Groups of angels and cherubim of extraordinary beauty, sport around her in the most evident admiration, those below thronging closely together, while those above open their ranks, as if not in any way to conceal the glory shed around the ascending Virgin. The size of the picture is eight feet six inches in height, by six feet broad, French measure. This picture was the gem of the famous collection

made by Marshal Soult, during his campaigns in Spain, who used humorously to relate that it cost him *two monks*, which he thus explained. One morning two of his soldiers were found with their throats cut, and the deed being traced to the instigation of the monks, near whose convent they had encamped, he immediately arraigned them before a court-martial, sentenced two of the fraternity to expiate the deed, and compelled them to designate the victims by lot. One of the chances fell to the Prior, who offered Soult this peerless picture as the price of their redemption.

CASTILLO'S TRIBUTE TO MURILLO.

Castillo was educated in the school of Zurbaran. After returning to his native city, he flattered himself that he was the first Spanish painter of the day; but subsequently, on a visit to Seville, he was painfully undeceived. The works of Murillo struck him with astonishment, and when he saw the St. Leander and St. Isidore, as well as St. Anthony of Padua by that master, he exclaimed, "It is all over with Castillo! Is it possible that Murillo can be the author of all this grace and beauty of coloring?" He returned to Cordova, and attempted to imitate and equal Murillo, but felt satisfied that he had failed; and it is said that he died in the following year, from the effects of envy and annoyance.

CORREGGIO.

The name of this great artist was Antonio Allegri, and he was born at Correggio, a small town in the Duchy of Modena, in 1494; hence his acquired name. It was for a long time the fashion to regard the divine creations of Correggio as the mere product of genius and accident; himself as a man born in the lowest grade of society; uneducated in the elements of his art, owing all to the wondrous resources of his own unassisted genius; living and dying in obscurity and poverty; ill paid for his pictures; and at length perishing tragically. It has been proved that there is no foundation for these popular fallacies. Correggio's own pictures are a sufficient refutation of a part of them; they exhibit not only a classical and cultivated taste, but a profound knowledge of anatomy, and of the sciences of optics, perspective, and chemistry, as far as they were then carried. His exquisite chiaro-scuro and harmonious blending of colors were certainly not the result of mere chance: all his sensibility to these effects of nature would not have enabled him to render them, without the profoundest study of the mechanical means he employed. The great works on which he was employed—his lavish use of the rarest and most expensive colors, and the time and labor he bestowed in analyzing and refining them—the report that he worked on a ground overlaid with gold—all refute the idea of his being either an ig-

norant or a distressed man. Of the rank he held in the estimation of the princes of his country we have evidence in a curious document discovered in the archives of the city of Correggio—the marriage contract between Ippolito (the son of Giberto, Lord of Correggio, by his wife, the celebrated poetess Vittoria Gambara), and Chiara da Correggio, in which we find the signature of the great painter as one of the witnesses. Correggio was one of that splendid triumvirate of painters who, living at the same time, were working on different principles, and achieving, each in his own department, excellence hitherto unequalled; and if Correggio must be allowed to be inferior to Raffaello in invention and expression, and to Titian in life-like color, he has united design and color with the illusion of light and shadow in a degree of perfection not then nor since approached by any painter. Hence Annibale Caracci, on seeing one of his great pictures, exclaimed in a transport that he was “the only *painter!*”

CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA OF THE CHURCH OF
ST. JOHN AT PARMA.

The admiration which the works of Correggio excited, induced the monks of St. John to engage him in ornamenting the grand cupola, and other parts of their church. The original agreement has not been discovered, but various entries have been found in the books of the convent, between 1519 and 1536, which prove, that for adorning the cupola he

received, as Tiraboschi asserts, two hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, and two hundred more for other parts of the fabric. The last payment of twenty-seven gold ducats was made on the 23d of January, 1524, and the acknowledgment of the painter, under his own signature, is still extant.

The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by the twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes the four Evangelists and four Doctors of the Church. The situation for the picture presented difficulties which none but so great an artist could have overcome; for the cupola has neither sky-light nor windows, and consequently the whole effect of the piece must depend on the light reflected from below. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly naked, gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur.

Besides the cupola, various parts of the same church were adorned by his hand. He decorated the tribune, which was afterwards demolished to enlarge the choir; and it was so highly esteemed, that Cesare Aretusi was employed by the monks to copy it for the new tribune. He painted also in fresco, the two sides of the fifth chapel on the right hand, the first representing the Martyrdom of St. Placido and St. Flavia, and the second a dead Christ, with the Virgin Mary swooning at his feet. Of these paintings Mengs particularly admires the head of St. Placido and the exquisite figure of the Magdalen in the last mentioned picture.

CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA OF THE CATHEDRAL AT
PARMA.

The grand fresco painting in the cupola of the Cathedral of Parma, is considered Correggio's greatest work, and has ever been regarded as a most wonderful production.

The difficulties he had to encounter, were greater than those in the church of St. John, and in overcoming them he displayed the most consummate skill and judgment. This cupola, which is nearly thirty-nine feet in diameter, is octagonal, the compartments diminishing as it rises; and it is not surmounted with a lantern, but towards the lower part is lighted by windows, approaching to an oval form. On this surface he delineated numerous groups of figures, with extraordinary boldness and effect; though, for the sake of variety, he partially adopted a smaller scale than in the cupola of St. John. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. She is represented with an air in the highest degree indicative of devotion and beatitude, as rising to meet Christ in the clouds, surrounded by the heavenly choir of saints and angels; while beneath, the apostles behold her reception into glory with the most dignified expression of reverence and astonishment. Over the whole is an effusion of light, which produces an impression truly celestial.

The figures which are depicted in the upper part of the dome, are foreshortened with consummate

skill. Mengs, who saw them near, and judged of them as an artist, appears astonished at their boldness, which he calls "sconcia terribile," particularly that of Christ, which occupies the centre. But the effect, when seen from below, proves that the painter had deeply studied that delicate branch of the art; for nothing can exceed the bold and exquisite management of the light and shade, and the beautiful proportion in which the figures appear to the eye, except the life and spirit with which they are animated, and the general harmony of the whole.

In decorating the lower part of the cupola, Correggio displayed undiminished resources. He figured a species of socle, or cornice, which runs round the whole cupola, yet at such a distance as to afford a space between the windows for the apostles, who appear, some single, some in pairs, surrounded with angels, and delineated in the same grand style as those in the cupola of St. John. Yet, although placed on the very lines of the angles, formed in the dome, they are so artfully disposed and foreshortened, as to appear painted vertically on the cornice. To unite these with the principal figures, he distributed above and on the socle, between the gigantic figures of the apostles, and the light and airy forms of the celestial choir above, groups of angels, of an intermediate size, some with torches, and others bearing vases and censers.

But a striking proof of his taste and skill is manifested in the four lunettes between the arches sup-

porting the cupola. Here he feigned the architecture to form four capacious niches or shells, in which he introduced the patrons of the city, St. John the Baptist, St. Hilary, St. Thomas, and St. Bernard degli Uberti, in magnitude equal to the Apostles, resting on clouds and attended by angels. In depicting the light as transmitted from the groups above, he has thrown it so naturally upon these figures and their angelic suite, that they appear as if detached from the wall, and animated with more than human spirit and grace.

This great work was commenced about 1523, and finished in 1530, as appears from the original agreements and receipts, preserved in the archives of the Chapter, which were published by his biographer Pungileoni, from a copy taken and authenticated by a Notary Public, in 1803. The work seems to have been delayed by the feuds and warfare which agitated Parma at that time, and perhaps by other engagements of the artist. The contract was signed on the 3d of November, 1522. In the plan or estimate which Correggio drew up at the desire of the Chapter, and which is still preserved in his own handwriting, he required twelve hundred gold ducats, and one hundred for gold leaf; the scaffolding, lime, and other requisites to be provided by the Chapter. But in the contract itself, the price was reduced to one thousand ducats, exclusive of the one hundred for gold leaf. For this sum he engaged to paint the choir, and the cupola with its arches and pillars,

as far as the altar ; also the lateral chapels, in imitation of living subjects, bronze and marble, according to the plan, and in conformity to the nature of the place, comprising in the whole a surface of one hundred and fifty-four square perches (perteche). The Chapter, on their part, were to provide the scaffolding and the lime, and to defray the expense of preparing the walls. Thus Correggio received the sum of one thousand gold ducats (about two thousand dollars) for his work, out of which he had to pay for his colors, and the labors of his assistants. What then becomes of the miserable story generally current, that this was his last work ; that when he went to receive payment, that he might take home the price of his labors to his poverty-stricken family, the canons found fault with his picture, and refused to pay him more than half the paltry sum originally promised ; that they paid him in copper coin ; that he took the heavy burden upon his shoulders, and walked a distance of eight miles to his cottage, under the burning heat of an Italian sun, which together with his despair threw him into a fever, of which he died, on his bed of straw, in three days ? It appears from the documents before cited, that Correggio received payment in instalments, as his work progressed.

CORREGGIO'S FATE.

Vasari commiserates the fate of Correggio, whom he represents as of a melancholy turn of mind ;

timid and diffident of his own powers ; burthened with a numerous family, which, with all his prodigious talents, he could scarcely support ; ill recompensed for his works ; and to crown the sad story, we are told that, having received at Parma a payment of sixty crowns in copper money, he caught a fever in the exertion of carrying it home on his shoulders, which occasioned his death.

This picture, however, according to Lanzi, is exaggerated ; for although the situation of Correggio was far beneath his merits, yet it was by no means deplorable. His family was highly respectable, and possessed considerable landed property, which is said to have been augmented by his own earnings ; and so far from his having died of the fatigue of carrying home copper money, he was usually paid in gold. For the cupola and tribune of the church of St. John, he received four hundred and seventy-two sequins ; for that of the Cathedral, three hundred and fifty ; payments by no means inconsiderable in those times. For his celebrated *Notte* he was paid forty sequins, and for the *St. Jerome*, which cost him six months' labor, forty-seven. It does not appear probable that he acquired great riches, but there is no doubt that he was equally screened from the evils attendant on penury and affluence.

The researches and discoveries of the learned Tiraboschi, the indomitable Dr. Michele Antonioli, and the zealous and impartial Padre Luigi Pungileoni, have thrown much light upon the life of Correggio

His father, Pellegrino Allegri, was a general merchant in Correggio, esteemed by his fellow-citizens. His circumstances were easy, and he intended Antonio for one of the learned professions, but his passion for painting induced him to allow him to follow the bent of his genius. It is not certainly known under whom he studied painting. Some of the Italian writers say that he was instructed by Francesco Bianchi and Giovanni Murani, called Il Frari; others that he was a pupil of Lionardo da Vinci and Andrea Mantegna; Lanzi is decidedly of the opinion that he formed his style by studying the works of Mantegna, who died in 1506, which does away with the supposition that he could have studied with him. "The manner," says Lanzi, "in which Correggio could have imbibed so exquisite a taste, has always been considered surprising and unaccountable, prevailing everywhere, as we find in his canvass, in his laying on his colors, in the last touches of his pictures; but let us for a moment suppose him a student of Mantegna's models, surpassing all others in the same taste, and the wonder will be accounted for. Let us, moreover, consider the grace and vivacity so predominant in the compositions of Correggio, the rainbow as it were of his colors, that accurate care in his foreshortenings, and of those upon ceilings; his abundance of laughing boys and cherubs, of flowers, fruits, and all delightful objects; and let us ask ourselves whether this new style does not appear an exquisite completion

of that of Mantegna, as the pictures of Raffaele and Titian display the progress and perfection of those of Perugino and Giovanni Bellini." The authentic documents revealed by the three savans before mentioned, show that Correggio was most highly esteemed by his cotemporaries, and that he associated with persons of rank and letters. On two occasions he passed some time at Padua, with the Marchese Manfredo, and the celebrated patroness of arts and letters, Veronica Gambara, relict of Gilberto, Lord of Correggio. That he was cheerful and lively, may be inferred from the expression of a writer concerning him : "*La vivacità e dal brio del nostro Antonio ;*" yet affectionate and gentle, as is evident from his being sponsor on three occasions to infants of his friends (in 1511, 1516, and 1518), before he had reached his twenty-second year. In 1520 he was admitted by diploma, as a brother of the Congregation Cassinensi, in the monastery of St. John the Evangelist, at Parma—the fraternity to which the illustrious Tasso belonged. In the same year he married Girolama Merlini, a lady of good family, amiable disposition, and great beauty, who was his model for the Zingara, probably after the birth of his first child. By this lady he had one son and three daughters. In 1529, to his great affliction, she died, and was buried by her own request in the church of St. John at Parma. Correggio did not marry again. He died suddenly on the fifth day of March, 1534, aged forty years, and

was buried with solemnities worthy of his great endowments, in the church of San Francesco, at the foot of the altar in the chapel of the Arrivabene.

ANNIBALE CARACCI'S OPINION OF CORREGGIO'S
GRAND CUPOLA AT PARMA.

"I went," says Annibale Caracci, in a letter to his cousin Lodovico, "to see the grand cupola, which you have so often commended to me, and am quite astonished. To observe so large a composition, so well contrived; and seen from below with such great exactness; and at the same time, such judgment, such grace, and coloring of real flesh, good God, not Tibaldi, not Nicolini, nor even I may say, Raffaele himself, can be compared with him. I know not how many paintings I have seen this morning; the Ancona, or altar-piece of St. John, and St. Catharine, and the Madonna della Scodella going to Egypt, and I swear, I would change none of these for the St. Cecilia. To speak of the graces of this St. Catharine, who so gracefully lays her head on the feet of the beautiful little Savior; is she not more lovely than the St. Mary Magdalen? That fine old man St. Jerome, is he not grander and at the same time more tender than that St. Paul, which first appeared to me a miracle, and now seems like a piece of wood, it is so hard and sharp. However you must have patience even for your own Parmeggiano, because I now acknowledge that I have learnt from this great man, to imitate all his

grace, though at a great distance ; for the children of Correggio breathe and smile with such a grace and truth, that one cannot refrain from smiling and enjoying one's self with them.

“ I write to my brother that he must come, for he will see things which he could never have believed,—18th April, 1580.

“ I have been to the Steccata, and the Zocoli, and have observed what you told me many times, and what I now confess to be true ; but I will say that, to my taste, Parmeggiano bears no comparison with Correggio, because the thoughts and conceptions of Correggio were his own, evidently drawn from his own mind, and invented by himself, guided only by the original idea. The others all rest on something not their own ; some on models, some on statues or drawings : all the productions of the others are represented as they may be ; all of this man as they truly are.

“ The opportunities which Agostino wished for, have not occurred ; and this appears to me a country, which one never could have believed so totally devoid of good taste and of the delights of a painter, for they do nothing but eat and drink, and make love. I promised to impart to you my sentiments ; but I confess I am so confused that it is impossible. I rage and weep, to think of the misfortune of poor Antonio ; so great a man, if indeed he were a man, and not an angel in the flesh, to be lost here, in a country where he was unknown, and though worthy

of immortality, here to die unhappily. He and Titian will always be my delight: and if I do not see the works of the latter at Venice, I shall not die content.—April 28, 1580.”

CORREGGIO'S ENTHUSIASM.

Among the many legends respecting Correggio, it is related that when he first contemplated one of the masterpieces of Raffaele, his brow colored, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, “I also am a painter!” When Titian first saw the great works of Correggio at Parma, he said, “Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio.”

CORREGGIO'S GRACE.

No one can contemplate the works of Correggio, without being captivated by that peculiar beauty which the Italians have very appropriately distinguished by the epithet *Correggiquesque*, for it was the complexion of the individual mind and temperament of the artist, stamped upon the work of his hand. No one approached him in this respect, if perhaps we except Lionardo da Vinci. Though so often imitated, it remains in fact inimitable; an attempt degenerating into affectation of the most intolerable kind. It consists in the blending of sentiment in expression, with flowing, graceful forms, an exquisite fullness and softness in the tone of color, and an almost illusive chiaro-scuro, all together con

veying to the mind of the spectator the most delightful impression of harmony, both spiritual and sensual. He is the painter of *beauty* par excellence: he is to us what Apelles was to the ancients—the standard of the amiable and the graceful.

CORREGGIO AND THE MONKS.

The pleasure which the monks derived from the works of Correggio, even in their incipient state, and the esteem which they had for him, is manifested by a remarkable document. This is a letter or patent of confraternity, passed in the general assembly of the order, held at Pratalea, in the latter end of 1521; a privilege which was eagerly sought at this and earlier periods, and was seldom conferred on persons not eminent for rank or talents. It conveyed a participation in the spiritual benefits derived from the prayers, masses, alms, and other pious works of the community, and was coupled with an engagement to perform the same offices for the repose of his soul, and the souls of his family, as were performed for their own members.

CORREGGIO'S MULETEER.

It is said that Correggio painted a picture of a muleteer, as a sign to a small public house, which was kept by a man who had frequently obliged him, and who had been a muleteer. This picture was purchased by a person sent to Italy many years ago

to collect ancient paintings. It has all the marks in the upper corner, of having been joined to a piece of wood, and used for a sign; it cost five hundred guineas!

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CORREGGIO CAPTURED AT
VITTORIA.

Cunningham warms into rapture in speaking of this picture. "The size is small, some fifteen inches or so; but true genius can work miracles in small compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw anything so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of its companion pictures."

CORREGGIO'S ANCONA.

Correggio painted for the church of the Conventuali at Correggio, an Ancona, (a small altar-picce in wood,) consisting of three pictures when he was in his twentieth year, as appears, says Lanzi, from the written agreement, which fixes the price at one hundred gold ducats, or one hundred zecchins, and proves the esteem in which his talents were then held. "He here represented St. Bartholomew and St. John, each occupying one side, while in the middle compartment, he drew a Repose of the Holy Family flying into Egypt, to which last was added a figure of St. Francis. Francesco I., Duke of Modena, was so greatly delighted with this picture,

that he sent the artist Boulanger to copy it for him, and thus obtaining possession of the original, he contrived dexterously to substitute his own copy in its place." The Duke satisfied the monks by giving them more lands. It is supposed that it was afterwards presented to the Medicean family, and by them given to the house of Este in exchange for the Sacrifice of Abraham by Andrea del Sarto. It is now in the Florentine gallery.

PORTRAITS OF CORREGGIO.

Correggio appears to have been far less solicitous than most other painters, that his likeness should be transmitted to posterity, for of him there is no unquestioned portrait extant. That which is prefixed to his life, in the Roman edition of Vasari, is evidently false, for it exhibits the head and countenance of a man aged seventy. It was taken from a collection of designs, in the possession of Father Resta, to one of which, representing a man and his wife with three sons and one daughter, in mean apparel, he gave the name of the Family of Correggio, forgetting that the family consisted of three daughters and one son.

Another portrait, with the title, *Antonius Correggius*, and consequently supposed to be painted by himself, was preserved in a villa which belonged to the Queen of Sardinia, near Turin, and engraved by Valperga; but its authenticity seems justly questioned by Lanzi and Pungileoni. A third, which

was sent from Genoa to England, bore an inscription signifying that it was the portrait of Maestro Antonio da Correggio, by Dosso Dossi, and was accordingly engraved for the memoirs of Correggio by Ratti, who obtained a copy. Lanzi is inclined to infer, however, that it is the portrait of Antonio Bernieri, the miniature painter, who also bore the name of Antonio da Correggio.

A copy of this portrait is still preserved in the Pinacotheca Bodoniana, at Parma, and has been engraved, first by Asioli, and since as a medallion, by Professor Rocca, of Reggio. Pungileoni, who is inclined to consider it as genuine, has prefixed the medallion to his life of Correggio.

Tiraboschi and Pungileoni mention other supposed portraits and busts, of questionable authenticity; and Pungileoni, in particular, adverts to a portrait still preserved near a door of the cathedral at Parma, which is exhibited as a likeness of Correggio. It is supposed to have been copied in the middle of the seventeenth century, by Lattanzio Gambara, from a more ancient one of this celebrated painter, in another part of the cathedral; but its authenticity is questioned, merely on the ground that it represents a man of more advanced age than Correggio, who only attained his forty-first year.

DID CORREGGIO EVER VISIT ROME?

The question has been long agitated whether Correggio ever visited Rome, and profited by the study

of the antique, and the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo; on this point, the only historical evidence which has been adduced, is a tradition recorded by Father Resta, and said to have been derived through three generations, from the information of Correggio's wife. As an authority so light and doubtful could not be seriously advanced, his biographers and admirers have sought in his works for more valid traces of the models to which he recurred. Mengs contends that his paintings exhibit proofs of an acquaintance with the antique, and the works of Raffaele and Michael Angelo. In the head of the Danaë, he traces a resemblance to that of Venus de Medici; and in the St. Jerome, and Mercury teaching Cupid to read, he recognises imitations of the Farnese Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere; he also discovers a resemblance to one of the children of Niobe, in the young man who endeavors to escape from the soldiers, in the picture representing Christ betrayed in the garden. The countenance of the Magdalen, in the St. Jerome, he considers as an imitation of Raffaele; and in the cupola of the church of St. John, he perceives a similitude to the grand style of Michael Angelo, in the frescos of the Vatican. In corroboration of this opinion, he adduces the sudden change which is perceived in the style of Correggio at an earlier period, as a proof that he must have seen and studied compositions superior to his own. Ratti, the copyist of Mengs, coincides with him in opinion.

Lanzi cautiously adopts the same sentiment; and Tiraboschi, after comparing the testimony on both sides, leaves the question unsettled. We cannot decide with certainty, that Correggio never visited Rome, and yet there is no argument to prove that he ever saw that Capital. Pungileoni, with superior advantage of research, pronounces a contrary decision; and affirms, from the evidence of the continued series of unquestionable documents, in which his presence is mentioned at Parma, Correggio, and other parts of Lombardy, during a number of years, that even if he did visit Rome, his stay must have been limited to a very short period. Finally, this opinion is corroborated in the assertion of Ortensio Landi, who had resided some time at Correggio; and who, in his *Sette Libri de Cataloghi*, printed at Venice by Giolito, as early as 1552, says of Correggio, "He was a noble production of nature, rather than of any master: he died young, without being able to see Rome." Were all other evidence wanting, this testimony of a cotemporary, who must have collected his information on the spot, and who published it within eighteen years after the death of Correggio, must be allowed to carry great weight.

SINGULAR FATE OF CORREGGIO'S ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A few days before the entry of the French into Seville, during the Peninsular war, when the inhabitants in great consternation were packing up their

most valuable effects to send them to Cadiz, a masterpiece of Correggio, in one of the convents, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, painted on wood, was sawn in two, for its more easy carriage to a place of safety, to preserve it from the enemy. By some accident, the two parts were separated on their way to Cadiz; and on their arrival in that city, one part was sold to one connoisseur, with the promise that the part wanting should subsequently be delivered to him; while the other part was sold to another connoisseur under the same engagement. Both the parts arrived in England, and the possessor of each maintained that he was entitled to the other.

It is somewhat remarkable that though the harmony of the picture is somewhat broken by the separation, yet each part forms of itself an admirable picture, and as the rival proprietors are rich and obstinate, the parts are not likely to be united. The whole picture is reckoned to be worth about 4,000 guineas.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF CORREGGIO'S "EDUCATION OF CUPID."

Correggio's picture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the presence of Venus, called the Education of Cupid, is one of the most celebrated works of art extant. It now adorns the English National Gallery, and its history is exceedingly interesting. It was painted for Federigo Gonzaga,

Duke of Mantua, the predecessor of him who a hundred years later patronized Rubens. When Charles I. of England, in 1530, purchased the Mantuan collection for £20,000, this picture and three others by Correggio were included in the bargain. On the sale of the king's effects by order of parliament, it was purchased by the Duke of Alva, and from his family passed into the hands of the famous Godoy, Prince of Peace. When his collection was sold at Madrid during the French invasion, it was bought by Murat, who took it to Naples, where it adorned the royal palace. On his fall from power, it was among the precious effects with which his wife, Caroline Buonaparte, escaped to Rome, and thence to Vienna, where her collection of pictures was bought by the Marquis of Londonderry, the English ambassador, who instantly dispatched the two Correggios—the Education of Cupid and the Ecce Homo—to London. They were purchased of his Lordship by Parliament in 1834, for 10,000 guineas, and now adorn the English National Gallery. Sir Thomas Lawrence was allowed a furtive glance at these pictures, at Rome, in the hope that he would procure a purchaser for them. He says in a letter, "I had them brought down to me, and placed them in all lights, and I *know* them to be most rare and precious." By his recommendation, Mr. Angerstein offered £6,500 for the two, which was declined. At the time when the Marquis of Londonderry closed with General M'Donald, who was chamber-

lain to Madame Murat, then known as Countess Lipona (this was during the Congress of Sovereigns at Verona in 1822), the Emperor of Russia was negotiating for them, and supposing that he had a right to them, messengers were despatched after Londonderry's couriers, but fortunately they were not overtaken, though pursued to the Hague.

MAGDALEN BY CORREGGIO.

In 1837, Mr. Atherstone bought at an auction mart in London, a genuine picture of a Magdalen by Correggio, for a small sum. He found it among a parcel of rubbish sent to be sold by a gentleman, who had bought the picture in Italy for ten pounds, without knowing anything of its value. It was in perfect preservation, executed in the greatest style of Correggio, surpassing in beauty of coloring and depth of tone the famous specimens in the National Gallery!

The writer can tell an amusing story of a picture that was *not* by Correggio. It was a small picture of a Holy Family, on copper. It was bought in Naples, for a very large sum, by a gentleman who resides not many miles from New York, who smuggled it out of the country. On his arrival home, wishing to improve the brilliancy of the coloring, which appeared much obscured by the smoke and dust of many years, he sent it to a skillful artist to be cleaned, who, on removing the plentiful coats of varnish, soon discovered that it was nothing but a *transfer*. The art-

ist gently hinted to the *connoisseur* that he had been duped. "Zounds, sir, this cannot be; the picture was valued at \$5,000 in Naples, and I was offered very large prices for it by some of the best judges in Paris." The artist, with a little spirits, quickly brought the lines of a print into full view, so that not even a glass was required to see them! It is needless to say that the proprietor was greatly chagrined, and vented his rage in curses loud and deep against foreign impostors. Yet he ordered the coats of varnish to be replaced, and afterwards sold the picture as an original Correggio.

DISCOVERY OF A CORREGGIO.

Among the numerous restorers of old pictures who resided at Rome about 1780, were two friends, an Italian named Lovera, and a German named Hunterspergh. They were both pupils of the Cavaliere Mengs. They frequented the sales of old pictures at the Piazza Nuova, as well to purchase the works of the old masters at a low price, as to supply themselves with old canvass, which they might repaint. On one occasion, having bought a lot of old canvass and divided it between them, Lovera received as a part of his share a very indifferent flower-piece. On taking it home, he found that the ground scaled off, and to his surprise discovered traces of a figure painted in an admirable style. He employed himself with the utmost care in removing the ground which covered the original picture, and

thus restored a capital performance, representing Charity, under the emblem of a Woman surrounded by three Children. The report of this happy discovery soon spread; all the artists and amateurs ran to behold it. The best judges, among whom was Mengs, acknowledged the genuine style of Correggio, and valued the performance at £2,000. The Earl of Bristol bought it from Lovera for about £1,500. An engraving has since been made from it. The value was afterwards the subject of a suit at law between Hunterspergh and Lovera.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

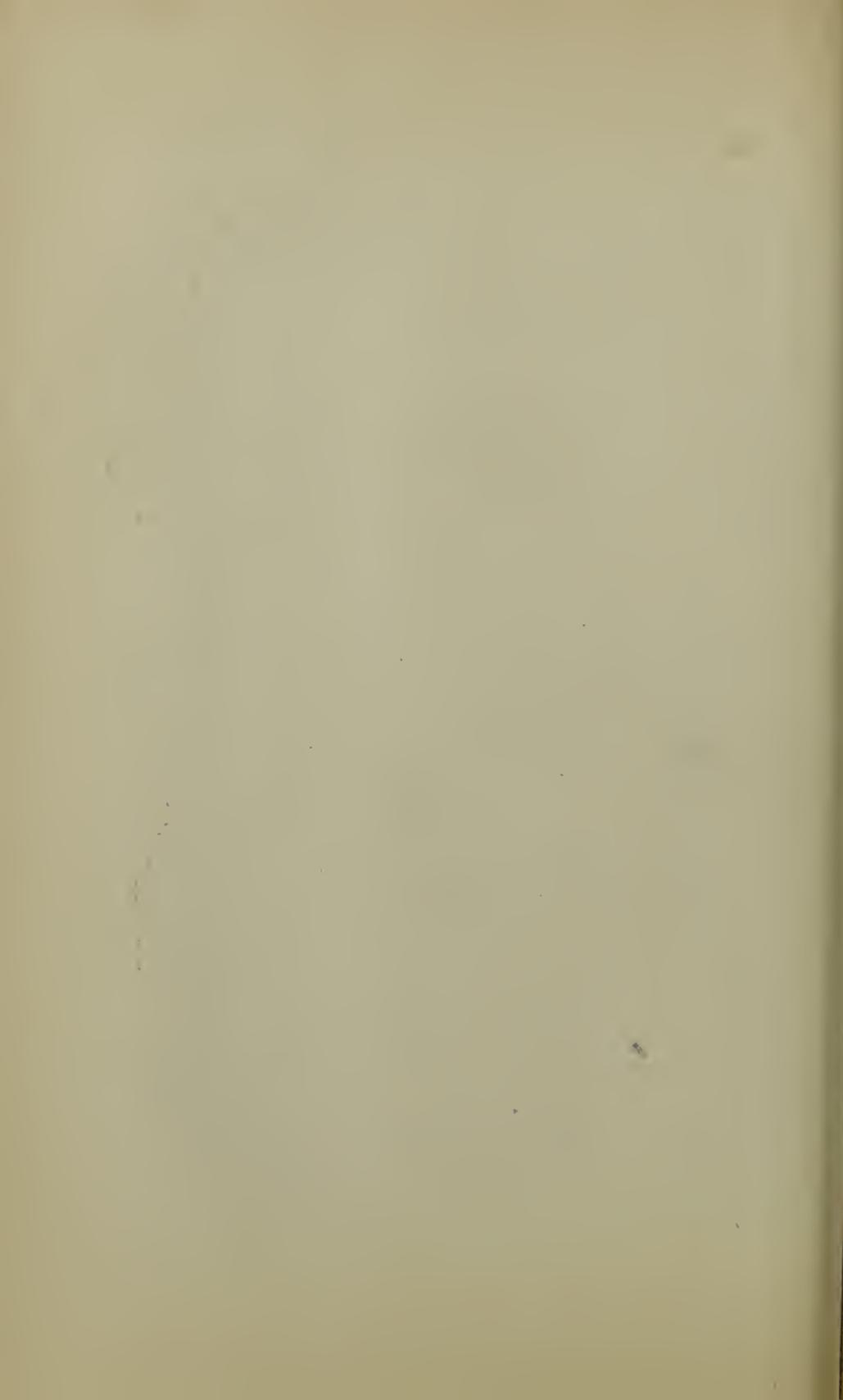
This illustrious artist, denominated by Lanzi "the Father of Modern Painting," was also an eminent sculptor, architect, and engineer, the natural son of Pietro da Vinci, notary to the Florence Republic. Vasari and his annotators place his birth in 1445; but Durazzini, in his Panegyrics on Illustrious Tuscans, satisfactorily proves that he was born in Lower Valdarno, at the castle of Vinci, in 1452.

PRECOCITY OF DA VINCI'S GENIUS.

At a very early age, Lionardo da Vinci showed remarkably quick abilities for everything he turned his attention to, but more particularly for arithmetic, music, and drawing. His drawings appeared something wonderful to his father, who showed them to Andrea Verocchio, and that celebrated artist, great-



LIONARDO DA VINCI.



ly surprised at seeing productions of such merit from an uninstructed hand, willingly took Lionardo as a pupil. He was soon much more astonished when he perceived the rapid progress his pupil made; he felt his own inferiority, and when Lionardo painted an angel in a picture of the Baptism of Christ, in S. Salvi at Vallombrosa, so much superior to the other figures that it rendered the inferiority of Verocchio apparent to all, he immediately relinquished the pencil for ever. This picture is now in the academy at Florence. The first original work by Lionardo, mentioned by Vasari, was the so-called Rotella del Fico, a round board of a fig-tree, upon which his father requested him to paint something for one of his tenants. Lionardo, wishing to astonish his father, determined to execute something extraordinary, that should produce the effect of the Head of Medusa; and having prepared the rotella, and covered it with plaster, he collected almost every kind of reptile, and composed from them a monster of most horrible appearance; it seemed alive, its eyes flashed fire, and it appeared to breathe destruction from its open mouth. The picture produced the desired effect upon his father, who thought it so wonderful that he carried it immediately to a picture dealer in Florence, sold it for a hundred ducats, and purchased for a trifle an ordinary piece for his tenant.

EXTRAORDINARY TALENTS OF DA VINCI.

Lionardo da Vinci was endowed by nature with a genius uncommonly elevated and penetrating, eager after discovery, and diligent in the pursuit, not only in what related to painting, sculpture, and architecture, but in mathematics, mechanics, hydrostatics, music, poetry, botany, astronomy, and also in the accomplishments of horsemanship, fencing, and dancing. Unlike most men of versatile talent, he was so perfect in all these, that when he performed any one, the beholders were ready to imagine that it must have been his sole study. To such vigor of intellect he joined an elegance of features and manners, that graced the virtues of his mind; he was affable with strangers, with citizens, with private individuals, and with princes. This extraordinary combination of qualities in a single man, soon spread his fame over all Italy.

DA VINCI'S WORKS AT MILAN.

In 1494, Da Vinci was invited to Milan by the Duke Lodovico Sforza, who appointed him Director of the Academy of Painting and Architecture, which he had recently revived with additional splendor and encouragement. During his residence there, he painted but little, with the exception of his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, a description of which will be found in a subsequent article. As

Director of the Academy, he banished all the dry, gothic principles established by his predecessor, Michelino, and introduced the beautiful simplicity and purity of the Grecian and Roman styles. Lanzi says that in this capacity, "he left a degree of refinement at Milan, so productive of illustrious pupils that this period may be ranked as the most glorious era of his life." The Duke engaged Lionardo in the stupendous project of conducting the waters of the Adda, from Mortesana, through the Valteline, and the valley of the Chiavenna to the walls of Milan, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Sensible of the greatness of this undertaking, Lionardo applied himself more closely to those branches of philosophy and mathematics which are most adapted to mechanics, and finally accomplished this immense work, greatly to the astonishment and admiration of all Italy. He executed the model for a colossal bronze equestrian statue of the Duke's father, Francesco Sforza, and would have completed it, but the Duke's affairs were becoming greatly embarrassed, so that the necessary metal (200,000 lbs.) was not furnished. In 1500, Lodovico Sforza was overthrown in battle by the French, made prisoner, and conducted to France, where he soon after died in the castle of Loches. The Academy was suppressed, the professors dispersed, and Lionardo, after losing all, was obliged to quit the city, and take refuge in Florence.

DA VINCI'S "BATTLE OF THE STANDARD."

Soon after Lionardo's return to Florence, in 1503, he was commissioned by the Gonfaloniere Soderini to decorate one side of the Council Hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, while Michael Angelo was engaged to paint the opposite side. Lionardo selected the battle in which the Milanese general, Niccolo Piccinino, was defeated by the Florentines at Anghiari, near Borgo San Sepolcro. This composition, of which he only made the cartoon of a part, was called the Battle of the Standard; it represents a group of horsemen contending for a standard, with various accessories. Vasari praises the beauty and anatomical correctness of the horses, and the costumes of the soldiers. Lanzi says it was never executed, after his failing in an attempt to paint it in a new method upon the wall, but Lucini afterwards represented it in a painting which is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, esteemed one of the finest works in that collection. The fame of this contest between the two great artists, caused great excitement, and induced Raffaele, who had recently quitted the school of Perugino, to visit Florence. The grace and delicacy of Lionardo's style, compared with the dry and gothic manner of Perugino, excited the admiration of the young painter, and inspired him with a more modern taste.

LIONARDO DA VINCI AND LEO X.

The patronage extended to the arts by Leo X., induced Lionardo to visit Rome. Accordingly, in 1514, he went to that metropolis, in the train of Duke Giuliano de Medici, by whom he was introduced to the Pope, who soon after signified his intention of employing Lionardo's pencil. Upon this, the painter began to distil his oils and prepare his varnishes, which the Pope seeing, exclaimed with surprise, that "nothing could be expected of a painter who thought of finishing his works before he had begun them." This want of courtesy in the Pope offended Lionardo, and according to Vasari, was the reason why he immediately quitted Rome in disgust. It is probable, however, that the talents and fame of Buonarotti and Raffaele had more to do with producing the dissatisfaction of this great painter, who was then declining into the vale of years.

LIONARDO DA VINCI AND FRANCIS I.

Francis I. of France was not only a liberal patron of Lionardo da Vinci, but entertained for him a strong personal friendship. He gave 4000 gold crowns for his celebrated portrait of Mona Lisa, the wife of Francesco Giocondo, which occupied Vinci four years. When Lionardo was advanced in years, and his health declining, he took him into his service, treated him with the greatest kindness, and gave him a pension of 700 crowns annually. The

King delighted in the society of Da Vinci, and when his courtiers ventured to express their surprise that he should prefer his company to theirs, he rebuked them by saying, that "he could make as many lords as he chose, but that God alone could make a Lionardo da Vinci."

DEATH OF DA VINCI.

This great artist expired at Fontainebleau on the 2d day of May, 1519, aged sixty-seven years. His health had been gradually failing for several years, and Vasari relates, that Francis I. having honored him with a visit in his dying moments, Lionardo, deeply affected at this testimony of his regards, raised himself in the bed to express his thanks and gratitude, when falling back exhausted, the King caught him, and he expired in his arms.

DA VINCI'S LEARNING.

Lionardo da Vinci was one of the most learned, accomplished, and eminent men of the 15th century. Hallam says of him, "The discoveries which made Galileo and Kepler, Maestlin, Maurolicus, Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Lionardo da Vinci, within the compass of a very few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of pre-

ternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism, he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature." His scientific knowledge proved the means of conferring incalculable benefits upon the art of painting, one of the most important of which was the invention of the chiaro-scuro. His intimate acquaintance with mathematical studies enabled him to develop greatly the knowledge of optics, and no one was better acquainted with the nature of aerial perspective, which became a distinctive and hereditary characteristic of his school. Lanzi says, "Being extremely well versed in poetry and history, it was through him that the Milanese school became one of the most accurate and observing in regard to antiquity and to costume. Mengs has noticed that no artist could surpass Vinci in the grand effect of his chiaro-scuro. He instructed his pupils to make as cautious a use of light as of a gem, not lavishing it too freely, but reserving it always for the best place. And hence we find in his, and in the best of his disciples' paintings, that fine relief, owing to which the pictures, and in particular the countenances, seem as if starting from the canvass."

DA VINCI'S WRITINGS.

Almost of equal value with the pictures of this immortal artist, are his writings, part of which, un-

fortunately, have been lost, and others have remained in manuscript. His *Trattato della Pittura, &c.*, appeared for the first time in 1651. It was translated into English, and published by John Senex, London, 1721. The most complete edition was published by Manzi, in Italian, in 1817. The learned connoisseur Count Algarotti, esteemed this work so highly, that he regarded it the only work necessary to be put into the hands of the student. "With a deep insight into nature," says Fiorillo, "Lionardo has treated in his book, of light, shades, reflections, and particularly of backgrounds. He perfectly understood, and has explained in the best way, that natural bodies being bounded mostly by curved lines, which have a natural softness, it is important to give this softness to the outlines; that this can be done only by means of the ground on which the object is represented; that the inner line of the surrounding ground, and the outer line of the object, are one and the same; nay, that the figure of the object becomes visible only by means of that which surrounds it; that even the colors depend upon the surrounding objects, and mutually weaken and heighten each other; that when objects of the same color are to be represented, one before the other, different degrees of light must be used to separate them from each other, since the mass of air between the eye and the object lessens and softens the color in proportion to the distance." Among the works of Da Vinci, were Treatises on Hydraulics, Anatomy, Per-

spective, Light and Shadow, and the Anatomy of the Horse. The Ambrosian Library of Milan originally possessed sixteen volumes of his manuscripts. The French, during their occupancy of Milan, carried off twelve of these (probably all there were then remaining), but only three of them reached Paris, one of which was published under the title of *Fragment d'un Traité sur les Mouvements du corps humain*. Only one volume was returned to Milan by the Allies in 1815. What abominable sacrilege! It is said that seven volumes more of his manuscripts were in the collection of the King of Spain.

DA VINCI'S SKETCH BOOKS.

Da Vinci always carried in his pocket a book, in which he was in the habit of sketching every remarkable face, object, and effect of nature that struck his fancy; and these sketches supplied him with abundant materials for his compositions. Caylus published a collection of beautiful sketches and studies by Lionardo, under the title of *Recueil de Têtes de Caractères et de Charges, &c.*, 1730, of which there is also a German edition. Two more were published at Milan in 1784, under the titles of *Desseins de Leonardo da Vinci, Gravés par Ch. T. Gerli, and Osservazioni sopra i Disegni di Lionardo dall' Abbate Amoretti, &c.* Besides these appeared in London in 1796, engravings of the numerous sketches of Lionardo in the possession of the King

of England, entitled *Imitations of Original Designs of Lionardo da Vinci, &c.*, published by Chamberlaine, folio. See also the *Life of Lionardo da Vinci* in German, published at Halle in 1819.

THE LAST SUPPER OF LIONARDO DA VINCI.

“His Last Supper has been stated in history as an imperfect production, although at the same time all history is agreed in celebrating it as one of the most beautiful paintings that ever proceeded from the hand of man. It was painted for the Refectory of the Dominican fathers at Milan, and may be pronounced a compendium, not only of all that Lionardo taught in his books, but also of what he embraced in his studies. He here gave expression to the exact point of time best adapted to animate his history, which is the moment when the Redeemer addresses his disciples, saying, ‘One of you will betray me.’ Then each of his innocent followers is seen to start as if struck with a thunderbolt; those at a distance seem to interrogate their companions, as if they think they must have mistaken what he had said; others, according to their natural disposition, appear variously affected; one of them swoons away, one stands lost in astonishment, a third rises in indignation, while the very simplicity and candor depicted upon the countenance of a fourth, seem to place him beyond the reach of suspicion. But Judas instantly draws in his countenance, and while he appears as it were at

tempting to give it an air of innocence, the eye rests upon him in a moment, as the undoubted traitor. Vinci himself used to observe that for the space of a whole year he employed his time in meditating how he could best give expression to the features of so bad a heart; and that being accustomed to frequent a place where the worst characters were known to assemble, he there met with a physiognomy to his purpose; to which he also added the features of many others. In his figures of the two saints James, presenting fine forms, most appropriate to the characters, he availed himself of the same plan, and being unable with his utmost diligence to invest that of Christ with a superior air to the rest, he left the head in an unfinished state, as we learn from Vasari, though Armenini pronounced it exquisitely complete. The rest of the picture, the table-cloth with its folds, the whole of the utensils, the table, the architecture, the distribution of the lights, the perspective of the ceiling (which, in the tapestry of S. Pietro, at Rome, is changed almost into a hanging garden), all was conducted with the most exquisite care; all was worthy of the finest pencil in the world. Had Lionardo desired to follow the practice of his age in painting in fresco, the art at this time would have been in possession of this treasure. But being always fond of attempting new methods, he painted this masterpiece upon a peculiar ground, formed of distilled oils which was the reason that it gradually de-

tached itself from the wall. About half a century subsequent to the execution of this wonderful work, when Armenini saw it, it was already *half decayed*: and Scanelli, who examined it in 1642, declared that it '*was with difficulty he could discern the history as it had been.*' Nothing now remains except the heads of three apostles, which may be said to be rather sketched than painted."—*Lanzi*.

COPIES OF THE LAST SUPPER OF DA VINCI.

The great loss of the original picture is in some measure compensated by several excellent copies, some of which are by Lionardo's most eminent disciples; the best are, that by Marco Uggione, at the Carthusians of Pavia; another in the Refectory of the Franciscans at Lugano, by Bernardino Luini; and one in La Pace at Milan, by Gio. Paolo Lomazzo. Fuseli, lecturing on the copy by Marco Uggione, says, "the face of the Saviour is an abyss of thought, and broods over the immense revolution in the economy of mankind, which throngs inwardly on his absorbed eye—as the Spirit creative in the beginning over the water's darksome wave—undisturbed and quiet. It could not be lost in the copy before us; how could its sublime expression escape those who saw the original? It has survived the hand of time in the study which Lionardo made in crayons, exhibited with most of the attendant heads in the British Gallery, and even in the feeble transcripts of Pietro Testa. I am not afraid of being

under the necessity of retracting what I am going to advance, that neither during the splendid period immediately subsequent to Lionardo, nor in those which succeeded to our own time, has a face of the Redeemer been produced, which, I will not say equalled, but approached Lionardo's conception, and in quiet and simple features of humanity, embodied divine, or what is the same, incomprehensible and infinite powers." In 1825, Prof. Phillips examined the remains of this picture, and says, "Of the heads, there is not one untouched, and many are totally ruined. Fortunately, that of the Saviour is the most pure, being but faintly retouched: and it presents, even yet, a most perfect image of the Divine character. Whence arose the story of its not having been finished, is now difficult to conceive, and the history itself varies among the writers who have mentioned it. But perhaps a man so scrupulous as Lionardo da Vinci, in the definition of character and expression, and so ardent in his pursuit of them, might have expressed himself unsatisfied, where all others could only see perfection."

DA VINCI'S DISCRIMINATION.

Lionardo da Vinci possessed the rare faculty of being able to ascertain the just medium between hasty and labored work; and though very minute in the finishing of his pictures, yet he painted in a free and unrestrained style. The same master who consumed four years on the portrait of Mona Lisa

Giocondo, gave one of the earliest and best lessons to the age, in the great style, in his memorable painting of the Last Supper. This power of attending at the same moment to the minutiae of detail, and to the grand and leading principles of the art or science in which a person may be employed, shows a species of universality of power that may be reckoned among the highest perfections of the human mind ; and it places Da Vinci not merely in the rank of the first of painters, but of the greatest of men.

DA VINCI'S IDEA OF PERFECTION IN ART.

Da Vinci was never satisfied with his works, and Lanzi finds the same fault with him that Apelles did with Protogenes—his not knowing when to take his hand from his work. Phidias himself, says Tully, bore in his mind a more beautiful Minerva and a grander Jove than he was capable of exhibiting with his chisel. It is prudent counsel that teaches us to aspire to the best, but to rest satisfied with attaining what is good. “Vinci,” says Lanzi, “was never satisfied with his labors, if he did not execute them as perfectly as he had conceived them ; and being unable to reach the high point proposed with a mortal hand, he sometimes only designed his work, or conducted it only to a certain degree of completion. Sometimes he devoted to it so long a period as almost to renew the example of the ancient who employed seven years over his picture

(Protophenes' Ialysus and his dog). But as there was no limit to the discovery of fresh beauties in that work, so in the opinion of Lomazzo it happens with the perfections of Vinci's paintings, including even those which Vasari and others allude to as left imperfect." Lanzi says it is certain that he left some of his works only half finished. "Such is his Epiphany, in the Ducal Gallery at Florence, and his Holy Family, in the Archbishop's palace at Milan." Others he finished in the most exquisite manner. "He was not satisfied with only perfecting the heads, counterfeiting the shining of the eyes, the pores of the skin, the roots of the hair, and even the beating of the arteries; but he likewise portrayed each separate garment, and every accessory with equal minuteness. Thus in his landscapes, also, there was not a single herb, or leaf of a tree, which he had not taken, like a portrait, from the face of nature; and even to his very leaves he gave a peculiar air, fold, and position best adapted to represent their rustling in the wind. While he bestowed his attention in this manner to minutiae, he at the same time, as is observed by Mengs, led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style; entered into the most abstruse inquiries as to the source and nature of expression—the most philosophical and elevated branch of the art—and smoothed the way for the appearance of Raffaello." Vinci spent four years on his portrait of Mona Lisa Giocondo.

DA VINCI AND THE PRIOR.

The Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci was painted in the Refectory of the Dominican convent of S. Maria della Grazia, at Milan. It was considered one of the proudest monuments of that city. While forming the plan of its composition, Da Vinci meditated profoundly on the subject; and having prepared himself by long study, and above all by a closer examination of nature, he began the execution by repeated sketches, both of the whole design, and of all its individual parts. He used to frequent the accustomed haunts of persons resembling, in their character and habits, those whom he was about to introduce in his picture; and as often as he met with any attitudes, groups, or features which suited his purpose, he sketched them in his tablets, which he always carried with him. Having nearly finished the other apostles in this way, he had left the head of Judas untouched for a long time, as he could find no physiognomy which satisfied him, or came up to the ideas he had formed of such a villainous and treacherous character.

The prior of the convent grew impatient at being so long incommoded in that essential branch of monastic discipline which was carried on in the refectory or dining hall, where the picture was being painted, and complained to the Grand Duke, who called on the artist to explain the delay. Da Vinci

excused himself by saying that he worked at it two whole hours every day. The pious head of the house renewed his representations with great warmth, and alleged that Lionardo had only one head to finish; and that so far from working two hours a day, he had not been near the place for almost twelve months. Again summoned before the prince, the painter thus defended himself. "It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time; but it is not less true that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas remains to be executed, and in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live; but I have not yet found the features I am in quest of. These once found, the picture shall be finished in a day. If, however," he added, "I still am unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the Prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well; only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent." It is hardly necessary to add that the Duke was perfectly satisfied with this apology. The artist soon after met with his Judas, and finished his great work. It is stated by several Italian writers that Da Vinci, out of revenge, did actually take this liberty with the prior.

DA VINCI'S DRAWINGS OF THE HEADS IN HIS CELEBRATED LAST SUPPER.

The series of drawings for the celebrated work of the Last Supper, which were formerly in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, are now in the possession of Sir Thomas Baring. From the great injuries which that sublime composition has sustained, these may be considered as among the most precious reliques of this master. The drawing which represents the head of the Saviour is magnificent, and probably superior to the same head in the picture, which is said to have been left unfinished. Whether this circumstance arose from the troubles which then existed in Italy, and in which the Sforza family were so immediately engaged, or from a feeling on the part of the artist, that he had not been able to surpass that sublimity of character to which he had attained in his first design, and therefore left the same to a more happy moment, may now be matter of speculative conjecture.

FRANCIS I. AND THE LAST SUPPER OF VINCI.

Francis I. was so struck with admiration when he first saw the Last Supper of Da Vinci, that he resolved to carry it to France. For this purpose he attempted to saw it from the wall; but finding that he could not detach it without destroying the picture, he abandoned the project.

AUTHENTICATED WORKS OF DA VINCI.

The authenticated works of Da Vinci are exceedingly scarce ; he bestowed so much labor upon them that they were never very numerous, and time and casualty has reduced the number. It is said that one of the proprietors of the Orleans collection destroyed some of the most capital works of Da Vinci and Correggio from conscientious scruples! The most celebrated are the *Mona Lisa Giocondo*, in the Louvre ; a lovely picture called *La Vierge aux Rochers* ; a *Leda*, in the collection of Prince Kaunitz at Vienna ; *Christ disputing with the Doctors*, in the Pamfili palace at Rome ; *John the Baptist*, formerly in the French Museum ; the portrait of *Lodovico Maria Sforza*, in the Dresden gallery. There are a few others in the collections at Florence, Milan, and Rome. There are some in England ; but the authenticity of most of these, to say the least, is extremely doubtful. The *Christ disputing with the Doctors*, in the National gallery, is doubtless a copy by some of his pupils. The original, as before mentioned, is at Rome. Passavant says, "The numerous copies or repetitions of this picture, now existing, imply the estimation in which the original cartoon was held, and are additional proofs of its being an original work. One of these I saw in the Spada gallery at Rome ; two others at Milan—one in the Episcopal palace, and the other in the house of the *Consigliere Commendatore Casati*." Most of the

pictures claimed to be original by Da Vinci, even in the public galleries of Europe, were executed by his pupils and imitators, several of whom copied and imitated him with great success. Lanzi says that Lorenzo di Credi approached him so closely, that one of his copies of Lionardo could hardly be distinguished from the original.

WORKS IN NIELLO.

The art of working in niello, which led Maso Finiguerra, a sculptor and worker in gold and silver, to the invention of copper plate engraving, was very early practiced in Italy. In the 15th century and long before, it was the practice to decorate the church and other plate with designs in niello; and also caskets, sword and dagger hilts, and various kinds of ornaments. The designs were hatched with a steel point in gold or silver, then engraved with the burin, and run in while hot, with a composition called *niello*, an Italian term derived from the Latin *nigellum*—a compound of silver, lead, copper, sulphur, and borax, used by the ancients, and easily fusible, and of a dark color. The superfluous parts of the niello were then scraped away, and the surface polished, when the engraved part appeared with all the effect of a print. Lanzi says, “this substance (*nigellum*) being incorporated with the silver, and

the whole being polished, produced the effect of shadows, which, contrasted with the clearness of the silver, gave the entire work the appearance of a *chiaro-scuro* in silver." There are many very beautiful specimens of this species of work, particularly vases, cups, and *paxes*, or images of Christ on the cross, which the people in Catholic countries kiss after service, called the kiss of peace. The most remarkable known specimen in niello, is a very curious cup, preserved in the British Museum. Its total height, including the statuette of a cherub on the top of the lid, is about three feet. It is composed of silver, and the whole, except the border and statuette, is embellished with various fanciful designs. For a long time it was the property of the noble family of van Bekerhout, who made a present of it to Calonia, the sculptor of the statue of John van Eyck, in the Academy of Arts at Bruges. The widow of this artist sold it to Mr. Henry Farrer, who afterwards disposed of it to the British Museum for the sum of £350.

Remarkable as this process was, there arose out of it another incalculably more so. It became a practice for goldsmiths, who wished to preserve their designs, to take impressions of their plates with earth, over which liquid sulphur was poured, and from which, when cold, the earth was removed. But Maso Finiguerra, a goldsmith and sculptor of Florence, and a pupil of the celebrated Masaccio, about the middle of the 15th century, carried the

process still further, for with a mixture of soot and oil he filled the cavities of the engraving he had made, as a preparation for niello, and by pressing damp paper upon it with a roller, obtained impressions on the paper, having, as Vasari says, "Veni vano come disegnate di penna"—all the appearance of drawings done with a pen. Finiguerra was followed by Baccio Baldini, a goldsmith of Florence, who, according to Vasari, employed the eminent artist Sandro Botticelli, to design for him.

Lanzi says in 1801, a pax for the collection of the Grand Duke of Florence, supposed to have been executed by Matteo Dei, an eminent worker in niello in the early part of the 15th century, was taken to pieces to examine the workmanship. The embellishments upon its surface represented the Conversion of St. Paul, and on the niello being extracted, the engraved work was found not at all deep; and ink and paper being provided, twenty-five fine proof prints were struck from it, which were distributed among a few eminent artists and connoisseurs. One of them is now in the collection of the senator Martelli at Florence.

The arts are generally to be traced to a humble origin, and in these works in niello, often discovering little taste, we recognize the cradle of that of engraving on *copper*, to which engraving on *steel* has within the last few years succeeded. In the earliest efforts of this kind, the lines produced were comparatively rude and unmeaning, and had nothing more

to recommend them than their merely representing a particular sort of markings, or slight hatchings with a pen, without any apparent degree of execution or expression. It was not long, however, before this incipient art became indebted to the elegant etchings of the great masters in painting, as well as to their drawings in pen and ink. It acquired accuracy and taste from the drawings of Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Lionardo da Vinci, which connoisseurs of our own time have seen and admired. Some of those by Da Vinci were hatched in a square and delicate manner, with a white fluid on dark colored paper; while those of Michael Angelo and Raffaele inclined more to the lozenge, in black or brown ink. They even carried this style of hatching with the pencil into their pictures, some of which adorn the Vatican, and into the famous cartoons, which are the glory of the picture gallery at Hampton Court; and by the persevering application of the graver, the art has been advancing to the present period.

When compared with painting, it appears but of recent invention, being coeval only with the art of printing.

It is for us to rejoice in the immense power that it now possesses, and to avoid the error pointed out by Lord Bacon when he said: "We are too prone to pass those ladders by which the arts are reared, and generally to reflect all the merit to the last new performer."

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

This great architect, and learned man, was born in 1632. Though he was of a weak bodily constitution in childhood, he possessed a most precocious mind, and early manifested a strong inclination for the paths of science and philosophy. At the age of thirteen, he invented an astronomical instrument, a pneumatic engine, and another instrument of use in gnomonics. When fourteen years old, he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College, Oxford; and during the period of his collegiate course he associated with Hooke (whom he assisted in his *Micrographia*) and other scientific men, whose meetings laid the foundation of the Royal Society. In 1653, he was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College; and by the age of twenty-four, he was known to the learned of Europe, for his various theories, inventions, and improvements, a list of which would be too long for insertion. In 1657 he was appointed to the professor's chair of astronomy at Gresham College, London, and three years after, to that of the Savilian professor at Oxford. On the establishment of the Royal Society, he contributed largely to the success and reputation of that learned body.

WREN'S SELF-COMMAND.

Wren possessed great self-command, as appears from the following anecdote of him and his uncle, the Bishop of Ely, whom the Parliament had im-

prisoned in the Tower. Some time before the decease of Oliver Cromwell, Wren became acquainted with Mr. Claypole, who married Oliver's favorite daughter. Claypole, being a lover of mathematics, had conceived a great esteem for young Wren, and took all occasion to cultivate his friendship, and to court his conversation, particularly by frequent invitations to his house and table. It happened in one of these conversations that Cromwell came into the room as they sat at dinner, and without any ceremony, as was his usual way in his own family, he took his place. After a little time, fixing his eyes on Wren, he said, "Your uncle has been long confined in the Tower." "He has so, sir," replied Wren, "but he bears his afflictions with great patience and resignation." "He may come out if he will," returned Cromwell. "Will your highness permit me to tell him so?" asked Wren. "Yes," answered the Protector, "you may." As soon as Wren could retire with propriety, he hastened with no little joy to the Tower, and informed his uncle of all the particulars of his interview with Cromwell; to which the Bishop replied with warm indignation; that "it was not the first time he had received the like intimation from that miscreant, but he disdained the terms proposed for his enlargement, which were a mean acknowledgment of his favor, and an abject submission to his detestable tyranny: that he was determined to tarry the Lord's leisure, and owe his deliverance to him only." This expected deliver-

ance was not far distant, for he was released from confinement by the Restoration.

WREN'S RESTRAINTS IN DESIGNING HIS EDIFICES

It is often seen, that when kings patronize genius, instead of allowing it to develop itself according to its own laws, they hamper it according to their own preconceived fancies. The palace at Hampton Court is censured for its ill proportions; but Cunningham says that Wren moved under sad restraints from the commissioners in one place, and the court in the other. When the lowness of the cloisters under the apartments of the palace was noticed by one of the courtiers, King William turned on his heel like a challenged sentinel, and answered sharply, "Such were my express orders!" The rebuked nobleman bowed, and acquiesced in the royal taste. When St. Paul's Cathedral was nearly completed, the "nameless officials" called commissioners of that edifice, decided to have a stone balustrade upon the upper cornice, and declared their determination to that effect, "unless Sir Christopher Wren should set forth that it was contrary to the principles of architecture." To this resolution, in which blind ignorance gropes its way, calling on knowledge to set its stumblings right, Wren returned the following answer: "I take leave first to declare I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something that had been used in Gothic structures, and *ladies*

think nothing well without an edging." After this deserved satire, he showed clearly, at considerable length, that a balustrade was not in harmony with the general plan and unique combinations of the edifice; but his opinion was disregarded, and the balustrade was placed on the cornice.

THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

While the discussions were going on whether St. Paul's Cathedral should be restored, or the entire edifice be rebuilt, the great fire in London, in 1666, not only decided this question, but opened an extensive field for the display of Wren's talents in various other metropolitan buildings. One of his immediate labors, arising from the conflagration, was a survey of the whole of the ruins, and the preparation of a plan for laying out the devastated space in a regular and commodious manner, with wide streets, and piazzas at intervals, which he laid before Parliament; but his plans were not adopted, and the new streets arose in that dense and intricate maze of narrow lanes, which even now are but slowly disappearing before modern improvements. Furthermore, instead of the line of spacious quays along the Thames which Wren proposed, the river is shut out from view by wharfs and warehouses, to such an extent as to render any adequate scheme for the improvement of its banks hardly practicable. London might have arisen from her ashes the finest city in the world, had Wren's plans been followed

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Wren prepared several designs and models for this great edifice. The composition of his favorite plan was compact and simple, forming a general octagonal mass, surmounted by a cupola, and extended on its west side by a portico, and a short nave or vestibule within. The plan adopted, exhibits an almost opposite mode of treatment, both as to arrangement and proportions. While the first exhibits its concentration and uniform spaciousness, the other is more extended as to length, but contracted in other respects, and the diagonal vistas that would have been obtained in the other case, are altogether lost in this. The first stone of the present edifice was laid June 21, 1675; the choir was opened for divine service in December, 1697; and the whole was completed in thirty-five years, the last stone on the summit of the lantern being laid by the architect's son Christopher, in 1710. Taken altogether, St. Paul's Cathedral is a truly glorious work, and its cupola is matchless in beauty. There are few churches of the past or present day that can vie with it in richness of design; and St. Peter's, with its single order and attic, appearing of much smaller dimensions than it really is, cannot be put in comparison with it.

WREN'S DEATH.

This illustrious artist died in 1723, and was buried in the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the most enduring monument of his genius, under the south aisle of the choir. Inscribed upon his tomb are four words "that comprehend," says Walpole, "his merit and his fame," sublimely and eloquently expressed: "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice"—"If thou inquirest for a monument, look around thee!"

WREN AND CHARLES II.

Wren's small stature, and his intimacy with Charles II., are humorously shown in an anecdote preserved by Seward. The king, on walking through his newly erected palace at Newmarket, said, "These rooms are too low." Wren went up to the king and replied, "An please your majesty, I think them high enough." Whereupon Charles, stooping down to Sir Christopher's stature, answered with a smile, "On second thoughts, I think so too."

THOMAS BANKS, THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR.

Among the friends of this gifted man, were Flaxman, Fuseli, and the talented John Horne Tooke. His friendship with the last nearly proved mischievous to Banks, and perhaps would certainly have been so, had it not been for the uprightness of his character. During those perilous days, when "rev-

olution" and "mad equality" were causing such commotions, suspicion fell upon the politician, who was subjected to an official examination and a trial, Banks being also implicated in the charge, although his offence consisted at most in listening to the other's declamations. "I remember," says his daughter Lavinia, "when Tooke, and Hardy, and others were arrested on the charge of high treason, that an officer waited on my father with an order from the Secretary of the State to go to his office. I chanced to be in the next room, and the door being partly open, I heard all that passed. My father only requested to be allowed to go into his study, and give directions to his workmen; this was complied with, and he then accompanied the messenger. I said nothing to my mother of what I had heard, since father had been silent for fear of exciting unnecessary apprehensions; but I sat with much trouble at heart for several hours, when to my inexpressible joy I heard his well known knock at the door, and ran to greet his return—a return rendered doubly happy, since his own simple and manly explanation had acquitted him of all suspicion of treasonable designs, or of a thought injurious to his country." The intercourse between Banks and his daughter Lavinia was of the most delightful character. His chief pleasure for many years was in her instruction; he superintended her education in all things, and more particularly in drawing; she sat beside him whilst he modeled, accompanied him

in his walks, and in the evenings cheered him with music, of which he was passionately fond. A most touching instance of filial and paternal love!

THE GENIUS OF BANKS.

As Banks never received anything like the encouragement which he deserved, the character of his genius must be sought more in the works that he sketched, than those that he executed in marble. Among his sketches, the poetical abounded, and these were founded chiefly on Homer. Several splendid sketches are his *Andromache* lamenting with her handmaidens over the body of *Hector*, the *Venus* rising from the Sea, shedding back her tresses as she ascends, and a *Venus* bearing *Æneas* wounded from the Battle. "In his classical sketches," says Cunningham, "the man fully comes out: we see that he had surrendered his whole soul to those happier days of sculpture when the human frame was unshackled and free, and the dresses as well as deeds of men were heroic; that the bearing of gods was familiar to his dreams; and that it was not his fault if he aspired in vain to be the classic sculptor of his age and nation." His monument to the only daughter of Sir Brooke Boothby, now in Ashbourne church, Derbyshire, represents the child when six years old, lying asleep on her couch in all her innocence and beauty. "Simplicity and elegance," says Dr. Mavor, "appear in the workman-

ship, tenderness and innocence in the image." The sculptor's daughter Lavinia says, "He was a minute observer of nature, and often have I seen him stop in his walk to remark an attitude, or some group of figures, and unconsciously trace the outline in air with his finger as if drawing paper had been before him. He would in the same way remark folds of drapery, and note them in his mind, or sketch them on paper, to be used when occasion called."

BANKS' KINDNESS TO YOUNG SCULPTORS.

His daughter Lavinia often marvelled at his patience in pointing out the imperfections or beauties of drawing and models submitted by young artists to his inspection. Even when little hope of future excellence appeared, he was careful not to wound the feeling of a race whose sensitiveness he too well knew. He would say, "This and better will do,—but this and worse will never do," and ended by recommending industry and perseverance. One morning a youth of about thirteen years of age came to the door of Banks with drawings in his hand. Owing to some misgiving of mind, the knock which he intended should be modest and unassuming, was loud and astounding, and the servant who opened the door was in no pleasant mood with what he imagined to be forwardness in one so young. Banks, happening to overhear the chiding of the servant, went out and said with much gentleness, "What do you want

with me, young man?" "I want, sir," said the boy, "that you should get me to draw at the academy." "That," replied the sculptor, "is not in my power, for no one is admitted there but by ballot; and I am only one of those persons on whose pleasure it depends. But you have got a drawing there—let me look at it." He examined it for a moment, and said, "Time enough for the academy yet, my little man! Go home and mind your schooling, try and make a better drawing of the Apollo, and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home, drew with three-fold diligence, and on that day month appeared again at the door of Banks with a new drawing in his hand. The sculptor liked this drawing better than he did the other, gave him a week to improve it, encouraged him much, and showed him the various works of art in his own study. He went away and returned in a week, when the Apollo was visibly improved—he conceived a kindness, for the boy; and said if he were spared he would distinguish himself. The prediction has been fulfilled,—the academician Mulready has attained wide distinction.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF BANKS.

In person, Banks was tall, with looks silent and dignified, and an earnestness of carriage that well became him; he spoke seldom; he had a winning sweetness in his way of address, and a persuasive

manner which was not unfelt by his academic companions. He was simple and frugal in his general style of living, yet liberal to excess in all that related to the encouragement of art; his purse was open to virtuous sufferers, and what is far more, he shrank not from going personally into the house of the poor and sick, to console and aid them in adversity. In his younger days it was his custom to work at his marbles in the solitude of the Sabbath morning when his assistants were not at hand to interrupt him; but as he advanced in life he discontinued the practice, and became an example to his brother artists in the observance of the Sabbath day. He grew strict in religious duty, and, like Flaxman, added another to the number of those devout sculptors, whose purity of life, and reach of intellect, are an honor to their country.

FLAXMAN'S TRIBUTE TO BANKS.

That Flaxman appreciated and honored Banks' genius, he was ever ready to give strong proof.—“We have had a sculptor,” he says in one of his lectures, “in the late Mr. Banks, whose works have eclipsed the most, if not all his continental cotemporaries.” On another occasion—that of the sale of the sculptor's models—Mrs. Siddons and Flaxman were seated together, when the auctioneer began to expatiate upon the beauty of an antique figure, saying, “Behold where the deceased artist found some of his beauties.” “Sir,” exclaimed Flaxman,

more warmly than was his wont, "you do Mr. Banks much wrong, *he* wanted no assistance."

Banks died in 1805. In Westminster Abbey a tablet is erected with this inscription, "In memory of Thomas Banks, Esq., R. A., Sculptor, whose superior abilities in the profession added a lustre to the arts of his country, and whose character as a man reflected honor on human nature."

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, THE ENGLISH SCULPTOR.

Cunningham says, "He was passionately fond of drawing and modelling, and labored early and late to acquire knowledge in his profession; yet he was so free from all pride, or so obliging by nature, that he would run on any errand; nor did he hesitate to relate, in the days of his wealth and eminence, how he used to carry pots of porter to his master's maids on a washing day, and with more success than Barry did when he treated Burke, 'for,' says he, 'I always crept slowly along to save the head of foam, that the lasses might taste it in all its strength.' Such traits as these, however, I cannot consent to set down as incontrovertible proofs of a mean and vulgar spirit; nay, they often keep company with real loftiness of nature."

NOLLEKENS' VISIT TO ROME.

In 1760, Nollekens proceeded to Italy, by the way of Paris. On arriving in the French capital, he presented himself at the house of an uncle there,

told his name, and claimed kindred. The old gentleman stood with his door half opened, put a few cool questions, and seemed to doubt the veracity of his story; but at length catching a glimpse of a gold watch-chain, he invited him to dinner. The pride of the young artist, however, had been deeply touched—he declined the invitation, and went his way. On reaching Rome, the friendless youth found his stock reduced to some twenty guineas; and dreading want, and what was worse, dependence, he set about mending his fortune with equal despatch and success. He modelled and carved in stone a bas-relief, which brought him ten guineas from England; and in the next year the Society of Arts voted him fifty guineas for his *Timoclea before Alexander*, which was in marble. He was now noticed by the artists of Rome, and lived on friendly terms with Barry, who was waging a useless and vexatious war with interested antiquarians and visitors of wealth and virtue. Indeed, such was the gentleness of his nature, and his mild and unassuming demeanor, that he never made enemies except amongst those who could have done no one credit as friends.

NOLLEKENS AND GARRICK.

During Nollekens' residence at Rome, Garrick came one day into the Vatican, and observing the young sculptor, said, "Ah! what? let me look at you! You are the little fellow to whom we gave the

prizes in the Society of Arts? eh!" Nollekens answered, "Yes," upon which the actor shook him kindly by the hand, inquired concerning his studies, and invited him to breakfast the next morning. He did more—he sat to him for his bust, and when the model was finished, he gave him twelve guineas. This was the first bust he ever modelled.

NOLLEKENS' TALENTS IN BUST SCULPTURE.

The bust of Sterne, which he afterwards executed at Rome in terra cotta, materially increased his reputation; and the applause that it received probably warned the sculptor of his talents in that branch of the art, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. It forms a truly admirable image of the original, and Nollekens, to his last hour, alluded to it with pleasure. "Dance," he used to say, "made my picture with my hand leaning on Sterne's head—he was right." This striking bust is now in the collection of Mr. Agar Ellis. His talents in bust sculpture were universally acknowledged, and when Mr. Coutts, the banker, applied to Fuseli, then keeper of the Royal Academy, for the best sculptor to execute his bust, the painter replied, "I can have no difficulty in telling you; for though Nollekens is weak in many things, in a bust he stands unrivalled. Had you required a group of figures, I should have recommended Flaxman, but for a bust, give me Nollekens."

NOLLEKENS' BUST OF DR. JOHNSON.

While he was modelling the bust of Dr. Johnson, the latter came one day accompanied by Miss Williams, a blind lady ; and being very impatient of the protracted sittings, he came quite late, which so displeased the sculptor that he cried out, " Now, Doctor, you *did* say you would give my bust half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time." " Nolly, be patient, Nolly," said the sage, making his way to the bust. " How is this, Nolly, you have loaded the head with hair." " All the better," returned the artist, " it will make you look more like one of the ancient sages or poets.—I'll warrant now, you wanted to have it in a wig." The Doctor remonstrated seriously, saying, " a man, sir, should be portrayed as he appears in company"—but the sculptor persisted. The bust is an admirable work of art, besides being a faithful likeness.

NOLLEKENS' LIBERALITY TO CHANTREY.

When Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the Exhibition, he was young and unfriended ; but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor, set it before him, moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned to those who were arranging the works for the Exhibition, and said, " There's a very fine work: let the man who made it be known—remove one of my busts,

and put this in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said in his most persuasive way, "Go to Chantrey, he is the man for a bust; he will make a good bust of you—I always recommend him." He sat for his bust to Chantrey, who always mentioned his name with tenderness and respect.

NOLLEKENS AND THE WIDOW.

Smith gives a rather amusing account of a lady in weeds for her husband, who "came drooping like a willow to the sculptor, desiring a monument, and declaring that she did not care what money was expended on the memory of one she loved so. 'Do what you please, but oh! do it quickly,' were her parting orders. Nollekens went to work, made the design, finished the model, and began to look for a block of marble to carve it from, when in dropped the lady—she had been absent some three months. 'Poor soul,' said the sculptor, when she was announced, 'I thought she would come soon, but I am ready.' The lady came light of foot, and lighter of look. 'Ah, how do you do, Mr. Nollekens? Well, you have not commenced the model?' 'Aye, but I have though,' returned the sculptor, 'and there it stands, finished.' 'There it is, indeed,' sighed the lady, throwing herself into a chair; they looked at one another for a minute's space or so—she spoke first. 'These, my good friend, are, I know, early days for this little change'—she looked at her dress,

from which the early profusion of crape had disappeared,—‘but since I saw you, I have met with an old Roman acquaintance of yours, who has made me an offer, and I don’t know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband. Indeed, on second thoughts, it would perhaps be considered quite enough, if I got our mason to put up a mural tablet, and that you know he can cut very prettily.’ ‘My charge, madam, for the model,’ said the sculptor, ‘is one hundred guineas.’ ‘Enormous! enormous!’ said the lady, but drew out her purse and paid it.” The mutability of human nature!

NOLLEKENS’ COMPLIMENTS.

Cunningham says that a portion of his sitters “were charmed into admirers by the downright bluntness of his compliments, which they regarded as so many testimonies on oath of their beauty. As a specimen of his skill in the difficult art of pleasing, take the following anecdotes. He was modelling the head of a lady of rank, when she forgot herself, changed her position, and looked more loftily than he wished. ‘Don’t look so scorney, woman,’ said the sculptor, modelling all the while, ‘else you will spoil my bust—and you’re a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best busts.’ Another time he said to a lady, who had a *serious* squint, ‘look for a minute the other way, for then I shall get rid of a slight shyness in your eye, which,

though not ungraceful in life, is unusual in art.' On another occasion, a lady with some impatience in her nature was sitting for her portrait; every minute she changed her position, and with every change of position put on a change of expression, until his patience gave way. 'Lord, woman!' exclaimed the unceremonious sculptor, 'what's the matter how handsome you are, if you won't sit still till I model you!' The lady smiled, and sat ever afterwards like a lay figure."

AN OVERPLUS OF MODESTY.

It has been remarked by some close observer, that modesty is like shadow in a picture—too much of it obscures real excellence, while the proper medium exhibits all parts in agreeable relief. John Riley, an English portrait painter who flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was a proof that one may have a superabundance of this in itself excellent quality. Walpole says, "He was one of the best native artists who had flourished in England; but he was very modest, had the greatest diffidence of himself, and was easily disgusted with his own works. His talents were obscured by the fame rather than by the merit of Kneller, and with a quarter of the latter's vanity, he might have persuaded the world that he was as great a "master." He was but little noticed until the death of Lely, when Chiffinch being persuaded to sit to him, the picture was shown, and recommended him to the

king. Charles II. sat to him, but almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing a profession so proper for him. Looking at the picture, he cried, "Is this like me? Then od's fish, I'm an ugly fellow!" This discouraged Riley so much that he could not bear the picture, though he sold it for a large price. However, he kept on, and had the satisfaction of painting James II. and his Queen, and also their successors, who appointed him their painter. Riley died three years after the accession of William and Mary, in 1691.

THE ARTIST FOOTMAN.

Edward Norgate, an English painter of excellent judgment in pictures, was sent into Italy by the Earl of Arundel to purchase works of art. On returning, however, he was disappointed in receiving remittances, and was obliged to remain some time in Marseilles. Being totally unknown there, he used frequently to walk for several hours in a public part of the city, with a most dejected air; and while thus engaged, he was occasionally observed by a merchant, who, doubtless impelled by kind feelings, ventured one day to speak to the wanderer, and told him that so much walking would have soon brought him to the end of his journey, when Norgate confessed his inability to proceed for want of money. The merchant then inquired into his circumstances, and told him that perceiving he was able to walk at least twenty miles a day, if he would

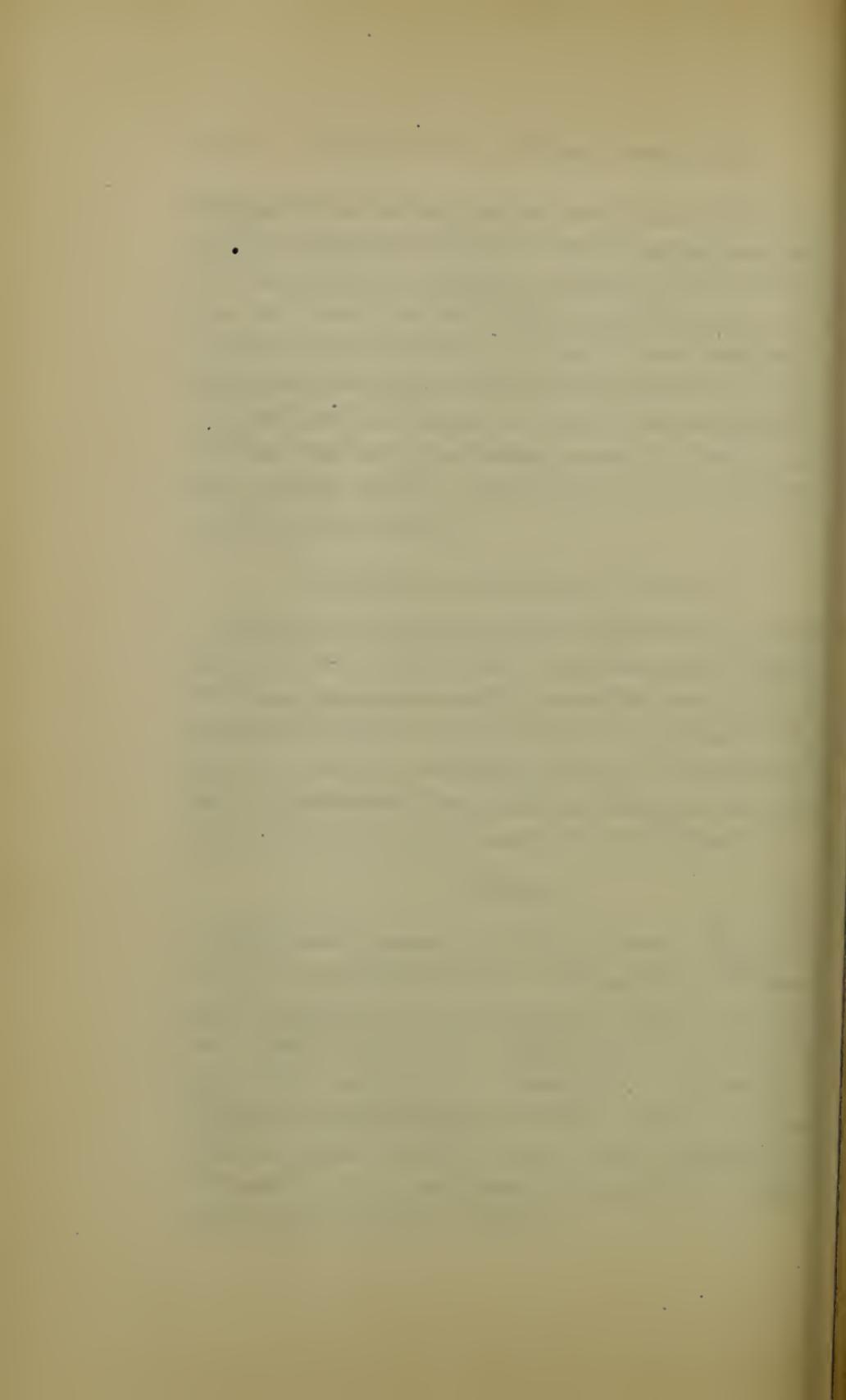
set out on his journey homeward, he would furnish him handsomely for a foot traveler. By this assistance, Norgate arrived in his own country.

AN ARCHITECT'S STRATAGEM.

William Winde, a Dutch architect who visited England in the reign of Charles II., erected, among other works, Buckingham House in St. James' Park, for the Duke of Bucks. He had nearly finished this edifice, but the payment was most sadly in arrears. Accordingly Winde enticed the Duke one day to mount upon the leads, to enjoy the grand prospect. When there, he coolly locked the trap-door and threw the key over the parapet, addressing his astounded patron, "I am a ruined man, and unless I have your word of honor that the debts shall be paid, I will instantly throw myself over." "And what is to become of me?" asked the Duke. "You shall go along with me!" returned the desperate architect. This prospect of affairs speedily drew from the Duke the wished-for promise, and the trap-door was opened by a workman below, who was a party in the plot.

THE FREEDOM OF THE TIMES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

The freedom allowed in social intercourse is well illustrated by a sketch in the account of Graham. William Wissing, a Dutch painter who succeeded Sir Peter Lely in fashionable portrait painting in





TITIAN.

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS

Sculptors and Architects,

AND

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

BY

S. SPOONER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FINE ARTS."

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL II.

NEW YORK:

A. W. LOVERING, PUBLISHER.

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Reëntered, G. B., 1880.

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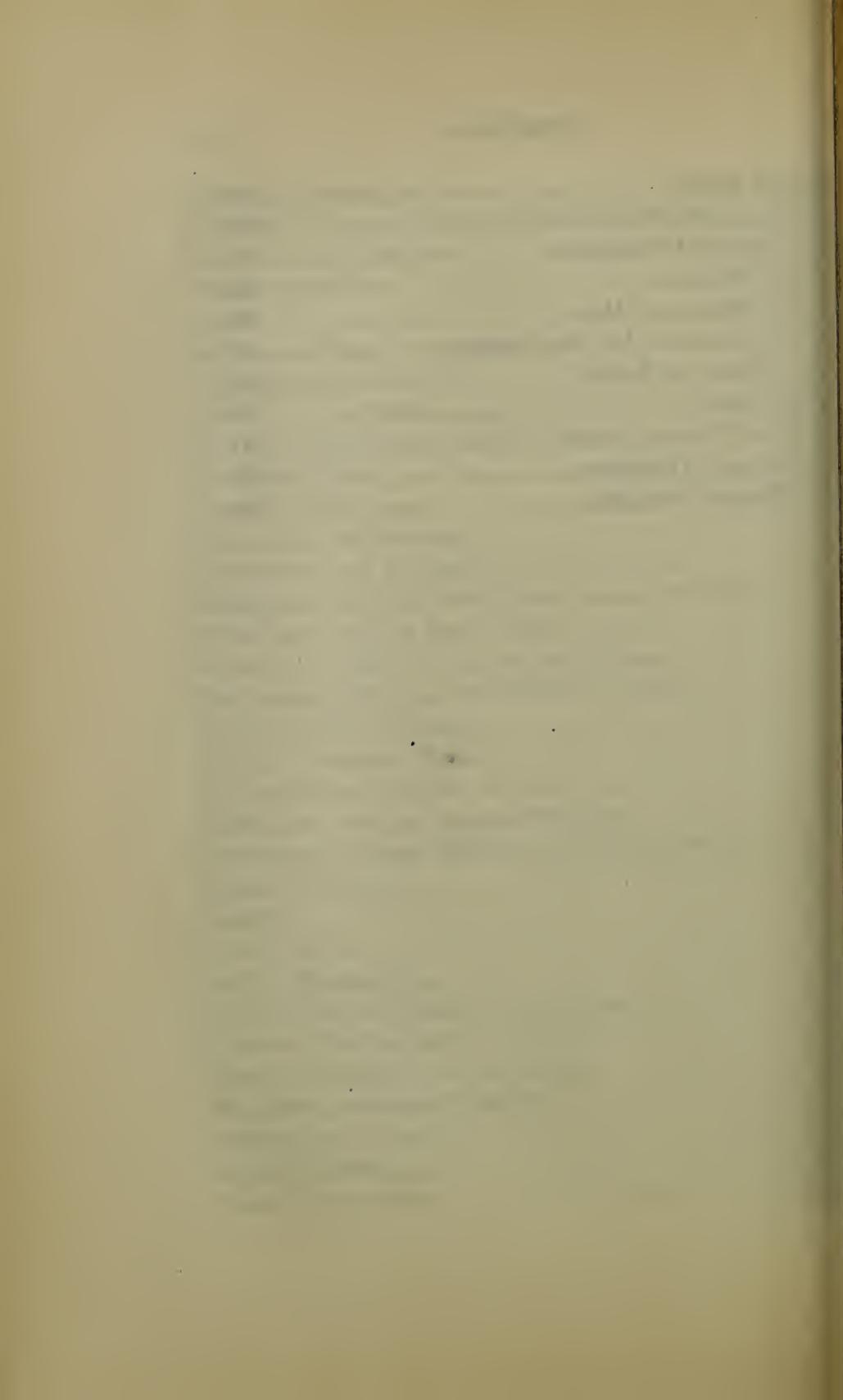
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A N E C D O T E S

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

TITIAN,—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The name of this illustrious painter was Tiziano Vecellio or Vecelli, and he is called by the Italians, Tiziano Vecellio da Cadore. He was descended of a noble family; born at the castle of Cadore in the Friuli in 1477, and died in 1576, according to Ridolfi; though Vasari and Sandrart place his birth in 1480. Lanzi says he died in 1576, aged 99 years. He early showed a passion for the art, which was carefully cultivated by his parents.—Lanzi says in a note, that it is pretty clearly ascertained that he received his first instruction from Antonio Rossi, a painter of Cadore; if so, it was at a

very tender age, for when he was ten years old he was sent to Treviso, and placed under Sebastiano Zuccati. He subsequently went to Venice, and studied successively under Gentile and Giovanni Bellini. Giorgione was his fellow-student under the last named master, with whom Titian made extraordinary progress, and attained such an exact imitation of his style that their works could scarcely be distinguished, which greatly excited the jealousy of Bellini.

On the death of Giorgione, Titian rose rapidly into favor. He was soon afterwards invited to the court of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, for whom he painted his celebrated picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, and two other fabulous subjects, which still retain somewhat of the style of Giorgione. It was there that he became acquainted with Ariosto, whose portrait he painted, and in return the poet spread abroad his fame in the *Orlando Furioso*. In 1523, the Senate of Venice employed him to decorate the Hall of the Council Chamber, where he represented the famous Battle of Cadore, between the Venetians and the Imperialists—a grand performance, that greatly increased his reputation. This work was afterwards destroyed by fire, but the composition has been preserved by the burin of Fontana. His next performance was his celebrated picture of St. Pietro Martire, in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice, which is generally regarded as his master-piece in historical paint-

ing. This picture was carried to Paris by the French, and subsequently restored by the Allies. Notwithstanding the importance of these and other commissions, and the great reputation he had acquired, it is said, though with little probability of truth, that he received such a small remuneration for his works, that he was in actual indigence in 1530, when the praises bestowed upon him in the writings of his friend Pietro Aretino, recommended him to the notice of the Emperor Charles V., who had come to Bologna to be crowned by Pope Clement VII. Titian was invited thither, and painted the portrait of that monarch, and his principal attendants, for which he was liberally rewarded.—About this time, he was invited to the court of the Duke of Mantua, whose portrait he painted, and decorated a saloon in the palace with a series of the Twelve Cæsars, beneath which Giulio Romano afterwards painted a subject from the history of each. In 1543, Paul III. visited Ferrara, where Titian was then engaged, sat for his portrait and invited him to Rome, but previous engagements with the Duke of Urbino, obliged him to decline or defer the invitation. Having completed his undertakings for that prince, he went to Rome at the invitation of the Cardinal Farnese in 1548, where he was received with marks of great distinction. He was accommodated with apartments in the palace of the Belvidere, and painted the Pope, Paul III., a second time, whom he represented seated

between the Cardinal Farnese and Prince Ottavio. He also painted his famous picture of Danaë, which caused Michael Angelo to lament that Titian had not studied the antique as accurately as he had nature, in which case his works would have been inimitable, by uniting the perfection of coloring with correctness of design. It is said that the Pope was so captivated with his works that he endeavored to retain him at Rome, and offered him as an inducement the lucrative office of the Leaden Seal, then vacant by the death of Frà Sebastiano del Piombo, but he declined on account of conscientious scruples. Titian had no sooner returned from Rome to Venice, than he received so pressing an invitation from his first protector, Charles V., to visit the court of Spain, that he could no longer refuse; and he accordingly set out for Madrid, where he arrived at the beginning of 1550, and was received with extraordinary honors. After a residence of three years at Madrid, he returned to Venice, whence he was shortly afterwards invited to Inspruck, where he painted the portrait of Ferdinand, king of the Romans, his queen and children, in one picture.— Though now advanced in years, his powers continued unabated, and this group was accounted one of his best productions. He afterwards returned to Venice, where he continued to exercise his pencil to the last year of his long life.

TITIAN'S MANNERS.

Most writers observe that Titian had four different manners, at as many different periods of his life: first that of Bellini, somewhat stiff and hard, in which he imitated nature, according to Lanzi, with a greater precision than even Albert Durer, so that "the hairs might be numbered, the skin of the hands, the very pores of the flesh, and the reflection of objects in the pupils seen:" second, an imitation of Giorgione, more bold and full of force; Lanzi says that some of his portraits executed at this time, cannot be distinguished from those of Giorgione: third, his own inimitable style, which he practiced from about his thirtieth year, and which was the result of experience, knowledge, and judgment, beautifully natural, and finished with exquisite care: and fourth, the pictures which he painted in his old age. Sandrart says that, "at first he labored his pictures highly, and gave them a polished beauty and lustre, so as to produce their effect full as well when they were examined closely, as when viewed at a distance; but afterwards, he so managed his penciling that their greatest force and beauty appeared at a more remote view, and they pleased less when they were beheld more nearly; so that many of those artists who studied to imitate him, being misled by appearances which they did not sufficiently consider, imagined that Titian executed his works with readiness and mas

terly rapidity; and concluded that they should imitate his manner most effectually by a freedom of hand and a bold pencil; whereas Titian in reality took abundance of pains to work up his pictures to so high a degree of perfection, and the freedom that appears in the handling was entirely effected by a skillful combination of labor and judgment, and a few bold, artful strokes of the pencil to conceal his labor."

TITIAN'S WORKS.

The works of Titian, though many of his greatest productions have been destroyed by terrible conflagrations at Venice and Madrid, are numerous, scattered throughout Europe, in all the royal collections, and the most celebrated public galleries, particularly at Venice, Rome, Bologna, Milan, Florence, Vienna, Dresden, Paris, London, and Madrid. The most numerous are portraits, Madonnas, Magdalens, Bacchanals, Venuses, and other mythological subjects, some of which are extremely voluptuous. Two of his grandest and most celebrated works are the Last Supper in the Escorial, and Christ crowned with Thorns at Milan. It is said that the works of Titian, to be appreciated, should be seen at Venice or Madrid, as many claimed to be genuine elsewhere are of very doubtful authenticity. He painted many of his best works for the Spanish court, first for the Emperor Charles V., and next for his successor, Philip II., who is known

to have given him numerous commissions to decorate the Escorial and the royal palaces at Madrid. There are numerous duplicates of some of his works, considered genuine, some of which he is supposed to have made himself, and others to have been carefully copied by his pupils and retouched by himself; he frequently made some slight alterations in the backgrounds, to give them more of the look of originals; thus the original of his Christ and the Pharisees, or the Tribute Money, is now in the Dresden Gallery, yet Lanzi says there are numerous copies in Italy, one of which he saw at St. Saverio di Rimini, inscribed with his name, which is believed to be a duplicate rather than a copy. There are more than six hundred engravings from his pictures, including both copper-plates and wooden cuts. He is said to have engraved both on wood and copper himself, but Bartsch considers all the prints attributed to him as spurious, though a few of them are signed with his name, only eight of which he describes.

TITIAN'S IMITATORS.

Titian, the great head of the Venetian school, like Raffaele, the head of the Roman, had a host of imitators and copyists, some of whom approached him so closely as to deceive the best judges; and many works attributed to him, even in the public galleries of Europe, were doubtless executed by them.

TITIAN'S VENUS AND ADONIS.

This chef-d'œuvre of Titian, so celebrated in the history of art, represents Venus endeavoring to detain Adonis from the fatal chase. Titian is known to have made several repetitions of this charming composition, some of them slightly varied, and the copies are almost innumerable. The original is supposed to have been painted at Rome as a companion to the Danaë, for the Farnese family, about 1548, and is now in the royal gallery at Naples. The most famous of the original repetitions is that at Madrid, painted for King Philip II., when prince of Spain, and about the period of his marriage with Queen Mary of England. There is a fine duplicate of this picture in the English National Gallery, another in the Dulwich gallery, and two or three more in the private collections of England. Ottley thus describes this picture:—

“The figure of Venus, which is seen in a back view, receives the principal light, and is without drapery, save that a white veil, which hangs from her shoulder, spreads itself over the right knee. The chief parts of this figure are scarcely less excellent in respect of form than of coloring. The head possesses great beauty, and is replete with nat

ural expression. The fair hair of the goddess, collected into a braid rolled up at the back of her head, is entwined by a string of pearls, which, from their whiteness, give value to the delicate carnation of her figure. She throws her arms, impassioned, around her lover, who, resting with his right hand upon his javelin, and holding with the left the traces which confine his dogs, looks upon her unmoved by her solicitations, and impatient to repair to the chase. Cupid, meantime, is seen sleeping at some distance off, under the shadow of a group of lofty trees, from one of which are suspended his bow and quiver; a truly poetic thought, by which, it is scarcely necessary to add, the painter intended to signify that the blandishments and caresses of beauty, unaided by love, may be exerted in vain. In the coloring, this picture unites the greatest possible richness and depth of tone, with that simplicity and sobriety of character which Sir Joshua Reynolds so strongly recommends in his lectures, as being the best adapted to the higher kinds of painting. The habit of the goddess, on which she sits, is of crimson velvet, a little inclining to purple, and ornamented with an edging of gold lace, which is, however, so subdued in tone as not to look gaudy, its lining being of a delicate straw color, touched here and there with a slight glazing of lake. The dress of Adonis, also, is crimson, but of a somewhat warmer hue. There is little or no blue in the sky, which is covered with clouds, and but a small pro

portion of it on the distant hills; the effect altogether appearing to be the result of a very simple principle of arrangement in the coloring, namely, that of excluding almost all cold tints from the illuminated parts of the picture."

TITIAN AND THE EMPEROR CHARLES V.

One of the most pleasant things recorded in the life of Titian, is the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and the great and good Emperor Charles V., whose name is known in history as one of the wisest and best sovereigns of Europe. According to Vasari, Titian, when he was first recommended to the notice of the Emperor by Pietro Aretino, was in deep poverty, though his name was then known all over Italy. Charles, who appreciated, and knew how to assist genius without wounding its delicacy, employed Titian to paint his portrait, for which he munificently rewarded him. He afterwards invited him to Madrid in the most pressing and flattering terms, where he was received with extraordinary honors. He was appointed gentleman of the Emperor's bed-chamber, that he might be near his person; Charles also conferred upon him the order of St. Jago, and made him a Count Palatine of the empire. He did not grace the great artist with splendid titles and decorations only, but showed him more solid marks of his favor, by bestowing upon him life-rents in Naples and Milan of

two hundred ducats each, besides a munificent compensation for each picture. These honors and favors were, doubtless, doubly gratifying to Titian, as coming from a prince who was not only a lover of the fine arts, but an excellent connoisseur. "The Emperor," says Palomino, "having learned drawing in his youth, examined pictures and prints with all the keenness of an artist; and he much astonished Æneas Vicus of Parma, by the searching scrutiny that he bestowed on a print of his own portrait, which that famous engraver had submitted to his eye." Stirling, in his *Annals of Spanish Artists*, says, that of no prince are recorded more sayings which show a refined taste and a quick eye. He told the Burghers of Antwerp that, "the light and soaring spire of their cathedral deserved to be put under a glass case." He called Florence "the Queen of the Arno, decked for a perpetual holiday." He regretted that he had given his consent for the conversion of the famous mosque of Abderahman at Cordova into a cathedral, when he saw what havoc had been made of the forest of fairy columns by the erection of the Christian choir. "Had I known," said he to the abashed improvers, "of what you were doing, you should have laid no finger on this ancient pile. You have built *a something*, such as is to be found anywhere, and you have destroyed a wonder of the world."

The Emperor delighted to frequent the studio of Titian, on which occasions he treated him with ex

traordinary familiarity and condescension. The fine speeches which he lavished upon him, are as well known as his more substantial rewards. The painter one day happening to let fall his brush, the monarch picked it up, and presented it to the astonished artist, saying, "It becomes Cæsar to serve Titian." On another occasion, Cæsar requested Titian to retouch a picture which hung over the door of the chamber, and with the assistance of his courtiers moved up a table for the artist to stand upon, but finding the height insufficient, without more ado, he took hold of one corner, and calling on those gentlemen to assist, he hoisted Titian aloft with his own imperial hands, saying, "We must all of us bear up this great man to show that his art is empress of all others." The envy and displeasure with which men of pomp and ceremonies viewed these familiarities, that appeared to them as so many breaches in the divinity that hedged their king and themselves, only gave their master opportunities to do fresh honors to his favorite in these celebrated and cutting rebukes: "There are many princes, but there is only one Titian;" and again, when he placed Titian on his right hand, as he rode out on horseback, "I have many nobles, but I have only one Titian." Not less valued, perhaps, by the great painter, than his titles, orders, and pensions, was the delicate compliment the Emperor paid him when he declared that "no other hand should draw his portrait, since he had thrice received immortality from

the pencil of Titian." Palomino, perhaps carried away by an artist's enthusiasm, asserts that "Charles regarded the acquisition of a picture by Titian with as much satisfaction as he did the conquest of a province." At all events, when the Emperor parted with all his provinces by abdicating his throne, he retained some of Titian's pictures. When he betook himself to gardening, watchmaking, and manifold masses at San Yuste, the sole luxury to be found in his simple apartments, with their hangings of sombre brown, was that master's St. Jerome, meditating in a cavern scooped in the cliffs of a green and pleasant valley—a fitting emblem of his own retreat. Before this appropriate picture, or the "Glory," which hung in the church of the convent, and which was removed in obedience to his will, with his body to the Escorial, he paid his orisons and schooled his mind to forgetfulness of the pomps and vanities of life.

TITIAN AND PHILIP II.

Titian was not less esteemed by Philip II., than by his father, Charles V. When Philip married Mary, Queen of England, he presented him his famous picture of Venus and Adonis, with the following letter of congratulation, which may be found in Ticozzi's Life of Titian :

"To Philip, King of England, greeting :

"Most sacred Majesty ! I congratulate your Majesty on the kingdom which God has granted to

you; and I accompany my congratulations with the picture of Venus and Adonis, which I hope will be looked upon by you with the favorable eye you are accustomed to cast upon the works of your servant
TITIAN."

According to Palomino, Philip was sitting on his throne, in council, when the news arrived of the disastrous conflagration of the palace of the Prado, in which so many works by the greatest masters were destroyed. He earnestly demanded if the Titian Venus was among those saved, and on being informed it was, he exclaimed, "Then every other loss may be supported!"

TITIAN'S LAST SUPPER AND EL MUDO.

Palomino says that when Titian's famous painting of the Last Supper arrived at the Escorial, it was found too large to fit the panel in the refectory, where it was designed to hang. The king, Philip II., proposed to cut it to the proper size. El Mudo (the dumb painter), who was present, to prevent the mutilation of so capital a work, made earnest signs of intercession with the king, to be permitted to copy it, offering to do it in the space of six months. The king expressed some hesitation, on account of the length of time required for the work, and was proceeding to put his design in execution, when El Mudo repeated his supplications in behalf of his favorite master with more fervency than ever, offering to complete the copy in less time than he at first demanded, ten-

dering at the same time his head as the punishment if he failed. The offer was not accepted, and execution was performed on Titian, accompanied with the most distressing attitudes and distortions of El Mudo.

TITIAN'S OLD AGE.

Titian continued to paint to the last year of his long life, and many writers, fond of the marvellous, assert that his faculties and his powers continued to the last. Vasari, who saw him in 1566 for the last time, said he "could no longer recognize Titian in Titian." Lanzi says, "There remains in the church of S. Salvatore, one of these pictures (executed towards the close of his life), of the Annunciation, which attracts the attention only from the name of the master. Yet when he was told by some one that it was not, or at least did not appear to have been executed by his hand, he was so much irritated that, in a fit of senile indignation, he seized his pencil and inscribed upon it, 'Tizianus fecit, fecit.' Still the most experienced judges are agreed that much may be learned, even from his latest works, in the same manner as the poets pronounce judgment upon the *Odyssey*, the product of old age, but still by Homer."

MONUMENT TO TITIAN.

A monument to Titian, from the studio of the brothers Zandomenghi, was erected in Ve

nice in 1852; and the civil, ecclesiastical, and military authorities were present at the ceremony of inauguration. It represents Titian, surrounded by figures impersonating the Fine Arts; below are impersonations of the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries. The basement is adorned with five bas-reliefs, representing as many celebrated paintings by the great artist.

HORACE VERNET.

Among all the artists of our day, is one standing almost alone, and singularly characterized in many respects. He is entirely wanting in that lofty religious character which fills with pureness and beauty the works of the early masters; he has not the great and impressive historical qualities of the school of Raffiella, nor the daring sublimity of Michael Angelo; he has not the rich luxury of color that renders the works of the great Venetians so gorgeous, nor even that sort of striking reality which makes the subjects rendered by the Flemish masters incomparably life-like. Yet he is rich in qualities deeply attractive and interesting to the people, especially the French people, of our own day. He displays an astonishing capacity and rapidity of execution, an almost unparalleled accuracy of memory, a rare life and motion on the canvass, a vigorous comprehension of the military tactics of the time, a wonderful aptitude at rendering the camp and field potent subjects for the pencil, not-

withstanding the regularity of movement, and the unpicturesque uniformity of costume demanded by the military science of our day. Before a battle-piece of Horace Vernet (and only his battle-pieces are his masterpieces), the crowd stands breathless and horrified at the terrible and bloody aspect of war; while the military connoisseur admires the ability and skill of the feats of arms, so faithfully rendered that he forgets he is not looking at real soldiers in action. In the landscapes and objects of the foreground or background, there are not that charm of color and aërial depth and transparency in which the eye revels, yet there is a hard vigorous actuality which adds to the force and energy of the actors, and strengthens the idea of presence at the battle, without attracting or charming away the mind from the terrible inhumanities principally represented. No poetry, no romance, no graceful and gentle beauty; but the stern dark reality as it might be written in an official bulletin, or related in a vigorous, but cold and accurate, page of history. Such is the distinguishing talent of Horace Vernet—talent sufficient, however, to make his pictures the attractive centres of crowds at the Louvre Exhibitions, and to make himself the favorite of courts and one of the *illustrissimi* of Europe.

The Vernets have been a family of painters during four generations. The great-grandfather of Horace was a well-known artist at Avignon, a hundred and fifty years ago. His son and pupil, Claude Joseph

Vernet, was the first marine painter of his time ; and occupies, with his works alone, an entire apartment of the French Gallery at the Louvre, besides great numbers of sea-pieces and landscapes belonging to private galleries. He died in 1789, but his son and pupil, Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, who had already during two years sat by his side in the Royal Academy, continued the reputation of the family during the Consulate and Empire. He was particularly distinguished for cavalry-battles, hunting scenes, and other incidents in which the horse figured largely as actor. In some of these pictures the hand of the son already joined itself to that of the father, the figures being from the pencil of Horace ; and before the death of the father, which took place in 1836, he had already seen the artistic reputation of the family increased and heightened by the fame of his son.

Horace Vernet was born at the Louvre on the 30th June, 1789, the year of the death of his grandfather, who, as painter to the king, had occupied rooms at the Louvre, where his father also resided ; so that Horace not only inherited his art from a race of artist-ancestors, but was born amid the *chef d'œuvres* of the entire race of painters. Of course, his whole childhood and youth were surrounded with objects of Art ; and it was scarcely possible for him not to be impressed in the most lively manner by the unbroken artist-life in which he was necessarily brought up. It would appear that from his

childhood he employed himself in daubing on walls, and drawing on scraps of paper all sorts of little soldiers.

Like his father and grandfather, his principal lessons as a student were drawn from the paternal experience, and certainly no professor could more willingly and faithfully save him all the loss of time and patience occasioned by the long and often fruitless groping of the almost solitary Art-student. He was also thus saved from falling into the errors of the school of David. Certainly no great *penchant* towards the antique is discoverable in his father's works; nor in his own do we find painted casts of Greek statues dressed in the uniforms of the nineteenth century. At twenty, it is true, he tried, but without success, the classic subject offered to competition at the Academy for the prize of visiting Rome. The study of the antique did not much delight him. On the contrary, he rather joined with the innovators, whose example was then undermining the over-classic influence of David's school, the most formidable and influential of whom, a youth about his own age, and a fellow-student in his father's atelier, was then painting a great picture, sadly decried at the time, but now considered one of the masterpieces of the French school in the Louvre—the "Raft of the Medusa." Gericault was his companion in the studio and in the field, at the easel and on horseback; and we might trace here one of the many instances of the influence which this powerful and original

genius exercised on the young artists of his time, and which, had it not been arrested by his premature death in January, 1824, would have made Gericault more strikingly distinguished as one of the master-spirits in French Art, and the head of a school entirely the opposite to that of David.

Horace's youth, however, did not pass entirely under the smiles of fortune. He had to struggle with those difficulties of narrow means with which a very large number of young artists are tolerably intimate. He had to weather the gales of poverty by stooping to all sorts of illustrative work, whose execution we fancy must have been often a severe trial to him. Any youth aiming at "high art," and feeling, though poor, too proud to bend in order to feed the taste, (grotesque and unrefined enough, it must be allowed,) of the good public, which artists somewhat naturally estimate rather contemptuously, might get a lesson of patience by looking over an endless series of the most variedly hideous costumes or caricatures of costume which Horace was glad to draw, for almost any pecuniary consideration. A series of amusingly *naive* colored prints, illustrating the adventures of poor La Vallière with Louis XIV., would strengthen the lesson. These were succeeded by lithographs of an endless variety of subjects—the soldier's life in all its phases, the "horse and its rider" in all their costumes, snatches of romances, fables, caricatures, humorous pieces, men, beasts, and things. In short, young Horace tried his hand

at any thing and every thing in the drawing line, at once earning a somewhat toughly-woven livelihood, and perfecting his talent with the pencil. In later years, the force and freedom of this talent were witnessed to by illustrations of a more important character in a magnificent edition of Voltaire's *Henriade*, published in 1825, and of the well known *Life of Napoleon* by Laurent.

Failing, as we have said, and perhaps fortunately for him, in the achievement of the great Prize of Rome, he turned to the line of Art for which he felt himself naturally endowed, the incidents of the camp and field. The "Taking of a Redoubt;" the "Dog of the Regiment;" the "Horse of the Trumpeter;" "Halt of French Soldiers;" the "Battle of Tolosa;" the "Barrier of Clichy, or Defense of Paris in 1814" (both of which last, exhibited in 1817, now hang in the gallery of the Luxembourg), the "Soldier-Laborer;" the "Soldier of Waterloo;" the "Last Cartridge;" the "Death of Poniatowski;" the "Defense of Saragossa," and many more, quickly followed each other, and kept up continually and increasingly the public admiration. The critics of the painted bas-relief school found much to say against, and little in favor of, the new talent that seemed to look them inimically in the face, or rather did not seem to regard them at all. But people in general, of simple enough taste in matter of folds of drapery or classic laws of composition or antique lines of beauty, saw before them with all the varied

sentiments of admiration, terror, or dismay, the soldier mounting the breach at the cannon's mouth, or the general, covered with orders, cut short in the midst of his fame. Little of the romantic, little of poetical idealization, little of far-fetched *style* was there on these canvasses, but the crowd recognized the soldier as they saw him daily, in the midst of the scenes which the bulletin of the army or the page of the historian had just narrated to them. They were content, they were full of admiration, they admired the pictures, they admired the artist; and, the spleen of critics notwithstanding, Horace Vernet was known as one of the favorite painters of the time.

In 1819 appeared the "Massacre of the Mamelukes at Cairo," now in the Luxembourg. We do not know how the public accepted this production. We have no doubt, however, that they were charmed at the gaudy *clat* of the bloodthirsty tyrant, with his hookah and lion in the foreground, and dismayed at the base assassinations multiplied in the background. Nor do we doubt that the critics gave unfavorable judgments thereupon, and that most of those who loved Art seriously, said little about the picture. We would at all events express our own regret that the authorities do not find some better works than this and the "Battle of Tolosa," to represent in a public gallery the talent of the most famous battle-painter of France. The Battles of Jemmapes, Valmy, Hanau, and Montmirail, ex-

cutted at this time, and hung till lately in the gallery of the Palais Royal (now, we fear, much, if not entirely, destroyed by the mob on the 24th February), were much more worthy of such a place. Whether it was by a considerate discernment that the mob attacked these, as the property of the ex-king, or by a mere goth-and-vandalism of revolution, we do not know; but certainly we would rather have delivered up to their wrath these others, the "property of the nation." The same hand would hardly seem to have executed both sets of paintings. It is not only the difference in size of the figures on the canvass, those of the Luxembourg being life-sized, and those of the Palais Royal only a few inches in length, but the whole style of the works is different. The first seem painted as if they had been designed merely to be reproduced in gay silks and worsteds at the Gobelins, where we have seen a copy of the "Massacre of the Mamelukes," in tapestry, which we would, for itself, have preferred to the original. But the latter four battles, notwithstanding the disadvantage of costume and arrangement necessarily imposed by the difference of time and country, produce far more satisfactory works of Art, and come much nearer to historical painting. They are painted without pretension, without exaggeration. The details are faithfully and carefully, though evidently rapidly, executed. The generals and personages in the front are speaking portraits; and the whole scene is full of that sort of life and action which im

presses one at once as the very sort of action that must have taken place. Now it is a battery of artillery backed against a wood,—now it is a plain over which dense ranks of infantry march in succession to the front of the fire. Here it is a scene wherein the full sunlight shows the whole details of the action; there it is night—and a night of cloud and storm, draws her sombre veil over the dead and wounded covering the field. A historian might find on these canvasses, far better than in stores of manuscript, wherewith to fill many a page of history with accurate and vivid details of these bloody days; or rather, many a page of history would not present so accurate and vivid a conception of what is a field of battle.

In 1822, entry to the exhibition at the Louvre being refused to his works, Horace Vernet made an exhibition-room of his atelier, had a catalogue made out (for what with battles, hunts, landscapes, portraits, he had a numerous collection), and the public were admitted. In 1826 he was admitted a Member of the Institute, and in 1830 was appointed Director of the Academy at Rome, so that the young man who could not so far decline his antiques as to treat the classic subject of the Royal Academy, and thus gain the Academy at Rome, now went there as chief of the school, and as one of the most distinguished artists of his time. This residence for five years among the best works of the great masters of Italy naturally inspired him with ideas and de-

sires which it had not been hitherto in his circumstances to gratify. And once installed in the Villa Medici, which he made to resound with the voices of joy and revelry, splendid fêtes and balls, he set himself to study the Italian school.

A series of pictures somewhat new in subject and manner of treatment was the result of this change of circumstances and ideas. To the Paris Exhibition of 1831 he sent a "Judith and Holofernes," which is one of the least successful of his pictures in the Luxembourg, where it hangs still, with another sent two years after, "Raffaelle and Michael Angelo in the Vatican." This is perhaps the best of his works at the Luxembourg, all being inferior; but it has a certain dry gaudiness of color, and a want of seriousness of design, which render it unfit to be considered a master-work. One unquestionably preferable, the "Arresting of the Princes at the Palais Royal by order of Anne of Austria," found its way to the Palais Royal, so that in this, as in the other we have remarked, the king seemed to know how to choose better than the Art-authorities of the "Gallery of Living Painters." A number of other pictures testified to the activity of the artist's pencil at Rome:—"Combat of Brigands against the Pope's Riflemen," "Confession of the Dying Brigand," also at the Palais Royal, but also we fear destroyed by the popular vandalism of the 24th February; a "Chase in the Pontine Marshes," "Pope Leo XII. carried into St. Peter's." The favor of

the public, however, still turned to the usual subject of Horace Vernet—the French soldier's life; finding which, on his return from Rome, he recurred to his original study. In 1836 he exhibited four new battle-pieces, "Friedland," "Wagram," "Jena," and "Fontenoy," in which were apparent all his usual excellencies.

The occupation of the Algerine territory by the French troops afforded the artist an opportunity of exhibiting his powers in that department most suited to them. A whole gallery at Versailles was set apart for the battle-painter, called the *Constantine Gallery*, after the most important feat of arms yet performed by the French troops in Africa, the Taking of the town of Constantine. Some of the solitary and extraordinary, we might say accidental, military exploits in Europe of Louis Philippe's reign, are also commemorated there. The "Occupation of Ancona," the "Entry of the Army into Belgium," the "Attack of the Citadel of Antwerp," the "Fleet forcing the Tagus," show that nothing is forgotten of the Continental doings. The African feats are almost too many to enumerate. In a "Sortie of the Arab Garrison of Constantine," the Duke de Nemours is made to figure in person. Then we have the "Troops of Assault receiving the Signal to leave the Trenches," and "The Scaling of the Breach." There are the "Occupation of the Defile of Teniah," "Combat of the Habrah, of the Sickak, of Samah, of Afzoun. In five, there is

the largest canvass in existence, it is said, the "Taking of the Smalah," that renowned occasion when the army was so *very near* taking Abd-el-Kader; and the "Battle of Isly," which gained that splendid trophy, the parasol of command. Besides these great subjects there are decorations of military trophies and allegorical figures, which seem to have been painted by some pupil of Vernet. These battles were first of all exhibited to the admiration of Paris in the various salons after their execution, and were then sent off to decorate Versailles. There are also, in the *Gallery of French History*, at Versailles, several others of his, such as the "Battle of Bouvines;" "Charles X. reviewing the National Guard;" the "Marshal St. Cyr," and some others among those we have already named. In them the qualities of the artist are manifested more fully, we think, than in any others of his works. They are full of that energy, vivacity, and daguerreotypic verity which he so eminently displays. There is none of that pretension after "high Art" which has injured the effect of some of his pictures. The rapidity of their execution too in general was such, that the public had hardly finished reading the last news of the combats, when the artist, returned in many cases from witnessing the scenes, had placed them on the canvass, and offered them to popular gaze. Yet the canvasses are in many cases of great extent, and often, the figures of life-size. But the artist rarely employs the model, painting mostly from memory, a

faculty most astonishingly developed in him. He generally also saves himself the trouble of preparing a smaller sketch to paint after, working out his subject at once in the definitive size. Of course with more serious and elevated subjects, worked out in a more serious and elevated spirit, such a system would not do. But for the style of subject and execution required by Horace Vernet's artistic organization, these careful preparations would not answer. They would only tend to diminish the sweeping passion of the fiery *melée*, and freeze the swift impulsive rush of the attack or flight.

Vernet has several times attempted Biblical subjects, but they have never succeeded so well as to add anything to his fame as a battle-painter. "Judah and Tamar," "Agar dismissed by Abraham," "Rebecca at the Fountain," "Judith with the head of Holofernes," "The Good Samaritan," have rather served to illustrate Arab costume and manners, (which he makes out to be the same as, or very similar to, those of old Biblical times,) than to illustrate his own power in the higher range of Art.

In the midst of painting all these, Horace Vernet has found time, which for him is the smallest requisite in painting, to produce an innumerable mass of pictures for private galleries, or at the command of various crowned heads; which, with many of those already mentioned, are well known all over Europe by engravings. "The Post of the Desert," "The Prayer in the Desert," "The Lion Hunt in the

Desert," "Council of Arabs," "Episode of the Pest of Barcelona," "The Breach of Constantine," "Mazzeppa," and a host of others, together with landscapes, portraits, &c., have served both to multiply his works in the galleries of every country in Europe, and to make him one of the most popular of living artists.

THE COLOSSEUM.

The Colosseum, or Coliseum, was commenced by Vespasian, and completed by Titus, (A. D. 79.) This enormous building occupied only three years in its erection. Cassiodorus affirms that this magnificent monument of folly cost as much as would have been required to build a capital city. We have the means of distinctly ascertaining its dimensions and its accommodations from the great mass of wall that still remains entire; and although the very clamps of iron and brass that held together the ponderous stones of this wonderful edifice were removed by Gothic plunderers, and succeeding generations have resorted to it as to a quarry for their temples and their palaces—yet the "enormous skeleton" still stands to show what prodigious works may be raised by the skill and perseverance of man, and how vain are the mightiest displays of his physical power when compared with those intellectual efforts which have extended the empire of virtue and of science.

The Colosseum, which is of an oval form, occupies the space of nearly six acres. It may

justly be said to have been the most imposing building, from its apparent magnitude, in the world; the Pyramids of Egypt can only be compared with it in the extent of their plan, as they each cover nearly the same surface. The greatest length, or major axis, is 620 feet; the greatest breadth, or minor axis, is 513 feet. The outer wall is 157 feet high in its whole extent. The exterior wall is divided into four stories, each ornamented with one of the orders of architecture. The cornice of the upper story is perforated for the purpose of inserting wooden masts, which passed also through the architrave and frieze, and descended to a row of corbels immediately above the upper range of windows, on which are holes to receive the masts. These masts were for the purpose of attaching cords to, for sustaining the awning which defended the spectators from the sun or rain. Two corridors ran all round the building, leading to staircases which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, occupied so much of the space that the clear opening of the present inner wall next the arena is only 287 feet by 180 feet. Immediately above and around the arena was the podium, elevated about twelve or fifteen feet, on which were seated the emperor, senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and other distinguished personages in that city of distinctions. From the podium to the top of the second story were seats of marble for

the equestrian order; above the second story the seats appear to have been constructed of wood. In these various seats eighty thousand spectators might be arranged according to their respective ranks; and indeed it appears from inscriptions, as well as from expressions in Roman writers, that many of the places in this immense theatre were assigned to particular individuals, and that each might find his seat without confusion. On extraordinary occasions, 110,000 persons could crowd into it.

Gibbon has given a splendid description, in his twelfth book, of the exhibitions in the Colosseum; but he acknowledges his obligations to Montaigne, who, says the historian, "gives a very just and lively view of Roman magnificence in these spectacles." Our readers will, we doubt not, be gratified by the quaint but most appropriate sketch of the old philosopher of France:—

"It was doubtless a fine thing to bring and plant within the theatre a great number of vast trees, with all their branches in their full verdure, representing a great shady forest, disposed in excellent order, and the first day to throw into it a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, a thousand boars, and a thousand fallow deer, to be killed and disposed of by the people: the next day to cause an hundred great lions, an hundred leopards and three hundred bears to be killed in his presence: and for the third day, to make three hundred pair of fencers to fight it out to the last,—as the Emperor

Probus did. It was also very fine to see those vast amphitheatres, all faced with marble without, curiously wrought with figures and statues, and the inside sparkling with rare decorations and enrichments; all the sides of this vast space filled and environed from the bottom to the top, with three or four score ranks of seats, all of marble also, and covered with cushions, where an hundred thousand men might sit placed at their ease; and the place below, where the plays were played, to make it by art first open and cleave into chinks, representing caves that vomited out the beasts designed for the spectacle; and then secondly, to be overflowed with a profound sea, full of sea-monsters, and loaded with ships of war, to represent a naval battle: and thirdly, to make it dry and even again for the combats of the gladiators; and for the fourth scene, to have it strewed with vermilion and storax, instead of sand, there to make a solemn feast for all that infinite number of people—the last act of only one day.

“ Sometimes they have made a high mountain advance itself, full of fruit-trees and other flourishing sorts of woods, sending down rivulets of water from the top, as from the mouth of a fountain: other whiles, a great ship was seen to come rolling in, which opened and divided itself; and after having disgorged from the hold four or five hundred beasts for fight, closed again, and vanished without help. At other times, from the floor of this place, they made spouts of perfumed water dart their streams

upward, and so high as to besprinkle all that infinite multitude. To defend themselves from the injuries of the weather, they had that vast place one while covered over with purple curtains of needle-work, and by-and-by with silk of another color, which they could draw off or on in a moment, as they had a mind. The net-work also that was set before the people to defend them from the violence of these turned-out beasts, was also woven of gold."

"If there be anything excusable in such excesses as these," continues Montaigne, "it is where the novelty and invention creates more wonder than expense." Fortunately for the real enjoyments of mankind, even under the sway of a Roman despot, "the novelty and invention" had very narrow limits when applied to matters so utterly unworthy and unintellectual as the cruel sports of the amphitheatre. Probus indeed, transplanted trees to the arena, so that it had the appearance of a verdant grove; and Severus introduced four hundred ferocious animals in one ship sailing in the little lake which the arena formed. But on ordinary occasions, profusion,—tasteless, haughty, and uninventive profusion,—the gorgeousness of brute power, the pomp of satiated luxury—these constituted the only claim to the popular admiration. If Titus exhibited five thousand wild beasts at the dedication of the amphitheatre, Trajan bestowed ten thousand on the people at the conclusion of the Dacian war. If the younger Gordian collected together bears, elks, ze-

bras, ostriches, boars, and wild horses, he was an imitator only of the spectacles of Carus, in which the rarity of the animals was as much considered as their fierceness.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS.

“For very many centuries, the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, and its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language; the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writings of a former people; whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enrol the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns; but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the 19th century, the key of these locked up treasures has been found; and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out; and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered, but the meagre contents still leave us in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The

cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets, have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the Scriptures and other ancient writings. Of all the works, in which the progress and results of these discoveries have been made known, not one has been reproduced or made generally accessible in this country. The scholar who would become acquainted with them, and make them his own, must still have recourse to the Old World.

“The work of Mr. Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have not to do, with the hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disentombing of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city ‘of three days’ journey,’ that was ‘laid waste, and there was none to bemoan her,’ whose greatness sank when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again to testify to her own splendor, and to the civilization, and power, and magnificence of the Assyrian Empire. This may be said, thus far, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century. But the century as yet, is only half elapsed.

“Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before

Christ; less than 150 years after Rome was founded Her latest monuments, therefore, date back not less than five-and-twenty centuries; while the foundation of her earliest is lost in an unknown antiquity. When the ten thousand Greeks marched over this plain in their celebrated retreat, (404 B. C.) they found in one part, a ruined city called Larissa; and in connection with it, Xenophon, their leader and historian, describes what is now the pyramid of Nimroud. But he heard not the name of Nineveh; it was already forgotten in its site; though it appears again in the later Greek and Roman writers. Even at that time, the widely extended walls and ramparts of Nineveh had perished, and mounds, covering magnificent palaces, alone remained at the extremities of the ancient city, or in its vicinity, much as at the present day.

“Of the site of Nineveh, there is scarcely a further mention, beyond the brief notices by Benjamin of Tudela and Abulfeda, until Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds nearly a century ago. In 1820, Mr. Rich visited the spot; he obtained a few square sun-dried bricks with inscriptions, and some other slight remains; and we can all remember the profound impression made upon the public mind, even by these cursory memorials of Nineveh and Babylon.”

DESCRIPTION OF A PALACE EXHUMED AT NIMROUD

“During the winter, Mr. Longworth, and two other English travelers, visited me at Nimroud. As they were the only Europeans, (except Mr. Ross) who saw the palace when uncovered, it may be interesting to the reader to learn the impression which the ruins were calculated to make upon those who beheld them for the first time, and to whom the scene was consequently new. Mr. Longworth, in a letter, thus graphically describes his visit:—

“I took the opportunity, whilst at Mosul, of visiting the excavations of Nimroud. But before I attempt to give a short account of them, I may as well say a few words as to the general impression which these wonderful remains made upon me, on my first visit to them. I should begin by stating, that they are all under ground. To get at them, Mr. Layard has excavated the earth to the depth of twelve to fifteen feet, where he has come to a building composed of slabs of marble. In this place, which forms the northwest angle of the mound, he has fallen upon the interior of a large palace, consisting of a labyrinth of halls, chambers, and galleries, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in the cuneiform character, all in excellent preservation. The upper part of the walls, which was of brick, painted with flowers, &c., in the brightest colors, and the roofs, which were of wood, have fallen; but fragments of them are strewed

about in every direction. The time of day when I first descended into these chambers happened to be towards evening; the shades of which, no doubt, added to the awe and mystery of the surrounding objects. It was of course with no little excitement that I suddenly found myself in the magnificent abode of the old Assyrian Kings; where, moreover, it needed not the slightest effort of imagination to conjure up visions of their long departed power and greatness. The walls themselves were covered with phantoms of the past; in the words of Byron, 'Three thousand years their cloudy wings expand,' unfolding to view a vivid representation of those who conquered and possessed so large a portion of the earth we now inhabit. There they were, in the Oriental pomp of richly embroidered robes, and quaintly-artificial coiffure. There also were portrayed their deeds in peace and war, their audiences, battles, sieges, lion-hunts, &c. My mind was overpowered by the contemplation of so many strange objects; and some of them, the portly forms of kings and vizirs, were so life-like, and carved in such fine relief, that they might almost be imagined to be stepping from the walls to question the rash intruder on their privacy. Then mingled with them were other monstrous shapes—the old Assyrian deities, with human bodies, long drooping wings, and the heads and beaks of eagles; or, still faithfully guarding the portals of the deserted halls, the colossal forms of winged lions and bulls, with gigantic human faces.

All these figures, the idols of a religion long since dead and buried like themselves, seemed in the twilight to be actually raising their desecrated heads from the sleep of centuries; certainly the feeling of awe which they inspired me with, must have been something akin to that experienced by their heathen votaries of old.'—*Layard's Nineveh and its Remains*, vol. i. p. 298.

“The interior of the Assyrian palace must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time into the abode of the Assyrian Kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colors. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in colored borders, of elaborate and elegant design

The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals were conspicuous among the ornaments.

“ At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colors. The stranger trod upon the alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great King.— Several door-ways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

“ The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest

woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal figures which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in varied colors, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

“These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.”—*Layard's Nineveh and its Remains*, vol. ii. p 262.

ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF THE ARCH.

The origin of the Arch is very uncertain. It was unknown to the Egyptians, for their chambers were roofed with long flat stones, and sometimes the upper layers of stones form projections, so as to diminish the roof surface. It is also supposed that it was

unknown to the Greeks, when they constructed their most beautiful temples, in the 5th, 4th, and 3d centuries B. C., as no structure answering to the true character of the Arch has been found in any of these works. Minutoli has given specimens of arches at Thebes; circular, and formed of four courses of bricks, and it is maintained that these belonged to a very ancient period, long before the Greek occupancy of that country. The Macedonians were a civilized people long before the rest of the Greeks, and were, in fact, their instructors; but the Greeks afterwards so far excelled them that they regarded them as barbarians. Some say that Etruria was the true birth-place of the Arch; it was doubtless from them that the Romans learned its use. Tarquinius Priscus conquered the Etrurians, and he it was who first introduced and employed the Arch in the construction of the cloacæ, or sewers of Rome. The *cloaca maxima*, or principal branch, received numerous other branches between the Capitoline, Palatine, and Quirinal hills. It is formed of three consecutive rows of large stones piled above each other without cement, and has stood nearly 2,500 years, surviving without injury the earthquakes and other convulsions that have thrown down temples, palaces, and churches of the superincumbent city. From the time of Tarquin, the Arch was in general use among the Romans in the construction of aqueducts, public edifices, bridges, &c. The Chinese understood the use of the Arch in the most remote

times, and in such perfection as to enable them to bridge large streams with a single span. Mr. Layard has shown that the Ninevites knew its use at least 3000 years ago; he not only discovered a vaulted chamber, but that "arched gate-ways are continually represented in the bas-reliefs." Diodorus Siculus relates that the tunnel from the Euphrates at Babylon, ascribed to Semiramis, was vaulted. There are vaults under the site of the temple at Jerusalem, which are generally considered as ancient as that edifice, but some think them to have been of more recent construction, as they suppose the Jews were ignorant of the Arch; but it is evident that it was well known in the neighboring countries before the Jewish exile, and at least seven or eight centuries before the time of Herod. It seems highly probable, that the Arch was discovered by several nations in very remote times.

ANTIQUITIES OF HERCULANEUM, POMPEII, AND STABIAE.

The city of Herculaneum, distant about 11,000 paces from Naples, was so completely buried by a stream of lava and a shower of ashes from the first known eruption of Vesuvius, during the reign of Titus, A. D. 79, that its site was unknown for many ages. The neighboring city of Pompeii, on the river Sarno, one of the most populous and flourishing towns on the coast, as well as Stabiae, Oplontia, and Teglunum, experienced the same fate. Earlier

excavations had already been forgotten, when three female figures, (now in the Dresden Gallery) were discovered while some workmen were digging a well for Prince Elbeuf at Portici, a village situated on the site of ancient Herculaneum. In 1738 the well was dug deeper, and the theatre of Herculaneum was first discovered. In 1750, Pompeii and Stabiae were explored; the former place being covered with ashes rather than lava, was more easily examined. Here was discovered the extensive remains of an amphitheatre. In the cellar of a villa twenty-seven female skeletons were found with ornaments for the neck and arms; lying around, near the lower door of another villa, two skeletons were found, one of which held a key in one hand, and in the other a bag of coins and some cameos, and near them were several beautiful silver and bronze vessels. It is probable, however, that most of the inhabitants of this city had time to save themselves by flight, as comparatively few bodies have been found. The excavations since the discovery, have been continued by the government, up to the present time, with more or less interruptions. For the antiquary and the archæologist, antiquity seems here to revive and awaken the sensations which Schiller has so beautifully described in his poem of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The ancient streets and buildings are again thrown open, and in them we see, as it were, the domestic life of the ancient Romans. We had never before such an opportu

nity of becoming acquainted with the disposition of their houses, and of their utensils. Whole streets, with magnificent temples, theatres, and private mansions, have been disintombed. Multitudes of statues, bas-reliefs, and other sculptures have been found in these buried cities; also many fresco paintings, the most remarkable of which are Andromeda and Perseus, Diana and Endymion, the Education of Bacchus, the Battle of Platea; &c. In one splendid mansion were discovered several pictures, representing Polyphemus and Galatea, Hercules and the three Hesperides, Cupid and a Bacchante, Mercury and Io, Perseus killing Medusa, and other subjects. There were also in the store rooms of the same house, evidently belonging to a very rich family, an abundance of provisions, laid in for the winter, consisting of dates, figs, prunes, various kinds of nuts, hams, pies, corn, oil, peas, lentils, &c. There were also in the same house, vases, articles of glass, bronze, and terra-cotta, several medallions in silver, on one of which was represented in relief, Apollo and Diana. A great treasure of ancient books or manuscripts, consisting of papyrus rolls, has also been discovered, which has excited the greatest curiosity of the learned, in the hope of regaining some of the lost works of ancient writers; but though some valuable literary remains of Grecian and Roman antiquity have been more or less completely restored, the greater part remain yet untouched, no effectual means having been discovered

by which the manuscripts could be unrolled and deciphered, owing to their charred and decomposed state.

The following vivid sketch of the present appearance of these devoted cities, is from the pen of an American traveler:—

“In the grounds of the Royal Palace at Portici, which are extensive, there is a small fortress, with its angles, its bastions, counter-scarps, and all the geometrical technicalities of Vauban, in miniature. It was erected by Charles III., for the instruction, or perhaps more correctly speaking, the amusement of his sons. The garden on the front of the palace next to the bay, is enchanting. Here, amidst statues, refreshing fountains, and the most luxurious foliage, the vine, the orange, the fig, in short, surrounded by all the poetry of life, one may while ‘the sultry hours away,’ till the senses, yielding to the voluptuous charm, unfit one for the sober realities of a busy world.

“The towns of Portici and Resinia; which are in fact united, are very populous. The shops, at the season of my visit, Christmas, particularly those where eatables were sold, exhibited a very gay appearance; and gilt hams, gilt cheese, festoons of gilt sausages, intermixed with evergreens, and fringes of maccaroni, illuminated Virgin Marys, and gingerbread Holy Families, divided the attention of the stranger, with the motley crowds in all the gay vari-

ety of Neapolitan costume. At the depth of seventy or eighty feet beneath these crowded haunts of busy men, lies buried, in a solid mass of hard volcanic matter, the once splendid city of Herculaneum, which was overthrown in the first century of the Christian era, by a terrible eruption of Vesuvius. It was discovered about the commencement of the last century, by the digging of a well immediately over the theatre. For many years the excavations were carried on with spirit; and the forum, theatres, porticos, and splendid mansions, were successively exposed, and a great number of the finest bronzes, marble statues, busts, &c., which now delight the visiter to the Museum at Naples, were among the fruits of these labors. Unfortunately, the parts excavated, upon the removal of the objects of art discovered, were immediately filled up in lieu of pillars, or supports to the superincumbent mass being erected. As the work of disentanglement had long since ceased, nothing remained to be seen but part of the theatre, the descent to which is by a staircase made for the purpose. By the light of a torch, carried by the *custode*, I saw the orchestra, proscenium, consular seats, as well as part of the corridors, all stripped, however, of the marbles and paintings which once adorned them. I was shewn the spot where the celebrated manuscripts were found. The reflection that this theatre had held its ten thousand spectators, and that it

then lay, with the city of which it was an ornament, so horribly engulfed, gave rise to feelings in awful contrast to those excited by the elysium of Portici almost immediately above. About seven miles further along the base of the mountain, lies the long lost city of Pompeii. The road passes through, or rather over Torre del Greco, a town almost totally destroyed by the eruption in 1794. The whole surface of the country for some distance is laid waste by the river of lava, which flowed in a stream or body, of twenty feet in depth, destroyed in its course vineyards, cottages, and everything combustible, consumed and nearly overwhelmed the town, and at last poured into the sea, where as it cooled, it formed a rugged termination or promontory of considerable height. The surface of this mass presented a rocky and sterile aspect, strongly opposed to the exuberance of vegetation in the more fortunate neighborhood. Passing through Torre del Annunziata, a populous village, the street of which was literally lined with maccaroni hanging to dry, I soon reached Pompeii. Between these last mentioned places, I noticed at the corner of a road a few dwellings, upon the principal of which, an Inn, was inscribed in formidable looking letters, GIOACHINOPOLI. Puzzled at the moment, I inquired what this great word related to, when lo, I was told that I was now in the city of Gioachinopoli, so called in compliment to the reigning sovereign. Gioachino Murat, the termina-

tion being added in imitation of the emperor Constantine, who gave his name to the ancient Byzantium!

“ Although suffering a similar fate with the sister city Herculaneum, the manner of the destruction of Pompeii was essentially different, for while the former lies imbedded at a great depth in solid matter, like mortar or cement, the latter is merely covered with a stratum of volcanic ashes, the surface of which being partly decomposed by the atmosphere, affords a rich soil for the extensive vineyards which are spread over its surface. No scene on earth can vie in melancholy interest with that presented to the spectator on entering the streets of the disinterred city of Pompeii. On passing through a wooden enclosure, I suddenly found myself in a long and handsome street, bordered by rows of tombs, of various dimensions and designs, from the simple cippus or altar, bearing the touching appeal of *siste viator*, stop traveler, to the Patrician mausoleum with its long inscription. Many of these latter yet contain the urns in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. Several large semicircular stone seats mark where the ancient Pompeians had their evening chat, and no doubt debated upon the politics of the day. Approaching the massive walls, which are about thirty feet high and very thick, and entering by a handsome stone arch, called the Herculaneum gate, from the road leading to that city, I beheld a vista of houses or shops, and except that they were roof-

less, just as if they had been occupied but yesterday, although near eighteen centuries have passed away since the awful calamity which sealed the fate of their inhabitants. The facilities for excavation being great, both on account of the lightness of the material and the little depth of the mass, much of the city has been exposed to view. Street succeeds street in various directions, and porticos, theatres, temples, magazines, shops, and private mansions, all remain to attest the mixture of elegance and meanness of Pompeii; and we can, from an inspection, not only form a most correct idea of the customs and tastes of the ancient inhabitants, but are thereby the better enabled to judge of those of cotemporary cities, and learn to qualify the accounts of many of the ancient writers themselves.

“Pompeii is so perfectly unique in its kind, that I flatter myself a rather minute description of the state in which I saw it, will not be uninteresting. The streets, with the exception of the principal one, which is about thirty-three feet wide, are very narrow. They are paved with blocks of lava, and have raised side-walks for pedestrians, things very rare in modern Europe. At the corners of the streets are fountains, and also stepping-stones for crossing. The furrows worn by the carriage wheels are strongly marked, and are not more than forty-four inches apart, thus giving us the width of their vehicles.

“The houses in general are built with small red bricks, or with volcanic matter from Vesuvius, and

are only one or two stories high. The marble counters remain in many of the stores, and the numbers, names of the occupiers, and their occupations, still appear in red letters on the outside. The names of Julius, Marius, Lucius, and many others, only familiar to us through the medium of our classic studies, and fraught with heroic ideas, we here see associated with the retailing of oil, olives, bread, apothecaries' wares, and nearly all the various articles usually found in the trading part of Italian cities even at the present day. All the trades, followed in these various edifices, were likewise distinctly marked by the utensils found in them; but the greater part of these, as discovered, were removed for their better preservation to the great Museum at Naples; a measure perhaps indispensable, but which detracts in some degree from the local interest. We see, however, in the magazine of the oil merchant, his jars in perfect order, in the bakehouse are the hand mills in their original places, and of a description which exactly tallies with those alluded to in holy writ; the ovens scarcely want repairs; where a sculptor worked, there we find his marbles and his productions, in various states of forwardness, just as he left them.

“The mansions of the higher classes are planned to suit the delicious climate in which they are situated, and are finished with great taste. They generally have an open court in the centre, in which is a fountain. The floors are of mosaic. The walls and

ceilings are beautifully painted or stuccoed and statues, tripods, and other works of art, embellished the galleries and apartments. The kitchens do not appear to have been neglected by the artists who decorated the buildings, and although the painting is of a coarser description than in other parts of the edifices, the designs are in perfect keeping with the plan. Trussed fowls, hams, festoons of sausages, together with the representations of some of the more common culinary utensils, among which I noticed the gridiron, still adorn the walls. In some of the cellars skeletons were found, supposed to be those of the inmates who had taken refuge from the shower of ashes, and had there found their graves, while the bulk of their fellow citizens escaped. In one vault, the remains of sixteen human beings were discovered, and from the circumstance of some valuable rings and a quantity of money being found with the bones, it is concluded that the master of the house was among the sufferers. In this vault or cellar I saw a number of earthen jars called Amphoræ, placed against the wall. These which once held the purple juice, perhaps the produce of favorite vintages, were now filled to the brim with ashes. Many of the public edifices are large, and have been magnificent. The amphitheatre, which is oval, upon the plan of that at Verona would contain above ten thousand spectators. This majestic edifice was disintombed by the French, whose taste and activity, during their rule in Italy

particularly in the district of Naples, every lover of the arts stands indebted. I had the good fortune to be present at the clearing of a part of the arena of this colossal erection, and witnessed the disclosure of paintings which had not seen the light for above seventeen hundred years. They were executed in what is termed *fresco*, a process of coloring on wet plaster, but which, after it becomes hard, almost defies the effects of time. The subjects of those I allude to were nymphs, and the coloring of the draperies, in some instances, was as fresh as if just applied.

“Not far distant from the amphitheatre are two semicircular theatres, one of which is supposed to have been appropriated to tragedy and the other to comedy. The first mentioned is large, and built of stone, or a substance called *tufa*, covered with marble. It had no roof. The Proscenium and Orchestra remain. The stage, or rather the place where it was, is of considerable width, but so very shallow that stage effect, as regards scenery, could not have been much studied, nor indeed did the dramas of the ancients require it. The comic theatre is small, and nearly perfect. It appears to have had a roof or covering. These two theatres are close together. Of the public edifices discovered, the Temple of Isis is one of the most interesting. It is of brick, but coated with a hard and polished stucco. The altars for sacrifice remain unmolested. A hollow pedestal or altar yet exists, from which oracles were or ce de

livered to the credulous multitude, and we behold the secret stairs by which the priests descended to perform the office. In the chamber of this Temple, which may have been a refectory, were found some of the remains of eatables, which are now in the museum. I recollect noticing egg-shells, bread, with the maker's name or initials stamped thereon, bones, corn, and other articles, all burnt black, but perfect in form. The Temple of Hercules, as it is denominated, is a ruin, not one of its massive fragments being left upon another. It was of the Doric order of architecture, and is known to have suffered severely by an earthquake some years before the fatal eruption. Not far from this temple is an extensive court or forum, where the soldiers appear to have had their quarters. In what has evidently been a prison, is an iron frame, like the modern implements of punishment, the stocks, and in this frame the skeletons of some unfortunate culprits were found. On the walls of what are called the soldiers' quarters, from the helmets, shields, and pieces of armor which have been found there, are scrawled names and rude devices, just as we find on the walls of the buildings appropriated to the same purpose in the present day. At this point of the city, travelers who have entered at the other, usually make their exit. The scene possessed far too great an interest, however, in my eyes, to be hastily passed over, and on more than one visit, I lingered among the deserted thresholds, until the moon had thrown her

chaste light upon this city of the dead. The feelings excited by a perambulation of Pompeii, especially at such an hour, are beyond the power of my pen to describe. To behold her streets once thronged with the busy crowd, to tread the forum where sages met and discoursed, to enter the theatres once filled with delighted thousands, and the temples whence incense arose, to visit the mansions of the opulent which had resounded with the shouts of revelry, and the humbler dwellings of the artisan, where he had plied his noisy trade, in the language of an elegant writer and philosopher, to behold all these, now tenantless, and silent as the grave, elevates the heart with a series of sublime meditations."

ANCIENT FRESCO AND MOSAIC PAINTING.

The ancients well understood the arts of painting both in fresco and mosaic, as is evinced by the discoveries made at Rome, but more especially at Pompeii. The most remarkable pictures discovered at Pompeii have been sawed from the walls, and deposited in the Royal Museums at Naples and Portici, for their preservation. Not only mosaic floors and pavements are numerous in the mansions of the wealthy at Pompeii, but some walls are decorated with pictures in mosaic.

MOSAIC OF THE BATTLE OF PLATÆA.

A grand mosaic, representing as some say the Battle of Platæa, and others, with more probability

one of the victories of Alexander, is now in the Academy at Naples. It was discovered at Pompeii, and covered the whole side of the apartment where it was found. This great work is the admiration of connoisseurs and the learned, not only for its antiquity, but for the beauty of its execution. The most probable supposition is, that it is a copy of the celebrated Victory of Arbela, painted by Philoxenes, and described by Pliny as one of the most remarkable works of antiquity, with whose description the mosaic accords.

THE ALDOBRANDINI WEDDING.

This famous antique fresco was discovered in the time of Clement VIII., not far from the church of S. Maria Maggiore, in the place where were the gardens of Mæcenas. It was carried from thence into the villa of the princely house of the Aldobrandini; hence its name. It is very beautifully executed, and evidently intended to represent or celebrate a wedding. Winckelmann supposes it to be the wedding of Peleus and Thetis; the Count Bondi that of Manlius and Julia.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

The most celebrated antique vase is that which during more than two centuries, was the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace, and which is now known as the Portland Vase. It was found about the middle of the 16th century, enclosed in a mar

ble sarcophagus within a sepulchral chamber under Monte del Grano, two miles and a half from Rome, supposed to have been the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died in the year 235. It is ornamented with white opaque figures in bas-relief, upon a dark blue transparent ground; the subject of which has not hitherto received a satisfactory elucidation, though it is supposed to represent the Eleusinian Mysteries; but the design, and more particularly the execution, are truly admirable. The whole of the blue ground, or at least the part below the handles, must have been originally covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been sculptured in the style of a cameo, with most astonishing skill and labor. This beautiful Vase is sufficient to prove that the manufacture of glass was carried to a state of high perfection by the ancients. It was purchased by the Duchess of Portland for 1000 guineas, and presented to the British Museum in 1810.

The subterranean ruins of Herculaneum afforded many specimens of the glass manufacture of the ancients: a great variety of phials and bottles were found, and these were chiefly of an elongate shape, composed of glass of unequal thickness, of a green color, and much heavier than common glass; of these the four large cinerary urns in the British Museum are very fine specimens. They are of an elegant round figure, with covers, and two double handles, the formation of which must convince persons capable

of appreciating the difficulties which even the modern glass-maker would have in executing similar handles, that the ancients were well acquainted with the art of making round glass vessels; although their knowledge appears to have been extremely limited as respects the manufacture of square vessels, and more particularly of oval, octagonal, or pentagonal forms. Among a great number of lachrymatories and various other vessels in the British Museum, there is a small square bottle with a handle, the rudeness of which sufficiently bears out this opinion.

ANCIENT PICTURES OF GLASS.

A most singular art of forming pictures with colored glass seems to have been practiced by the ancients, which consisted in laying together fibres of glass of various colors, fitted to each other with the utmost exactness, so that a section across the fibres represented the object to be painted, and then cementing them into a homogeneous mass. In some specimens of this art which were discovered about the middle of the 18th century, the painting has on both sides a granular appearance, and seems to have been formed in the manner of mosaic work; but the pieces are so accurately united, that not even with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass can the junctures be discovered. One plate, described by Winckelmann, exhibits a Duck of various colors, the outlines of which are sharp and well-defined, the

colors pure and vivid, and a brilliant effect is obtained by the artist having employed in some parts an opaque, and in others a transparent glass. The picture seems to be continued throughout the whole thickness of the specimen, as the reverse corresponds in the minutest points to the face; so that, were it to be cut transversely, the same picture of the Duck would be exhibited in every section. It is conjectured that this curious process was the first attempt of the ancients to preserve colors by fusing them into the internal part of glass, which was, however, but partially done, as the surfaces have not been preserved from the action of the atmosphere.

HENRY FUSELI—HIS BIRTH.

This eminent historical painter, and very extraordinary man, was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, in 1741, according to all accounts save his own; but he himself placed it in 1745, without adding the day or month. He always spoke of his age with reluctance. Once, when pressed about it, he peevishly exclaimed, "How should I know? I was born in February or March—it was some cursed cold month, as you may guess from my diminutive stature and crabbed disposition." He was the son of the painter, John Caspar Fuessli, and the second of eighteen children.

FUSELI'S EARLY LOVE OF ART.

During his school-boy days, as soon as released

from his class, he was accustomed to withdraw to a secret place to enjoy unmolested the works of Michael Angelo, of whose prints his father had a fine collection. He loved when he grew old to talk of those days of his youth, of the enthusiasm with which he surveyed the works of his favorite masters, and the secret pleasure which he took in acquiring forbidden knowledge. With candles which he stole from the kitchen, and pencils which his pocket-money was hoarded to procure, he pursued his studies till late at night, and made many copies from Michael Angelo and Raffaele, by which he became familiar thus early with the style and ruling character of the two greatest masters of the art.

FUSELI'S LITERARY AND POETICAL TASTE.

He early manifested strong powers of mind, and with a two-fold taste for literature and art, he was placed in Humanity College at Zurich, of which two distinguished men, Bodmer and Breitenger, were professors. Here he became the bosom companion of that amiable enthusiast, Lavater, studied English, and conceived such a love for the works of Shakspeare, that he translated Macbeth into German. The writings of Wieland and Klopstock influenced his youthful fancy, and from Shakspeare he extended his affection to the chief masters in English literature. His love of poetry was natural, not affected—he practiced at an early age the art which he admired through life, and

some of his first attempts at composition were pieces in his native language, which made his name known in Zurich.

FUSELI, LAVATER, AND THE UNJUST MAGISTRATE.

In conjunction with his friend Lavater, Fuseli composed a pamphlet against a ruler in one of the bailiwicks, who had abused his powers, and perhaps personally insulted the two friends. The peasantry, it seems, conceiving themselves oppressed by their superior, complained and petitioned; the petitions were read by young Fuseli and his companion, who, stung with indignation at the tale of tyranny disclosed, expressed their feelings in a satire, which made a great stir in the city. Threats were publicly used against the authors, who were guessed at, but not known; upon which they distributed placards in every direction, offering to prove before a tribunal the accusations they had made. Nay, Fuseli actually appeared before the magistrates—named the offender boldly—arraigned him with great vehemence and eloquence, and was applauded by all and answered by none. Pamphlets and accusations were probably uncommon things in Zurich; in some other countries they would have dropped from the author's hands harmless or unheeded; but the united labors of Fuseli and Lavater drove the unjust magistrate into exile, and procured remuneration to those who had suffered.

FUSELI'S TRAVELS, AND HIS LITERARY DISTINCTION.

Fuseli early gained a reputation for scholarship poetry, and painting. He possessed such extraordinary powers of memory, that when he read a book once, he thoroughly comprehended its contents; and he not only wrote in Latin and Greek, but spoke them with the fluency of his native tongue. He acquired such a perfect knowledge of the several modern languages of Europe, especially of the English, French, and Italian, that it was indifferent to him which he spoke or wrote, except that when he wished to express himself with most power, he said he preferred the German. After having obtained the degree of Master of Arts from the college at Zurich, Fuseli bade farewell to his father's house, and traveled in company with Lavater to Berlin, where he placed himself under the care of Sulzer, author of the "Lexicon of the Fine Arts." His talents and learning obtained him the friendship of several distinguished men, and his acquaintance with English poetry induced Professor Sulzer to select him as one well qualified for opening a communication between the literature of Germany and that of England. Sir Andrew Mitchell, British ambassador at the Prussian court, was consulted; and pleased with his lively genius, and his translations and drawings from Macbeth and Lear, he received Fuseli with much kindness, and advised him to visit Britain. Lavater, who till now had

continued his companion, presented him at parting with a card, on which he had inscribed in German, "Do but the tenth part of what you can do." "Hang that up in your bed-head," said the physiognomist, "obey it—and fame and fortune will be the result."

FUSELI'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Fuseli arrived in the capital of the British Empire early one morning, before the people were stirring. "When I stood in London," said he, "and considered that I did not know one soul in all this vast metropolis, I became suddenly impressed with a sense of forlornness, and burst into a flood of tears. An incident restored me. I had written a long letter to my father, giving him an account of my voyage, and expressing my filial affection—now not weakened by distance—and with this letter in my hand, I inquired of a rude fellow whom I met, the way to the Post Office. My foreign accent provoked him to laughter, and as I stood cursing him in good Shaksperian English, a gentleman kindly directed me to the object of my inquiry."

FUSELI'S CHANGE FROM LITERATURE TO PAINTING

Fuseli's wit, learning, and talents gained him early admission to the company of wealthy and distinguished men. He devoted himself for a considerable time after his arrival in London to the daily toils of literature—translations, essays, and critiques

Among other works, he translated Winckelmann's book on Painting and Sculpture. One day Bonnycastle said to him, after dinner,

"Fuseli, you can write well,—why don't you write something?"

"Something!" exclaimed the other; "you always cry write—Fuseli write!—blastation! what shall I write?"

"Write," said Armstrong, who was present, "write on the Voltaire and Rousseau *Row—there* is a subject!"

He said nothing, but went home and began to write. His enthusiastic temper spurred him on, so that he composed his essay with uncommon rapidity. He printed it forthwith; but the whole edition caught fire and was consumed! "It had," says one of his friends, "a short life and a bright ending."

While busied with his translations and other literary labors, he had not forgotten his early attachment to Art. He found his way to the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and submitted several of his drawings to the President's examination, who looked at them for some time, and then said, "How long have you studied in Italy?" "I never studied in Italy—I studied at Zurich—I am a native of Switzerland—do you think I should study in Italy?—and, above all, is it worth while?" "Young man," said Reynolds, "were I the author of these drawings, and were offered ten thousand a year *not to*

practice as an artist, I would reject the proposal with contempt." This very favorable opinion from one who considered all he said, and was so remarkable for accuracy of judgment, decided the destiny of Fuseli; he forsook for ever the hard and thankless *trade* of literature—refused a living in the church from some patron who had been struck with his talents—and addressed himself to painting with heart and hand.

FUSELI'S SOJOURN IN ITALY.

No sooner had Fuseli formed the resolution of devoting his talents to painting, in 1770, than he determined to visit Rome. He resided in Italy eight years, and studied with great assiduity the pictures in the numerous galleries, particularly the productions of Michael Angelo, whose fine and bold imagination, and the lofty grandeur of his works, were most congenial to his taste. It was a story which he loved to tell in after life, how he lay on his back day after day, and week after week, with upturned and wondering eyes, musing on the splendid ceiling of the Sistine chapel—on the unattainable grandeur of the great Florentine. During his residence abroad; he made notes and criticisms on everything he met with that was excellent, much of which he subsequently embodied in his lectures before the Royal Academy. His talents, acquirements, and his great conversational powers made his society courted; and he formed some valuable acquaint-

ances at Rome, particularly among the English nobility and gentry, who flocked there for amusement, and who heralded his fame at home. He also sent some of his choice drawings, illustrating Shakspeare and Milton, to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. In 1778, he left Italy and returned to England, passing through Switzerland and his native city.

FUSELI'S "NIGHTMARE."

Soon after his return to England, Fuseli painted his "Nightmare," which was exhibited in 1782. It was unquestionably the work of an original mind. "The extraordinary and peculiar genius which it displayed," says one of his biographers, "was universally felt, and perhaps no single picture ever made a greater impression in this country. A very fine mezzotinto engraving of it was scraped by Raphael Smith, and so popular did the print become, that, although Mr. Fuseli received only twenty guineas for the picture, the publisher made five hundred by his speculation." This was a subject suitable to the unbridled fancy of the painter, and perhaps to no other imagination has the Fiend which murders our sleep ever appeared in a more poetical shape

FUSELI'S "ŒDIPUS AND HIS DAUGHTERS."

This picture was a work of far higher order than his "Nightmare," although the latter caught the

public fancy most. It is distinguished by singular power, full of feeling and terror. The desolate old man is seated on the ground, and his whole frame seems inspired with a presentiment of the coming vengeance of heaven. His daughters are clasping him wildly, and the sky seems mustering the thunder and fire in which the tragic bard has made him disappear. "Pray, sir, what is that old man afraid of?" said some one to Fuseli, when the picture was exhibited. "Afraid, sir," exclaimed the painter, "why, afraid of going to hell!"

FUSELI AND THE SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

His rising fame, his poetic feeling, his great knowledge, and his greater confidence, now induced Fuseli to commence an undertaking worthy of the highest genius—the Shakspeare Gallery. An accidental conversation at the table of the nephew of Alderman Boydell, started, as it is said, the idea; and West, Romney, and Hayley shared with Fuseli in the honor. But to the mind of the latter, such a scheme had been long present; it dawned on his fancy in Rome, even as he lay on his back marveling in the Sistine, and he saw in imagination a long and shadowy succession of pictures. He figured to himself a magnificent temple, and filled it, as the illustrious artists of Italy did the Sistine, with pictures from his favorite poet. All was arranged according to character. In the panels and accessories

were the figures of the chief heroes and heroines—on the extensive walls were delineated the changes of many-colored life, the ludicrous and the sad—the pathetic and the humorous—domestic happiness and heroic aspirations—while the dome which crowned the whole exhibited scenes of higher emotion—the joys of heaven—the agonies of hell—all that was supernatural and all that was terrible. This splendid piece of imagination was cut down to working dimensions by the practiced hands of Boydell, who supported the scheme anxiously and effectually. On receiving £500 Reynolds entered, though with reluctance, into an undertaking which consumed time and required much thought; but Fuseli had no rich commissions in the way—his heart was with the subject—in his own fancy he had already commenced the work, and the enthusiastic alderman found a more enthusiastic painter, who made no preliminary stipulations, but prepared his palette and began.

FUSELI'S "HAMLET'S GHOST."

This wonderful work, engraved for Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery, is esteemed among the best of Fuseli's works. It is, indeed, strangely wild and superhuman—if ever a Spirit visited earth, it must have appeared to Fuseli. The "majesty of buried Denmark" is no vulgar ghost such as scares the belated rustic, but a sad and majestic shape with the port of a god; to imagine this, required poetry, and

in that our artist was never deficient. He had fine taste in matters of high import; he drew the boundary line between the terrible and the horrible, and he never passed it; the former he knew was allied to grandeur, the latter to deformity and disgust. An eminent metaphysician visited the gallery before the public exhibition; he saw the Hamlet's Ghost of Fuseli, and exclaimed, like Burns' rustic in Halloween, "Lord, preserve me!" He declared that it haunted him round the room.

FUSELI'S "TITANIA."

His Titania (also engraved in the Shakspeare Gallery), overflows with elvish fun and imaginative drollery. It professes to embody that portion of the first scene in the fourth act where the spell-blinded queen caresses Bottom the weaver, on whose shoulders Oberon's transforming wand has placed an ass' head. Titania, a gay and alluring being, attended by her troop of fairies, is endeavoring to seem as lovely as possible in the sight of her lover, who holds down his head and assumes the air of the most stupid of all creatures. One almost imagines that her ripe round lips are uttering the well-known words,—

"Come sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

The rout and revelry which the fancy of the painter has poured around this spell-bound pair, baffles all description. All is mirthful, tricky, and fantastic. Sprites of all looks and all hues—of all “dimensions, shapes, and mettles,”—the dwarfish elf and the elegant fay—Cobweb commissioned to kill a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle, that Bottom might have the honey-bag—Pease-Blossom, who had the less agreeable employment of scratching the weaver’s head—and that individual fairy who could find the hoard of the squirrel and carry away his nuts—with a score of equally merry companions are swarming everywhere and in full employment. Mustard-Seed, a fairy of dwarfish stature, stands on tiptoe in the hollow of Bottom’s hand, endeavoring to reach his nose—his fingers almost touch, he is within a quarter of an inch of scratching, but it is evident he can do no more, and his new master is too much of an ass to raise him up.

FUSELI’S ELECTION AS A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.

Fuseli was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1788, and early in 1790 became an Academician—honors won by talent without the slightest coöperation of intrigue. His election was nevertheless unpleasant to Reynolds, who desired to introduce Bonomi the architect. Fuseli, to soothe the President, waited on him beforehand, and said, “I wish to be elected an academician. I have been disappoint

and hitherto by the deceit of pretended friends—shall I offend you if I offer myself next election ?”
“ Oh, no,” said Sir Joshua with a kindly air, “ no offence to me ; but you cannot be elected this time—we must have an architect in.” “ Well, well,” said Fuseli, who could not conceive how an architect could be a greater acquisition to the Academy than himself—“ Well, well, you say that I shall not offend you by offering myself, so I must make a trial.” The trial was successful.

FUSELI AND HORACE WALPOLE.

Concerning his picture of Theodore and Honorio, Fuseli used to say, “ Look at it—it is connected with the first patrón I ever had.” He then proceeded to relate how Cipriani had undertaken to paint for Horace Walpole a scene from Boccaccio’s Theodore and Honorio, familiar to all in the splendid translation of Dryden, and, after several attempts, finding the subject too heavy for his handling, he said to Walpole, “ I cannot please myself with a sketch from this most imaginative of Gothic fictions ; but I know one who can do the story justice—a man of great powers, of the name of Fuseli.” “ Let me see this painter of yours,” said the other. Fuseli was sent for, and soon satisfied Walpole that his imagination was equal to the task, by painting a splendid picture.

FUSELI AND THE BANKER COUTTS.

While Fuseli was laboring on his celebrated "Milton Gallery," he was frequently embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. From these he was relieved by a steadfast friend—Mr. Coutts—who aided him while in Rome, and forsook him not in any of his after difficulties. The grateful painter once waited on the banker, and said, "I have finished the best of all my works—the Lazar House—when shall I send it home?" "My friend," said Mr. Coutts, "for me to take this picture would be a fraud upon you and upon the world. I have no place in which it could be fitly seen. Sell it to some one who has a gallery—your kind offer of it is sufficient for me, and makes all matters straight between us." For a period of sixty years that worthy man was the unchangeable friend of the painter. The apprehensions which the latter entertained of poverty were frequently without cause, and Coutts has been known on such occasions to assume a serious look, and talk of scarcity of cash and of sufficient securities. Away flew Fuseli, muttering oaths and cursing all parsimonious men, and having found a friend, returned with him breathless, saying, "There! I stop your mouth with a security." The cheque for the sum required was given, the security refused, and the painter pulled his hat over his eyes,

"To hide the tear that fain would fall"—
and went on his way.

FUSELI AND PROF. PORSON.

Fuseli once repeated half-a-dozen sonorous and well sounding lines in Greek, to Prof. Porson, and said,—

“With all your learning now, you cannot tell me who wrote that.”

The Professor, “much renowned in Greek,” confessed his ignorance, and said, “I don’t know him.”

“How the devil should you know him?” chuckled Fuseli, “I made them this moment.”

FUSELI’S METHOD OF GIVING VENT TO HIS PASSION.

When thwarted in the Academy (which happened not unfrequently), his wrath aired itself in a polyglott. “It is a pleasant thing, and an advantageous,” said the painter, on one of these occasions, “to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish, and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues.”

FUSELI’S LOVE FOR TERRIFIC SUBJECTS.

Fuseli knew not well how to begin with quiet beauty and serene grace: the hurrying measures, the crowding epithets, and startling imagery of the northern poetry suited his intoxicated fancy. His “Thor battering the Serpent” was such a favorite

that he presented it to the Academy as his admission gift. Such was his love of terrific subjects, that he was known among his brethren by the name of *Painter in ordinary to the Devil*, and he smiled when some one officiously told him this, and said, "Aye! he has sat to me many times." Once, at Johnson the bookseller's table, one of the guests said, "Mr. Fuseli, I have purchased a picture of yours." "Have you, sir; what is the subject?" "Subject? really I don't know." "That's odd; you must be a strange fellow to buy a picture without knowing the subject." "I bought it, sir, that's enough—I don't know what the *devil* it is." "Perhaps it is the devil," replied Fuseli, "I have often painted him." Upon this, one of the company, to arrest a conversation which was growing warm, said, "Fuseli, there is a member of your Academy who has strange looks—and he chooses as strange subjects as you do." "Sir," exclaimed the Professor, "he paints nothing but thieves and murderers, and when he wants a model, he looks in the glass."

FUSELI'S AND LAWRENCE'S PICTURES FROM THE

"TEMPEST."

Cunningham says, "Fuseli had sketched a picture of Miranda and Prospero from the *Tempest*, and was considering of what dimensions he should make the finished painting, when he was told that Lawrence had sent in for exhibition a picture on the

same subject, and with the same figures. His wrath knew no bounds. 'This comes,' he cried, 'of my blasted simplicity in showing my sketches—never mind—I'll teach the face-painter to meddle with my Prospero and Miranda.' He had no canvas prepared—he took a finished picture, and over the old performance dashed in hastily, in one laborious day, a wondrous scene from the Tempest—hung it in the exhibition right opposite that of Lawrence, and called it 'a sketch for a large picture.' Sir Thomas said little, but thought much—he never afterwards, I have heard, exhibited a poetic subject."

FUSELI'S ESTIMATE OF REYNOLDS' ABILITIES IN HISTORICAL PAINTING.

Fuseli mentions Reynolds in his Lectures, as a great portrait painter, and no more. One evening in company, Sir Thomas Lawrence was discoursing on what he called the "historic grandeur" of Sir Joshua, and contrasting him with Titian and Raffaele. Fuseli kindled up—"Blastation! you will drive me mad—Reynolds and Raffaele!—a dwarf and a giant!—why will you waste all your fine words?" He rose and left the room, muttering something about a tempest in a pint pot. Lawrence followed, soothed him, and brought him back.

FUSELI AND LAWRENCE.

†
 "These two eminent men," says Cunningham, "loved one another. The Keeper had no wish to

give permanent offence, and the President had as little desire to be on ill terms with one so bitter and so satirical. They were often together; and I have heard Sir Thomas say, that he never had a dispute with Fuseli save once—and that was concerning their pictures of *Satan*. Indeed, the Keeper, both with tongue and pen, took pleasure in pointing out the excellencies of his friend, nor was he blind to his defects. ‘This young man,’ thus he wrote in one of his early criticisms; ‘would do well to look at nature again; his flesh is too glassy.’ Lawrence showed his sense of his monitor’s accuracy by following the advice.”

FUSELI AS KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Fuseli, on the whole, was liked as Keeper. It is true that he was often satirical and severe on the students—that he defaced their drawings by corrections which, compared to their weak and trembling lines, seemed traced with a tar-mop, and that he called them tailors and bakers, vowing that there was more genius in the *claw* of one of Michael Angelo’s eagles, than in all the *heads* with which the Academy was swarming. The youths on whom fell this tempest of invective, smiled; and the Keeper, pleased by submission, walked up to each easel, whispered a word of advice confidentially, and returned in peace to enjoy the company of his Homer, Michael Angelo, Dante, and Milton. The students were unquestionably his friends; those of the year

1807 presented him with a silver vase, designed by one whom he loved—Flaxman the sculptor; and he received it very graciously. Ten years after, he was presented with the diploma of the first class in the Academy of St. Luke at Rome.

FUSELI'S JESTS AND ODDITIES WITH THE STUDENTS OF THE ACADEMY.

The students found constant amusement from Fuseli's witty and characteristic retorts, and they were fond of repeating his jokes. He heard a violent altercation in the studio one day, and inquired the cause. "It is only those fellows, the students, sir," said one of the porters. "Fellows!" exclaimed Fuseli, "I would have you to know, sir, that those *fellows* may one day become academicians." The noise increased—he opened the door, and burst in upon them, exclaiming, "You are a den of damned wild beasts." One of the offenders, Munro by name, bowed and said, "and Fuseli is our Keeper." He retired smiling, and muttering "the fellows are growing witty." Another time he saw a figure from which the students were making drawings lying broken to pieces. "Now who the devil has done this?" "Mr. Medland," said an officious probationer, "he jumped over the rail and broke it." He walked up to the offender—all listened for the storm. He calmly said, "Mr. Medland, you are fond of jumping—go to Sadler's Wells—it is the

best academy in the world for improving agility." A student as he passed held up his drawing, and said confidently, "Here, sir—I finished it without using a crumb of bread." "All the worse for your drawing," replied Fuseli, "buy a two-penny loaf and rub it out." "What do you see, sir?" he said one day to a student, who, with his pencil in his hand and his drawing before him, was gazing into vacancy. "Nothing, sir," was the answer. "Nothing, young man," said the Keeper emphatically, "then I tell you that you ought to see *something*—you ought to see distinctly the true image of what you are trying to draw. I see the vision of all I paint—and I wish to heaven I could paint up to what I see."

FUSELI'S SARCASMS ON NORTHCOTE.

He loved especially to exercise his wit upon Northcote. He looked on his friend's painting of the Angel meeting Balaam and his Ass. "How do you like it?" said the painter. "Vastly, Northcote," returned Fuseli, "you are an angel at an ass—but an ass at an angel!"

When Northcote exhibited his Judgment of Solomon, Fuseli looked at it with a sarcastic smirk on his face. "How do you like my picture?" inquired Northcote. "Much" was the answer—"the action suits the word—Solomon holds out his fingers like a pair of open scissors at the child, and says, 'Cut it'—I like it much!" Northcote remembered this

when Fuseli exhibited a picture representing Hercules drawing his arrow at Pluto. "How do you like my picture?" inquired Fuseli. "Much!" said Northcote—"it is clever, very clever, but he'll never hit him." "He shall hit him," exclaimed the other, "and that speedily." Away ran Fuseli with his brush, and as he labored to give the arrow the true direction, was heard to mutter "Hit him!—by Jupiter, but he shall hit him!"

FUSELIS' SA' CASMS ON VARIOUS RIVAL ARTISTS.

He rarely spared any one, and on Nollekens he was frequently merciless; he disliked him for his close and parsimonious nature, and rarely failed to hit him under the fifth rib. Once, at the table of Mr. Coutts the banker, Mrs. Coutts, dressed like Morgiana, came dancing in, presenting her dagger at every breast. As she confronted the sculptor, Fuseli called out, "Strike—strike—there's no fear; Nolly was never known to bleed!" When Blake, a man infinitely more wild in conception than Fuseli himself, showed him one of his strange productions, he said, "Now some one has told you this is very fine." "Yes," said Blake, "the Virgin Mary appeared to me and told me it was very fine; what can you say to that?" "Say!" exclaimed Fuseli, "why nothing—only her ladyship has not an immaculate taste."

Fuseli had aided Northcote and Opie in obtain

ing admission to the Academy, and when he desired some station for himself, he naturally expected their assistance—they voted against him, and next morning went together to his house to offer an explanation. He saw them coming—he opened the door as they were scraping their shoes, and said, “Come in—come in—for the love of heaven come in, else you will ruin me entirely.” “How so?” cried Opie “Marry, thus,” replied the other, “my neighbors over the way will see you, and say, ‘Fuseli’s *done*,—for there’s a bum-bailiff,’ he looked at Opie, ‘going to seize his person; and a little Jew broker,’ he looked at Northcote, ‘going to take his furniture,—so come in I tell you—come in!’”

FUSELI'S RETORTS.

One day, during varnishing time in the exhibition, an eminent portrait painter was at work on the hand of one of his pictures; he turned to the Keeper, who was near him, and said, “Fuseli, Michael Angelo never painted such a hand.” “No, by Pluto,” retorted the other, “but you have, *many!*”

He had an inherent dislike to Opie; and some one, to please Fuseli, said, in allusion to the low characters in the historical pictures of the Death of James I. of Scotland, and the Murder of David Rizzio, that Opie could paint nothing but vulgarity and dirt. “If he paints nothing but *dirt*,” said Fuseli, “he paints it like an angel.”

One day, a painter who had been a student during the keepership of Wilton, called and said, "The students, sir, don't draw so well now as they did under Joe Wilton." "Very true," replied Fuseli, "anybody may draw here, let them draw ever so bad—you may draw here, if you please!"

During the exhibition of his Milton Gallery, a visitor accosted him, mistaking him for the keeper—"Those paintings, sir, are from Paradise Lost I hear, and Paradise Lost was written by Milton. I have never read the poem, but I shall do it now." "I would not advise you, sir," said the sarcastic artist, "you will find it an exceedingly tough job!"

A person who desired to speak with the Keeper of the Academy, followed so close upon the porter whose business it was to introduce him, that he announced himself with, "I hope I don't intrude." "You do intrude," said Fuseli, in a surly tone. "Do I?" said the visitor; "then, sir, I will come to-morrow, if you please." "No, sir," replied he, "don't come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time: tell me your business now!"

A man of some station in society, and who considered himself a powerful patron in art, said at a public dinner, where he was charmed with Fuseli's conversation, "If you ever come my way, Fuseli, I shall be happy to see you." The painter instantly caught the patronizing, self-important spirit of the invitation. "I thank you," retorted he, "but I never go your way—I never even go down your street, although I often pass by the end of it!"

FUSELI'S SUGGESTION OF AN EMBLEM OF ETERNITY

Looking upon a serpent with its tail in its mouth, carved upon an exhibited monument as an emblem of Eternity, and a very commonplace one, he said to the sculptor, "It won't do, I tell you; you must have something new." The *something new* startled a man whose imagination was none of the brightest, and he said, "How shall I find something new?" "O, nothing so easy," said Fuseli, "I'll help you to it. When I went away to Rome I left two fat men cutting fat bacon in St. Martin's Lane; in ten years' time I returned, and found the two fat men cutting fat bacon still; twenty years more have passed, and there the two fat fellows cut the fat flitches the same as ever. Carve them! if they look not like an image of eternity, I wot not what does."

FUSELI'S RETORT IN MR. COUTTS' BANKING HOUSE.

During the exhibition of his Milton pictures, he called at the banking house of Mr. Coutts, saying he was going out of town for a few days, and wished to have some money in his pocket. "How much?" said one of the firm. "How much!" said Fuseli, "why, as much as twenty pounds; and as it is a large sum, and I don't wish to take your establishment by surprise, I have called to give you a day's notice of it!" "I thank you, sir," said the

cashier, imitating Fuseli's own tone of irony, "we shall be ready for you—but as the town is thin and money scarce with us, you will oblige me greatly by giving us a few orders to see your Milton Gallery—it will keep cash in our drawers, and hinder your exhibition from being empty." Fuseli shook him heartily by the hand, and cried, "Blastation! you shall have the tickets with all my heart; I have had the opinion of the virtuosi, the dilettanti, the cognoscenti, and the nobles and gentry on my pictures, and I want now the opinion of the blackguards. I shall send you and your friends a score of tickets, and thank you too for taking them."

FUSELI'S GENERAL SARCASMS ON LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

During the delivery of one of his lectures, in which he calls landscape painters the topographers of art, Beechey admonished Turner with his elbow of the severity of the sarcasm; presently, when Fuseli described the patrons of portrait painting as men who would give a few guineas to have their own senseless heads painted, and then assume the air and use the language of patrons, Turner administered a similar hint to Beechey. When the lecture was over, Beechey walked up to Fuseli, and said, "How sharply you have been cutting up us poor laborers in portraiture!" "Not you, Sir William," exclaimed the professor, "I only spoke of the blasted fools who employ you!"

FUSELI'S OPINION OF HIS OWN ATTAINMENT OF
HAPPINESS.

His life was not without disappointment, but for upwards of eighty years he was free from sickness. Up to this period, and even beyond it, his spirits seemed inexhaustible; he had enjoyed the world, and obtained no little distinction; nor was he insensible to the advantages which he had enjoyed. "I have been a happy man," he said, "for I have always been well, and always employed in doing what I liked"—a boast which few men of genius can make. When work with the pencil failed, he lifted the pen; and as he was ready and talented with both, he was never obliged to fill up time with jobs that he disliked.

FUSELI'S PRIVATE HABITS.

He was an early riser, and generally sat down to breakfast with a book on entomology in his hand. He ate and read, and read and ate—regarding no one, and speaking to no one. He was delicate and abstemious, and on gross feeders he often exercised the severity of his wit. Two meals a-day were all he ventured on—he always avoided supper—the story of his having supped on raw pork-chops that he might dream his picture of the Nightmare, has no foundation. Indeed, the dreams he delighted to relate were of the noblest kind, and consisted of galleries of the fairest pictures and statues, in which

were walking the poets and painters of old. Having finished breakfast and noted down some remarks on entomology, he went into his studio—painted till dinner time—dined hastily, if at home, and then resumed his labors, or else forgot himself over Homer, or Dante, or Shakspeare, or Milton, till midnight.

FUSELI'S WIFE'S METHOD OF CURING HIS FITS OF DESPONDENCY.

He was subject to fits of despondency, and during the continuance of such moods he sat with his beloved book on entomology upon his knee—touched now and then the breakfast cup with his lips, and seemed resolutely bent on being unhappy. In periods such as these it was difficult to rouse him, and even dangerous. Mrs. Fuseli on such occasions ventured to become his monitress. "I know him well," she said one morning to a friend who found him in one of his dark moods, "he will not come to himself till he is put into a passion—the storm then clears off, and the man looks out serene." "Oh no," said her visiter, "let him alone for a while—he will soon think rightly." He was spared till next morning—he came to the breakfast table in the same mood of mind. "Now I must try what I can do," said his wife to the same friend whom she had consulted the day before; she now began to reason with her husband, and soothe and persuade him; he answered only by a forbidding look and a shrug

of the shoulder. She then boldly snatched away his book, and dauntlessly abode the storm. The storm was not long in coming—his own fiend rises up not more furiously from the side of Eve than did the painter. He glared on his friend and on his wife—uttered a deep imprecation—rushed up stairs and strode about his room in great agitation. In a little while his steps grew more regular—he soon opened the door, and descended to his labors all smiles and good humor.

Fuseli's method of curing his wife's anger was not less original and characteristic. She was a spirited woman, and one day, when she had wrought herself into a towering passion, her sarcastic husband said, "Sophia, my love, why don't you swear? You don't know how much it would ease your mind."

FUSELI'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE, HIS SARCASTIC DISPOSITION, AND QUICK TEMPER.

Fuseli was of low stature—his frame slim, his forehead high, and his eyes piercing and brilliant. His look was proud, wrapt up in sarcastic—his movements were quick, and by an eager activity of manner he seemed desirous of occupying as much space as belonged to men of greater stature. His voice was loud and commanding—nor had he learned much of the art of winning his way by gentleness and persuasion—he was more anxious to say pointed and stinging things, than solicitous about their

accuracy ; and he had much pleasure in mortifying his brethren of the easel with his wit, and overwhelming them with his knowledge. He was too often morose and unamiable—habitually despising those who were not his friends, and not unapt to dislike even his best friends, if they retorted his wit, or defended themselves successfully against his satire. In dispute he was eager, fierce, unsparing, and often precipitated himself into angry discussions with the Council, which, however, always ended in peace and good humor—for he was as placable as passionate. On one occasion he flew into his own room in a storm of passion, and having cooled and come to himself, was desirous to return ; the door was locked and the key gone ; his fury overflowed all bounds. “ Sam ! ” he shouted to the porter, “ Sam Strowager, they have locked me in like a blasted wild beast—bring crowbars and break open the door.” The porter—a sagacious old man, who knew the trim of the Keeper—whispered through the keyhole, “ Feel in your pocket, sir, for the key ! ” He did so, and unlocking the door with a loud laugh exclaimed, “ What a fool !—never mind—I’ll to the Council, and soon show them they are greater asses than myself.”

FUSELI'S NEAR SIGHT.

Fuseli was so near-sighted that he was obliged to retire from his easel to a distance and examine his labors by means of an opera-glass, then return and

retouch, and retire again to look. His weakness of sight was well known, and one of the students, in revenge for some satirical strictures, placed a bench in his way, over which he nearly fell. "Bless my soul," said the Keeper, "I must put spectacles on my shins!"

FUSELI'S POPULARITY.

Notwithstanding his sarcastic temper, and various peculiarities, Fuseli was generally liked, and by none more than by the students who were so often made the objects of his satire. They were sensible that he was assiduous in instruction, that he was very learned and very skilful, and that he allowed no one else to take liberties with their conduct or their pursuits. He had a wonderful tact in singling out the most intellectual of the pupils; he was the first to notice Lawrence, and at the very outset of Wilkie, he predicted his future eminence.

FUSELI'S ARTISTIC MERITS.

The following critique from the pen of Allan Cunningham, gives a good idea of Fuseli's abilities as an artist. "His main wish was to startle and astonish. It was his ambition to be called Fuseli the daring and the imaginative, the illustrator of Milton and Shakspeare, the rival of Michael Angelo. His merits are of no common order. He was no timid or creeping adventurer in the region of art, but a man peculiarly bold and daring—who rejoiced only

in the vast, the wild, and the wonderful, and loved to measure himself with any subject, whether in the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The domestic and humble realities of life he considered unworthy of his pencil, and employed it only on those high or terrible themes where imagination may put forth all her strength, and fancy scatter all her colors. He associated only with the demi-gods of verse, and roamed through Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, in search of subjects worthy of his hand; he loved to grapple with whatever he thought too weighty for others; and assembling round him the dim shapes which imagination readily called forth, he sat brooding over the chaos, and tried to bring the whole into order and beauty. His coloring is like his design, original; it has a kind of supernatural hue, which harmonizes with many of his subjects—the spirits of the other world and the hags of hell are steeped in a kind of kindred color, which becomes their natural characters. His notion of color suited the wildest of his subjects; and the hue of Satan and the lustre of Hamlet's Ghost are part of the imagination of those supernatural shapes."

FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY, THE CHARACTER OF HIS WORKS, AND THE PERMANENCY OF HIS FAME.

The magnificent plan of the "Milton Gallery" originated with Fuseli, was countenanced by Johnson the bookseller, and supported by the genius of

Cowper, who undertook to prepare an edition of Milton, with translations of his Latin and Italian poems. The pictures were to have been engraved, and introduced as embellishments to the work.—The Gallery was commenced in 1791, and completed in 1800, containing forty-seven pictures. “Out of the seventy exhibited paintings,” says Cunningham, on which he reposed his hopes of fame, not one can be called common-place—they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension; the third twenty are such as few men could produce, and deserve a place in the noblest collections; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognised masterpieces of art. It cannot be denied, however, that a certain air of extravagance and a desire to stretch and strain, are visible in most of his works. A common mind, having no sympathy with his soaring, perceives his defects at once, and ranks him with the wild and unsober—a poetic mind will not allow the want of serenity and composure to extinguish the splendor of the conception; but whilst it notes the blemish, will feel the grandeur of the work. The approbation of high minds fixes the degree of fame to which genius of all degrees is entitled, and the name of Fuseli is safe.”

SALVATOR ROSA.

This celebrated painter was born at Renella, a small village near Naples, in 1615. There is so much fiction mingled with his early history, that it is impossible to arrive at the truth. It is certain, however, that he commenced the study of painting under his brother-in-law, Francesco Fracanzani, that he passed his early days in poverty, that he was compelled to support himself by his pencil, and that he exposed his juvenile performances for sale in the public markets, and often sold them to the dealers for the most paltry prices.

SALVATOR ROSA AND CAV. LANFRANCO.

To the honor of Cav. Lanfranco, it is related that while riding in his carriage one day along the streets of Naples, he observed one of Salvator's pictures exposed for sale in a shop window, and surprised at the uncommon genius which it displayed, he purchased the picture, and inquired the name of the young artist. The picture dealer, who had probably found Salvator's necessities quite profitable to himself, refused to communicate the desired information, whereupon Lanfranco directed his scholars to watch for his pictures, and seek him out. When he had found him, he generously relieved his wants, and encouraged him in the pursuit of his studies. After receiving some instructions from Aniello Falcone, an eminent painter of battle-pieces, he was admitted, through the influence of Lanfranco, into the

academy of Giuseppe Ribera, called Il Spagnoletto, and remained there until the age of twenty, when he accompanied that master to Rome.

SALVATOR ROSA AT ROME AND FLORENCE.

The Cardinal Brancacci, having become acquainted with the merits of Salvator Rosa at Naples, took him under his protection, and conducted him to his bishopric of Viterbo, where he painted several historical works, and an altar-piece for the cathedral, representing the Incredulity of St. Thomas. On his return to Rome, the prince Gio. Carlo de' Medici employed him to execute several important works, and afterwards invited him to Florence. During a residence of nine years in that city, he greatly distinguished himself as a painter, and also as a satirical and dramatic poet; his Satires, composed in Florence, have passed through several editions. His wit, lively disposition, and unusual conversational powers, drew around him many choice spirits, and his house was the great centre of attraction for the connoisseurs and literati of Florence. He fitted up a private theatre, and was accustomed to perform the principal parts in his comedies, in which he displayed extraordinary talents. He painted many of his choicest pictures for the Grand Duke, who nobly rewarded him; also for the noble family of the Maffei, for their palace at Volterra.

SALVATOR ROSA'S RETURN TO ROME.

After Salvator Rosa's return to Rome from Florence, he demanded exorbitant prices for his works, and though his greatest talent lay in landscape painting, he affected to despise that branch, being ambitious of shining as an historical painter. He painted some altar-pieces and other subjects for the churches, the chief of which are four pictures in S. Maria di Monte Santo, representing Daniel in the Lions' Den, Tobit and the Angel, the Resurrection of Christ, and the Raising of Lazarus; the Martyrdom of St. Cosimo and St. Damiano, in the church of S. Giovanni.

The brightest era of landscape painting is said with truth to have been in the time of Pope Urban VIII., when flourished Claude Lorraine, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa. Of these, Salvator was the most distinguished, though certainly not the best; each was the head of a perfectly original school, which had many followers, and each observed nature on the side in which he felt impelled to imitate her. The first admired and represented nature in her sweetest appearance; the second, in her most gorgeous array; and the third in her most convulsed and terrific aspects.

SALVATOR ROSA'S SUBJECTS.

Salvator Rosa painted history, landscape, battle-pieces, and sea-ports; and of these he was most

eminent in landscape. The scholar of Spagnoletto, he attached himself to the strong natural style and dark coloring of that master, which well accords with his subjects. In his landscapes, instead of selecting the cultured amenity which captivates in the views of Claude or Poussin, he made choice of the lonely haunts of wolves and robbers; instead of the delightful vistas of Tivoli and the Campagna, he adopted the savage scenery of the Alps, rocky precipices, caves with wild thickets and desert plains; his trees are shattered, or torn up by the roots, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful hue, except occasionally a solitary sunbeam. These gloomy regions are peopled with congenial inhabitants, ferocious banditti, assassins, and outlaws. In his marines, he followed the same taste; they represent the desolate and shelvy shores of Calabria, whose dreary aspect is sometimes heightened by terrific tempests, with all the horrors of shipwreck. His battles and attacks of cavalry also partake of the same principle of wild beauty; the fury of the combatants, and the fiery animation of the horses are depicted with a truth and effect that strikes the mind with horror. Notwithstanding the singularity and fierceness of his style, he captivates by the unbounded wildness of his fancy, and the picturesque solemnity of his scenes.

Salvator Rosa wrought with wonderful facility, and could paint a well finished landscape and insert all the figures in one day; it is impossible to inspect

one of his bold, rapid sketches, without being struck with the fertility of his invention, and the skill of hand that rivalled in execution the activity of his mind. He was also an excellent portrait painter. A portrait of himself is in the church degli Angeli, where his remains were interred, and he introduced his own portrait into several of his pictures, one of which is in the Chigi gallery, representing a wild scene with a poet in a sitting attitude, (with the features of Salvator); before him stands a satyr, allusive to his satiric style of poetry. During his lifetime, his works were much sought after by princes and nobles, and they are now to be found in the choicest collections of Italy and of Europe. There is a landscape in the English National Gallery which cost 1800 guineas; a picture in the collection of Sir Mark Sykes brought the enormous sum of 2100 guineas.

FLAGELLATION OF SALVATOR ROSA.

It happened one day that Salvator Rosa, in his youth, on his way to mass, brought with him by mistake, his bundle of burned sticks, with which he used to draw, instead of his mother's brazen clasped missal; and in passing along the magnificent cloisters of the great church of the Certosa at Naples, sacred alike to religion and the arts, he applied them between the interstices of its Doric columns to the only unoccupied space on the pictured walls. History has not detailed what was the subject which oc-

cupied his attention on this occasion, but he was working away with all the ardor which his enthusiastic genius inspired, when unfortunately the Prior, issuing with his train from the choir, caught the hapless painter in the very act of scrawling on those sacred walls which required all the influence of the greatest masters to get leave to ornament. The sacrilegious temerity of the boy artist, called for instant and exemplary punishment. Unluckily too, for the little offender, this happened in Lent, the season in which the rules of the rigid Chartreuse oblige the prior and procurator to flagellate all the frati, or lay brothers of the convent. They were, therefore, armed for their wonted pious discipline, when the miserable Salvatoriello fell in their way; whether he was honored by the consecrated hand of the prior, or writhed under the scourge of the procurator, does not appear; but that he was chastised with great severity more than proportioned to his crime, is attested by one of the most scrupulous of his biographers, Pascoli, who, though he dwells lightly on the fact, as he does on others of more importance, confesses that he suffered severely from the monks' flagellation.

SALVATOR ROSA AND THE HIGGLING PRINCE.

A Roman prince, more notorious for his pretensions to *virtu* than for his liberality to artists, sauntering one day in Salvator's gallery, in the Via Babuina, paused before one of his landscapes, and af-

ter a long contemplation of its merits, exclaimed, "Salvator mio! I am strongly tempted to purchase this picture: tell me at once the lowest price."—"Two hundred scudi," replied Salvator, carelessly. "Two hundred scudi! Ohime! that is a price! but we'll talk of that another time." The illustrissimo took his leave; but bent upon having the picture, he shortly returned, and again inquired the lowest price. "Three hundred scudi!" was the sullen reply. "Carpo di bacco!" cried the astonished prince; "mi burla, vostra signoria; you are joking! I see I must e'en wait upon your better humor; and so addio, Signor Rosa."

The next day brought back the prince to the painter's gallery; who, on entering, saluted Salvator with a jocose air, and added, "Well, Signor Amico, how goes the market to-day? Have prices risen or fallen?"

"Four hundred scudi is the price to-day!" replied Salvator, with affected calmness; when suddenly giving way to his natural impetuosity, and no longer stifling his indignation, he burst forth: "The fact is, your excellency shall not now obtain this picture from me at any price; and yet so little do I value its merits, that I deem it worthy no better fate than this;" and snatching the panel on which it was painted from the wall, he flung it to the ground, and with his foot broke it into a hundred pieces. His excellency made an uncer-

monious retreat, and returned no more to the engaged painter's studio.

SALVATOR ROSA'S OPINION OF HIS OWN WORKS.

While a Roman nobleman was one day endeavoring to drive a hard bargain with Salvator Rosa, he coolly interrupted him, saying that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; "I never bargain, sir, with my pencil; for it knows not the value of its own labor before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not as you please."

SALVATOR ROSA'S BANDITTI.

There is an etching by Salvator Rosa, which seems so plainly to tell the story of the wandering artist's captivity, that it merits a particular description. In the midst of wild, rocky scenery, appears a group of banditti, armed at all points, and with all sorts of arms; they are lying in careless attitudes, but with fierce countenances, around a youthful prisoner, who forms the foreground figure, and is seated on a rock, with his languid limbs hanging over the precipice, which may be supposed to yawn beneath. It is impossible to describe the despair depicted in this figure: it is marked in his position, in the drooping of his head, which his nerveless arms seem with difficulty to support, and the little that may be seen of his face, over which, from his recum-

bent attitude, his hair falls in luxuriant profusion. All is alike destitute of energy and of hope, which the beings grouped around the captive seem to have banished forever by some sentence recently pronounced; yet there is one who watches over the fate of the young victim: a woman stands immediately behind him, with her hand stretched out, while her fore finger, resting on his head, marks him as the subject of discourse which she addresses to the listening bandits. Her figure, which is erect, is composed of those bold, straight lines, which in art and nature, constitute the grand. Even the fantastic cap or turban, from which her long dishevelled hair has escaped, has no curve of grace; and her drapery partakes of the same rigid forms. Her countenance is full of stern melancholy—the natural character of one whose feelings and habits are at variance; whose strong passions may have flung her out of the pale of society, but whose womanly sympathies still remain unchanged. She is artfully pleading for the life of the youth, by contemptuously noting his insignificance; but she commands while she soothes. She is evidently the mistress or the wife of the chief, in whose absence an act of vulgar violence may be meditated. The youth's life is saved: for that cause rarely fails, to which a woman brings the omnipotence of her feelings.

SALVATOR ROSA AND MASSANIELLO.

It was during the residence of Salvator Rosa in Naples, that the memorable popular tumult under Massaniello took place; and our painter was persuaded by his former master, Aniello Falcone, to become one of an adventurous set of young men, principally painters, who had formed themselves into a band for the purpose of taking revenge on the Spaniards, and were called "La Compagna della Morte." The tragical fate of Massaniello, however, soon dispersed these heroes; and Rosa, fearing he might be compelled to take a similar part in that fatal scene, sought safety by flight, and took refuge in Rome.

SALVATOR ROSA AND CARDINAL SFORZA.

Salvator Rosa is said never to have suffered the rank or office of his auditors to interfere with the freedom of his expressions in his poetic recitations. Cardinal Sforza Pullavicini, one of the most generous patrons of the fine arts, and a rigid critic of his day, was curious to hear the improvisatore of the Via Babbuina, and sent an invitation requesting Salvator's company at his palace. Salvator frankly declared that two conditions were annexed to his accepting the honor of his Eminence's acquaintance; first, that the Cardinal should come to his house, as he never recited in any other; and second, that he should not object to any passage, the omission of which would detract from the original character of

his work, or compromise his own sincerity. The Cardinal accepted the conditions. The next day all the literary coxcombs of Rome crowded to the levee of the hypercritical prelate to learn his opinion of the poet, whose style was without precedent. The Cardinal declared, with a justice which posterity has sanctioned, that "Salvator's poetry was full of splendid passages, but that, as a whole, it was unequal."

SALVATOR ROSA'S MANIFESTO CONCERNING HIS SATIRICAL PICTURE LA FORTUNA.

In Salvator Rosa's celebrated picture of *La Fortuna*, the nose of one powerful ecclesiastic, and the eye of another were detected in the brutish physiognomy of the swine treading upon pearls, and in an ass, scattering with his hoofs the laurel and myrtle which lay in his path; and in an old goat, reposing on roses, some there were, who even fancied they discovered the Infallible Lover of Donna Olympia, the Sultana, queen of the Quirinal!

The cry of atheism and sedition—of contempt of established authorities—was thus raised under the influence of private pique and long-cherished envy: it soon found an echo in the painted walls where the conclave sat "in close divan," and it was handed about from mouth to mouth, till it reached the ears of the Inquisitor, within the dark recesses of his house of terror. A cloud was now gathering over the head of the devoted Salvator which it seemed

no human power could avert. But ere the bolt fell his fast and tried friend Don Maria Ghigi threw himself between his protégé and the horrible fate which awaited him, by forcing the sullen satirist to draw up an apology, or rather an explanation of his offensive picture.

This explanation, bearing title of a "Manifesto," he obtained permission to present to those powerful and indignant persons in whose hands the fate of Salvator now lay; Rosa explained away all that was supposed to be personal in his picture, and proved that his hogs were not churchmen, his mules pretending pedants, his asses Roman nobles, and his birds and beasts of prey the reigning despots of Italy. His imprudence however, subsequently raised such a storm that he was obliged to quit Rome, when he fled to Florence.

SALVATOR ROSA'S BANISHMENT FROM ROME.

Salvator Rosa secretly deplored his banishment from Rome; and his impatience at being separated from Carlo Rossi and some other of his friends, was so great that he narrowly escaped losing his liberty to obtain an interview with them. About three years after his arrival in Florence, he took post-horses, and at midnight set off for Rome. Having reached the gardens of the "Vigna Navicella," and bribed the custode to lend them for a few hours, and otherwise to assist him, he dispatched a circular billet to eighteen of his friends, suppli

eating them to give him a rendezvous at the Navicella. Each believed that Salvator had fallen into some new difficulty, which had obliged him to fly from Florence, and all attended his summons. He received them at the head of a well furnished table, embraced them with tenderness, feasted them sumptuously, and then mounting his horse, returned to Florence before his Roman persecutors or Tuscan friends were aware of his adventure.

SALVATOR ROSA'S WIT.

Salvator Rosa exhibited a clever picture, the work of an amateur by profession a surgeon, which had been rejected by the academicians of St. Luke. The artists came in crowds to see it; and by those who were ignorant of the painter, it was highly praised. On being asked who had painted it by some one, Salvator replied, "It was performed by a person whom the great academicians of St. Luke thought fit to scorn, because his ordinary profession was that of a surgeon. But (continued he), I think they have not acted wisely; for if they had admitted him into their academy, they would have had the advantage of his services in setting the broken and distorted limbs that so frequently occur in their exhibitions."

SALVATOR ROSA'S RECEPTION AT FLORENCE.

The departure of Salvator Rosa from Rome was an escape: his arrival in Florence was a triumph. The Grand Duke and the princes of his house re-

ceived him, not as an hireling, but as one whose genius placed him beyond the possibility of dependence. An annual income was assigned to him during his residence in Florence, in the service of the court, besides a stipulated price for each of his pictures: and he was left perfectly unconstrained and at liberty to paint for whom he pleased.

HISTRIONIC POWERS OF SALVATOR ROSA

In 1647, Salvator Rosa received an invitation to repair to the court of Tuscany, of which he availed himself the more willingly, as by the machinations of his enemies, he was in great danger of being thrown into prison. At Florence he met with the most flattering reception, not only at the court and among the nobility, but among the literary men and eminent painters with which that city abounded. His residence soon became the rendezvous of all who were distinguished for their talents, and who afterwards formed themselves into an academy, to which they gave the title of "I. Percossi." Salvator, during the carnivals, frequently displayed his abilities as a comic actor, and with such success, that when he and a friend of his (a Bolognese merchant, who, though sixty years old, regularly left his business three months in the year, for the sole pleasure of performing with Rosa) played the parts of Dottore Graziano and Pascariello, the laughter and applause of their audience were so excessive as often to interrupt their performance for a length of time.

SALVATOR ROSA'S RECEPTION AT THE PALAZZO
PITTI.

The character, in fact the manners and the talents of Salvator Rosa came out in strong relief, as opposed to the servile deportment and mere professional acquirements of the herd of artists of all nations then under the protection of the Medici. He was received at the Palazzo Pitti not only as a distinguished artist, but as a guest; and the Medici, at whose board Pulci (in the time of their Magnifico) had sung his *Morgante Maggiore* with the fervor of a rhapsodist, now received at their table another improvisatore, with equal courtesy and graciousness. The Tuscan nobility, in imitation of the court, and in the desire to possess Salvator's pictures, treated him with singular honor.

SATIRES OF SALVATOR ROSA.

The boldness and rapidity of Salvator Rosa's pencil, aided by the fertility of his highly poetical imagination, enabled him to paint an immense number of pictures while he was at Florence; but not finding sufficient leisure to follow his other pursuits, he retired to Volterra, after having resided at Florence nine years, respected and beloved by all who knew him. The three succeeding years were passed in the family of the Maffei, alternately at Volterra and their villa at Monte Ruffoli, in which time

he completed his Satires, except the Sixth, "L'Invidia;" which was written after the publication of the others. He also painted several portraits for the Maffei, and among others one of himself, which was afterwards presented to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and placed in the Royal Gallery at Florence.

SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHOORD.

Salvator Rosa's confidence in his own powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence, in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked how he could keep such an instrument in his house. "Why," said his friend, "it is not worth a scudo." "I will wager what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a capital performance. On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music-books. Both these pictures were exhibited in the year 1823 at the British Institution.

RARE PORTRAIT BY SALVATOR ROSA.

While Salvator Rosa was on a visit to Florence, and refused all applications for his pictures he was accidentally taken in to paint what he so rarely con-

There lived in Florence a good old dame of the name of Anna Gaetano, of some celebrity for keeping a notable inn, over the door of which was inscribed in large letters, "Al buon vino non bisogna fruscia" (good wine needs no bush). But it was not the good wines alone of Madonna Anna that drew to her house some of the most distinguished men of Florence, and made it particularly the resort of the Cavaliere Oltramontani—her humor was as racy as her wine; and many of the men of wit and pleasure about town were in the habit of lounging in the Sala Commune of Dame Gaetano, merely for the pleasure of drawing her out. Among these were Lorenzo Lippi and Salvator Rosa; and, although this Tuscan Dame Quickly was in her seventieth year, hideously ugly, and grotesquely dressed, yet she was so far from esteeming her age an "antidote to the tender passion," that she distinguished Salvator Rosa by a preference, which deemed itself not altogether hopeless of return. Emboldened by his familiarity and condescension, she had the vanity to solicit him to paint her portrait, "that she might," she said, "reach posterity by the hand of the greatest master of the age."

Salvator at first received her proposition as a joke; but perpetually teased by her reiterated importunities, and provoked by her pertinacity, he at last exclaimed, "Well, Madonna, I have resolved to comply with your desire; but with this agreement, that, not to distract my mind during my

work, I desire you will not move from your seat until I have finished the picture." Madonna, willing to submit to any penalty in order to obtain an honor which was to immortalize her charms, joyfully agreed to the proposition; and Salvator, sending for an easel and painting materials, drew her as she sat before him, to the life. The portrait was dashed off with the usual rapidity and spirit of the master, and was a chef d'œuvre. But when at last the vain and impatient hostess was permitted to look upon it, she perceived that to a strong and inveterate likeness the painter had added a long beard; and that she figured on the canvas as an ancient male pilgrim—a character admirably suited to her furrowed face, weather-beaten complexion, strong lineaments, and grey hairs. Her mortified vanity vented itself in the most violent abuse of the ungallant painter, in rich Tuscan Billingsgate. Salvator, probably less annoyed by her animosity than disgusted by her preference, called upon some of her guests to judge between them. The artists saw only the merits of the picture, the laughers looked only to the joke. The value affixed to the exquisite portrait soon reconciled the vanity of the original through her interest. After the death of Madonna Anna, her portrait was sold by her heirs at an enormous price, and is said to be still in existence.

—*Lady Morgan.*

SALVATOR ROSA'S RETURN TO ROME.

At the time of Salvator Rosa's return to Rome says Pascoli, he figured away as the *great painter*, opening his house to all his friends, who came from all parts to visit him, and among others, Antonio Abbati, who had resided for many years in Germany. This old acquaintance of the poor Salvatoriello of the Chiesa della Morte at Viterbo, was not a little amazed to find his patient and humble auditor of former times one of the most distinguished geniuses and hospitable Amphitryons of the day. Pascoli gives a curious picture of the prevailing pedantry of the times, by describing a discourse of Antonio Abbati's at Salvator's dinner-table, on the superior merits of the ancient painters over the moderns, in which he "bestowed all the tediousness" of his erudition on the company. Salvator answered him in his own style, and having overturned all his arguments in favor of antiquity with more learning than they had been supported, ended with an impromptu epigram, in his usual way, which brought the laughter's on his side.

SALVATOR ROSA'S LOVE OF MAGNIFICENCE.

Salvator Rosa was fond of splendor and ostentatious display. He courted admiration from whatever source it could be obtained, and even sought it by means to which the frivolous and the vain are

supposed alone to resort. He is described, therefore, as returning to Rome, from which he had made so perilous and furtive an escape, in a showy and pompous equipage, with "servants in rich liveries, armed with silver hafted swords, and otherwise well accoutred." The beautiful Lucrezia, as "sua Governante," accompanied him, and the little Rosalvo gave no scandal in a society where the instructions of religion substitute license for legitimate indulgence. Immediately on his arrival in Rome, Salvator fixed upon one of the loveliest of her hills for his residence, and purchased a handsome house upon the Monte Pincio, on the Piazza della Trinita del Monte—"which," says Pascoli, "he furnished with noble and rich furniture, establishing himself on the great scale, and in a lordly manner." A site more favorable than the Pincio, for a man of Salvator's taste and genius, could scarcely be imagined, commanding at once within the scope of its vast prospect, picturesque views, and splendid monuments of the most important events in the history of man—the Capitol and the Campus Martius, the groves of the Quirinal and the cupola of St. Peter's, the ruined palaces of the Cæsars, and sumptuous villas of the sons of the reigning church. Such was then, as now, the range of unrivalled objects which the Pincio commanded; but the noble terraces smoothed over its acclivities, which recalled the memory of Aurelian and the feast of Belisarius, presented at that period a far different aspect from

that which it now offers. Everything in this enchanting sight was then fresh and splendid; the halls of the Villa Medici, which at present only echo to the steps of a few French students or English travelers, were then the bustling and splendid residence of the old intriguing Cardinal Carlo de Medici, called the Cardinal of Tuscany, whose followers and faction were perpetually going to and fro, mingling their showy uniforms and liveries with the sober vestments of the neighboring monks of the convent della Trinita! The delicious groves and gardens of the Villa de Medici then covered more than two English miles, and amidst cypress shades and shrubberies, watered by clear springs, and reflected in translucent fountains, stood exposed to public gaze all that now form the most precious treasures of the Florentine Gallery—the Niobe, the Wrestlers, the Apollo, the Vase, and above all, the Venus of Venuses, which has derived its distinguishing appellation from these gardens, of which it was long the boast and ornament.

SALVATOR ROSA'S LAST WORKS.

The last performances of Salvator's pencil were a collection of portraits of obnoxious persons in Rome—in other words, a series of caricatures, by which he would have an opportunity of giving vent to his satirical genius; but whilst he was engaged on his own portrait, intending it as the concluding

one of the series he was attacked with a **dropsy**, which in the course of a few months brought him to the grave.

SALVATOR ROSA'S DESIRE TO BE CONSIDERED AN HISTORICAL PAINTER.

Salvator Rosa's greatest talent lay in landscape painting, a branch which he affected to despise, as he was ambitious of being called an historical painter. Hence he called his wild scenes, with small figures merely accessory, historical paintings, and was offended if others called them landscapes. Pascoli relates that Prince Francisco Ximenes, soon after his arrival at Rome, in the midst of the honors paid him, found time to visit the studio of Salvator Rosa, who showed him into his gallery. The Prince frankly said, "I have come, Signor Rosa, for the purpose of seeing and purchasing some of those beautiful landscapes, whose subjects and manner have delighted me in many foreign collections."—"Be it known then, to your excellency," interrupted Salvator impetuously, "that I know nothing of *landscape* painting. Something indeed I do know of painting figures and historical subjects, which I strive to exhibit to such eminent judges as yourself, in order that, *once for all*, I may banish from the public mind that *fantastic humor* of supposing I am a landscape and not an historical painter." At another time, a very rich (*ricchissimo*) Cardinal called on Salvator to purchase some of his pictures

As he walked up and down the gallery, he paused before the landscapes, but only glanced at the historical subjects, while Salvator muttered from time to time, "*sempre, sempre, paesi piccoli,*" (always, always, some little landscape.) When, at length, the Cardinal carelessly glanced his eye over one of Salvator's great historical pictures, and asked the price, as a sort of introduction, the painter bellowed out, *un milione*; his Eminence, justly offended, made an unceremonious retreat without making his intended purchases, and returned no more.

DON MARIO GHIGI, HIS PHYSICIAN, AND SALVATOR ROSA.

(From *Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa.*)

The princes of the family of Ghigi had been among the first of the aristocratic virtuosi of Rome to acknowledge the merits of Salvator Rosa, as their ancestors had been to appreciate the genius of Raffaello. Between the Prince Don Mario Ghigi, (whose brother Fabio was raised to the pontifical throne by the name of Alexander VII.) and Salvator, there seems to have existed a personal intimacy; and the prince's fondness for the painter's conversation was such, that during a long illness he induced Salvator to bring his easel to his bedside, and to work in his chamber at a small picture he was then painting for the prince. It happened, that while Rosa was sketching and chatting by the prince's couch, one of the most fashionable physi-

cians in Rome entered the apartment. He appears to have been one of those professional coxcombs, whose pretensions, founded on unmerited vogue, throws ridicule on the gravest calling.

After some trite remarks upon the art, the doctor, either to flatter Salvator, or in imitation of the physician of the Cardinal Colonna, who asked for one of Raffaele's finest pictures as a fee for saving the Cardinal's life, requested Don Mario to give him a picture by Salvator as a remuneration for his attendance. The prince willingly agreed to the proposal; and the doctor, debating on the subject he should choose, turned to Salvator and begged that he would not lay pencil to canvas, until *he*, the Signor Dottore, should find leisure to dictate to him *il pensiero e concetto della sua pittura*, the idea and conceit of his picture! Salvator bowed a modest acquiescence, and went on with his sketch. The doctor having gone the round of professional questions with his wonted pomposity, rose to write his prescription; when, as he sat before the table with eyes upturned, and pen suspended over the paper, Salvator approached him on tiptoe, and drawing the pen gently through his fingers, with one of his old *Coviello* gesticulations in his character of the mountebank, he said, "*fermati dottor mio!* stop doctor, you must not lay pen to paper till I have leisure to dictate the idea and conceit of the prescription I may think proper for the malady of his Excellency."

“*Diavolo!*” cried the amazed physician, “you dictate a prescription! why, *I* am the prince’s physician, and not *you!*”

“And *I, Caro,*” said Salvator, “am a painter, and not *you.* I leave it to the prince whether I could not prove myself a better physician than you a painter; and write a better prescription than you paint a picture.”

The prince, much amused, decided in favor of the painter; Salvator coolly resumed his pencil, and the medical *cognoscente* permitted the idea of the picture to die away, *sul proprio letto.*

DEATH OF SALVATOR ROSA.

Salvator Rosa, in his last illness, demanded of the priests and others that surrounded him, what they required of him. They replied, “in the first instance to receive the sacrament as it is administered in Rome to the dying.” “To receive the sacrament,” says his confessor, Baldovini, “he showed no repugnance, but he vehemently and positively refused to allow the host, with all the solemn pomp of its procession, to be brought to his house, which he deemed unworthy of the divine presence.” He objected to the ostentation of the ceremony, to its *eclat*, to the noise and bustle, smoke and heat it would create in the close sick chamber. He appears to have objected to more than it was discreet to object to in Rome: and all that his

family and his confessor could extort from him on the subject was, that he would permit himself to be carried from his bed to the parish church, and there, with the humility of a contrite heart, would consent to receive the sacrament at the foot of the altar.

As immediate death might have been the consequence of this act of indiscretion, his family, who were scarcely less interested for a life so precious, than for the soul which was the object of their pious apprehensions, gave up the point altogether; and on account of the vehemence with which Salvator spoke on the subject, and the agitation it had occasioned, they carefully avoided renewing a proposition which had rallied all his force of character and volition to their long abandoned post.

The rejection of a ceremony which was deemed in Rome indispensably necessary to salvation, by one who was already stamped with the church's reprobation, soon spread; report exaggerated the circumstance into a positive expression of infidelity; and the gossip of the Roman ante-rooms was supplied for the time with a subject of discussion, in perfect harmony with their love for slander, bigotry, and idleness.

"As I went forth from Salvator's door," relates the worthy Baldovini, "I met the *Canonico Scornio*, a man who has taken out a license to speak of all men as he pleases. 'And how goes it with Salvator?' demands this Canonico of me. 'Bai

enough, I fear.—Well, a few nights back, happening to be in the anteroom of a certain great prelate. I found myself in the centre of a circle of disputants, who were busily discussing whether the aforesaid Salvator would die a Schismatic, a Huguenot, a Calvinist, or a Lutheran?—‘He will die, Signor Canonico,’ I replied, ‘when it pleases God, a better Catholic than any of those who now speak so slightly of him!’—and so pursued my way.”

This *Canonico*, whose sneer at the undecided faith of Salvator roused all the bile of the tolerant and charitable Baldovini, was the near neighbor of Salvator, a frequenter of his hospitable house, and one of whom the credulous Salvator speaks in one of his letters as being “his neighbor, and an excellent gentleman.”

On the following day, as the Padre sat by the pillow of the suffering Rosa, he had the simplicity, in the garrulity of his heart, to repeat all these idle reports and malicious insinuations to the invalid: “But,” says Baldovini, “as I spoke, Rosa only shrugged his shoulders.”

Early on the morning of the fifteenth of March, that month so delightful in Rome, the anxious and affectionate confessor, who seems to have been always at his post, ascended the Monte della Trinità, for the purpose of taking up his usual station by the bed’s head of the fast declining Salvator. The young Agosto flew to meet him at the door, and with a countenance radiant with joy, informed him

of the good news, that "his dear father had given evident symptoms of recovery, in consequence of the bursting of an inward ulcer."

Baldovini followed the sanguine boy to his father's chamber; but, to all appearance Salvator was suffering great agony. "How goes it with thee, Rosa?" asked Balvodini kindly, as he approached him.

"Bad, bad!" was the emphatic reply. While writhing with pain, the sufferer added, after a moment:—"To judge by what I now endure, the hand of death grasps me sharply."

In the restlessness of pain he then threw himself on the edge of the bed, and placed his head on the bosom of Lucrezia, who sat supporting and weeping over him. His afflicted son and friend took their station at the other side of the couch, and stood in mournful silence watching the issue of these sudden and frightful spasms. At that moment a celebrated Roman physician, the Doctor Catanni, entered the apartment. He felt the pulse of Salvator, and perceived that he was fast sinking. He communicated his approaching dissolution to those most interested in the melancholy intelligence, and it struck all present with unutterable grief. Baldovini, however, true to his sacred calling, even in the depth of his human affliction, instantly despatched the young Agosto to the neighboring Convent della Trinita, for the holy Viaticum. While life was still fluttering at the heart of Salvator, the officiating

latest of the day arrived, bearing with him the holy apparatus of the last mysterious ceremony of the church. The shoulders of Salvator were laid bare, and anointed with the consecrated oil; some prayed fervently, others wept, and all even still hoped; but the taper which the Doctor Catanni held to the lips of Salvator while the Viaticum was administered, burned brightly and steadily! Life's last sigh had transpired, as religion performed her last rite.

Between that luminous and soul-breathing form of genius, and the clod of the valley, there was now no difference; and the "end and object" of a man's brief existence was now accomplished in him who, while yet all young and ardent, had viewed the bitter perspective of humanity with a philosophic eye, and pronounced even on the bosom of pleasure,

"Nasci pœna—Vita labor—Necesse mori."

On the evening of the fifteenth of March, 1673, all that remained of the author of *Regulus*, of *Catiline*, and the *Satires*—the gay *Formica*, the witty *Coviello*—of the elegant composer, and greatest painter of his time and country—of *Salvator Rosa*! was conveyed to the tomb, in the church of *Santa Maria degli Angioli alle Terme*—that magnificent temple, unrivalled even at *Rome* in interest and grandeur, which now stands as it stood when it formed the *Pinacotheca* of the *Thermæ* of *Dioclesian*. There, accompanied by much funeral pomp, the body of *Salvator* lay in

state; the head and face, according to the Italian custom, being exposed to view. All Rome poured into the vast circumference of the church, to take a last view of the painter of the Roman people—the “Nostro Signor Salvatore” of the Pantheon; and the popular feelings of regret and admiration were expressed with the usual bursts of audible emotions in which Italian sensibility on such occasions loves to indulge. Some few there were, who gathered closely and in silence round the bier of the great master of the Neapolitan school; and who, weeping the loss of the man, forgot for a moment even that genius which had already secured its own meed of immortality. These were Carlo Rossi, Francesco Baldovini, and Paolo Oliva each of whom returned from the grave of the friend he loved, to record the high endowments and powerful talents of the painter he admired, and the poet he revered. Baldovini retired to his cell to write the Life of Salvator Rosa, and then to resign his own; Oliva to his monastery, to compose the epitaph which is still read on the tomb of his friend; and Carlo Rossi to select from his gallery such works of his beloved painter, as might best adorn the walls of that chapel, now exclusively consecrated to his memory.

On the following night, the remains of Salvator Rosa were deposited, with all the awful forms of the Roman church, in a grave opened expressly in the beautiful vestibule of Santa Maria degli An

goli alle Terme. Never did the ashes of departed genius find a more appropriate resting place;—the Pinacotheca of the Thermæ of Dioclesian had once been the repository of all that the genius of antiquity had perfected in the arts; and in the vast interval of time which had since elapsed, it had suffered no change, save that impressed upon it by the mighty mind of Michael Angelo.—*Lady Morgan.*

DOMENICHINO.

This great artist is now universally esteemed the most distinguished disciple of the school of the Caracci, and the learned Count Algarotti prefers him even to the Caracci themselves. Poussin ranked him next after Raffaele, and Passeri has expressed nearly the same opinion. He was born at Bologna in 1581, and received his first instruction from Denis Calvart, but having been treated with severity by that master, who had discovered him making a drawing after Annibale Caracci, contrary to his injunction, Domenichino prevailed upon his father to remove him from the school of Calvart, and place him in the Academy of the Caracci, where Guido and Albano were then students.

THE DULLNESS OF DOMENICHINO IN YOUTH.

The great talents of Domenichino did not develop themselves so early as in many other great painters. He was assiduous, thoughtful and circumspect;

which his companions attributed to dullness, and they called him the Ox ; but the intelligent Annibale Caracci, who observed his faculties with more attention, testified of his abilities by saying to his pupils, " this Ox will in time surpass you all, and be an honor to the art of painting." It was the practice in this celebrated school to offer prizes to the pupils for the best drawings, to excite them to emulation, and every pupil was obliged to hand in his drawing at certain periods. It was not long after Domenichino entered this school before one of these occasions took place, and while his fellow-students brought in their works with confidence, he timidly approached and presented his, which he would gladly have withheld. Lodovico Caracci, after having examined the whole, adjudged the prize to Domenichino. This triumph, instead of rendering him confident and presumptuous, only stimulated him to greater assiduity, and he pursued his studies with such patient and constant application, that he made such progress as to win the admiration of some of his cotemporaries, and to beget the hatred of others. He contracted a friendship with Albano, and on leaving the school of the Caracci, they visited together, Parma, Modena, and Reggio, to contemplate the works of Correggio and Parmiggiano. On their return to Bologna, Albano went to Rome, whither Domenichino soon followed him, and commenced his bright career.

The student may learn a useful lesson from the

untiring industry, patience, and humility of this great artist. Passeri attributes his grand achievements more to his amazing study than to his genius; and some have not hesitated to deny that he possessed any genius at all—an opinion which his works abundantly refute. Lanzi says, “From his acting as a continual censor of his own productions, he became among his fellow pupils the most exact and expressive designer, his colors most true to nature, and of the best *impasto*, the most universal master in the theory of his art, the sole painter amongst them all in whom Mengs found nothing to desire except a little more elegance. That he might devote his whole being to the art, he shunned all society, or if he occasionally sought it in the public theatres and markets, it was in order better to observe the play of nature’s passions in the features of the people—those of joy, anger, grief, terror, and every affection of the mind, and commit it living to his tablets. Thus it was, exclaims Bellori, that he succeeded in delineating the soul, in coloring life, and raising those emotions in our breasts at which his works all aim; as if he waded the same wad which belonged to the poetical enchanters, Tasso and Ariosto.”

DOMENICHINO’S SCOURGING OF ST. ANDREW.

Domenichino was employed by the Cardinal Borghese, to paint in competition with Guido, the cele-

brated frescos in the church of S. Gregorio at Rome. Both artists painted the same subject, but the former represented the *Scourging of St. Andrew*, and the latter *St. Andrew led away to the Gibbet*. Lanzi says it is commonly reported that an aged woman, accompanied by a little boy, was seen long wistfully engaged in viewing Domenichino's picture, showing it part by part to the boy, and next, turning to that of Guido, painted directly opposite, she gave it a cursory glance and passed on. Some assert that Annibale Caracci took occasion, from this circumstance, to give his preference to the former picture. It is also related that while Domenichino was painting one of the executioners, he actually threw himself into a passion, using high threatening words and actions, and that Annibale, surprising him at that moment, embraced him, exclaiming, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me"—so novel, and at the same time so natural did it appear to him, that the artist, like the orator, should feel within himself all that he would represent to others.

THE COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

The chef-d'œuvre of Domenichino is the dying St. Jerome receiving the last rites of his church, commonly called the Communion of St. Jerome, painted for the principal altar of St. Girolamo della Carita. This work has immortalized his name, and is universall- allowed to be the finest pictur Rome

can boast, after the Transfiguration of Raffaele. It was taken to Paris by Napoleon, restored in 1815 by the Allies, and has since been copied in mosaic, to preserve so grand a work, the original having suffered greatly from the effects of time. Lanzi says, "One great attraction in the church paintings of Domenichino, consists in the glory of the angels, exquisitely beautiful in feature, full of lively action, and so introduced as to perform the most gracious offices in the piece, as the crowning of martyrs, the bearing of palms, the scattering of roses, weaving the mazy dance, and making sweet melodies."

DOMENICHINO'S ENEMIES AT ROME.

The reputation which Domenichino had justly acquired at Rome had excited the jealousy of some of his cotemporaries, and the applause bestowed upon his Communion of St. Jerome, only served to increase it. The Cav. Lanfranco in particular, one of his most inveterate enemies, asserted that the Communion of St. Jerome was little more than a copy of the same subject by Agostino Caracci, at the Certosa at Bologna, and he employed Perrier, one of his pupils, to make an etching from the picture by Agostino. But this stratagem, instead of confirming the plagiarism, discovered the calumny, as it proved that there was no more resemblance between the two works than must necessarily result in two artists treating the same subject, and that every essential part, and all that was admired was entirely

his own. If it had been possible for modest merit to have repelled the shafts of slander, the work which he executed immediately afterwards in the church of S. Lodovico, representing the life of St. Cecilia, would have silenced the attacks of envy and malevolence; but they only tended to increase the alarm of his competitors, and excite them to redoubled injustice and malignity. Disgusted with these continued cabals, Domenichino quitted Rome, and returned to Bologna, where he resided several years in the quiet practice of his profession, and executed some of his most admired works, particularly the Martyrdom of St. Agnes for the church of that Saint, and the Madonna del Rosario, both of which were engraved by Gerard Audran, and taken to Paris and placed in the Louvre by order of Napoleon. The fame of Domenichino was now so well established that intrigue and malice could not suppress it, and Pope Gregory XV. invited him back to Rome, and appointed him principal painter, and architect to the pontifical palace.

DECISION OF POSTERITY ON THE MERITS OF
DOMENICHINO.

“The public,” says Lanzi, “is an equitable judge; but a good cause is not always sufficient without the advantage of many voices to sustain it. Domenichino, timid, retiring, and master of few pupils, was destitute of a party equal to his cause. He was constrained to yield to the crowd that trampled

upon him, thus verifying the prediction of Monsignore Agucchi, that his merits would never be rightly appreciated during his life-time. The spirit of party having passed away, impartial posterity has rendered him justice; nor is there a royal gallery but confesses an ambition to possess his works. His figure pieces are in the highest esteem, and command enormous prices."

PROOF OF THE MERITS OF DOMENICHINO.

No better proof of the exalted merits of Domenichino can be desired, than the fact that upwards of fifty of his works have been engraved by the most renowned engravers, as Gerard Audran, Raffaele Morghen, Sir Robert Strange, C. F. von Muller, and other illustrious artists; many of these also have been frequently repeated.

DOMENICHINO'S CARICATURES.

While Domenichino was in Naples, he was visited by his biographer Passeri, then a young man, who was engaged to assist in repairing the pictures in the Cardinal's chapel. "When he arrived at Frescati," says Passeri, "Domenichino received me with much courtesy, and hearing that I took a singular delight in the belles-lettres, it increased his kindness to me. I remember that I gazed on this man as though he were an angel. I remained there to the end of September, occupied in restoring the

chapel of St. Sebastian, which had been ruined by the damp. Sometimes Domenichino would join us, singing delightfully to recreate himself. When night set in, we returned to our apartment; while he most frequently remained in his room, occupied in drawing, and permitting none to see him. Sometimes, however, to pass the time, he drew caricatures of us all, and of the inhabitants of the villa. When he succeeded to his perfect satisfaction, he was wont to indulge in immoderate fits of laughter; and we, who were in the adjoining room, would run in to know his reason, when he showed us his spirited sketches. He drew a caricature of me with a guitar, one of Carmini (the painter), and one of the Guarda Roba, who was lame of the gout; and of the Sub-guarda Roba, a most ridiculous figure—to prevent our being offended, he caricatured himself. These portraits are now preserved by Signor Giovanni Pietro Bellori.”

INTRIGUES OF THE NEAPOLITAN TRIUMVIRATE OF PAINTERS.

The conspiracy of Bellisario Corenzio, Giuseppe Ribera, and Gio. Battista Caracciolo, called the Neapolitan Triumvirate of Painters, to monopolize to themselves all valuable commissions, and particularly the honor of decorating the chapel of St. Januarius, is one of the most curious passages in the history of art. The following is Lanzi's account of this disgraceful cabal:

“ The three masters whom I have just noticed in successive order, (Corenzio, Ribera, and Caracciolo) were the authors of the unceasing persecutions which many of the artists who had come to, or were invited to Naples, were for several years subjected to. Bellisario had established a supreme dominion, or rather a tyranny, over the Neapolitan painters, by calumny and insolence, as well as by his station. He monopolized all lucrative commissions to himself, and recommended, for the fulfilment of others, one or other of the numerous and inferior artists that were dependent on him. The Cav. Massimo Stanzi-
ozi, Santafede, and other artists of talent, if they did not defer to him, were careful not to offend him, as they knew him to be a man of a vindictive temper, treacherous, and capable of every violence, and who was known, through jealousy, to have administered poison to Luigi Roderigo, the most promising and the most amiable of his scholars.

“ Bellisario, in order to maintain himself in his assumed authority, endeavored to exclude all strangers who painted in fresco rather than in oil. Annibale Caracci arrived there in 1609, and was engaged to ornament the churches of Spirito Santo and Gesu Nuovo, for which, as a specimen of his style, he painted a small picture. The Greek and his adherents being required to give their opinion on this exquisite production, declared it to be tasteless, and decided that the painter of it did not possess talent for large compositions. This divine artist in conse-

quence took his departure under a burning sun, for Rome, where he soon afterwards died. But the work in which strangers were the most opposed was the chapel of S. Gennaro, which a committee had assigned to the Cav. d'Arpino, as soon as he should finish painting the choir of the Certosa. Bellisorio, leaguings with Spagnoletto (like himself a fierce and ungovernable man) and with Caracciolo, who aspired to this commission, persecuted Cesari in such a manner, that before he had finished the choir he fled to Monte Cassino, and from thence returned to Rome. The work was then given to Guido, but after a short time two unknown persons assaulted the servant of that artist, and at the same time desired him to inform his master that he must prepare himself for death, or instantly quit Naples, with which latter mandate Guido immediately complied. Gessi, the scholar of Guido, was not however intimidated by this event, but applied for, and obtained the honorable commission, and came to Naples with two assistants, Gio. Batista Ruggieri and Lorenzo Menini. But these artists were scarcely arrived, when they were treacherously invited on board a galley, which immediately weighed anchor and carried them off, to the great dismay of their master, who although he made the most diligent inquiries both at Rome and Naples, could never procure any tidings of them.

“Gessi in consequence also taking his departure, the committee lost all hope of succeeding in their

task, and were in the act of yielding to the reigning cabal, assigning the fresco work to Corenzio and Caracciolo, and promising the pictures to Spagnoletto, when suddenly repenting of their resolution, they effaced all that was painted of the two frescos, and intrusted the decoration of the chapel entirely to Domenichino. It ought to be mentioned to the honor of these munificent persons, that they engaged to pay for every entire figure, 100 ducats, for each half-figure 50 ducats; and for each head 25 ducats. They took precautions also against any interruption to the artist, threatening the Viceroy's high displeasure if he were in any way molested. But this was only matter of derision to the junta. They began immediately to cry him down as a cold and insipid painter, and to discredit him with those, the most numerous class in every place, who see only with the eyes of others. They harassed him by calumnies, by anonymous letters, by displacing his pictures, by mixing injurious ingredients with his colors, and by the most insidious malice they procured some of his pictures to be sent by the viceroy to the court of Madrid; and these, when little more than sketched, were taken from his studio and carried to the court, where Spagnoletto ordered them to be retouched, and, without giving him time to finish them, hurried them to their destination. This malicious fraud of his rival, the complaints of the committee, who always met with some fresh obstacle to the completion of the work, and the sus-

picion of some evil design, at last determined Domenichino to depart secretly to Rome. As soon however as the news of his flight transpired, he was recalled, and fresh measures taken for his protection; when he resumed his labors, and decorated the walls and base of the cupola, and made considerable progress in the painting of his pictures.

“ But before he could finish his task he was interrupted by death, hastened either by poison, or by the many severe vexations he had experienced both from his relatives and his adversaries, and the weight of which was augmented by the arrival of his former enemy Lanfranco. This artist succeeded Zampieri in the painting of the basin of the chapel; Spagnoletto, in one of his oil pictures; Stanzioni in another; and each of these artists, excited by emulation, rivaled, if he did not excel, Domenichino. Caracciolo was dead. Bellisario, from his great age, took no share in it, and was soon afterwards killed by a fall from a stage, which he had erected for the purpose of retouching some of his frescos. Nor did Spagnoletto experience a better fate; for, having seduced a young girl, and become insupportable even to himself from the general odium which he experienced, he embarked on board a ship; nor is it known whither he fled, or how he ended his life, if we may credit the Neapolitan writers. Palomino, however, states him to have died in Naples in 1656, aged sixty-seven, though he does not contradict the first part of our state-

ment. Thus these ambitious men, who by violence or fraud had influenced and abused the generosity and taste of so many noble patrons, and to whose treachery and sanguinary vengeance so many professors of the art had fallen victims, ultimately reaped the merited fruit of their conduct in a violent death; and an impartial posterity, in assigning the palm of merit to Domenichino, inculcates the maxim, that it is a delusive hope to attempt to establish fame and fortune on the destruction of another's reputation."

GIUSEPPE RIBERA, CALLED IL SPAGNOLETTO—HIS EARLY POVERTY AND INDUSTRY.

José Ribera, a native of Valencia in Spain, studied for some time under Francisco Ribalta, and afterwards found his way to Italy. At the age of sixteen, he was living in Rome, in a very destitute condition; subsisting on crusts, clothed in rags, yet endeavoring with unswerving diligence to improve himself in art by copying the frescos on the façades of palaces, or at the shrines on the corners of the streets. His poverty and industry attracted the notice of a compassionate Cardinal, who happened to see him at work from his coach window; and he provided the poor boy with clothes, and food, and lodging in his own palace. Ribera soon found, however, that to be clad in good raiment, and to fare plentifully every day, weakened his powers of

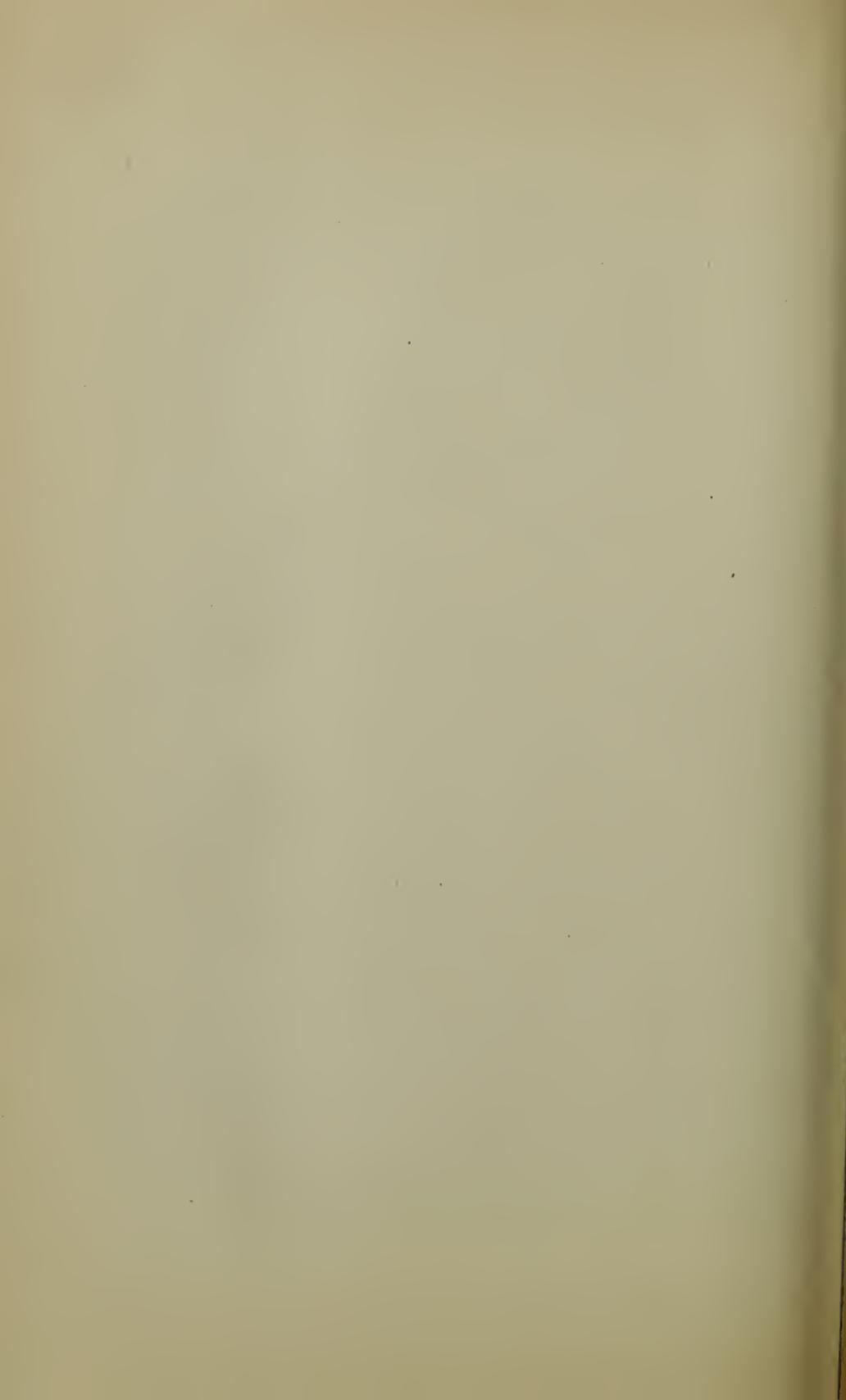
application; he needed the spur of want to arouse him to exertion; and therefore, after a short trial of a life in clover, beneath the shelter of the purple, he returned to his poverty and his studies in the streets. The Cardinal was at first highly incensed at his departure, and when he next saw him, rated him soundly as an ungrateful little Spaniard; but being informed of his motives, and observing his diligence, his anger was turned to admiration. He renewed his offers of protection, which, however, Ribera thankfully declined.

RIBERA'S MARRIAGE.

Ribera's adventure with the Cardinal, and his abilities, soon distinguished him among the crowd of young artists in Rome. He became known by the name which still belongs to him, *Il Spagnoletto*, (the little Spaniard,) and as an imitator of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, the bold handling of whose works, and their powerful effects of light and shade, pleased his vigorous mind. Finding Rome overstocked with artists, he went to Naples, where he made the acquaintance of a rich picture-dealer. The latter was so much pleased with Ribera's genius, that he offered him his beautiful and well-dowered daughter in marriage. The Valencian not less proud than poor, at first resented this proposal as an unseasonable pleasantry upon his forlorn condition; out at last finding that it was made in



JOSEF DE RIBERA.



good faith, he took "the good the gods provided," and at once stepped from solitary indigence into the possession of a handsome wife, a comfortable home, a present field of profitable labor, and a prospect of future opulence.

RIBERA'S RISE TO EMINENCE.

Ease and prosperity now rather stimulated than relaxed his exertions. Choosing for his subject the Flaying of St. Bartholomew, he painted that horrible martyrdom with figures of life-size, so fearfully truthful to nature that when exposed to the public in the street, it immediately attracted a crowd of shuddering gazers. The place of exhibition being within view of the royal palace, the eccentric Viceroy, Don Pedro de Giron, Duke of Ossuna, who chanced to be taking the air on his balcony, inquired the cause of the unusual concourse, and ordered the picture and the artist to be brought into his presence. Being well pleased with both, he purchased the one for his own gallery, and appointed the other his court painter, with a monthly salary of sixty doubloons, and the superintendence of all decorations in the palace.

RIBERA'S DISCOVERY OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Ribera seems to have been a man of considerable social talent, lively in conversation, and dealing in

playful wit and amusing sarcasm. Dominici relates that two Spanish officers, visiting at his house one day, entered upon a serious discussion on the subject of alchemy. The host, finding their talk somewhat tedious, gravely informed them that he himself happened to be in possession of the philosopher's stone, and that they might, if they pleased, see his way of using it, the next morning at his studio. The military adepts were punctual to their appointment, and found their friend at work, not in a mysterious laboratory, but at his easel, on a half-length picture of St. Jerome. Entreating them to restrain their eagerness, he painted steadily on, finished his picture, sent it out by his servant, and received a small rouleau in return. This he broke open in the presence of his visitors, and throwing ten gold doubloons on the table, said, "Learn of me how gold is to be made; I do it by painting, you by serving his majesty—diligence in business is the only true alchemy." The officers departed somewhat crest-fallen, neither relishing the jest, nor likely to reap any benefit from it.

RIBERA'S SUBJECTS.

His subjects are generally austere, representing anchorets, prophets, apostles, &c., and frequently of the most revolting character, such as sanguinary executions, martyrdoms, horrid punishments, and lingering torments, which he represented with a startling fidelity that intimidates and shocks the

beholder. His paintings are very numerous, and his drawings and etchings are highly esteemed by connoisseurs.

RIBERA'S DISPOSITION.

The talents of this great painter, seem to have been obscured by a cruel and revengeful disposition, partaking of the character of his works. He was one of the triumvirate of painters, who assassinated, persecuted, or drove every talented foreign painter from Naples, that they might monopolize the business. He was also a reckless libertine, and, according to Dominici, having seduced a beautiful girl, he was seized with such remorse for his many crimes, as to become insupportable to himself; and to escape the general odium which was heaped upon him, he fled from Naples on board a ship, and was never heard of more. This story however is doubtless colored, for, according to Palomino and several other writers, Ribera died at Naples in 1656. See page 132 of this volume.

SINGULAR PICTORIAL ILLUSIONS.

Over a certain fountain in Rome, there was a cornice so skilfully painted, that the birds were deceived, and trying to alight on it, frequently fell into the water beneath. Annibale Caracci painted some ornaments on a ceiling of the Farnese palace, which the Duke of Sessa, Spanish ambassador to

the Pope, took for sculptures, and would not believe they were painted on a flat ground, until he had touched them with a lance. Agostino Caracci painted a horse, which deceived the living animal—a triumph so celebrated in Apelles. Juan Sanchez Cotan, painted at Granada a “Crucifixion,” on the cross of which Palomino says birds often attempted to perch, and which at first sight the keen-eyed Cean Bermudez mistook for a piece of sculpture. The reputation of this painter stood so high, that Vincenzo Carducci traveled from Madrid to Granada on purpose to see him; and he is said to have recognized him among the white-robed fraternity of which he was a member, by observing in the expression of his countenance, a certain affinity to the spirit of his works.

It is related of Murillo’s picture of St. Anthony of Padua, that the birds, wandering up and down the aisles of the cathedral at Seville, have often attempted to perch upon a vase of white lilies painted on a table in the picture, and to peck at the flowers. The preëminent modern Zeuxis, however, was Pierre Mignard, whose portrait of the Marquise de Gouvernet was accosted by that lady’s pet parrot, with an affectionate “*Baise moi, ma maitresse*”!

RAFFAELLE’S SKILL IN PORTRAITS.

Raffaelle was transcendant not only in history, but in portrait. His portraits have deceived even persons most intimately acquainted with the origi-

nals. Lanzi says he painted a picture of Leo X. so full of life, that the Cardinal Datary approached it with a bull and pen and ink, for the Pope's signature. A similar story is related of Titian.

JACOPO DA PONTE.

Count Algarotti relates, that Annibale Caracci was so deceived by a book painted upon a table by Jacopo da Ponte, that he stretched out his hand to take it up. Bassano was highly honored by Paul Veronese, who placed his son Carletto under him as a pupil, to receive his general instructions, "and more particularly in regard to that just disposition of lights reflected from one object to another, and in those happy counterpositions, owing to which the depicted objects seemed clothed with a profusion of light."

GIOVANNI ROSA.

Giovanni Rosa, a Fleming who flourished at Rome in the first part of the seventeenth century, was famous for his pictures of animals. "He painted hares so naturally as to deceive the dogs, which would rush at them furiously, thus renewing the wonderful story of Zeuxis and his Grapes; so much boasted of by Pliny."

CAV. GIOVANNI CONTARINI.

This artist was a close imitator of Titian. He was extremely accurate in his portraits, which he

painted with force, sweetness, and strong likeness. He painted a portrait of Marco Dolce, and when the picture was sent home, his dogs began to fawn upon it, mistaking it for their master.

GUERCINO'S POWER OF RELIEF.

The style of Guercino displays a strong contrast of light and shadow, both exceedingly bold, yet mingled with great sweetness and harmony, and a powerful effect in relief, a branch of art so much admired by professors. "Hence," says Lanzi, "some foreigners bestowed upon him the title of the Magician of Italian painting, for in him were renewed those celebrated illusions of antiquity. He painted a basket of grapes so naturally that a ragged urchin stretched out his hand to steal some of the fruit. Often, in comparing the figures of Guido with those of Guercino, one would say that the former had been fed with roses, and the latter with flesh, as observed by one of the ancients."

BERNAZZANO.

Lanzi says, "In painting landscape, fruit, and flowers, Bernazzano succeeded so admirably as to produce the same wonderful effects that are told of Zeuxis and Apelles in Greece. These indeed Italian artists have frequently renewed, though with a less degree of applause. Having painted a strawberry-bed in a court yard, the pea-fowls were so deceived

by the resemblance, that they pecked at the wall till they had destroyed the painting. He painted the landscape part of a picture of the Baptism of Christ, and on the ground drew some birds in the act of feeding. On its being placed in the open air, the birds were seen to fly towards the picture, to join their companions. This beautiful picture is one of the chief ornaments in the gallery of the distinguished family of the Trotti at Milan."

INVENTION OF OIL PAINTING.

There has been a world of discussion on this subject, but there can be no doubt that John van Eyck, called John of Bruges, and by the Italians, Giovanni da Bruggia, and Gio. Abeyk or Eyck, is entitled to the honor of the invention of Oil Painting as applied to pictures, though Mr Raspe, the celebrated antiquary, in his treatise on the invention of Oil Painting, has satisfactorily proved that Oil Painting was practised in Italy as early as the 11th century, but only as a means of protecting metallic substances from rust.

According to van Mander, the method of painting in Flanders previous to the time of the van Eycks was with gums, or a preparation called egg-water, to which a kind of varnish was afterwards applied in finishing, which required a certain degree of heat to dry. John van Eyck having worked a long time on a picture and finished it with great care, placed

it in the sun-shine to dry, when the board on which it was painted split and spoiled the work. His disappointment at seeing so much labor lost, urged him to attempt the discovery, by his knowledge of chemistry, of some process which would not in future expose him to such an unfortunate accident. In his researches, he discovered the use of linseed and nut oil, which he found most siccative. This is generally believed to have happened about 1410. There is however, a great deal of contradiction among writers as to the van Eycks, no two writers being found to agree. Some assert that John van Eyck introduced his invention both into Italy and Spain, while others declare that he never left his own country, which would seem to be true. Vasari, the first writer on Italian art, awards the invention to Giovanni da Bruggia, and gives an account of its first introduction into Italy by Antonello da Messina, as we shall presently see. But Dominici asserts that oil painting was known and practised at Naples by artists whose names had been forgotten long before the time of van Eyck. Many other Italian writers have engaged in the controversy, and cited many instances of pictures which they supposed to have been painted in oil at Milan, Pisa, Naples, and elsewhere, as early as the 13th, 12th, and even the 9th centuries. But to proceed with the brothers van Eyck, John and Hubert—they generally painted in concert till the death of Hubert, and executed many works in oil, which were held in the highest estima

tion at the time when they flourished: Their most important work was an altar-piece, with folding doors, painted for Jodocus Vyts, who placed it in the church of St. Bavon at Ghent. The principal picture in this curious production represents the Adoration of the Lamb as described by St. John in the Revelations. On one of the folding doors is represented Adam and Eve, and on the other, St. Cecilia. This extraordinary work contains over three hundred figures, and is finished with the greatest care and exactness. It was formerly in the Louvre, but it is now unfortunately divided into two parts, one of which is at Berlin, and the other at Ghent. Philip I. of Spain desired to purchase it, but finding that impracticable, he employed Michael Coxis to copy it, who spent two years in doing it, for which he received 4,000 florins. The king placed this copy in the Escorial, and this probably gave rise to the story that John van Eyck visited Spain and introduced his discovery into that country. In the sacristy of the cathedral at Bruges is preserved with great veneration, a picture painted by John van Eyck, after the death of Hubert, representing the Virgin and Infant, with St. George, St. Donatius, and other saints. It is dated 1436. John died in 1441.

According to Vasari, the fame of Masaccio drew Antonello da Messina to Rome; from thence he proceeded to Naples, where he saw some oil paintings by John van Eyck, which had been brought to

Naples from Flanders, by some Neapolitan merchants, and presented or sold to Alphonso I., King of Naples. The novelty of the invention, and the beauty of the coloring inspired Antonello with so strong a desire to become possessed of the secret, that he went to Bruges, and so far ingratiated himself into the favor of van Eyck, then advanced in years, that he instructed him in the art. Antonello afterwards returned to Venice, where he secretly practised the art for some time, communicating it only to Domenico Veneziano, his favorite scholar. Veneziano settled at Florence, where his works were greatly admired both on account of their excellence and the novelty of the process. Here he unfortunately formed a connexion with Andrea del Castagno, an eminent Tuscan painter, who treacherously murdered Domenico, that he might become, as he supposed, the sole possessor of the secret. Castagno artfully concealed the atrocious deed till on his death-bed, when struck with remorse, he confessed the crime for which innocent persons had suffered. Vasari also says that Giovanni Bellini obtained the art surreptitiously from Messina, by disguising himself and sitting for his portrait, thus gaining an opportunity to observe his method of operating; but Lanzi has shown that Messina made the method public on receiving a pension from the Venetian Senate. Many writers have appeared, who deny the above statement of Vasari; but Lanzi, who carefully investigated the whole subject, finds no

just reason to claim for his countrymen priority of the invention, or to doubt the correctness of Vasari's statement in the main. Those old paintings at Milan, Pisa, Naples, Vienna, and elsewhere, have been carefully examined and proved to have been painted in encaustic or distemper. This subject will be found fully discussed in Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, under the articles John and Hubert van Eyck, Antonello da Messina, Domenico Veneziano, Andrea del Castagno, and Roger of Bruges.

FORESHORTENING.

Foreshortening is the art of representing figures and objects as they appear to the eye, viewed in positions varying from the perpendicular. The meaning of the term is exemplified in the celebrated Ascension, in the Pietá dé Tárchini, at Naples, by Luca Giordano, in which the body of Christ is so much foreshortened, that the toes appear to touch the knees, and the knees the chin. This art is one of the most difficult in painting, and though absurdly claimed as a modern invention, was well known to the ancients. Pliny speaks expressly of its having been practised by Parrhasius and Pausias. Many writers erroneously attribute the invention to Correggio; but Lanzi says, "it was discovered and enlarged by Melozzo da Forli, improved by Andrea Mantegna and his school, and perfected by Correggio and

others." About the year 1472, Melozzo painted his famous fresco of the Ascension in the great chapel of the Santi Apostoli at Rome. Vasari says of this work, "the figure of Christ is so admirably foreshortened, as to appear to pierce the vault; and in the same manner, the Angels are seen sweeping through the fields of air in different directions." This work was so highly esteemed that when the chapel was rebuilt in 1711, the painting was cut out of the ceiling with the greatest care, and placed in the Quirinal palace, where it is still preserved.

METHOD OF TRANSFERRING PAINTINGS FROM WALLS AND PANELS TO CANVASS.

According to Lanzi, Antonio Contri discovered a valuable process, by means of which he was enabled to transfer fresco paintings from walls to canvass, without the least injury to the work, and thus preserved many valuable paintings by the great masters, which obtained him wide celebrity and profitable employment. For this purpose, he spread upon a piece of canvass of the size of the painting to be transferred, a composition of glue or bitumen, and placed it upon the picture. When this was sufficiently dry, he beat the wall carefully with a mallet, cut the plaster around it, and applied to the canvass a wooden frame, well propped, to sustain it, and then, after a few days, cautiously removed the canvass, which brought the painting with it; and

having extended it upon a smooth table he applied to the back of it another canvass prepared with a more adhesive composition than the former. After a few days, he examined the two pieces of canvass, detached the first by means of warm water, which left the whole painting upon the second as it was originally upon the wall.

Contri was born at Ferrara about 1660, and died in 1732. Palmaroli, an Italian painter of the present century, rendered his name famous, and conferred a great benefit on art by his skill in transferring to canvass some of the frescos and other works of the great masters. In 1811 he transferred the famous fresco of the Descent from the Cross by Daniello da Volterra (erroneously said, as related above, to have been the first effort of the kind), which gained him immense reputation. He was employed to restore a great number of works at Rome, and in other places. He was invited to Germany, where, among other works, he transferred the Madonna di San Sisto, by Raffaella, from the original panel, which was worm-eaten and decayed, and thus preserved one of the most famous works of that prince of painters. At the present time, this art is practised with success in various European cities, particularly in London and Paris.

WORKS IN SCAGLIOLA.

Guido Fassi, called del Conte, a native of Carpi, born in 1584, was the inventor of a valuable kind

of work in imitation of marble, called by the Italians *Scagliola* or *Mischia*, which was subsequently carried to great perfection, and is now largely employed in the imitation of works in marble. The stone called *selenite* forms the principal ingredient. This is pulverized, mixed with colors and certain adhesive substances which gradually become as hard as stone, capable of receiving a high polish. Fassi made his first trials on cornices, and gave them the appearance of fine marble, and there remain two altar-pieces by him in the churches of Carpi. From him, the method rapidly spread over Italy, and many artists engaged in this then new art. Annibale Griffoni, a pupil of Fassi, applied the art to monuments. Giovanni Cavignani, also a pupil of Fassi, far surpassed his master, and executed an altar of St. Antonio, for the church of S. Niccolo, at Carpi, which is still pointed out as something extraordinary. It consists of two columns of porphyry adorned with a pallium, covered with lace, which last is an exact imitation of the covering of an altar, while it is ornamented in the margin with medals, bearing beautiful figures. In the Cathedral at Carpi, is a monument by one Ferrari, which so perfectly imitates marble that it cannot be distinguished from it, except by fracture. It has the look and touch of marble. Lanzi, from whom these facts are obtained, says that these artists ventured upon the composition of pictures, intended to represent engravings as well as oil paintings, and that

there are several such works, representing even historical subjects, in the collections of Carpi. Lanzi considers this art of so much importance, that he thus concludes his article upon it: "After the practice of modeling had been brought to vie with sculpture, and after engraving upon wood had so well counterfeited works of design, we have to record this third invention, belonging to a State of no great dimensions. Such a fact is calculated to bring into higher estimation the geniuses who adorned it. There is nothing of which man is more ambitious, than of being called an inventor of new arts; nothing is more flattering to his intellect, or draws a broader line between him and the animals. Nothing was held in higher reverence by the ancients, and hence it is that Virgil, in his Elysian Fields, represented the band of inventors with their brows bound with white chaplets, equally distinct in merit as in rank, from the more vulgar shades around them."

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING.

"We have now arrived," says Lanzi, "at the most brilliant period of the Roman school, and of modern painting itself. We have seen the art carried to a high degree of perfection by Da Vinci and Buonarotti, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and it is remarkable that the same period embraces not only Raffaele, but also Correggio, Giorgione, Titian, and the most celebrated Venetian paint-

ers ; so that a man enjoying the common term of life might have seen the works of all these illustrious masters. The art in a few years thus reached a height to which it had never before attained, and which has never been rivalled, except in the attempt to imitate these early masters, or to unite in one style their various and divided excellencies. It seems an ordinary law of providence that individuals of consummate genius should be born and flourish at the same period, or at least at short intervals from each other, a circumstance of which Vellejus Paterculus protested he could never discover the real cause. ' I observe,' he says, ' men of the same commanding genius making their appearance together, in the smallest possible space of time ; as it happens in the case of animals of different kinds, which, confined in a close place, nevertheless, each selects its own class, and those of a kindred race separate themselves from the rest. A single age sufficed to illustrate Tragedy, in the persons of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides : ancient comedy under Cratinus, Aristophanes, and Eumolpides, and in like manner the new comedy under Menander, Diphilus, and Philemon. There appeared few philosophers of note after the days of Plato and Aristotle, and whoever has made himself acquainted with Isocrates and his school, is acquainted with the summit of Grecian eloquence.' The same remark applies to other countries. The great Roman writers are included under the single age of Octavius : Leo X. was the Augustus of modern

Italy; the reign of Louis XIV. was the brilliant period of French letters; that of Charles II. of the English.

This rule applies equally to the fine arts. *Hoc idem*, proceeds Velleius, *evenisse plastis, pictoribus, sculptoribus, quisquis temporum institerit notis reperiet, et eminentiam cujusque operis artissimis temporum claustris circumdatum*. Of this union of men of genius in the same age, *Causus*, he says, *quum semper requiro, numquam invenio quas verus confidam*. It seems to him probable that when a man finds the first station in art occupied by another, he considers it as a post that has been rightfully seized on, and no longer aspires to the possession of it, but is humiliated, and contented to follow at a distance. But this solution does not satisfy my mind. It may indeed account to us why no other Michael Angelo, or Raffaello, has ever appeared; but it does not satisfy me why these two, and the others before mentioned, should all have appeared in the same age. I am of opinion that the age is always influenced by certain principles, universally adopted both by professors of the art, and by amateurs; which principles happening at a particular period to be the most just and accurate of their kind, produce in that age some preëminent professors, and a number of good ones. These principles change through the instability of all human affairs, and the age partakes in the change. I may add that these happy periods never occur without

the circumstance of a number of princes and influential individuals rivalling each other in the encouragement of works of taste ; and amidst these there always arise persons of commanding genius, who give a bias and tone to art. The history of sculpture in Athens, where munificence and taste went hand in hand, favors my opinion, and it is confirmed by this golden period of Italian art. Nevertheless, I do not pretend to give a verdict on this important question, but leave the decision of it to a more competent tribunal."

GOLDEN AGE OF THE FINE ARTS IN ANCIENT ROME.

"The reign of Augustus was the golden age of science and the fine arts. Grecian architecture at that period was so encouraged at Rome, that Augustus could with reason boast of having left a city of marble where he had found one of brick. In the time of the Cæsars, fourteen magnificent aqueducts, supported by immense arches, conducted whole rivers to Rome, from a distance of many miles, and supplied 150 public fountains, 118 large public baths, besides the water necessary for those artificial seas in which naval combats were represented : 100,000 statues ornamented the public squares, the temples, the streets, and the houses ; 90 colossal statues raised on pedestals ; 48 obelisks of Egyptian granite, besides, adorned various parts of the city ; nor was this stupendous magnificence confined to Rome, or even to Italy. All the pro-

vinces of the vast empire were embellished by Augustus and his successors, by the opulent nobles, by the tributary kings and the allies, with temples, circuses, theatres, palaces, aqueducts, amphitheatres, bridges, baths, and new cities. We have, unfortunately, but scanty memorials of the architects of those times; and, amidst the abundance of magnificent edifices, we search in vain for the names of those who erected them. However much the age of Augustus may be exalted, we cannot think it superior, or even equal to that of Alexander: the Romans were late in becoming acquainted with the arts; they cultivated them more from pride and ostentation than from feeling. Expensive collections were frequently made, without the possessors understanding their value; they knew only that such things were in reputation, and, to render themselves of consequence, purchased on the opinion of others. Of this, the Roman history gives frequent proofs. Domitian squandered seven millions in gilding the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus only, bringing from Athens a number of columns of Pentelic marble, extremely beautiful, and of good proportion, but which were recut and repolished, and thus deprived of their symmetry and grace. If the Romans did possess any taste for the fine arts, they left the exercise of it to the conquered—to Greece, who had no longer her Solon, Lycurgus, Themistocles, and Epaminondas, but was unarmed, depressed, and had become the slave of Rome. ‘Græcia capta ferum victorem

cey it.' How poor are such triumphs to those gained by the fine arts! The means by which Greece acquired and maintained such excellence, is worthy of an inquiry. It is generally allowed that climate and government have a powerful influence on the intellect. Greece was peculiarly favored in these two points; her atmosphere was serene and temperate, and being divided into a number of small, but independent states, a spirit of emulation was excited, which continually called forth some improvement in the liberal arts. The study of these formed a principal branch of education in the academies and schools, to which none but the free youth were admitted. To learning alone was the tribute of applause offered. At those solemn festivals to which all Greece resorted, whoever had the plurality of votes was crowned in the presence of the whole assembly, and his efforts afterwards rewarded with an immense sum of money; sometimes a million of crowns. Statues, with inscriptions, were also raised to those who had thus distinguished themselves, and their works, or whatever resembled them, for ever after bore their names; distinctions far more flattering than any pecuniary reward. Meticus gave his to a square which he built at Athens, and the appellation of Agaptos was applied to the porticos of the stadium. Zeuxis, when he painted Helen, collected a number of beautiful women, as studies for his subject: when completed, the Agrigentines, who had ordered it, were so delighted

with this performance, that they requested him to accept of five of the ladies. Thebes, and other cities, fined those that presented a bad work, and looked on them ever afterwards with derision. The applause bestowed on the best efforts, was repeated by the orators, the poets, the philosophers, and historians; the Cow of Miron, the Venus of Apelles, and the Cupid of Praxiteles, have exercised every pen. By these means Greece brought the fine arts to perfection; by neglecting them, Rome failed to equal her; and, by pursuing the same course, every country may become as refined as Greece."—*Milizia.*

NERO'S GOLDEN PALACE.

According to Tacitus, Nero's famous golden palace was one of the most magnificent edifices ever built, and far surpassed all that was stupendous and beautiful in Italy. It was erected on the site of the great conflagration at Rome, which was attributed by many to the wickedness of the tyrant. His statue, 120 feet high, stood in the midst of a court, ornamented with porticos of three files of lofty columns, each full a mile long; the gardens were of vast extent, with vineyards, meadows, and woods, filled with every sort of domestic and wild animals; a pond was converted into a sea, surrounded by a sufficient number of edifices to form a city; pearls, gems, and the most precious materials were used everywhere, and especially gold, the

profusion of which, within and without, and ever on the roofs, caused it to be called the Golden House; the essences and costly perfumes continually shed around, showed the extreme extravagance of the inhuman monster who seized on the wealth of the people to gratify his own desires. Among other curiosities was a dining-room, in which was represented the firmament, constantly revolving, imitative of the motion of the heavenly bodies; from it was showered down every sort of odoriferous waters. This great palace was completed by Otho, but did not long remain entire, as Vespasian restored to the people the lands of which Nero had unjustly deprived them, and erected in its place the mighty Colosseum, and the magnificent Temple of Peace

NAMES OF ANCIENT ARCHITECTS DESIGNATED BY REPTILES.

According to Pliny, Saurus and Batrarchus, two Lacedemonian architects, erected conjointly at their own expense, certain temples at Rome, which were afterwards enclosed by Octavius. Not being allowed to inscribe their names, they carved on the pedestals of the columns a lizard and a frog, which indicated them—*Saurus* signifying a lizard, and *Batrarchus* a frog. Milizia says that in the church of S. Lorenzo there are two antique Ionic capitals with a lizard and a frog carved in the eyes of the volutes, which are probably those alluded to by

Pliny, although the latter says *pedestal*. Modern painters and engravers have frequently adopted similar devices as a *rebus*, or enigmatical representation of their names. See Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects; Key to Monograms and Ciphers, and the twenty-four plates.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

Triumphal arches are monuments consisting of a grand portico or archway, erected at the entrance of a town, upon a bridge, or upon a public road, to the glory of some celebrated general, or in memory of some important event. The invention of these structures is attributed to the Romans. The earliest specimens are destitute of any magnificence. For a long time, they consisted merely of a plain arch, at the top of which was placed the trophies and statue of the triumpher. Subsequently the span was enlarged, the style enriched, and a profusion of all kinds of sculptures and ornaments heaped upon them. The triumphal arches varied greatly in point of construction, form, and decoration. The arch of Constantine at Rome is the best preserved of all the great antique arches; the Arch of Septimus Severus at the foot of the Capitoline hill, greatly resembles that of Constantine. The Arch of Titus is the most considerable at Rome. The Arch of Benvenuto, erected in honor of Trajan, is one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity, as

well on account of its sculptures as its architecture. The Arch of Trajan at Ancona is also one of the most elegant works of the kind. The Arch of Rimini, erected in honor of Augustus, on the occasion of his repairing the Flaminian Way from that town to Rome, is the most ancient of all the antique arches, and from its size, one of the noblest existing. Many beautiful structures of this kind have been erected in modern times, but principally on the plan, and in imitation of some of the above mentioned. Ancient medals often bear signs of this species of architecture, and some of them represent arches that have ceased to exist for centuries. Triumphal arches seem to have been in use among the Chinese in very ancient times. Milizia says, "There is no country in the world in which those arches are so numerous as in China. They are found not only in the cities but on the mountains; and are erected in the public streets in honor of princes, generals, philosophers, and mandarins, who have benefitted the public, or signalized themselves by any great action; there are more than 1100 of these latter, 200 of which are of extraordinary size and beauty; there are also some in honor of females. The Chinese annals record 3636 men who have merited triumphal arches." Milizia also says, the friezes of the Chinese arches are of great height, and ornamented with sculpture. The highest arches are twenty-five feet, embellished with human figures, animals, flowers, and grotesque forms, in various attitudes, and in full relief.

STATUE OF POMPEY THE GREAT.

The large Statue of Pompey, formerly in the collection of the Cardinal Spada, is supposed to be the same as that, at the base of which "Great Cæsar fell." It was found on the very spot where the Senate was held on the fatal ides of March, while some workmen were engaged in making excavations, to erect a private house. The Statue is not only interesting from its antiquity and historical associations, but for a curious episode that followed its discovery. The trunk lay in the ground of the discoverer, but the head projected into that of his neighbor; this occasioned a dispute as to the right of possession. The matter was at length referred to the decision of Cardinal Spada, who, like the wise man of old, ordered the Statue to be decapitated, and division made according to *position*—the trunk to one claimant, and the head to the other. The object of the wily Cardinal was not so much justice, as to get possession of the Statue himself, which he afterwards did, at a tithe of what it would otherwise have cost him. The whole cost him only 500 crowns.

OF ANTIQUE SCULPTURES IN ROME.

In 1824, there were more than 10,600 pieces of ancient sculpture in Rome; (statues, busts, and relievos,) and upwards of 6300 ancient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter have been

sawed up for tables, and for wainscotting chapels, or mixed up with walls, and otherwise destroyed! And what multitudes may yet lie undiscovered underneath the many feet of earth and rubbish which buries ancient Rome! When we reflect on this, it may give us some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its pristine splendor!

ANCIENT MAP OF ROME.

The Ichnography of Rome, in the fine collection of antiquities in the Palazzo Farnese, was found in the temple of Romulus and Remus, which is now dedicated to Sts. Cosmo and Damiano, who were also twin brothers. Though incomplete, it is one of the most useful remains of antiquity. The names of the particular buildings and palaces are marked upon it, as well as the outlines of the buildings themselves; and it is so large, that the Horrea Lolliana are a foot and a half long; and may serve as a scale to measure any other building or palace in it. It is published in Grœvius's Thesaurus.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

The Emperor Julian commanded Alypius, a learned architect of Antioch, who held many important offices under that monarch, to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem, A. D. 363, with the avowed object of falsifying the prophecy of our Saviour with regard to that structure. While the workmen

were engaged in making excavations for the foundation, balls of fire issued from the earth and destroyed them. This indication of divine wrath against the reprobate Jews and the Apostate Julian, compelled him to abandon his project. The story is affirmed by many Christian and classic authors

THE TOMB OF MAUSOLUS

When Mausolus, king of Caria, died about B. C. 353, his wife Artemisia, was so disconsolate, that she drank up his ashes, and resolved to erect in the city of Halicarnassus, one of the grandest and noblest monuments of antiquity, to celebrate the memory of a husband whom she tenderly loved. She therefore employed Bryaxis, Scopas, Timotheus, and Leocarus, four of the most renowned sculptors and architects of the golden age of Grecian art, to erect that famous mausoleum which was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, and gave its name to all similar structures in succeeding ages. Its dimensions on the north and south sides were sixty-three feet, the east and west sides were a little shorter, and its extreme height was one hundred and forty feet. It was surrounded with thirty-six splendid marble columns. Byaxis executed the north side, Scopas the east, Timotheus the south, and Leocarus the west. Artemisia died before the work was completed; but the artists continued their work with unabated zeal, and they endeavored to rival

each other in the beauty and magnificence with which they decorated this admirable work. A fifth sculptor, named Pythis, was added to them, who executed a noble four horse chariot of marble, which was placed on a pyramid crowning the summit of the mausoleum

MANDROCLE'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS.

Mandrocles, probably a Greek architect in the service of Darius, King of Persia, who flourished about B. C. 500, acquired a great name for the bridge which he constructed across the Thracian Bosphorus, or Straits of Constantinople, by order of that monarch. This bridge was formed of boats so ingeniously and firmly united that the innumerable army of Persia passed over it from Asia to Europe. To preserve the memory of so singular a work, Mandrocles represented in a picture, the Bosphorus, the bridge, the king of Persia seated on a throne, and the army that passed over it. This picture was preserved in the Temple of Juno at Samos, where Herodotus saw it, with this inscription:—
“Mandrocles, after having constructed a bridge of boats over the Bosphorus, by order of the king Darius of Persia, dedicated this monument to Juno, which does honor to Samos, his country, and confers glory on the artificer.”

THE COLOSSUS OF THE SUN AT RHODES.

This prodigious Statue, which was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, was planned, and

probably executed by Chares, an ancient sculptor of Lindus, and a disciple of Lysippus. According to Strabo, the statue was of brass, and was seventy cubits, or one hundred feet high; and Chares was employed upon it twelve years. It was said to have been placed at the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes, with the feet upon two rocks, in such a manner, that the ships then used in commerce could pass in full sail between them. This colossus, after standing fifty-six years, was overthrown by an earthquake. An oracle had forbidden the inhabitants to restore it to its former position, and its fragments remained in the same position until A. D. 667, when Moavia, a calif of the Saracens, who invaded Rhodes in that year, sold them to a Jewish merchant, who is said to have loaded nine hundred camels with them.

Pliny says that Chares executed the statue in three years, and he relates several interesting particulars, as that few persons could embrace its thumb, and that the fingers were as long as an ordinary statue. Muratori reckons this one of the fables of antiquity. Though the accounts in ancient authors concerning this colossal statue of Apollo are somewhat contradictory, they all agree that there was such a statue, seventy or eighty cubits high, and so monstrous a fable could not have been imposed upon the world in that enlightened age. Some antiquarians have thought, with great justice, that the fine head of Apollo which is stamped upon the Rhodian medals, is a representation of that of the Colossus.

STATUES AND PAINTINGS AT RHODES.

Pliny says, (lib. xxxiv. cap. 7.) that Rhodes, in his time, "possessed more than 3000 statues, the greater part finely executed; also paintings and other works of art, of more value than those contained in the cities of Greece. There was the wonderful Colossus, executed by Chares of Lindus, the disciple of Ly-sippus."

SOSTRATUS' LIGHT-HOUSE ON THE ISLE OF PHAROS.

This celebrated work of antiquity was built by Sostratus, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It was a species of tower, erected on a high promontory or rock, on the above mentioned island, then situated about a mile from Alexandria. It was 450 ft. high, divided into several stories, each decreasing in size; the ground story was hexagonal, the sides alternately concave and convex, each an eighth of a mile in length; the second and third stories were of the same form; the fourth was a square, flanked by four round towers; the fifth was circular. The whole edifice was of wrought stone; a magnificent staircase led to the top, where fires were lighted every night, visible from the distance of a hundred miles, to guide the coasting vessels. Sostratus is said to have engraved an inscription on stone, and covered it with a species of cement, upon which he sculptured the name of Ptolemy, calculating that the cement would decay, and bring to

light his original inscription. Strabo says it read, *Sostratus, the friend of kings, made me.* Lucian reports differently, and more probably, thus, *Sostratus of Cnidus, the son of Dexiphanes, to the Gods the Saviors, for the safety of Mariners.* It is also said that Ptolemy left the inscription to the inclination of the architect; and that by the *Gods the Saviors* were meant the reigning king and queen, with their successors, who were ambitious of the title of Soter or Savior.

DINOCRATES' PLAN FOR CUTTING MOUNT ATHOS INTO A STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

According to Vitruvius, this famous architect, having provided himself with recommendatory letters to the principal personages of Alexander's court, set out from his native country with the hope of gaining, through their means, the favor of the monarch. The courtiers made him promises which they neglected to perform, and framed various excuses to prevent his access to the sovereign; he therefore determined upon the following expedient:—Being of a gigantic and well proportioned stature, he stripped himself, anointed his body with oil, bound his head with poplar leaves, and throwing a lion's skin across his shoulders, with a club in his hand, presented himself to Alexander, in the place where he held his public audience. Alexander, astonished at his Herculean figure, desired him to approach, demanding, at the same time, his name:—"I am,"

said he, "a Macedonian architect, and am come to submit to you designs worthy of the fame you have acquired. I have modelled Mount Athos in the form of a giant, holding in his right hand a city, and his left a shell, from which are discharged into the sea all the rivers collected from the mountain." It was impossible to imagine a scheme more agreeable to Alexander, who asked seriously whether there would be sufficient country round this city to maintain its inhabitants. Dinocrates answered in the negative, and that it would be necessary to supply it by sea. Athos consequently remained a mountain; but Alexander was so pleased with the novelty of the idea, and the genius of Dinocrates, that he at once took him into his service. The design of Dinocrates may be found in Fischer's History of Architecture. According to Pliny, Dinocrates planned and built the city of Alexandria.

POPE'S IDEA OF FORMING MOUNT ATHOS INTO A STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"I cannot conceive," said Spence, the author of *Polymetis*, to Pope, "how Dinocrates could ever have carried his proposal of forming Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great, into execution."—"For my part," replied Pope, "I have long since had an idea how that might be done; and if any body would make me a present of a Welch mountain, and pay the workmen, I would under-

lake to see it executed. I have quite formed it sometimes in my imagination: the figure must be in a reclining posture, because of the hollowing that would be necessary, and for the city's being in one hand. It should be a rude unequal hill, and might be helped with groves of trees for the eye brows, and a wood for the hair. The natural green turf should be left wherever it would be necessary to represent the ground he reclines on. It should be so contrived, that the true point of view should be at a considerable distance. When you were near it, it should still have the appearance of a rough mountain, but at the proper distance such a rising should be the leg, and such another an arm. It would be best if there were a river, or rather a lake, at the bottom of it, for the rivulet that came through his other hand, to tumble down the hill, and discharge itself into it."

Diodorus Siculus, says that Semiramis had the mountain Bajitanus, in Media, cut into a statue of herself, seventeen stadii high, (about two miles) surrounded by one hundred others, probably representing the various members of her court. China, among other wonders, is said to have many mountains cut into the figures of men, animals, and birds. It is probable, however, that all these stories have originated in the imagination, from the real or fanciful resemblance of mountains, to various objects, which are found in every country, as "The Old Man of the Mountain," Mt. Washington, N. H., "St.

Anthony's Nose," in the Highlands, "Camel's Rump," Green Mountains, "Giant of the Valley," on lake Champlain, &c. It is easy to imagine a mountain as a cloud, "almost in shape of a camel," "backed like a weasel," or "very like a whale."

TEMPLE WITH AN IRON STATUE SUSPENDED IN THE
AIR BY LOADSTONE.

According to Pliny, Dinocrates built a temple at Alexandria, in honor of Arsinoe, sister and wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The whole interior was to have been incrustcd with loadstone, in order that the statue of the princess, composed of iron, should be suspended in the centre, solely by magnetic influence. On the death of Ptolemy and of the architect, the idea was abandoned, and has never been executed elsewhere, though believed to be practicable. A similar fable was invented of the tomb of Mahomet.

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS AT ATHENS.

According to Vitruvius, Pisistratus, who flourished about B. C. 555, employed the four Grecian architects, Antistates, Antimachides, Calleschros, and Porinus, to erect this famous temple in the place of one built in the time of Deucalion, which the storms of a thousand years had destroyed. They proceeded so far with it that Pisistratus was enabled to dedicate it, but after his death the work ceased; and the completion of the temple, so mag-

ificent and grand in its design that it impressed the beholder with wonder and awe, became the work of after ages. Perseus, king of Macedonia, and Antiochus Epiphanes, nearly four hundred years after Pisistratus, finished the grand nave, and placed the columns of the portico, Cossutius, a Roman, being the architect. It was considered, and with good reason, one of the four celebrated marble temples of Greece: the other three were that of Diana, at Ephesus; Apollo, at Miletus; and Ceres, at Eleusis. The Corinthian order prevailed in its design. In the siege that Sylla laid to Athens, this temple was greatly injured, but the allied kings afterwards restored it at their common expense, intending to dedicate it to the genius of Augustus. Livy says that among so many temples, this was the only one worthy of a god. Pausanias says the Emperor Adrian enclosed it with a wall, as was usual with the Grecian temples, of half a mile in circumference, which the cities of Greece adorned with statues erected to that monarch. The Athenians distinguished themselves by the elevation of a colossal statue behind the temple. This enclosure was also ornamented with a peristyle, one hundred rods in length, supported by superb marble Corinthian columns, and to this façade were three grand vestibules which led to the temple. Adrian dedicated it a second time. In the temple was placed a splendid statue of Jupiter Olympius, of gold and ivory; and the courtiers added four statues of the Emperor.

This wonderful structure, which is said to have cost five millions of *scudi*, is now in ruins. Sixteen Corinthian columns are still standing, six feet four inches, and some six feet six inches, in diameter. The length of the temple, according to Stuart, upon the upper step, was three hundred and fifty-four feet, and its breadth one hundred and seventy-one feet; the entire length of the walls of the peribolous is six hundred and eighty-eight feet, and the width four hundred and sixty-three feet.

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

This celebrated temple was built by Ictinus and Callicrates, two Greek architects who flourished about B. C. 430. Ictinus was celebrated for the magnificent temples which he erected to the heathen gods. Among these were the famous Doric temple of Ceres and Proserpine at Eleusis, of which he built the outer cell, capable of accommodating thirty thousand persons; also the temple of Apollo, near Mount Cotyion, in Arcadia, which was considered one of the finest of antiquity, and was vaulted with stone. But his most important work was the famous Parthenon at Athens, erected within the citadel, by Ictinus and Callicrates, by order of Pericles. According to Vitruvius, the two artists exerted all their powers to make this temple worthy the goddess who presided over the arts. The plan was a rectangle, like most of the Greek and Roman;

its length from east to west, was 227 feet 7 inches, and its width 101 feet 2 inches, as measured on the top step. It was peripteral, octastyle; that is, surrounded with a portico of columns, with eight to each façade. The height of the columns was 34 feet, and their diameter 6 feet. Within the outer portico was a second, also formed of isolated columns, but elevated two steps higher than the first; from thence the interior of the temple was entered, which contained the famous statue of Minerva in gold and ivory, by Phidias. This famous temple was built entirely of white marble, and from its elevated position, could be seen from an immense distance. On a nearer approach, it was admired for the elegance of its proportions, and the beauty of the bas-reliefs with which its exterior was decorated. It was preserved entire until 1677, when it was nearly destroyed by an explosion during the siege of Athens by Morosini. It was further dilapidated by the Turks, and afterwards by Lord Elgin, who removed all the bas-reliefs and other ornaments practicable, and transported them to London, where they now adorn the British Museum. King Otho has adopted measures to preserve the edifice from further mischief.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

The following exceedingly interesting account of the removal of the sculptures from the Parthenon, is extracted from Hamilton's "Memorandum on the

Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece."

"In the year 1799, when Lord Elgin appointed his majesty's ambassador extraordinary to the Ottoman Porte, he was in habits of frequent intercourse with Mr. Harrison, an architect of great eminence in the west of England, whom his lordship consulted on the benefits that might possibly be derived to the arts in this country, in case an opportunity could be found for studying minutely the architecture and sculpture of ancient Greece; whose opinion was, that although we might possess exact admeasurements of the public buildings in Athens, yet a young artist could never form to himself an adequate conception of their minute details, combinations, and general effects, without having before him some such sensible representation of them as might be conveyed by casts.

On this suggestion Lord Elgin proposed to his majesty's government, that they should send out English artists of known eminence, capable of collecting this information in the most perfect manner; but the prospect appeared of too doubtful an issue for ministers to engage in the expense attending it. Lord Elgin then endeavored to engage some of these artists at his own charge; but the value of their time was far beyond his means. When, however, he reached Sicily, on the recommendation of Sir William Hamilton, he was so fortunate as to prevail on Don Tita Lusieri, one of the best general painters in Europe, of great knowledge in the

arts, and of infinite taste, to undertake the execution of this plan ; and Mr. Hamilton, who was then accompanying Lord Elgin to Constantinople, immediately went with Signor Lusieri to Rome, where, in consequence of the disturbed state of Italy, they were enabled to engage two of the most eminent *formatori* or moulders, to make the *madreformi* for the casts ; Signor Balestra, a distinguished architect there, along with Ittar, a young man of promising talents, to undertake the architectural part of the plan ; and one Theodore, a Calmouk, who during several years at Rome, had shown himself equal to the first masters in the design of the human figure.

After much difficulty, Lord Elgin obtained permission from the Turkish government to establish these six artists at Athens, where they systematically prosecuted the business of their several departments during three years, under the general superintendance of Lusieri.

Accordingly every monument, of which there are any remains in Athens, has been thus most carefully and minutely measured, and from the rough draughts of the architects (all of which are preserved), finished drawings have been made by them of the plans, elevations, and details of the most remarkable objects ; in which the Calmouk has restored and inserted all the sculpture with exquisite taste and ability. He has besides made accurate drawings of all the bas-reliefs on the several temples, in the pre-

cise state of decay and mutilation in which they at present exist.

Most of the bassi rilievi, and nearly all the characteristic features of architecture in the various monuments at Athens, have been moulded, and the moulds of them brought to London.

Besides the architecture and sculpture at Athens, all similar remains which could be traced through several parts of Greece have been measured and delineated with the most scrupulous exactness, by the second architect Ittar.

In the prosecution of this undertaking, the artists had the mortification of witnessing the very *willful devastation to which all the sculpture, and even the architecture, were daily exposed on the part of the Turks and travelers*: the former equally influenced by mischief and by avarice, the latter from an anxiety to become possessed, each according to his means, of some relic, however small, of buildings or statues which had formed the pride of Greece. The Ionic temple on the Ilyssus which, in Stuart's time, about the year 1759, was in tolerable preservation, had so entirely disappeared, that its foundation was no longer to be ascertained. Another temple near Olympia had shared a similar fate within the recollection of many. The temple of Minerva had been converted into a powder magazine, and was in great part shattered from a shell falling upon it during the bombardment of Athens by the Venetians, towards the end of the seventeenth century;

and even this accident has not deterred the Turks from applying the beautiful temple of Neptune and Erectheus to the same use, whereby it is still constantly exposed to a similar fate. Many of the statues over the entrance of the temple of Minerva, which had been thrown down by the explosion, had been powdered to mortar, because they offered the whitest marble within reach ; and parts of the modern fortification, and the miserable houses where this mortar had been so applied, are easily traced. In addition to these causes of degradation, the Turks will frequently climb up the ruined walls and amuse themselves in defacing any sculpture they can reach ; or in breaking columns, statues, or other remains of antiquity, in the fond expectation of finding within them some hidden treasures.

Under these circumstances, Lord Elgin felt himself irresistibly impelled to endeavor to preserve, by removal from Athens, any specimens of sculpture he could, without injury, rescue from such impending ruin. He had, besides, another inducement, and an example before him, in the conduct of the last French embassy sent to Turkey before the Revolution. French artists did then attempt to remove several of the sculptured ornaments from several edifices in the Acropolis, and particularly from the Parthenon. In lowering one of the Metopes the tackle failed, and it was dashed to pieces ; one other object was conveyed to France, where it is held in the highest estimation, and where it occupies

a conspicuous place in the gallery of the Louvre, and constituted national property during the French Revolution. The same agents were remaining at Athens during Lord Elgin's embassy, waiting only the return of French influence at the Porte to renew their operations. Actuated by these inducements, Lord Elgin made every exertion; and the sacrifices he has made have been attended with such entire success, that he has brought to England from the ruined temples at Athens, from the modern walls and fortifications, in which many fragments had been used as blocks for building, and from excavations from amongst the ruins, made on purpose, such a mass of Athenian sculpture, in statues, alti and bassi rilievi, capitals, cornices, friezes, and columns as, with the aid of a few of the casts, to present all the sculpture and architecture of any value to the artist or man of taste which can be traced at Athens.

In proportion as Lord Elgin's plan advanced, and the means accumulated in his hands towards affording an accurate knowledge of the works of architecture and sculpture in Athens and in Greece, it became a subject of anxious inquiry with him, in what way the greatest degree of benefit could be derived to the arts from what he had been so fortunate as to procure.

In regard to the works of the architects employed by him, he had naturally, from the beginning, looked forward to their being engraved; and accordingly

all such plans, elevations, and details as to those persons appeared desirable for that object, were by them, and on the spot, extended with the greatest possible care for the purpose of publication. Besides these, all the working sketches and measurements offer ample materials for further drawings, if they should be required. It was Lord Elgin's wish that the whole of the drawings might be executed in the highest perfection of the art of engraving; and for this purpose a fund should be raised by subscription, exhibition, or otherwise; by aid of which these engravings might still be distributable, for the benefit of artists, at a rate of expense within the means of professional men.

Great difficulty occurred in forming a plan for deriving the utmost advantage from the marbles and casts. Lord Elgin's first attempt was to have the statues and bassi rilievi restored; and in that view he went to Rome to consult and to employ Canova. The decision of that most eminent artist was conclusive. On examining the specimens produced to him, and making himself acquainted with the whole collection, and particularly with what came from the Parthenon, by means of the persons who had been carrying on Lord Elgin's operations at Athens, and who had returned with him to Rome, Canova declared, "That however greatly it was to be lamented that these statues should have suffered so much from time and barbarism, yet it was undeniable that they never had been retouched; that

they were the work of the ablest artists the world had ever seen ; executed under the most enlightened patron of the arts, and at a period when genius enjoyed the most liberal encouragement, and had attained the highest degree of perfection ; and that they had been found worthy of forming the decoration of the most admired edifice ever erected in Greece. That he should have had the greatest delight, and derived the greatest benefit from the opportunity Lord Elgin offered him of having in his possession and contemplating these inestimable marbles." But (*his expression was*) " it would be sacrilege in him or any man to presume to touch them with his chisel." Since their arrival in this country they have been laid open to the inspection of the public ; and the opinions and impressions, not only of artists, but of men of taste in general, have thus been formed and collected.

From these the judgment pronounced by Canova has been universally sanctioned ; and all idea of restoring the marbles deprecated. Meanwhile the most distinguished painters and sculptors have assiduously attended the Museum, and evinced the most enthusiastic admiration of the perfection to which these marbles now prove to them that Phidias had brought the art of sculpture, and which had hitherto only been known through the medium of ancient authors. They have attentively examined them, and they have ascertained that they were executed with the most scrupulous anatomical truth,

not only in the human figure, but in the various animals to be found in this collection. They have been struck with the wonderful accuracy; and at the same time, the great effect of minute detail; and with the life and expression so distinctly produced in every variety of attitude and action. Those more advanced in years have testified great concern at not having had the advantage of studying these models; and many who have had the opportunity of forming a comparison (among these are the most eminent sculptors and painters in this metropolis), have publicly and unequivocally declared, that in the view of professional men, this collection is far more valuable than any other collection in existence.

With such advantages as the possession of these unrivalled works of art afford, and with an enlightened and encouraging protection bestowed on genius and the arts, it may not be too sanguine to indulge a hope, that, prodigal as nature is in the perfections of the human figure in this country, animating as are the instances of patriotism, heroic actions, and private virtues deserving commemoration, sculpture may soon be raised in England to rival these, the ablest productions of the best times of Greece. The reader is referred to the synopsis of the British Museum, and to the Chevalier Visconti's Memoirs, before quoted, for complete and authentic catalogues of these marbles, but the following brief abstract is necessary to give a view of what they consist, to readers who may reside at a distance

from the metropolis, or have not those works at hand.

In that part of the collection which came from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon are several statues and fragments, consisting of two horses' heads in one block, and the head of one of the horses of Night, a statue of Hercules or Theseus, a group of two female figures, a female figure in quick motion, supposed to be Iris, and a group of two goddesses, one represented sitting, and the other half reclining on a rock. Among the statues and fragments from the western pediment are part of the chest and shoulders of the colossal figure in the centre, supposed to be Neptune, a fragment of the colossal figure of Minerva, a fragment of a head, supposed to belong to the preceding, a fragment of a statue of Victory, and a statue of a river god called Ilissus, and several fragments of statues from the pediments, the names or places of which are not positively ascertained, among which is one supposed to have been Latona, holding Apollo and Diana in her arms; another of the neck and arms of a figure rising out of the sea, called Hyperion, or the rising Sun; and a torso of a male figure with drapery thrown over one shoulder. The metopes represent the battles between the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the nuptials of Pirithous. Each metope contains two figures, grouped in various attitudes; sometimes the Lapithæ, sometimes the Centaurs victorious. The figure of one of the La-

pithæ, who is lying dead and trampled on by a Centaur, is one of the finest productions of the art, as well as the group adjoining to it of Hippodamia, the bride, carried off by the Centaur Eurytion; the furious style of whose galloping in order to secure his prize, and his shrinking from the spear that has been hurled after him, are expressed with prodigious animation. They are all in such high relief as to seem groups of statues; and they are in general finished with as much attention behind as before.

They were originally continued round the entablature of the Parthenon, and formed ninety-two groups. The frieze which was carried along the outer walls of the cell offered a continuation of sculptures in low relief, and of the most exquisite beauty. It represented the whole of the solemn procession to the temple of Minerva during the Panathenaic festival; many of the figures are on horseback, others are about to mount, some are in chariots, others on foot, oxen and other victims are led to sacrifice, the nymphs called Canephoræ, Skiophoræ, &c., are carrying the sacred offering in baskets and vases; there are priests, magistrates, warriors, deities, &c., forming altogether a series of most interesting figures in great variety of costume, armor, and attitude.

From the Opisthodomus of the Parthenon, Lord Elgin also procured some valuable inscriptions, written in the manner called Kionedon or columnar. The subjects of these monuments are public decrees

of the people, accounts of the riches contained in the treasury, and delivered by the administrators to their successors in office, enumerations of the statues, the silver, gold, and precious stones, deposited in the temple, estimates for public works, &c."

ODEON, OR ODEUM.

The first Odeon, (*ὠδελον*, from *ὠδη*, a song), was built by Pericles at Athens. It was constructed on different principles from the theatre, being of an elliptical form, and roofed to preserve the harmony and increase the force of musical sounds. The building was devoted to poetical and musical contests and exhibitions. It was injured in the siege of Sylla, but was subsequently repaired by Ariobarzanes Philopator, king of Cappadocia. At a later period, two others were built at Athens by Pausanias and Herodes Atticus, and other Greek cities followed their example. The first Odeon at Rome was built in the time of the emperors; Domitian erected one, and Trajan another. The Romans likewise constructed them in several provincial cities, the ruins of one of which are still seen at Catanea, in Sicily.

PERPETUAL LAMPS.

According to Pausanias, Callimachus made a golden lamp for the Temple of Minerva at Athens, with a wick composed of asbestos, which burned day and night for a year without trimming or re-

plenishing with oil. If this was true, the font of the lamp must have been large enough to have contained a year's supply of oil; for, though some profess that the economical inventions of the ancients have been forgotten, the least knowledge in chemistry proves that oil in burning must be consumed. The perpetual lamps, so much celebrated among the learned of former times, said to have been found burning after many centuries, on opening tombs, are nothing more than fables, arising perhaps from phosphorescent appearances, caused by decomposition in confined places, which vanished as soon as fresh air was admitted. Such phenomena have frequently been observed in opening sepulchres.

THE SKULL OF RAFFAELLE

Is preserved as an object of great veneration in the Academy of St. Luke, which the students visit as if in the hope of being inspired with similar talents; and it is wonderful that, admiring him so much, modern painters should so little resemble him. Either they do not wish to imitate him, or do not know how to do so. Those who duly appreciate his merits have attempted it, and been successful. Mengs is an example of this observation.

THE FOUR FINEST PICTURES IN ROME.

The four most celebrated pictures in Rome, are *The Transfiguration* by Raffaelle, *St. Jerome* by

Domenichino, *The Descent from the Cross* by Daniele da Volterra, and *The Romualdo* by Andrea Sacchi.

THE FOUR CARLOS OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

It is a singular fact that the four most distinguished painters of the 17th century were named Charles, viz.: le Brun, Cignani, Maratta, and Loti, or Loth. Hence they are frequently called by writers, especially the Italian, "The four Carlos of the 17th century."

PIETRO GALLETTI AND THE BOLOGNESE STUDENTS.

Crespi relates that Pietro Galletti, misled by a pleasing self-delusion that he was born a painter, made himself the butt and ridicule of all the artists of Bologna. When they extolled his works and called him the greatest painter in the world, he took their irony for truth, and strutted with greater self-complacency. On one occasion, the students assembled with great pomp and ceremony, and solemnly invested him with the degree of *Doctor of Painting*.

ÆTION'S PICTURE OF THE NUPTIALS OF ALEXANDER AND ROXANA.

Ætion gained so much applause by his picture, representing the nuptials of Alexander and Roxana, which he publicly exhibited at the Olympic Games, that Proxenidas, the president, rewarded him, by giving him his daughter in marriage. This picture

was taken to Rome after the conquest of Greece, where it was seen by Lucian, who gives an accurate description of it, from which, it is said, Raffaele sketched one of his finest compositions.

AGELADAS.

This famous sculptor was a native of Argos, and flourished about B. C. 500. He was celebrated for his works in bronze, the chief of which were a statue of Jupiter, in the citadel of Ithone, and one of Hercules, placed in the Temple at Melite, in Attica, after the great plague. Pausanias mentions several other works by him, which were highly esteemed. He was also celebrated as the instructor of Myron, Phidias, and Polycletus.

THE PORTICOS OF AGAPTOS.

According to Pausanias, Agaptos, a Grecian architect, invented the porticos around the square attached to the Greek stadii, or race courses of the Gymnasiums, which gained him so much reputation, that they were called the porticos of Agaptos, and were adopted in every stadium.

THE GROUP OF NIOBE AND HER CHILDREN.

Pliny says there was a doubt in his time, whether some statues representing the dying children of Niobe (*Niobæ liberos morientes*), in the Temple of Apollo Sosianus at Rome, were by Scopas or Prax-

iteles. The well known group of this subject in the Florentine gallery, is generally believed to be the identical work mentioned by Pliny. Whether it be an original production of one of these great artists, or as some critics have supposed, only a copy, it will ever be considered worthy of their genius, as one of the sweetest manifestations of that deep and intense feeling of beauty which the Grecian artists delighted to preserve in the midst of suffering. The admirable criticism of Schlegel (*Lectures on the Drama*, III), develops the internal harmony of the work. "In the group of Niobe, there is the most perfect expression of terror and pity. The upturned looks of the mother, and the mouth half open in supplication, seem to accuse the invisible wrath of Heaven. The daughter, clinging in the agonies of death to the bosom of her mother, in her infantile innocence, can have no other fear than for herself; the innate impulse of self-preservation was never represented in a manner more tender and affecting. Can there, on the other hand, be exhibited to the senses, a more beautiful image of self-devoting, heroic magnanimity than Niobe, as she bends her body forward, that, if possible, she may alone receive the destructive bolt? Pride and repugnance are melted down in the most ardent maternal love. The more than earthly dignity of the features are the less disfigured by pain, as from the quick repetition of the shocks, she appears, as in the fable, to have become insensible and

motionless. Before this figure, twice transformed into stone, and yet so inimitably animated—before this line of demarkation of all human suffering, the most callous beholder is dissolved in tears ”

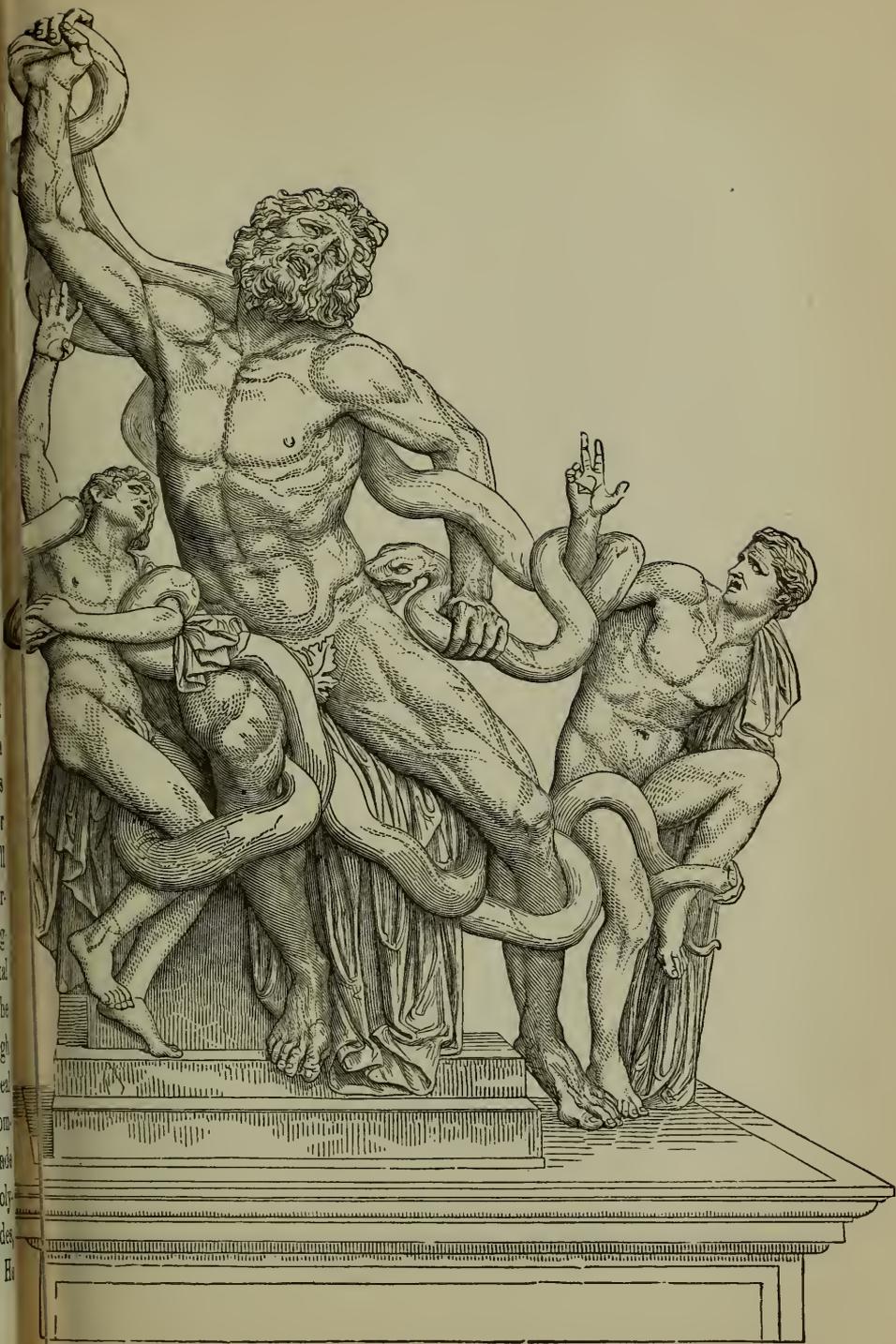
STATUE OF THE FIGHTING GLADIATOR.

The famous antique statue of the Fighting Gladiator, which now adorns the Louvre, was executed by Agasias, a Greek sculptor of Ephesus, who flourished about B. C. 450. It was found among the ruins of a palace of the Roman Emperors at Capo d'Anzo, the ancient Antium, where also the Apollo Belvidere was discovered.

THE GROUP OF LAOCOON IN THE VATICAN.

As Laocoön, a priest of Neptune, (or according to some, of Apollo) was sacrificing a bull to Neptune, on the shore at Troy, after the pretended retreat of the Greeks, two enormous serpents appeared swimming from the island of Tenedos, and advanced towards the altar. The people fled; but Laocoön and his two sons fell victims to the monsters. The sons were first attacked, and then the father, who attempted to defend them, the serpents coiling themselves about him and his sons, while in his agony he endeavored to extricate them. They then hastened to the temple of Pallas, where, placing themselves at the foot of the goddess, they hid themselves under her shield. The people saw in

this omen, Laocoön's punishment for his impiety in having pierced with his spear, the wooden horse which was consecrated to Minerva. Thus Virgil relates the story in the *Æneid*; others, as Hyginus, give different accounts, though agreeing in the main points. The fable is chiefly interesting to us, as having given rise to one of the finest and most celebrated works of antique sculpture, namely, the Laocoön, now in the Vatican. It was discovered in 1506 by some workmen, while employed in making excavations in a vineyard on the site of the Baths of Titus. Pope Julius II. bought it for an annual pension, and placed it in the Belvidere in the Vatican. It was taken to Paris by Napoleon, but was restored to its place in 1815. It is perfect in preservation, except that the right arm of Laocoön was wanting, which was restored by Baccio Bandinelli. This group is so perfect a work, so grand and so instructive for the student of the fine arts, that many writers of all nations have written on it. It represents three persons in agony, but in different attitudes of struggling or fear, according to their ages, and the mental anguish of the father. All connoisseurs declare the group perfect, the product of the most thorough knowledge of anatomy, of character, and of ideal perfection. According to Pliny, it was the common opinion in his time, that the group was made of one stone by three sculptors, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenadorus, all three natives of Rhodes, and the two last probably sons of the former. He



THE LAÖCOON.

says, "The Laocoön, which is in the palace of the Emperor Titus, is a work to be preferred to all others, either in painting or sculpture. Those great artists, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenadorus, Rhodians, executed the principal figure, the sons; and the wonderful folds of the serpents, out of one piece of marble." Doubts exist respecting the era of this work. Maffei places it in the 88th Olympiad, or the first year of the Peloponnesian War; Winckelmann, in the time of Lysippus and Alexander; and Lessing, in the time of the first Emperors. Some doubt whether this is the work mentioned by Pliny, because it has been discovered that the group was not executed out of one block of marble, as asserted by him. In the opinion of many judicious critics, however, it is considered an original group, and not a copy, for no copy would possess its perfections; and that it is certainly the one described by Pliny, because, after his time, no known sculptor was capable of executing such a perfect work; and had there been one, his fame would certainly have reached us. It was found in the place mentioned by Pliny, and the joinings are so accurate and artfully concealed, that they might easily escape his notice. There are several copies of this matchless production by modern sculptors, the most remarkable of which, are one in bronze by Sansovino, and another in marble by Baccio Bandinelli, which last is in the Medici gallery at Florence. It has also been frequently engraved; the best is the famous

plate by Bervic, engraved for the Musée Français, pronounced by connoisseurs, the finest representation of a marble group ever executed, proof impressions of which have been sold for 30 guineas each.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S OPINION OF THE LAOCOON.

It is said that Julius II. desired Angelo to restore the missing arm behind the Laocoön. He commenced it, but left it unfinished, "because," said he, "I found I could do nothing worthy of being joined to so admirable a work." What a testimony of the superiority of the best ancient sculptors over the moderns, for of all modern sculptors, Michael Angelo is universally allowed to be the best!

DISCOVERY OF THE LAOCOON.

There is a curious letter not generally known, but published by the Abate Fea, from Francesco da Sangallo, the sculptor, to Monsignore Spedalengo, in which the circumstances of the discovery of the Laocoön are thus alluded to. The letter is dated 1509. He says, "It being told to the Pope that some fine statues had been discovered in a vineyard near S. Maria Maggiore, he sent to desire my father, (Giuliano da Sangallo) to go and examine them. Michael Angelo Buonarotti being often at our house, father got him to go also; and so," continues Francesco, "I mounted behind my father, and we

went. We descended to where the statues were. My father immediately exclaimed, 'This is the Laocœon spoken of by Pliny!' They made the workmen enlarge the aperture or excavation, so as to be able to draw them out, and then, having seen them, we returned to dinner."

SIR JOHN SOANE.

This eminent English architect, and munificent public benefactor, was the son of a poor bricklayer, and was born at Reading in 1753. He showed early indications of talent and a predilection for architecture; and, at the age of fifteen, his father placed him with Mr. George Dance (then considered one of the most accomplished of the English architects), probably in the capacity of a servant. At all events he was not regularly articulated, but he soon attracted notice by his industry, activity, and talents. Mr. Donaldson says, "his sister was a servant in Mr. Dance's family, which proves that the strength of Soane's character enabled him to rise to so distinguished a rank merely by his own exertions." He afterwards studied under Holland, and in the Royal Academy, where he first attracted public notice by a design for a triumphal bridge, which drew the gold medal of that institution, and entitled him to go to Italy for three years on the pension of the Academy. During a residence of six years in Italy, he studied the remains of antiquity and the

finest modern edifices with great assiduity, and made several original designs, which attracted considerable attention; among them were one for a British Senate House, and another for a Royal Palace. In 1780 he returned to England, and soon distinguished himself by several elegant palaces, which he was commissioned to erect for the nobility in different parts of the kingdom, the plans and elevations of which he published in a folio volume in 1788. In the same year, in a competition with nineteen other architects, he obtained the lucrative office of Surveyor and Architect to the Bank of England, which laid the foundation of the splendid fortune he afterwards acquired. Other advantageous appointments followed; that of Clerk of the Woods of St. James' Palace, in 1791; Architect of the Woods and Forests, in 1795; Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy in 1806; and Surveyor of Chelsea Hospital in 1807. In addition to his public employments, he received many commissions for private buildings. He led a life of indefatigable industry in the practice of his profession till 1833, when he reached his eightieth year. He died in 1837.

SOANE'S LIBERALITY AND PUBLIC MUNIFICENCE.

Sir John Soane was a munificent patron of various public charities, and was even more liberal in his contributions for the advancement of art; he subscribed £1000 to the Duke of York's monument;

a similar sum to the Royal British Institution; £750 to the Institute of British Architects; £250 to the Architectural Society, &c. He made a splendid collection of works of art, valued at upwards of £50,000 before his death, converted his house into a Museum, and left the whole to his country, which is now known as *Sir John Soane's Museum*—one of the most attractive institutions in London. He devoted the last four years of his life in classifying and arranging his Museum, which is distributed in twenty-four rooms, and consists of architectural models of ancient and modern edifices; a large collection of architectural drawings, designs, plans, and measurements, by many great architects; a library of the best works on art, particularly on Architecture; antique fragments of buildings, as columns, capitals, ornaments, and friezes in marble; also, models, casts, and copies of similar objects in other collections; fragments and relics of architecture in the middle ages; modern sculptures, especially by the best British sculptors; Greek and Roman antiquities, consisting of fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture antique busts, bronzes, and cinerary urns; Etruscan vases; Egyptian antiquities; busts of remarkable persons; a collection of 138 antique gems, cameos and intaglios, originally in the collection of M. Capece Latro, Archbishop of Tarentum, and 136 antique gems, principally from the Braschi collection; a complete set of Napoleon medals, selected by the Baron Denon for the Em-

press Josephine, and formerly in her possession, curiosities; rare books and illuminated manuscripts; a collection of about fifty oil paintings, many of them of great value, among which are the Rake's Progress, a series of eight pictures by Hogarth, and the Election, a series of four, by the same artist; and many articles of virtu too numerous to mention here, forming altogether a most rare, unique, and valuable collection. What a glorious monument did the poor bricklayer's son erect to his memory, which, while it blesses, will cause his countrymen to bless and venerate the donor, and make his name bright on the page of history! Some there are who regard posthumous fame a bubble, and present pomp substantial; but the one is godlike, the other sensual and vain.

THE BELZONI SARCOPHAGUS.

One of the most interesting and valuable relics in Sir John Soane's Museum, is the Belzoni Sarcophagus. It was discovered by Belzoni, the famous French traveler, in 1816, in a tomb in the valley of Beban el Malouk, near Gournon. He found it in the centre of a sepulchral chamber of extraordinary magnificence, and records the event with characteristic enthusiasm: "I may call this a fortunate day, one of the best, perhaps, of my life. I do not mean to say that fortune has made me rich, for I do not consider all rich men fortunate; but she has given me that satisfaction, that extreme pleasure which

wealth cannot purchase—the pleasure of discovering what has long been sought in vain.” It is constructed of one single piece of alabaster, so translucent that a lamp placed within it shines through, although it is more than two inches in thickness. It is nine feet four inches in length, three feet eight inches in width, and two feet eight inches in depth, and is covered with hieroglyphics outside and inside, which have not yet been satisfactorily interpreted, though they are supposed by some to refer to Osirei, the father of Rameses the Great. It was transported from Egypt to England at great expense, and offered to the Trustees of the British Museum for £2,000, which being refused, Sir John Soane immediately purchased it and exhibited it free, with just pride, to crowds of admiring visitors. When Belzoni discovered this remarkable relic of Egyptian royalty, the lid had been thrown off and broken into pieces, and its contents rifled; the sarcophagus itself is in perfect preservation.

TASSO'S "GERUSALEMME LIBERATA."

The original copy of "Gerusalemme Liberata," in the handwriting of Tasso, is in the Soane Museum. It was purchased by Sir John Soane, at the sale of the Earl of Guilford's Library, in 1829. This literary treasure, which cannot be contemplated without emotion, once belonged to Baruffaldi, one of the most eminent literary characters of mo-

dern Italy. Serassi describes it, and refers to the emendations made by the poet in the margin (Serassi's edit. Florence, 1724;) but expresses his *fear* that it had been taken out of Italy. In allusion to this expression of Serassi, Lord Guilford has written on the fly-leaf of the MS., "I would not wish to hurt the honest pride of any Italian; but the works of a great genius are the property of all ages and all countries: and I hope it will be recorded to future ages, that England possesses the original MS. of one of the four greatest epic poems the world has produced, and, beyond all doubt, the only one of the four now existing." There is no date to this MS. The first printed edition of the *Gerusalemme* is dated 1580.

There are other rare and valuable MSS. in this Museum, the most remarkable of which are a Commentary in Latin on the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, by Cardinal Grimani. It is adorned with exquisite miniature illustrations, painted by Don Giulio Clovio, called the Michael Angelo of miniature painters. "The figures are about an inch in height," says Mrs. Jamieson, "equaling in vigor, grandeur, and originality, the conceptions of Michael Angelo and of Raffaello, who were his cotemporaries and admirers." Also, a missal of the fifteenth century, containing ninety-two miniatures by Lucas van Leyden and his scholars, executed in a truly Dutch style, just the reverse of those of Clovio, except in point of elaborate finishing.

GEORGE MORLAND.

The life of this extraordinary genius is full of interest, and his melancholy fall full of warning and instruction. He was the son of an indifferent painter, whose principal business was in cleaning and repairing, and dealing in ancient pictures. Morland showed an extraordinary talent for painting almost in his infancy, and before he was sixteen years old, his name was known far and wide by engravings from his pictures. His father, who seems to have been a man of a low and sordid disposition, had his son indentured to him as an apprentice, for seven years, in order to secure his services as long as possible, and he constantly employed him in painting pictures and making drawings for sale; and these were frequently of a broad character, as such commanded the best prices, and found the most ready sale. Hence he acquired a wonderful facility of pencil, but wholly neglected academic study. His associates were the lowest of the low. On the expiration of his indenture, he left his father's house, and the remainder of his life is the history of genius degraded by intemperance and immorality, which alternately excites our admiration at his great talents, our regrets at the profligacy of his conduct, and our pity for his misfortunes. According to his biographer, Mr. George Dawe, who wrote an impartial and excellent life of Morland, he reached the full maturity of his powers, about 1790

when he was twenty-six years old; and from that time, they began and continued to decline till his death in 1804. Poor Morland was constantly surrounded by a set of harpies, who contrived to get him in their debt, and then compelled him to paint a picture for a guinea, which they readily sold for thirty or forty, and which now bring almost any sum asked for them. Many of his best works were painted in sponging houses to clear him from arrest.

MORLAND'S EARLY TALENT.

Morland's father having embarked in the business of picture dealing, had become bankrupt, and it is said that he endeavored to repair his broken fortunes by the talents of his son George, who, almost as soon as he escaped from the cradle, took to the pencil and crayon. Very many artists are recorded to have manifested an "early inclination for art," but the indications of early talent in others are nothing when compared with Morland's. "*At four, five, and six years of age,*" says Cunningham, "*he made drawings worthy of ranking him among the common race of students; the praise bestowed on these by the Society of Artists, to whom they were exhibited, and the money which collectors were willing to pay for the works of this new wonder, induced his father to urge him onward in his studies, and he made rapid progress*"

MORLAND'S EARLY FAME.

The danger of overtaking either the mind or body in childhood, is well known; and there is every reason to believe that young Morland suffered both of these evils. His father stimulated him by praise and by indulgence at the table, and to ensure his continuance at his allotted tasks, shut him up in a garret, and excluded him from free air, which strengthens the body, and from education—that free air which nourishes the mind. His stated work for a time was making drawings from pictures and from plaster casts, which his father carried out and sold; but as he increased in skill, he chose his subjects from popular songs and ballads, such as “Young Roger came tapping at Dolly’s window,” “My name is Jack Hall,” “I am a bold shoemaker, from Belfast Town I came,” and other productions of the mendicant muse. The copies of pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half-crowns each; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, and not over delicately handled, were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the cleverness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser. Though far inferior to the productions of his manhood, they were much admired; engravers found it profitable to copy them, and before he was sixteen years old, his name had flown far and wide.

MORLAND'S MENTAL AND MORAL EDUCATION,
UNDER AN UNNATURAL PARENT.

From ten years of age, young Morland appears to have led the life of a prisoner and a slave under the roof of his father, hearing in his seclusion the merry din of the schoolboys in the street, without hope of partaking in their sports. By-and-by he managed to obtain an hour's relaxation at the twilight, and then associated with such idle and profligate boys as chance threw in his way, and learned from them a love for coarse enjoyment, and the knowledge that it could not well be obtained without money. Oppression keeps the school of Cunning; young Morland resolved not only to share in the profits of his own talents, but also to snatch an hour or so of amusement, without consulting his father. When he made three drawings for his father, he made one secretly for himself, and giving a signal from his window, lowered it by a string to two or three knowing boys, who found a purchaser at a reduced price, and spent the money with the young artist. A common tap-room was an indifferent school of manners, whatever it might be for painting, and there this gifted lad was now often to be found late in the evening, carousing with hostlers and potboys, handing round the quart pot, and singing his song or cracking his joke.

His father, having found out the contrivance by which he raised money for this kind of revelry,

adopted, in his own imagination, a wiser course. He resolved to make his studies as pleasant to him as he could; and as George was daily increasing in fame and his works in price, this could be done without any loss. He indulged his son, now some sixteen years old, with wine, pampered his appetite with richer food, and moreover allowed him a little pocket-money to spend among his companions, and purchase acquaintance with what the vulgar call life. He dressed him, too, in a style of ultra-dandyism, and exhibited him at his easel to his customers, attired in a green coat with very long skirts, and immense yellow buttons, buckskin breeches, and top boots with spurs. He permitted him too to sing wild songs, swear grossly, and talk about anything he liked with such freedom as makes anxious parents tremble. With all these indulgences the boy was not happy; he aspired but the more eagerly after full liberty and the unrestrained enjoyment of the profits of his pencil.

MORLAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE THRALDOM OF HIS FATHER.

Hassell and Smith give contradictory accounts of this important step in young Morland's life, which occurred when he was seventeen years old. The former, who knew him well, says that, "he was determined to make his escape from the rigid confinement which paternal authority had imposed upon

him; and, wild as a young quadruped that had broken loose from his den, at length, though late, effectually accomplished his purpose." "Young George was of so unsettled a disposition," says Smith, "that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talents, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him a guinea, with something like the following observation: 'I am *determined* to encourage your idleness no longer; there—take that guinea, and apply to your art and support yourself.' This Morland told me, and added, that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account." It would appear by Smith's relation, that our youth, instead of supporting his father, had all along been depending on his help; this, however, contradicts not only Hassell, but Fuseli also, who, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, accuses the elder Morland of avariciously pocketing the whole profits of his son's productions.

MORLAND'S MARRIAGE, AND TEMPORARY REFORM.

After leaving his father, Morland plunged into a career of wildness and dissipation, amidst which, however, his extraordinary talents kept his name still rising. While residing at Kensall Green, he was frequently thrown in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. At length, however, he

fell in love with Miss Ward, a young lady of beauty and modesty, and the sister of his friend. Succeeding in gaining her affections, he soon afterwards married her; and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it. In the joy of this double union, the brother artists took joint possession of a good house in High Street, Marylebone. Morland suspended for a time his habit of insobriety, discarded the social comrades of his laxer hours, and imagined himself reformed. But discord broke out between the sisters concerning the proper division of rule and authority in the house; and Morland, whose partner's claim perhaps was the weaker, took refuge in lodgings in Great Portland Street. His passion for late hours and low company, restrained through courtship and the honey-moon, now broke out with the violence of a stream which had been dammed, rather than dried up. It was in vain that his wife entreated and remonstrated—his old propensities prevailed, and the post-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist, were summoned again to his side, no more to be separated.

MORLAND'S SOCIAL POSITION.

Morland's dissipated habits and worthless companions, produced the effect that might have been expected; and this talented painter, who might have mingled freely among nobles and princes, came

length to hold a position in society that is best illustrated by the following anecdote. Raphael Smith, the engraver, had employed him for years on works *from* which he engraved, and *by* which he made large sums of money. He called one day with Bannister the comedian to look at a picture which was upon the easel. Smith was satisfied with the artist's progress, and said, "I shall now proceed on my morning ride." "Stay a moment," said Morland, laying down his brush, "and I will go with you." "Morland," answered the other, in an emphatic tone, which could not be mistaken, "I have an appointment with a *gentleman*, who is waiting for me." Such a sarcasm might have cured any man who was not incurable; it made but a momentary impression upon the mind of our painter, who cursed the engraver, and returned to his palette.

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.

Morland once received an invitation to Barnet, and was hastening thither with Hassell and another friend, when he was stopped at Whetstone turnpike by a lumber or jockey cart, driven by two persons, one of them a chimney-sweep, who were disputing with the toll-gatherer. Morland endeavored to pass, when one of the wayfarers cried, "What! Mr. Morland, won't you speak to a body!" The artist endeavored to elude further greeting, but this was not to be; the other bawled out so lustily, that

Morland was obliged to recognize at last his companion and croney, Hooper, a tinman and pugilist. After a hearty shake of the hand, the boxer turned to his neighbor the chimney-sweep and said, "Why, Dick, don't you know this here gentleman? 'tis my friend Mr. Morland." The sooty charioteer smiling a recognition, forced his unwelcome hand upon his brother of the brush; they then both whipt their horses and departed. This rencontre mortified Morland very sensibly; he declared that he knew nothing of the chimney-sweep, and that he was forced upon him by the impertinence of Hooper: but the artist's habits made the story generally believed, and "Sweeps, your honor," was a joke which he was often obliged to hear.

MORLAND AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Morland loved to visit this isle in his better days, and some of his best pictures are copied from scenes on that coast. A friend once found him at Freshwater-Gate, in a low public-house called The Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen, were seated round him in a kind of ring, the roof-tree rung with laughter and song; and Morland, with manifest reluctance, left their company for the conversation of his friend. "George," said his monitor, "you must have reasons for keeping such company." "Reasons, and good ones," said the artist, laughing; "see—where could I find such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of 'The Cabin?'" He

held up his sketch-book and showed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his best pictures contains this fac-simile of the tap-room, with its guests and furniture.

A NOVEL MODE OF FULFILLING COMMISSIONS

“It frequently happened,” says one of Morland’s biographers, “when a picture had been bespoke by one of his friends, who advanced some of the money to induce him to work, if the purchaser did not stand by to see it finished and carry it away with him, some other person, who was lurking within sight for that purpose, and knew the state of Morland’s pocket, by the temptation of a few guineas laid upon the table, carried off the picture. Thus all were served in their turn; and though each exulted in the success of the trick when he was so lucky as to get a picture in this easy way, they all joined in exclaiming against Morland’s want of honesty and not keeping his promises to them.”

HASSELL’S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MORLAND.

Hassell’s introduction to Morland was decidedly in character. “As I was walking,” he says, “towards Paddington on a summer morning, to inquire about the health of a relation, I saw a man posting on before me with a sucking-pig, which he carried in his arms like a child. The piteous squeaks

of the little animal, and the singular mode of conveyance, drew spectators to door and window; the person however who carried it minded no one, but to every dog that barked—and there were not a few—he sat down the pig, and pitted him against the dog, and then followed the chase which was sure to ensue. In this manner he went through several streets in Mary-le-bone, and at last, stopping at the door of one of my friends, was instantly admitted. I also knocked and entered, but my surprise was great on finding this original sitting with the pig still under his arm, and still greater when I was introduced to Morland the painter.”

MORLAND'S DRAWINGS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A person at whose house Morland resided when in the Isle of Wight, having set out for London, left an order with an acquaintance at Cowes to give the painter his own price for whatever works he might please to send. The pictures were accompanied by a regular solicitation for cash in proportion, or according to the nature of the subject. At length a small but very highly finished drawing arrived, and as the sum demanded seemed out of all proportion with the size of the work, the conscientious agent transmitted the piece to London and stated the price. The answer by post was, “Pay what is asked, and get as many others as you can at the same price.” There is not one sketch in

the collection thus made but what would now produce thrice its original cost.

MORLAND'S FREAKS.

One evening Hassell and his friends were returning to town from Hempstead, when Morland accosted them in the character of a mounted patrol, wearing the parish great-coat, girded with a broad black belt, and a pair of pistols depending. He hailed them with "horse patrol!" in his natural voice; they recognised him and laughed heartily, upon which he entreated them to stop at the Mother Red Cap, a well known public-house, till he joined them. He soon made his appearance in his proper dress, and gave way to mirth and good fellowship. On another occasion he paid a *parishioner*, who was drawn for constable, to be permitted to serve in his place, he billeted soldiers during the day, and presided in the constable's chair at night.

A JOKE ON MORLAND.

At another time, having promised to paint a picture for M. de Calonné, Morland seemed unwilling to begin, but was stimulated by the following stratagem. Opposite to his house in Paddington was the White Lion, Hassell directed two of his friends to breakfast there; and instructed them to look anxiously towards the artist's window, and occasionally walk up and down before the house. He then waited

on Morland, who only brandished his brush at the canvas and refused to work. After waiting some time, Hassell went to the window and effected surprise at seeing two strangers gazing intently at the artist's house. Morland looked at them earnestly—declared they were bailiffs, who certainly wanted him—and ordered the door to be bolted. Hassell having secured him at home, showed him the money for his work, and so dealt with him that the picture, a landscape with six figures, one of his best productions, was completed in six hours. He then paid him, and relieved his apprehensions respecting the imaginary bailiffs—Morland laughed heartily.

MORLAND'S APPREHENSION AS A SPY.

While spending some time at Yarmouth, Morland was looked upon as a suspicious character, and was apprehended as a spy. After a sharp examination, the drawings he had made on the shores of the Isle of Wight were considered as confirmation of his guilt; he was therefore honored with an escort of soldiers and constables to Newport, and there confronted by a bench of justices. At his explanation, they shook their heads, laid a strict injunction upon him to paint and draw no more in that neighborhood, and dismissed him. This adventure he considered a kind of pleasant interruption; and indeed it seems ridiculous enough in the officials who apprehended him.

MORLAND'S "SIGN OF THE BLACK BULL."

On one occasion, Morland was on his way from Deal, and Williams, the engraver, was his companion. The extravagance of the preceding evening had fairly emptied their pockets; weary, hungry and thirsty, they arrived at a small ale-house by the way-side; they hesitated to enter. Morland wistfully reconnoitered the house, and at length accosted the landlord—"Upon my life, I scarcely knew it: is this the Black Bull?" "To be sure it is, master," said the landlord, "there's the sign."—"Ay! the board is there, I grant," replied our wayfarer, "but the Black Bull is vanished and gone. I will paint you a capital new one for a crown." The landlord consented, and placed a dinner and drink before this restorer of signs, to which the travelers did immediate justice. "Now, landlord," said Morland, "take your horse, and ride to Canterbury—it is but a little way—and buy me proper paint and a good brush." He went on his errand with a grudge, and returned with the speed of thought for fear that his guests should depart in his absence. By the time that Morland had painted the Black Bull, the reckoning had risen to ten shillings, and the landlord reluctantly allowed them to go on their way; but not, it is said, without exacting a promise that the remainder of the money should be paid with the first opportunity. The painter, on his arrival in town, related this adventure in the Hole-in-the-Wall

Fleet Street. A person who overheard him, mounted his horse, rode into Kent, and succeeded in purchasing the Black Bull from the Kentish Boniface for ten guineas.

MORLAND AND THE PAWNBROKER.

Even when Morland had sunk to misery and recklessness, the spirit of industry did not forsake him, nor did his taste or his skill descend with his fortunes. One day's work would have purchased him a week's sustenance, yet he labored every day, and as skilfully and beautifully as ever. A water man was at one time his favorite companion, whom, by way of distinction, Morland called "My Dicky." Dicky once carried a picture to the pawnbroker's, wet from the easel, with the request for the advance of three guineas upon it. The pawnbroker paid the money; but in carrying it into the room his foot slipped, and the head and foreparts of a hog were obliterated. The money-changer returned the picture with a polite note, requesting the artist to restore the damaged part. "My Dicky!" exclaimed Morland, "an that's a good one! but never mind!" He reproduced the hog in a few minutes, and said, "There! go back and tell the pawnbroker to advance me five guineas more upon it; and if he won't, say I shall proceed against him; the price of the picture is thirty guineas." The demand was complied with.

MORLAND'S IDEA OF A BARONETCY.

Morland was well descended. In his earlier and better days, a solicitor informed him that he was heir to a baronet's title, and advised him to assert his claim. "Sir George Morland!" said the painter—"It *sounds* well, but it won't do. Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and there is more honor in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman."

MORLAND'S ARTISTIC MERIT.

As an artist, Morland's claims are high and undisputed. He is original and alone; his style and conceptions are his own; his thoughts are ever at home, and always natural; he extracts pleasing subjects out of the most coarse and trivial scenes, and finds enough to charm the eye in the commonest occurrences. His subjects are usually from low life, such as hog-sties, farm-yards, landscapes with cattle and sheep, or fishermen with smugglers on the sea-coast. He seldom or ever produced a picture perfect in all its parts, but those parts adapted to his knowledge and taste were exquisitely beautiful. Knowing well his faults, he usually selected those subjects best suited to his talents. His knowledge of anatomy was extremely limited; he was totally unfitted for representing the human figure elegantly or correctly, and incapable of large compositions. He never paints above the most ordi

nary capacity, and gives an air of truth and reality to whatever he touches. He has taken a strong and lasting hold of the popular fancy: not by ministering to our vanity, but by telling plain and striking truths. He is the rustic painter for the people; his scenes are familiar to every eye, and his name is on every lip. Painting seemed as natural to him as language is to others, and by it he expressed his sentiments and his feelings, and opened his heart to the multitude. His gradual descent in society may be traced in the productions of his pencil; he could only paint well what he saw or remembered; and when he left the wild sea-shore and the green wood-side for the hedge ale-house and the Rules of the Bench, the character of his pictures shifted with the scene. Yet even then his wonderful skill of hand and sense of the picturesque never forsook him. His intimacy with low life only dictated his theme—the coarseness of the man and the folly of his company never touched the execution of his pieces. All is indeed homely—nay, mean—but native taste and elegance redeemed every detail. To a full command over every implement of his art, he united a facility of composition and a free readiness of hand perhaps quite unrivalled.

CHARLES JERVAS.

This artist was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and met with plentiful employment in portrait painting. His abilities were very inferior, but, says Walpole,

“Such was the badness of the age’s taste, and the dearth of good masters, that Jervas sat at the head of his profession, although he was defective in drawing, coloring, composition, and likeness. In general, his pictures are a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as life. Yet I have seen a few of his works highly colored, and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti, whom he most studied and imitated, were extremely just, and scarcely inferior to the originals.”

JERVAS THE INSTRUCTOR OF POPE.

What will recommend the name of Jervas to inquisitive posterity, was his intimacy with Pope, whom he instructed to draw and paint. The poet has enshrined the feeble talents of the painter in “the lucid amber of his flowing lines.” Spence informs us, that Pope was “the pupil of Jervas for the space of a year and a half,” meaning that he was constantly so, for that period. Tillemans was engaged in painting a landscape for Lord Radnor, into which Pope by stealth inserted some strokes which the prudent painter did not appear to observe; and of this circumstance Pope was not a little vain. In proof of his proficiency in the art of painting, Pope presented his friend Mr. Murray, with a head of Betterton the celebrated tragedian, which was afterwards at Caen Wood. During a long visit at Holm Lacy in Herefordshire, he amused his leisure by copying from Vandyck, in crayons, a

head of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, which was still preserved there many years afterwards, and is said to have possessed considerable merit. For an account of Pope's skill in painting fans, see vol. I. page 201 of this work.

JERVAS AND DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Jervas, who affected to be a Free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible. Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative, but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot said that he would prove it: 'You strictly observe the second commandment;' said the Doctor, "for in your pictures you 'make not the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth'"!

JERVAS' VANITY.

His vanity and conceit knew no bounds. He copied a picture by Titian in the Royal collection, which he thought so vastly superior to the original, that on its completion he exclaimed with great complacency, "Poor little Tit, how he would stare!" Walpole says, "Jervas had ventured to look upon the fair Lady Bridgewater with more than a painter's eye; so entirely did that lovely form possess his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble Lady Bridgewater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion

could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture—"but," said he, "I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" returned the lady, "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned his cap, and showed her his own. When Kneller heard that Jervas had sent up a carriage and four horses, he exclaimed, "Ah, mine Got! if his horses do not draw better than he does, he will never get to his journey's end!"

HOLBEIN AND THE FLY.

Before Holbein quitted Basile for England, he intimated that he should leave a specimen of the power of his abilities. Having a portrait in his house which he had just finished for one of his patrons, he painted a fly on the forehead, and sent it to the person for whom it was painted. The gentleman was struck with the beauty of the piece, and went eagerly to brush off the fly, when he found out the deceit. The story soon spread, and orders were immediately given to prevent the city being deprived of Holbein's talents; but he had already departed.

HOLBEIN'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Furnished with recommendatory letters from his friend Sir Thomas More, Holbein went to England, and was received into More's house, where he



HANS HOLBEIN.

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wrought for nearly three years, drawing the portraits of Sir Thomas, his relations and friends. The King, (Henry VIII.) visiting the Chancellor, saw some of these pictures, and expressed his satisfaction. Sir Thomas begged him to accept which ever he liked; but his Majesty inquired for the painter, who was accordingly introduced to him. Henry immediately took him into his own service and told the Chancellor that now he had got the artist, he did not want the pictures. An apartment in the palace was allotted to Holbein, with a salary of 200 florins besides the price of his pictures.

HENRY VIII.'S OPINION OF HOLBEIN.

The King retained Holbein in his service many years, during which time he painted the portrait of his Majesty many times, and probably those of all his queens, though no portrait of Catharine Parr is certainly known to be from his hand. An amusing and characteristic anecdote is related, showing the opinion the King entertained of this artist. One day, as Holbein was privately drawing some lady's picture for Henry, a great lord forced himself into the chamber, when the artist flew into a terrible passion, and forgetting everything else in his rage, ran at the peer and threw him down stairs! Upon a sober second thought, however, seeing the rashness of this act, Holbein bolted the door, escaped over the top of the house, and running directly to the

King, besought pardon, without telling his offence. His majesty promised he would forgive him if he would tell the truth; but on finding out the offence, began to repent of his promise, and said he should not easily overlook such insults, and bade him wait in the apartment till he learned more of the matter. Immediately after, the lord arrived with his complaint, but diminishing the provocation. At first the monarch heard the story with temper, but soon broke out, reproaching the nobleman with his want of truth, and adding, "You have not to do with Holbein, but with me; I tell you, of seven peasants I can make seven lords; but of seven lords I cannot make one Holbein! Begone, and remember that if you ever attempt to revenge yourself, I shall look on any injury offered to the painter as done to myself."

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF MILAN.

After the death of Jane Seymour, Holbein was sent to Flanders by the King, to paint the portrait of the Duchess Dowager of Milan, widow of Francesco Sforza, whom Charles V. had recommended to Henry for a fourth wife, although the German Emperor subsequently changed his mind, and prevented the marriage. There is a letter among the Holbein MSS. from Sir Thomas Wyatt, congratulating his Majesty on his escape, as the Duchess' chastity was somewhat equivocal, but says Walpole, "If

it was, I am apt to think, considering Henry's temper, that the Dutchess had the greater escape!"—About the same time it is said that the Duchess herself, sent the King word, "That she had but one head; if she had two, one of them should be at his Majesty's service."

HOLBEIN'S FLATTERY IN PORTRAITS—A WARNING TO PAINTERS.

Holbein was dispatched by Cromwell, Henry's Minister, to paint the Lady Anne of Cleves, and by practising the common flattery of his profession, "he was," says Walpole, "the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace which fell upon the princess herself. He drew so favorable a likeness that Henry was content to wed her; but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which should have really been directed at the painter, burst on the minister; and Cromwell lost his head, because Anne was a *Flanders mare*, and not a Venus, as Holbein had represented her."

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAIT OF CRATZER.

He painted the portrait of Nicholas Cratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII., which Walpole mentions as being in the Royal collection in France. This astronomer erected the dial at Corpus Christi, Oxford College, in 1550. After thirty years' residence in England, he had scarce learned to speak

the language, and his Majesty asking him how that happened, he replied, "I beseech your highness to pardon me; what can a man learn in only thirty years?" The latter half of this memorable sentence may remind the reader of Sir Isaac Newton; and perhaps the study of astronomy does naturally produce such a feeling in the reflective mind.

HOLBEIN'S PORTRAITS OF SIR THOMAS MORE AND FAMILY.

Holbein painted the portraits of the Chancellor and family; and no less than six different pictures of this subject are attributed to his hand; but of these Walpole thinks only two to possess good evidences of originality. One of these was in Deloo's collection, and after his death was purchased by Mr. Roper, More's grandson. Another was in the Palazzo Delfino at Venice, where it was long on sale, the price first set being £1500; but the King of Poland purchased it about 1750, for near £400. The coloring of this work is beautiful beyond description, and the carnations have that bloom so peculiar to Holbein, who touched his works until not a touch remained discernible. Walpole says, "It was evidently designed for a small altar-piece to a chapel; in the middle on a throne sits the Virgin and child; on one side kneels an elderly gentleman with two sons, one of them a naked infant; opposite kneeling are his wife and daughters.

There is recorded a bon-mot of Sir Thomas on the birth of his son. He had three daughters, but his wife was impatient for a son: at last they had one, but not much above an idiot—"you have prayed so long for a boy," said the Chancellor, "that now we have got one who I believe will be a boy as long as he lives!"

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH AND HIS CRITICS.

This eminent English architect, who flourished about the commencement of the 18th century; had to contend with the wits of the age. They waged no war against him as a wit, for he was not inferior; but as an architect, he was the object of their keenest derision, particularly for his celebrated work of the stupendous palace of Blenheim, erected for the Duke of Marlborough in accordance with the vote of a grateful nation. Swift was a satirist, therefore no true critic; and his disparagement of Blenheim arose from party-feeling. Pope was more decisive, and by the harmony of his numbers contributed to lead and bias the public opinion, until a new light emanated from the criticism of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and this national palace is now to be considered, not on its architectural, but its picturesque merits. A criticism which caused so memorable a revolution in public taste, must be worthy of an extract. "I pretend to no skill in architecture—I judge now of the art merely as a painter. To speak then of Vanbrugh in the language of a painter, he had origi

nality of invention, he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object he produced his second and third groups of masses; he perfectly understood in *his* art what is most difficult in *ours*, the conduct of the background, by which the design and invention is set off to the greatest advantage. What the background is in painting, is the real ground upon which the building is erected; and no architect took greater care that his works should not appear crude and hard; that is, it did not start abruptly out of the ground, without speculation or preparation. This is the tribute which a painter owes to an architect who composed like a painter."

Besides this, the testimony of Knight, Price, and Gilpin, have contributed to remove the prejudices against Vanbrugh. Knight says in his "Principles of Taste," Sir John Vanbrugh is the only architect I know of, who has either planned or placed his houses according to the principles recommended; and in his two chief works, Blenheim and Castle Howard, it appears to have been strictly adhered to, at least in the placing of them, and both are certainly worthy of the best situations, which not only the respective places, but the island of Great Britain could afford."

Vanbrugh also evinced great talent as a dramatic writer, and his masterly powers in comedy are so well evinced in the *Relapse*, the *Provoked Wife*, and other plays, that were it not for their strong

libertine tendency which have properly banished them from the stage, and almost from the closet, he would have been regarded as a standard classic author in English dramatic literature. His private character seems to have been amiable, and his conduct tolerably correct. He died at his own house in Whitehall, in 1726. In his character of architect, Dr. Evans bestowed on him the following witty epitaph :

“ Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee ”!

ANECDOTE OF THE ENGLISH PAINTER JAMES SEYMOUR.

He was employed by the Duke of Somerset, commonly called “the Proud Duke,” to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth, who condescended to sit with Seymour (his namesake) at table. One day at dinner, the Duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, “*Cousin Seymour*, your health,” drank it off. “My Lord,” said the artist, I believe I *have* the honor of being related to your grace.” The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, “No man in England can compete with James Seymour ” The Duke now can

descended to recall his discarded cousin. "My Lord," was the answer of Seymour, I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I *won't come*." Upon receiving this laconic reply, the Duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his Grace." He did so, but directed his letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk-maker's, Charing Cross." Enraged as this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered his steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that "it was hasty in his Grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for £100, and that *therefore*, they were now quits."

PRECOCITY OF LUCA GIORDANO.

At the age of five years, the natural taste of Lucia Giordano for painting, led him to adopt the pencil as a plaything; at six he could draw the human figure with surprising correctness. The Cav. Stanzioni, passing by his father's shop, and seeing the child at work, stopped to see his performances, and is said to have predicted that "he would one day become the first painter of the age." Before he was eight years old he painted, unknown to his father, two cherubs in a fresco, entrusted to that artist, in an obscure part of the church of S. Maria

Nuova—figures so graceful as to attract considerable attention. This fact coming to the knowledge of the Duke de Medina de las Torres, the Viceroy of Naples, he rewarded the precocious painter with some gold ducats, and recommended him to the instruction of Spagnoletto, then the most celebrated painter in Naples, who accordingly received him into his studio. There, says Palomino, he spent nine years in close application to study, and there, he probably enjoyed the advantage of seeing Velasquez, during that great artist's second visit to Naples.

GIORDANO'S ENTHUSIASM.

When Giordano was about seventeen years old, having learned from Ribera all he could teach him, he conceived a strong desire to prosecute his studies at Rome. To this step, his father, who was poor, and could perhaps ill afford to lose his earnings, refused to give his consent. Luca therefore embraced the earliest opportunity to abscond, and ran away on foot to the metropolis of art, where he applied himself with the greatest assiduity. He copied all the great frescos of Raffaele in the Vatican several times; he next turned his rapid pencil against the works of Annibale Caracci in the Farnese palace. Meantime, his father divining the direction which the truant had taken, followed him to Rome, where, after a long search, he discovered him sketching in St. Peter's church.

LUCA FA PRESTO.

Giordano resided at Rome about three years with his father, who seems to have been a helpless creature, subsisting by the sale of his son's drawings; but Luca cared for nothing but his studies, satisfied with a piece of bread or a few maccheroni. When their purse was low, the old man would accompany him to the scene of his labors, and constantly urge him on, by repeating *Luca, fa presto*, (hurry Luca) which became a byword among the painters, and was fixed upon the young artist as a nickname, singularly appropriate to his wonderful celerity of execution. He afterwards traveled through Lombardy to Venice, still accompanied by his father, and having studied the works of Correggio, Titian, and other great masters, returned by way of Florence and Leghorn to Naples, where he soon after married the Donna Margarita Ardi, a woman of exquisite beauty, who served him as a model for his Virgins, Madonnas, Lucretias, and Venuses.

GIORDANO'S SKILL IN COPYING.

Luca Giordano could copy any master so accurately as to deceive the best judges. Among his patrons in his youth was one Gasparo Romero, who was in the habit of inflicting upon him a great deal of tedious and impertinent advice. For this he had his revenge by causing his father to send to that connoisseur as originals, some of his imitations of

Titian, Tintoretto, and Bassano, and afterwards avowing the deception; but he managed the joke so pleasantly that Romero was rather pleased than offended at his skill and wit.

GIORDANO'S SUCCESS AT NAPLES.

In 1655, Giordano painted in competition with Giacomo Forelli, a large picture of St. Nicholas borne away by angels, for the church of S. Brigida, a work of such power and splendor, that it completely eclipsed his rival, and established his reputation at the early age of twenty-three. Two years after, he was employed by the Viceroy to paint several pictures for the church of S. Maria del Pianto, in competition with Andrea Vaccaro. The principal subjects which fell to Giordano, were the Crucifixion, and the Virgin and St. Januarius pleading with the Saviour for Naples, afflicted with pestilence; these he executed with great ability. He and Vaccaro having a dispute about placing the pictures, the matter was referred to the Viceroy, who gave the choice to Vaccaro as the senior artist; Giordano immediately yielded with so much grace and discretion, that he made a firm friend of his successful rival. His master, Ribera, being now dead, he soon stepped into the vacant place of that popular artist. The religious bodies of the kingdom, the dignitaries of the church, and princes and nobles, eagerly sought after his works.

GIORDANO, THE VICEROY, AND THE DUKE OF DIANO.

The honors heaped upon Giordano by the Marquess of Heliche, compelled him to neglect and offend other patrons. One of these personages, the Duke of Diano, being very anxious for the completion of his orders, at last, lost all patience, and collaring the artist, he threatened him with personal chastisement if he did not immediately fulfil his engagements. The Viceroy being informed of the insult, took up the painter's quarrel in right royal style. He invited the Duke, who affected connoisseurship, to pass judgment on a picture lately painted by Luca for the palace, in imitation of the style of Rubens. The unlucky noble fell into the trap, and pronounced it an undoubted work by the great Fleming. Seeming to assent to this criticism, the Viceroy replied that Giordano was painting a companion to the picture, a piece of information which Diano received with a sneer and a remark on the artist's uncivil treatment to persons of honor. Here Heliche hastily interposed, telling him that the work which he had praised was painted, not by Rubens, but by Giordano, and repeating the sentiment expressed by several crowned heads on like occasions, admonished him of the respect due to a man so highly endowed by his Maker. "And how dare you," cried he, in a loud tone, and seizing the Duke by the collar, as the latter had done to Giordano, "thus insult a man, who is besides, retained in my

service? Know, for the future, that none shall play the bravo here, so long as I bear rule in Naples!" 'This scene," says Dominici, "passing in the presence of many of the courtiers, and some of these, witnesses of the insult offered to the painter, so mortified the pride of the provincial grandee, that he retired, covered with confusion, and falling into despondency, died soon after of a fever."

GIORDANO INVITED TO FLORENCE.

In 1679, Giordano was invited to Florence by the Grand Duke, Cosmo III., to decorate the chapel of S. Andrea Corsini in the Carmine. His works gave so much satisfaction to that prince, that he not only liberally rewarded him, but overwhelmed him with civilities, and presented him with a gold medal and chain, which he did him the honor to place about his neck with his own royal hands.

GIORDANO AND CARLO DOLCI.

While sojourning in that city, he became acquainted with Carlo Dolci, then advanced in years, who is said to have been so affected at seeing the rapid Neapolitan execute in a few hours what would have required him months to perform, in his own slow and laborious manner, that he fell into a profound melancholy, of which he soon after died. This circumstance Dominici assures us, Giordano long afterwards remembered with tears, on being

shown at Naples "a picture painted by poor Carlino."

GIORDANO'S VISIT TO SPAIN.

The fame of Giordano had already reached Madrid, when Don Cristobal de Ontañon, a favorite courtier of Charles II., returning from Italy, full of admiration for Giordano and his works, so sounded his praises in the royal ear, that the King invited him to his court, paying the expense of his journey, and giving him a gratuity of 1500 ducats, and appointing him his principal painter, with a salary of 200 crowns a month.

The painter embarked from Naples on board one of the royal galleys, accompanied by his son Nicolo, a nephew named Baldassare Valente, and two scholars, Aniello Rossi and Matteo Pacelli, attended by three servants. Landing at Barcelona, and resting there a few days, he proceeded to Madrid, where he arrived in May 1692. Six of the royal coaches were sent to meet him on the road, and conduct him to the house of his friend Ontañon. On the day of his arrival, by the desire of the King, he was carried to the Alcaza and presented to his Majesty. Charles received him with great kindness, inquired how he had borne the fatigues of his journey, and expressed his joy at finding him much younger in appearance than he had been taught to expect. The painter, with his usual courtly tact, replied that the journey he had undertaken to enter

the service of so great a monarch, had revived his youth, and that in the presence of his Majesty, he felt as if he were twenty again. "Then," said Charles smiling, "you are not too weary to pay a visit to my gallery," and led him through the noble halls of Philip II., rich with the finest pictures of Italy and Spain. It was probably on this occasion, that Giordano, passing before Velasquez's celebrated picture of the Infanta and her meniñas, bestowed on it the well known name of the *Theology of Painting*. The King, who paid the painter the extraordinary honor to embrace him when first presented, gave him a still greater mark of his favor at parting, by kissing him on the forehead, and presenting him with the golden key as gentleman of the royal bed-chamber.

GIORDANO'S WORKS IN SPAIN.

Luca Giordano resided in Spain ten years, and in that time he executed an incredible number of grand frescos, and other works for the royal palaces, churches, and convents, as well as many more for individuals, enough to have occupied an ordinary man a long life. In the short space of two years, he painted in fresco, the stupendous ceiling of the church, and the grand staircase of the Escorial; the latter, representing the Battle of St. Quintin, and the Capture of Montmorenci, is considered one of his finest works. His next productions were the

great saloon in the Bueno Retiro; the sacristy of the great church at Toledo; the ceiling of the Royal Chapel at Madrid, and other important works. After the death of Charles II., he was employed in the same capacity by his successor, Phillip V. These labors raised his reputation to the highest pitch; he was loaded with riches and favors, and Charles conferred upon him the honor of knighthood.

GIORDANO AT THE ESCURIAL.

Whilst Giordano was employed at the Escorial two Doctors of Theology were ordered to attend upon him, to answer his questions, and resolve any doubts that might arise as to the orthodox manner of treating his subjects. A courier was despatched every evening to Madrid, with a letter from the prior to the King, rendering an account of the artist's day's work; and within the present century, some of these letters were preserved at the Escorial. On one occasion he wrote thus, "Sire, your Giordano has painted this day about twelve figures, thrice as large as life. To these he has added the powers and dominations, with proper angels, cherubs, and seraphs, and clouds to support the same. The two Doctors of Divinity have not answers ready for all his questions, and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his pencil."

GIORDANO'S HABITS IN SPAIN.

Giordano was temperate and frugal. He wrought incessantly, and to the scandal of the more devout, was found at his easel, even on days of religious festivals. His daily habit was to paint from eight in the morning, till noon, when he dined and rested two hours. At two he resumed his pencil, and wrought till five or six o'clock. He then took an airing in one of the royal carriages which was placed at his disposal. "If I am idle a single day," he used to say, "my pencils get the better of me; I must keep them in subjection by constant practice." The Spanish writers accuse him of avarice, and attribute his intense application to his ambition to acquire a large fortune; that he received large prices for his works, and never spent a maravedi except in the purchase of jewelry, of which he was very fond, and considered a good investment; thus he astonished Palomino by showing him a magnificent pearl necklace; but it should be recollected he was in the service of the King, and had a fixed salary, by no means large, which he was entitled to receive whether he wrought or played. He was doubtless better paid for his private commissions, which he could quickly despatch, than for his royal labors.

GIORDANO'S FIRST PICTURES PAINTED AT MADRID.

The first work Giordano executed in Spain was a fine imitation of a picture by Bassano, which hap-

pened under the following circumstances. The King, during his first interview with the painter, had remarked with regret, that a certain picture in the Alcaza, by that master, wanted a companion, Giordano secretly procured a frame and a piece of old Venetian canvas of the size of the other, and speedily produced a picture, having all the appearance of age and a fine match to the original, and hung it by its side. The King, in his next walk through the gallery, instantly noticed the change with surprise and satisfaction, and learning the story from his courtiers, he approached the artist, and laying his hand on his shoulder, saluted him with "Long life to Giordano."

GIORDANO A FAVORITE AT COURT.

No painter, not even Titian himself, was more caressed at court, than Giordano. Not only Charles II., but Philip V., delighted to do him honor, and treated him with extraordinary favor and familiarity. His brilliant success is said to have shortened the life of Claudio Coello, the ablest of his Castilian rivals. According to Dominici, that painter, jealous of Giordano, and desirous of impairing his credit at the court of Spain, challenged him to paint in competition with him in the presence of the King, a large composition fifteen palms high, representing the Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan. Giordano at once accepted the challenge, and

in little more than three hours, produced a work which not only amazed and delighted the royal judge, but confounded poor Coello. "Look you, man," said the King to the discomfited Spaniard, and pointing to Luca Fa-presto, "there stands the best painter in Naples, Spain, and the whole world; verily, *he* is a painter for a King."

Both Charles and Queen Mariana of Neuberg, sat several times to Giordano for their portraits. They were never weary of visiting his studio, and took great pleasure in his lively conversation, and exhibitions of artistic skill. One day, the Queen questioned him curiously about the personal appearance of his wife, who she had learned was very beautiful. Giordano dashed off the portrait of his *Cara Sposa*, and cut short her interrogation by saying, "Here, Madame, is your Majesty's most humble servant herself," an effort of skill and memory, which struck the Queen as something so wonderful as to require a particular mark of her approbation,—she accordingly "sent to the Donna Margarita a string of pearls from the neck of her most gracious sovereign." Giordano would sometimes amuse the royal pair, by laying on his colors with his fingers and thumb, instead of brushes. In this manner, says Palomino, he executed a tolerable portrait of Don Francisco Filipin, a feat over which the monarch rejoiced with almost boyish transport. "It seemed to him as if he was carried back to that delightful night when he first saw his beautiful Maria Louisa dance a

saraband at the ball of Don Pedro of Aragon. His satisfaction found vent in a mark of favor which not a little disconcerted the recipient. Removing the sculpel which the artist had permission to wear in the royal presence, he kissed him on the crown of the head, pronounced him a prodigy, and desired him to execute in the same digital style, a picture of St. Francis of Assisi for the Queen." Charles, on another occasion, complimented the artist, by saying, "If, as a King I am greater than Luca, Luca as a man wonderfully gifted by God; is greater than myself," a sentiment altogether novel for a powerful monarch of the 17th century. The Queen mother, Mariana of Austria, was equally an admirer of the fortunate artist. On occasion of his painting for her apartment a picture of the Nativity of our Lord, she presented him with a rich jewel and a diamond ring of great value, from her own imperial finger. It was thus, doubtless, that he obtained the rich jewels which astonished Palomino, and not by purchase. Charles II., dying in 1700, Giordano continued for a time in the service of his successor Philip V., who treated him with the same marked favor, and commissioned him to paint a series of pictures as a present to his grandfather, Louis XIV., of France.

GIORDANO'S RETURN TO NAPLES.

The war of succession, however, breaking out, Giordano was glad to seize the opportunity of re-

returning to his family, on the occasion of the King's visit to Naples. He accompanied the court to Barcelona, in February, 1702, but as Philip delayed his embarkation, he asked and received permission to proceed by land. Parting through Genoa and Florence to Rome, he was received everywhere with distinction, and left some pictures in those cities. At Rome he had the honor to kiss the feet of Clement XI., and was permitted by special favor to enter the Papal apartments with his sword at his side, and his spectacles upon his nose. These condescensions he repaid with two large pictures, highly praised, representing the passage of the Red Sea, and Moses striking the Rock. On his arrival at Naples, he met with the most enthusiastic reception from his fellow-citizens, his renown in Spain having made him still more famous at home. Commissions poured into him, more than he could execute, and though rich, he does not seem to have relaxed his efforts or his habits of industry, but he did not long survive; he died of a putrid fever in January, 1705, in the 73d year of his age.

GIORDANO'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

In person, Luca Giordano was of the middle height, and well-proportioned. His complexion was dark, his countenance spare, and chiefly remarkable for the size of its nose, and an expression ra-

ther melancholy than joyous. He was, however, a man of ready wit and jovial humor; he was an accomplished courtier, understood the weak points of men that might be touched to advantage, and possessed manners so engaging, that he passed through life a social favorite. His school was always filled with scholars, and as a master he was kind and popular, although, according to Palomino, on one occasion he was so provoked that he broke a silver-mounted maul-stick over the head of one of his assistants. Greediness of gain seems to have been his besetting sin. He refused no commission that was offered to him, and he despatched them according to the prices he received, saying that "he had three sorts of pencils, made of gold, of silver, and of wood." Yet he frequently painted works gratuitously, as pious offerings to the altars of poor churches and convents.

GIORDANO'S RICHES.

Giordano died very rich, leaving 150,000 ducats invested in various ways; 20,000 ducats worth of jewels; many thousands in ready money, 1300 pounds weight of gold and silver plate, and a fine house full of rich furniture. Out of this he founded an entailed estate for his eldest son, Lorenzo, and made liberal provisions for his widow, two younger sons and six daughters. His sons and sons-in-law enjoyed several posts conferred on them in the kingdom of Naples by the favor of Charles II

GIORDANO'S WONDERFUL FACILITY OF HAND.

Giordano may be said to have been born with a pencil in his hand, and by constant practice, added to a natural quickness, he acquired that extraordinary facility of hand which, while in his subsequent career, it tended to corrupt art, materially aided his fame and success. He was also indefatigable in his application. Bellori says, "he made twelve different designs of the Loggia and paintings by Raffaele in the Vatican; and twenty after the Battle of Constantine by Giulio Romano, besides many after Michael Angelo, Polidoro da Caravaggio, and others. The demand for his drawings and sketches was so great, that Luca, when obliged to take refreshments, did not retire from his work, but gaping like a young bird, gave notice to his father of the calls of nature, who, always on the watch, instantly supplied him with food, at the same time repeating, *Luca, fa presto*. The only principle which his father instilled into his mind was despatch." Probably no artist, not even Tintoretto, produced so many pictures as Giordano. Lanzi says, "his facility was not derived wholly from a rapidity of pencil, but was aided by the quickness of his imagination, which enabled him clearly to perceive, from the commencement of the work, the result he intended, without hesitating to consider the component parts, or doubling, proving, and selecting, like other painters." Hence Giordano was also called, *Il pro*

teo della pittura, and *Il Fulmine della pittura*—the Proteus, and the Lightning of painting. As an instance of the latter, it is recorded that he painted a picture while his guests were waiting for dinner.

GIORDANO'S POWERS OF IMITATION.

Giordano had the rare talent of being able to imitate the manner of every master so successfully as frequently to deceive the best judges; he could do this also without looking at the originals, the result of a wonderful memory, which retained everything once seen. There are numerous instances of pictures painted by him in the style of Albert Durer, Bassano, Titian, and Rubens, which are valued in commerce at two or three times the price of pictures in his own style. In the church of S. Teresa at Naples, are two pictures by him in the style of Guido, and there is a Holy Family at Madrid, which Mengs says may be easily mistaken for a production of Raffaele. Giordano also had several scholars, who imitated his own style with great precision.

GIORDANO'S FAME AND REPUTATION.

Perhaps no artist ever enjoyed a greater share of contemporary fame than Luca Giordano. Possessed of inexhaustible invention, and marvellous facility of hand, which enabled him to multiply his works to any required amount he had the good fortune to

hit upon a style which pleased, though it still farther corrupted the declining taste of the age. He despatched a large picture in the presence of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, in so short a space of time as caused him to exclaim in wonder, "You are fit to be the painter of a sovereign prince." The same eulogium, under similar circumstances, was passed upon him by Charles II. A similar feat at Naples, had previously won the admiration and approbation of the Viceroy, the Marquess de Heliche, and laid the foundation of his fortune. It became *the fashion*, to admire everything that came from his prolific pencil, at Madrid, as well as at Naples. Everywhere, his works, good or bad, were received with applause. When it was related as a wonder that Giordano painted with his fingers, no Angelo was found to observe, "Why does not the block-head use his brush." That Giordano was a man of genius, there can be no doubt, but had he executed only a tenth part of the multitude he did, his fame would have been handed down to posterity with much greater lustre. Cean Bermudez says of his works in Spain, "He left nothing that is absolutely bad, and nothing that is perfectly good." His compositions generally bear the marks of furious haste, and they are disfigured in many cases by incongruous associations of pagan mythology with sacred history, and of allegory with history, a blemish on the literature as well as the art of the age. Bermudez also accuses him of having corrupted and degraded Spanish art,

by introducing a new and false style, which his great reputation and royal favoritism, brought into vogue. Still, he deserves praise for the great facility of his invention, the force and richness of his coloring, and a certain grandeur of conception and freedom of execution which belong only to a great master. The royal gallery at Madrid possesses no less than fifty-five of his pictures, selected from the multitude he left in the various royal palaces. There are also many in the churches. Lanzi says, "Naples abounds with the works of Giordano, both public and private. There is scarcely a church in this great city which does not boast some of his works."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF GIORDANO'S RAPIDITY
OF EXECUTION.

Giordano, on his return to Naples from Florence, established himself in Ribera's fine house, opposite the Jesuit's church of S. Francesco Xavier. In 1685 he was commissioned by the Fathers to paint a large picture for one of the principal altars, and agreed that it should be completed by the approaching festival of the patron saint. Giordano, having other engagements on hand, put off the execution of the altar-piece so long, that the Jesuits began to be clamorous, and at length appealed to the Viceroy to exercise his authority. Determined to see for himself how matters stood, that great man paid an unexpected visit to Giordano's studio. The

painter had barely time to escape by a back door to avoid his wrath, when the Marquess de Heliche entered, who perceiving that he had not touched the vast canvas with his brush, as suddenly retired, muttering imprecations and menaces. Luca's dashing pencil now stood him in good stead. He immediately sketched the outlines of his composition, and setting his disciples to prepare his palettes, he painted all that day and night with so much diligence that by the following afternoon, he was able to announce to the impatient Fathers the completion of the picture. The subject was the patron of the church, St. Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary, baptizing the people of Japan. He is represented standing on a lofty flight of steps; behind him, in the distance, is a party of zealous converts pulling down the images of their gods, and beneath in the foreground, kneels St. Francis Borgia in the attitude of prayer. The picture was executed with such boldness and freedom, and excellence of coloring, that at the proper distance it produced a grand and magnificent effect. It was immediately carried to the church, and placed over the destined altar, the day before the appointed festival, and the Viceroy whose anger had hardly cooled, invited to inspect it. Charmed with the beauty of the work, and amazed by the celerity of its execution, he exclaimed, "the painter of this picture must be either an angel or a demon." Giordano received his compliments, and made his own excuses with so much

address, that the Marquess, forgetting all past offences engaged him to paint in the palace, and passed much of his time by his side, observing his progress, and enjoying his lively conversation.

REVIVAL OF PAINTING IN ITALY.

“Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture,” says Cunningham, “are of the same high order of genius; but, as words provide at once shape and color to our thoughts, Poetry has ever led the way in the march of intellect: as material forms are ready made, and require but to be skillfully copied, Sculpture succeeded; and as lights and shadows demand science and experience to work them into shape, and endow them with sentiment, Painting was the last to rise into elegance and sublimity. In this order these high Arts rose in ancient Greece; and in the like order they rose in modern Italy; but none of them reached true excellence, till the light of knowledge dawned on the human mind, nor before civilization, following in the steps of barbarism, prepared the world for the reception of works of polished grace and tranquil grandeur.

“From the swoon into which the Fine Arts were cast by the overthrow of the Roman Empire, they were long in waking: all that was learned or lofty was extinguished: of Painting, there remained but the memory, and of Sculpture, some broken stones, yet smothered in the ruins of temples and cities.

the rules which gave art its science were lost; the knowledge of colors was passed away, and that high spirit which filled Italy and Greece with shapes and sentiments allied to heaven, had expired. In their own good time, Painting and Sculpture arose from the ruins in which they had been overwhelmed, but their looks were altered; their air was saddened; their voice was low, though it was, as it had been in Greece, holy, and it called men to the contemplation of works of a rude grace, and a but dawning beauty. These 'sisters-twin' came at first with pale looks and trembling steps, and with none of the confidence which a certainty of pleasing bestows: they came too with few of the charms of the heathen about them: of the scientific unity of proportion, of the modest ease, the graceful simplicity, or the almost severe and always divine composure of Greece, they had little or none. But they came, nevertheless, with an original air and character all their own; they spoke of the presence of a loveliness and sentiment derived from a nobler source than pagan inspiration; they spoke of Jesus Christ and his sublime lessons of peace, and charity, and belief, with which he had preached down the altars and temples of the heathen, and rebuked their lying gods into eternal silence.

“ Though Sculpture and Painting arose early in Italy, and arose with the mantle of the Christian religion about them, it was centuries before they were able to put on their full lustre and beauty. For

this, various causes may be assigned. 1. The nations, or rather wild hordes, who ruled where consuls and emperors once reigned, ruled but for a little while, or were continually employed in expeditions of bloodshed and war. 2. The armed feet of the barbarians had trodden into dust all of art that was elegant or beautiful:—they lighted their camp-fires with the verses of Euripides or Virgil; they covered their tents with the paintings of Protogenes and Apelles, and they repaired the breaches in the walls of a besieged city, with the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles;—the desires of these barbarians were all barbarous. 3. Painting and Sculpture had to begin their labors anew; all rules were lost; all examples, particularly of the former, destroyed: men unable, therefore, to drink at the fountains of Greece, did not think, for centuries, of striking the rock for themselves. 4. The Christian religion, for which Art first wrought, demanded sentiment rather than shape: it was a matter of mind which was wanted: the personal beauty of Jesus Christ is nowhere insisted upon in all the New Testament: the earliest artists, when they had impressed an air of holiness or serenity on their works, thought they had done enough; and it was only when the fears of looking like the heathen were overcome, and a sense of the exquisite beauty of Grecian sculpture prevailed, that the geometrical loveliness of the human form found its way into art. It may be added, that no modern people, save the Italians alone, seem to

share fully in the high sense of the ideal and the poetic, visible in the works of Greece.

“The first fruits of this new impulse were representations of Christ on the Cross; of his forerunner, St. John; of his Virgin Mother; and of his companions, the Apostles. Our Saviour had a meek and melancholy look; the hands of the Virgin are held up in prayer; something of the wildness of the wilderness was in the air of St. John, and the twelve Apostles were kneeling or preaching. They were all clothed from head to heel; the faces, the hands, and the feet, alone were bare; the sentiment of suffering or rejoicing holiness, alone was aimed at. The artists of the heathen religion wrought in a far different spirit; the forms which they called to their canvas, and endowed with life and beauty, were all, or mostly naked; they saw and felt the symmetry and exquisite harmony of the human body, and they represented it in such elegance, such true simplicity and sweetness, as to render their nude figures the rivals in modesty and innocence of the most carefully dressed. A sense of this excellence of form is expressed by many writers. ‘If,’ says Plato, ‘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.’ Maximus Tyrus 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.' And Cicero informs us, that Zeuxis drew his wondrous picture of Helen from various models, all the most beautiful that could be found; for he could not find in one body all those perfections, which his idea of that princess required.

“So far did the heathens carry their notions of ideal beauty, that they taxed Demetrius with being too natural, and Dionysius they reproached as but a painter of men. Lysippus himself upbraided the ordinary sculptors of his day, for making men such as they were in nature, and boasted of himself, that he made men as they ought to be. Phidias copied his statues of Jupiter and Pallas from forms in his own soul, or those which the muse of Homer supplied. Seneca seems to wonder, that, the sculptor having never beheld either Jove or Pallas, yet could conceive their divine images in his mind; and another eminent ancient says, 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.’ Such were also, in the fulness of time and study, the ideas of the most distinguished moderns. 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.’ Da Vinci uses almost the same words, and desires the painter to form the idea for himself; and the incomparable Raphael thus

writes 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 in my own fancy.' Guido Reni approaches still closer to the pure ideal of the great Christian School of Painting, when he wishes for the wings of an angel, to ascend to Paradise, and see, with his own eyes, the forms and faces of the blessed spirits, that he might put more of heaven into his pictures.

"Of the heaven which the great artist wished to infuse into his works, there was but little in painting, when it rose to aid religion in Italy. The shape was uncooth, the coloring ungraceful, and there was but the faint dawn of that divine sentiment, which in time elevated Roman art to the same eminence as the Grecian. Yet all that Christianity demanded from Art, at first, was readily accomplished: fine forms, and delicate hues, were not required for centuries, by the successors of the Apostles; a Christ on the Cross; the Virgin lulling her divine Babe in her bosom; the Miracle of Lazarus; the Preaching on the Mount; the Conversion of St. Paul; and the Ascension—roughly sculptured or coarsely painted, perhaps by the unskilful hands of the Christian preachers themselves—were found sufficient to explain to a barbarous people some of the great ruling truths of Christianity. These, and such as these, were placed in churches, or borne about by gospel missionaries,

and were appealed to, when words failed to express the doctrines and mysteries which were required to be taught. Such appeals were no doubt frequent, in times when Greek and Latin ceased to be commonly spoken, and the present languages of Europe were shaping themselves, like fruit in the leaf, out of the barbarous dissonance of the wild tongues which then prevailed. These Christian preachers, with their emblems and their relics, were listened to by the Gothic subverters of the empire of art and elegance, with the more patience and complacency, since they desired not to share in their plunder or their conquests, and opened to them the way to a far nobler kingdom—a kingdom not of this earth.

“ Though abundance of figures of saints were carved, and innumerable Madonnas painted throughout Italy, in the earlier days of the Christian church, they were either literal transcripts of common life, or mechanical copies or imitations of works furnished from the great store rooms of the Asiatic Greeks. There were thousands—nay, tens of thousands of men, who wrote themselves artists, while not one of them had enough of imagination and skill to lift art above the low estate in which the rule and square of mechanical imitation had placed it. Niccolo Pisano appears to have been the first who, at Pisa, took the right way in sculpture: his groups, still in existence, are sometimes too crowded; his figures badly designed, and the whole de-

fective in sentiment; but he gave an impulse—communicated through the antique—to composition, not unperceived by his scholars, who saw with his eyes and wrought with his spirit. The school which he founded produced, soon after, the celebrated Ghiberti, whose gates of bronze, embellished with figures, for the church of San Giovanni, were pronounced by Michael Angelo worthy to be the gates of Paradise. While the sister art took these large strides towards fame, Painting lagged ruefully behind; she had no true models, and she had no true rules; but ‘the time and the man’ came at last, and this man was Giovanni Cimabue.”

GIOVANNI CIMABUE

This great painter is universally considered the restorer of modern painting. The Italians call him “the Father of modern Painting;” and other nations, “the Creator of the Italian or Epic style of Painting.” He was born at Florence in 1240, of a noble family, and was skilled both in architecture and sculpture. The legends of his own land make him the pupil of Giunta; for the men of Florence are reluctant to believe that he was instructed in painting by those Greek artists who were called in to embellish their city with miracles and Madonnas. He soon conquered an education which consisted in reproducing, in exact shape and color, the works of other men: he desired to advance his

went to nature for his forms; he grouped them with a new skill; he bestowed ease on his draperies, and a higher expression on his heads. His talent did not reside in the neat, the graceful, and the lovely; his Madonnas have little beauty, and his angels are all of one make: he succeeded best in the heads of the old and the holy, and impressed on them, in spite of the barbarism of his times, a bold sublimity, which few have since surpassed. Critics object to the fierceness of his eyes, the want of delicacy in the noses of his figures, and the absence of perspective in his compositions; but they admit that his coloring is bright and vigorous, his conceptions grand and vast, and that he loved the daring and the splendid. Nevertheless, a touch of the mechanical Greek School, and a rudeness all his own, have been observed in the works of this great painter. His compositions were all of a scriptural or religious kind, such as the church required: kings were his visitors, and the people of Florence paid him honors almost divine.

CIMABUE'S PASSION FOR ART.

Cimabue gave early proof of an accurate judgment and a clear understanding, and his father designed to give him a liberal education, but instead of devoting himself to letters, says Vasari, "he consumed the whole day in drawing men, horses, houses, and other various fancies on his books and different pa-

pers—an occupation to which he felt himself impelled by nature; and this natural inclination was favored by fortune, for the governors of the city, had invited certain Greek painters to Florence, for the purpose of restoring the art of painting, which had not merely degenerated, but was altogether lost; those artists, among other works, began to paint the chapel of Gondi, situated next to the principal chapel in S. Maria Novella, where Giovanni was being educated, who often escaping from school, and having already made a commencement in the art he was so fond of, would stand watching these masters at their work the day through.” Vasari goes on to say, that this passion at length induced his father, already persuaded that he had the genius to become a great painter, to place Giovanni under the instruction of these Greek artists. From this time, he labored incessantly day and night, and aided by his great natural powers, he soon surpassed his teacher.

CIMABUE'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

Cimabue had already distinguished himself by many works, executed in fresco and distemper for the churches at Florence, Pisa, and Assisi, when he painted his famous picture of the Holy Virgin for the church of S. Maria Novella in the former city. This picture was accounted such a wonderful performance by his fellow citizens, that they carried it from the house of Cimabue to the church in solemn

procession, with sound of trumpets and every demonstration of joy. "It is further reported," says Vasari, "that whilst Cimabue was painting this picture in a garden near the gate of San Pietro, King Charles the elder, of Anjou, passed through Florence, and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conducted him to see the picture of Cimabue." This picture, representing the Virgin and Infant Jesus surrounded by angels, larger than life, then so novel, was regarded as such a wonderful performance, that all the people of Florence flocked in crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. It still adorns the chapel of the Rucellai family in the church of S. Maria Novella for which it was painted. The heads of the Virgin, of the infant Jesus, and the angels, are all fine, but the hands are badly drawn; this defect, however, is common with the Quattrocentisti, or artists of the 14th century. The editors of the Florentine edition of Vasari, commenced in 1846, by an association of learned Italians, observe, "This picture, still in fair preservation, is in the chapel of the Rucellai family; and whoever will examine it carefully, comparing it, not only with works before the time of Cimabue, but also with those painted after him, by the Florentine masters, particularly Giotto, will perceive that the praises of Vasari are justified in every particular."

THE WORKS OF CIMABUE.

Some writers assert that the works of Cimabue possessed little merit when compared with those of later times; and that the extraordinary applause which he received flowed from an age ignorant of art. It should be recollected, however, that it is much easier to copy or follow, when the path has been marked out, than to invent or discover; and hence that the glorious productions of the "Prince of modern Painters," form no criterion by which to judge of the merits of those of the "Father of modern Painters." The former had "the accumulated wisdom of ages" before him, of which he availed himself freely; the latter had nothing worthy of note, but his own talents and the wild field of nature, from which he was the first of the moderns who drew in the spirit of inspiration. "Giotto," says Vasari, "did obscure the fame of Cimabue, as a great light diminishes the splendor of a lesser one; so that, although Cimabue may be considered the cause of the restoration of the art of painting, yet Giotto, his disciple, impelled by a laudable ambition, and well aided by heaven and nature, was the man, who, attaining to superior elevation of thought, threw open the gate of the true way, to those who afterwards exalted the art to that perfection and greatness which it displays in our own age; when accustomed, as men are, daily to see the prodigies and miracles, nay the *impossibilities*, now performed by artists,

they have arrived at such a point, that they no longer marvel at anything accomplished by man, even though it be more divine than human. Fortunate, indeed, are artists who now labor, however meritoriously, if they do not incur censure instead of praise; nay, if they can even escape disgrace." It should be recollected that Vasari held this language in the days of Michael Angelo.

All the great frescos of Cimabue, and most of his easel pictures, have perished. Besides the picture of the Virgin before mentioned, there is a St. Francis in the church of S. Croce, an excellent picture of St. Cecilia, in that of S. Stefano, and a Madonna in the convent of S. Paolino at Florence. There are also two paintings by Cimabue in the Louvre—the Virgin with angels, and the Virgin with the infant Jesus. Others are attributed to him, but their authenticity is very doubtful.

DEATH OF CIMABUE.

According to Vasari, Cimabue died in 1300, and was entombed in the church of S. Maria del Fiore at Florence. The following epitaph, composed by one of the Nini, was inscribed on his monument:

"Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ castra tenere
Sic tenuit, vivens, nunc tenet astra poli."

It appears, however, from an authentic document, cited by Campi, that Cimabue was employed in 1302 in executing a mosaic picture of St. John, for

the cathedral of Pisa; and as he left this figure unfinished, it is probable that he did not long survive that year.

GIOTTO.

This great artist, one of the fathers of modern painting, was born at Vespignano, a small town near Florence, in 1276. He was the son of a shepherd named Bondone, and while watching his father's flocks in the field, he showed a natural genius for art by constantly delineating the objects around him. A sheep which he had drawn upon a flat stone, after nature, attracted the attention of Cimabue, who persuaded his father, Bondone, to allow him to go to Florence, confident that he would be an ornament to the art. Giotto commenced by imitating his master, but he quickly surpassed him. A picture of the Annunciation, in the possession of the Fathers of Badia at Florence, is one of his earliest works, and manifests a grace and beauty superior to Cimabue, though the style is somewhat dry. In his works, symmetry became more chaste, design more pleasing, and coloring softer than before. Lanzi says that if Cimabue was the Michael Angelo of that age, Giotto was the Raffaello. He was highly honored, and his works were in great demand. He was invited to Rome by Boniface VIII., and afterwards to Avignon by Clement V. The noble families of Verona, Milan, Ravenna, Urbino, and Bologna, were eager to possess his works. In

1316, according to Vasari, he returned from Avignon, and was employed at Padua, where he painted the chapel of the Nunziata all' Arena, divided all around into compartments, each of which represents some scriptural event. Lanzi says it is truly surprising to behold, not less on account of its high state of preservation beyond any other of his frescos, than for its graceful expression, and that air of grandeur which Giotto so well understood. About 1325 he was invited to Naples by King Robert, to paint the church of S. Chiara, which he decorated with subjects from the New Testament, and the Mysteries of the Apocalypse. These, like many of his works, have been destroyed; but there remains a Madonna, and several other pictures, in this church. Giotto's portraits were greatly admired, particularly for their air of truth and correct resemblance. Among other illustrious persons whom he painted, were the poet Dante, and Clement VIII. The portrait of the former was discovered in the chapel of the Podesta, now the Bargello, at Florence, which had for two centuries been covered with whitewash, and divided into cells for prisoners. The whitewash was removed by the painter Marini, at the instance of Signor Bezzi and others, and the portrait discovered in the "Gloria" described by Vasari. Giotto was also distinguished in the art of mosaic, particularly for the famous Death of the Virgin at Florence, greatly admired by Michael Angelo; also the celebrated Navicella, or Boat of

St. Peter, in the portico of the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, which is now so mutilated and altered as to leave little of the original design.

As an architect, Giotto attained considerable eminence, according to Milizia, and erected many important edifices, among which is the bell-tower of S. Maria del Fiore. The thickness of the walls is about ten feet; the height is two hundred and eighty feet. The cornice which supports the parapet is very bold and striking; the whole exterior is of Gothic design, inlaid with marble and mosaic, and the work may be considered one of the finest specimens of campanile in Italy.

GIOTTO'S ST. FRANCIS STIGMATA

In the church of S. Francesco at Pisa, is a picture by Giotto, representing St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,* which is in good preservation, and held in great veneration, not only for the sake of the master, but for the excellence of the work. Vasari says, "It represents St. Francis, standing on the frightful rocks of La Verna; and is finished with extraordinary care. It exhibits a landscape with many trees and precipices, which was a new thing in those times. In the attitude and expression of

* Stigmata, signifies the five wounds of the Saviour impressed by himself on the persons of certain saints, male and female, in reward for their sanctity and devotion to the service.

St. Francis, who is on his knees receiving the Stigmata, the most eager desire to obtain them is clearly manifest, as well as infinite love towards Jesus Christ, who, from heaven above, where he is seen surrounded by the seraphim, grants those stigmata to his servant, with looks of such lively affection, that it is not possible to conceive anything more perfect. Beneath this picture are three others, also from the life of St. Francis, and very beautiful."

GIOTTO'S INVITATION TO ROME.

Boniface VIII., desirous of decorating St. Peter's church with some paintings, having heard of the extraordinary talents of Giotto, despatched one of his courtiers to Tuscany, to ascertain the truth, as to his merits, and to procure designs from other artists for his approbation and selection. Vasari says, "The messenger, when on his way to visit Giotto, and to enquire what other good masters there were in Florence, spoke first with many artists in Siena—then, having received designs from them, he proceeded to Florence, and repaired one morning to the workshop where Giotto was occupied with his labors. He declared the purpose of the Pope, and the manner in which that pontiff desired to avail himself of his assistance, and finally requested to have a drawing that he might send it to his holiness. Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper and a pencil dipped in a red color;

then resting his elbow on his side to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand, he drew a circle so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned smiling to the courtier, saying, 'There is your drawing.' 'Am I to have nothing more than this?' enquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. 'That is enough and to spare,' replied Giotto, 'send it with the rest, and you will see if it will not be recognized.' The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill satisfied, and fearing that he had been fooled. Nevertheless, having despatched the other drawings to the Pope, with the names of those who had done them, he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle, without moving his arm and without compass; from which the Pope, and such of the courtiers as were well versed in the subject, perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time. This incident becoming known, gave rise to the proverb still used in relation to people of dull wits, 'In sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto,' (round as Giotto's O,) the significance of which consists in the double meaning of the word *tondo*, which is used in the Tuscan for slowness of intellect, and slowness of comprehension, as well as for an exact circle. The proverb besides has an interest from the circumstance which gave it birth."

Giotto was immediately invited to Rome by the Pope, who received him with distinction, and com-

missioned him to paint a large picture in the sacristy of St. Peter's, with five others in the church, representing subjects from the life of Christ, which gave so much satisfaction to the pontiff, that he commanded 600 gold ducats to be paid to the artist, "besides conferring on him so many favors," says Vasari, "that there was talk of them throughout Italy."

GIOTTO'S LIVING MODEL.

Giotto, about to paint a picture of the Crucifixion, induced a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to a cross, under the promise of being set at liberty in an hour, and handsomely rewarded for his pains. Instead of this, as soon as Giotto had made his victim secure, he seized a dagger, and, shocking to tell, stabbed him to the heart! He then set about painting the dying agonies of the victim to his foul treachery. When he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope; who was so well pleased with it, that he resolved to place it above the altar of his own chapel. Giotto observed, that, as his holiness liked the copy so well, he might perhaps like to see the original. The Pope, shocked at the impiety of the idea, uttered an exclamation of surprise. "I mean," added Giotto, "I will show you the person whom I employed as my model in this picture, but it must be on condition that your holiness will absolve me from all punishment for the use which I have made of him." The Pope pro-

mised Giotto the absolution for which he stipulated, and accompanied the artist to his workshop. On entering, Giotto drew aside a curtain which hung before the dead man, still stretched on the cross, and covered with blood.

The barbarous exhibition struck the pontiff with horror; he told Giotto he could never give him absolution for so cruel a deed, and that he must expect to suffer the most exemplary punishment. Giotto, with seeming resignation, said that he had only one favor to ask, that his holiness would give him leave to finish the piece before he died. The request had too important an object to be denied; the Pope readily granted it; and, in the meantime, a guard was set over Giotto to prevent his escape.

On the painting being replaced in the artist's hands, the first thing he did was to take a brush, and, dipping it into a thick varnish, he daubed the picture all over with it, and then announced that he had finished his task. His holiness was greatly incensed at this abuse of the indulgence he had given, and threatened Giotto that he should be put to the most cruel death, unless he painted another picture equal to the one which he had destroyed. "Of what avail is your threat," replied Giotto, "to a man whom you have doomed to death at any rate?" "But," replied his holiness, "I can revoke that doom." "Yes," continued Giotto, "but you cannot prevail on me to trust to your verbal promise a second time." "You shall have a pardon

under my signet before you begin." On that, a conditional pardon was accordingly made out and given to Giotto, who, taking a wet sponge, in a few minutes wiped off the coating with which he had bedaubed the picture, and instead of a copy, restored the original in all its beauty to his holiness.

Although this story is related by many writers, it is doubtless a gross libel on the fair fame of this great artist, originating with some witless wag, who thought nothing too horrible to impose upon the credulity of mankind. It is discredited by the best authors. A similar fable is related of Parrhasius. See the Olynthian Captive, vol. I. page 151 of this work.

GIOTTO AND THE KING OF NAPLES.

After Giotto's return to Florence, about 1325, Robert, King of Naples, wrote to his son Charles, King of Calabria, who was then in Florence, desiring that he would by all means send Giotto to him at Naples, to decorate the church and convent of Santa Clara, which he had just completed, and desired to have adorned with noble paintings. Giotto readily accepted this flattering invitation from so great and renowned a monarch, and immediately set out to do him service. He was received at Naples with every mark of distinction, and executed many subjects from the old and New Testaments in the different chapels of the building. It is said

that the pictures from the Apocalypse, which he painted in one of the chapels, were the inventions of Dante; but Dante was then dead, and if Giotto derived any advantage from him, it must have been from previous discussions on the subject. These works gave the greatest satisfaction to the King, who munificently rewarded the artist, and treated him with great kindness and extraordinary familiarity. Vasari says that Giotto was greatly beloved by King Robert, who delighted to visit him in his painting room, to watch the progress of his work, to hear his remarks, and to hold conversation with him; for Giotto had a ready wit, and was always as ready to amuse the monarch with his lively conversation and witty replies as with his pencil. One day the King said to him, "Giotto, I will make you the first man in Naples," to which Giotto promptly replied, "I am already the first man in Naples; for this reason it is that I dwell at the Porta Reale." At another time the King, fearing that he would injure himself by overworking in the hot season, said to him, "Giotto, if I were in your place, now that it is so hot, I would give up painting for a time, and take my rest." "And so would I do, certainly," replied Giotto, "were I the King of Naples." One day the King to amuse himself, desired Giotto to *paint his kingdom*. The painter drew an ass carrying a packsaddle loaded with a crown and sceptre, while a similar saddle, also bearing the ensigns of royalty, lay at his feet; these last were all new,

and the ass scented them, with an eager desire to change them for those he bore. "What does this signify, Giotto?" enquired the King. "Such is thy kingdom," replied Giotto, "and such thy subjects, who are every day desiring a new lord."

GIOTTO AND DANTE.

The children of Giotto were remarkably ill-favored. Dante, one day, quizzed him by asking, "Giotto, how is it that you, who make the children of others so beautiful, make your own so ugly?" "Ah, my dear friend," replied the painter, "mine were made in the dark."

DEATH OF GIOTTO.

"Giotto," says Vasari, "having passed his life in the production of so many admirable works, and proved himself a good Christian, as well as an excellent painter, resigned his soul to God in the year 1336, not only to the great regret of his fellow citizens, but of all who had known him, or even heard his name. He was honorably entombed, as his high deserts had well merited, having been beloved all his life, but more especially by the learned men of all professions." Dante and Petrarch were his warm admirers, and immortalized him in their verse. The commentator of Dante, who was contemporary with Giotto, says, "Giotto was, and is, the most eminent of all the painters of Florence,

and to this his works bear testimony in Rome, Naples, Avignon, Florence, Padua, and many other parts of the world."

BUONAMICO BUFFALMACCO.

The first worthy successor of Giotto in the Florentine school, was Buffalmacco, whose name has been immortalized by Boccaccio in his *Decameron*, as a man of most facetious character. He executed many works in fresco and distemper, but they have mostly perished. He chiefly excelled in Crucifixions and Ascensions. He was born, according to Vasari, in 1262, and died in 1340, aged 78; but Baldinucci says that he lived later than 1358. His name is mentioned in the old Book of the Company of Painters, under the date of 1351, (*Editors of the Florentine edition of Vasari*, 1846.) Buffalmacco was a merry wag, and a careless spendthrift, and died in the public hospital.

BUFFALMACCO AND HIS MASTER.

"Among the Three Hundred Stories of Franco Sacchetti," says Vasari, "we find it related to begin with, what our artist did in his youth—that when Buffalmacco was studying with Andrea Tafi, his master had the habit of rising before daylight when the nights were long, compelling his scholars also to awake and proceed to their work. This provoked Buonamico, who did not approve of being

aroused from his sweetest sleep. He accordingly bethought himself of finding some means by which Andrea might be prevented from rising so early, and soon found what he sought." Now it happened that Tafi was a very superstitious man, believing that demons and hobgoblins walked the earth at their pleasure. Buffalmacco, having caught about thirty large beetles, he fastened to the back of each, by means of small needles, a minute taper, which he lighted, and sent them one by one into his master's room, through a crack in the door, about the time he was accustomed to rise and summon him to his labors. Tafi seeing these strange lights wandering about his room, began to tremble with fright, and repeated his prayers and exorcisms, but finding they produced no effect on the apparitions, he covered his head with the bed clothes, and lay almost petrified with terror till daylight. When he rose he enquired of Buonamico, if "he had seen more than a thousand demons wandering about his room, as he had himself in the night?" Buonamico replied that he had seen nothing, and wondered he had not been called to work. "Call thee to work!" exclaimed the master, "I had other things to think of besides painting, and am resolved to stay in this house no longer;" and away he ran to consult the parish priest, who seems to have been as superstitious as the poor painter himself. When Tafi discoursed of this strange affair with Buonamico, the latter told him that he had been taught to believe

that the demons were the greatest enemies of God, consequently they must be the most deadly adversaries of painters. "For," said he, "besides that we always make them most hideous, we think of nothing but painting saints, both men and women, on walls and pictures, which is much worse, since we thereby render men better and more devout to the great despite of the demons; and for all this, the devils being angry with us, and having more power by night than by day, they play these tricks upon us. I verily believe too, that they will get worse and worse, if this practice of rising to work in the night be not discontinued altogether." Buffalmacco then advised his master to make the experiment, and see whether the devils would disturb him if he did not work at night. Tafi followed this advice for a short time, and the demons ceased to disturb him; but forgetting his fright, he began to rise betimes, as before, and to call Buffalmacco to his work. The beetles then recommenced their wanderings, till Tafi was compelled by his fears and the earnest advice of the priest to desist altogether from that practice. "Nay," says Vasari, "the story becoming known through the city, produced such an effect that neither Tafi, nor any other painter dared for a long time to work at night."

Another laughable story is related of Buffalmacco's ingenuity to rid himself of annoyance. Soon after he left Tafi, he took apartments adjoining those occupied by a man who was a penurious old simple-

ton, and compelled his wife to rise long before daylight to commence work at her spinning wheel. The old woman was often at her wheel, when Buonamico retired to bed from his revels. The buzz of the instrument put all sleep out of the question; so the painter resolved to put a stop to this annoyance. Having provided himself with a long tube, and removed a brick next to the chimney, he watched his opportunity, and blew salt into their soup till it was spoiled. He then succeeded in making them believe that it was the work of demons, and to desist from such early rising. Whenever the old woman touched her wheel before daylight, the soup was sure to be spoiled, but when she was allowed reasonable rest, it was fresh and savory.

BUFFALMACCO AND THE NUNS OF THE CONVENT
OF FAENZA.

Soon after Buffalmacco left his master, he was employed by the nuns of Faenza to execute a picture for their convent. The subject was the slaughter of the Innocents. While the work was in progress, those ladies some times took a peep at the picture through the screen he had raised for its protection. "Now Buffalmacco," says Vasari, "was very eccentric and peculiar in his dress, as well as manner of living, and as he did not always wear the head-dress and mantle usual at the time, the nuns remarked to their intendant, that it did not

please them to see him appear thus in his doublet ; but the steward found means to pacify them, and they remained silent on the subject for some time. At length, however, seeing the painter always accounted in like manner, and fancying that he must be some apprentice, who ought to be merely grinding colors, they sent a messenger to Buonamico from the abbess, to the effect, that they would like to see the master sometimes at the work, and not always himself. To this Buffalmacco, who was very pleasant in manner, replied, that as soon as the master came to the work he would let them know of his arrival ; for he perceived clearly how the matter stood. Thereupon, he placed two stools, one on the other, with a water-jar on the top ; on the neck of the jar he set a cap, which was supported by the handle ; he then arranged a long mantle carefully around the whole, and securing a pencil within the mouth on that side of the jar whence the water is poured, he departed. The nuns, returning to examine the work through the hole which they had made in the screen, saw the supposed master in full robes, when, believing him to be working with all his might, and that he would produce a very different kind of thing from any that his predecessor in the jacket could accomplish, they went away contented, and thought no more of the matter for some days. At length, they were desirous of seeing what fine things the master had done, and at the end of a fortnight (during which Buffalmacco had

never set foot within the place), they went by night, when they concluded that he would not be there, to see his work. But they were all confused and ashamed, when one, bolder than the rest, approached near enough to discover the truth respecting this solemn master, who for fifteen days had been so busy doing nothing. They acknowledged, nevertheless, that they had got but what they merited—the work executed by the painter in the jacket being all that could be desired. The intendant was therefore commanded to recall Buonamico, who returned in great glee and with many a laugh, to his labor, having taught these good ladies the difference between a man and a water-jug, and shown them that they should not always judge the works of men by their vestments.”

BUFFALMACCO AND THE NUNS' WINE.

Buffalmacco executed an historical painting for the nuns, which greatly pleased them, every part being excellent in their estimation, except the faces, which they thought too pale and wan. Buonamico, knowing that they kept the very best Vernaccia (a kind of delicious Tuscan wine, kept for the uses of the mass) to be found in Florence, told his fair patrons, that this defect could only be remedied by mixing the colors with good Vernaccia, but that when the cheeks were touched with colors thus tempered, they would become rosy and life-like enough. “The good ladies,” says Vasari, “be-

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lieving all he said, kept him supplied with the very best Vernaccia during all the time that his labors lasted, and he joyously swallowing this delicious nectar, found color enough on his palette to give his faces the fresh rosiness they so much desired." Bottari says, that Buonamico, on one occasion, was surprised by the nuns, while drinking the Vernaccia, when he instantly spirted what he had in his mouth on the picture, whereby they were fully satisfied; if they cut short his supply, his pictures looked pale and lifeless, but the Vernaccia always restored them to warmth and beauty. The nuns were so much pleased with his performances that they employed him a long time, and he decorated their whole church with his own hand, representing subjects from the life of Christ, all extremely well executed.

BUFFALMACCO, BISHOP GUIDO, AND HIS MONKEY.

"In the year 1302," says Vasari, "Buffalmacco was invited to Assisi, where, in the church of San Francesco, he painted in fresco the chapel of Santa Caterina, with stories taken from her life. These paintings are still preserved, and many figures in them are well worthy of praise. Having finished this chapel, Buonamico was passing through Arezzo, when he was detained by the Bishop Guido, who had heard that he was a cheerful companion, as well as a good painter, and who wished him to remain for a time in that city, to paint the chapel

of the episcopal church, where the baptistery now is. Buonamico began the work, and had already completed the greater part of it, when a very curious circumstance occurred; and this, according to Franco Sacchetti, who relates it among his *Three Hundred Stories*, was as follows. The bishop had a large ape, of extraordinary cunning, the most sportive and mischievous creature in the world. This animal sometimes stood on the scaffold, watching Buonamico at his work, and giving a grave attention to every action: with his eyes constantly fixed on the painter, he observed him mingle his colors, handle the various flasks and tools, beat the eggs for his paintings in distemper—all that he did, in short; for nothing escaped the creature's observation. One Saturday evening, Buffalmacco left his work; and on the Sunday morning, the ape, although fastened to a great log of wood, which the bishop had commanded his servants to fix to his foot, that he might not leap about at his pleasure, contrived, in despite of the weight, which was considerable, to get on the scaffold where Buonamico was accustomed to work. Here he fell at once upon the vases which held the colors, mingled them all together, beat up whatever eggs he could find, and, plunging the pencils into this mixture, he daubed over every figure, and did not cease till he had repainted the whole work with his own hand. Having done that, he mixed all the remaining colors together, and getting down from the scaffold, he went

his way. When Monday morning came, Buffal-macco returned to his work ; and, finding his figures ruined, his vessels all heaped together, and every thing turned topsy-turvy, he stood amazed in sore confusion. Finally, having considered the matter within himself, he arrived at the conclusion that some Aretine, moved by jealousy, or other cause, had worked the mischief he beheld. Proceeding to the bishop, he related what had happened, and declared his suspicions, by all which that prelate was greatly disturbed ; but, consoling Buonamico as best he could, he persuaded him to return to his labors, and repair the mischief. Bishop Guido, thinking him nevertheless likely to be right, his opinion being a very probable one, gave him six soldiers, who were ordered to remain concealed on the watch, withdrawn weapons, during the master's absence, and were commanded to cut down any one, who might be caught in the act, without mercy. The figures were again completed in a certain time ; and one day as the soldiers were on guard, they heard a strange kind of rolling sound in the church, and immediately after saw the ape clamber up to the scaffold and seize the pencils. In the twinkling of an eye, the new master had mingled his colors ; and the soldiers saw him set to work on the saints of Buonamico. They then summoned the artist, and showing him the malefactor, they all stood watching the animal at his operations, being in danger of fainting with laughter, Buonamico more than all ;

for, though exceedingly disturbed by what had happened, he could not help laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. At length he betook himself to the bishop, and said: 'My lord, you desire to have your chapel painted in one fashion, but your ape chooses to have it done in another.' Then, relating the story, he added: 'There was no need whatever for your lordship to send to foreign parts for a painter, since you had the master in your house; but perhaps he did not know exactly how to mix the colors; however, as he is now acquainted with the method, he can proceed without further help; I am no longer required here, since we have discovered his talents, and will ask no other reward for my labors, but your permission to return to Florence.' Hearing all this, the bishop, although heartily vexed, could not restrain his laughter; and the rather, as he remembered that he who was thus tricked by an ape, was himself the most incorrigible trickster in the world. However, when they had talked and laughed over this new occurrence to their hearts' content, the bishop persuaded Buonamico to remain; and the painter agreed to set himself to work for the third time, when the chapel was happily completed. But the ape, for his punishment, and in expiation of the crimes he had committed, was shut up in a strong wooden cage, and fastened on the platform where Buonamico worked; there he was kept till the whole was finished; and no imagination could conceive the leaps and flings of the

creature thus enclosed in his cage, nor the contortions he made with his feet, hands, muzzle, and whole body, at the sight of others working, while he was not permitted to do anything.”

BUFFALMACCO'S TRICK ON THE BISHOP OF AREZZO.

“When the works of the chapel before mentioned, were completed, the bishop ordered Buonamico—either for a jest, or for some other cause—to paint, on one of the walls of his palace, an eagle on the back of a lion, which the bird had killed. The crafty painter, having promised to do all that the bishop desired, caused a stout scaffolding and screen of wood-work to be made before the building, saying that he could not be seen to paint such a thing. Thus prepared, and shut up alone within his screen, Buonamico painted the direct contrary of what the bishop had required—a lion, namely, tearing an eagle to pieces; and, having painted the picture, he requested permission from the bishop to repair to Florence, for the purpose of seeking certain colors needful to his work. He then locked up the scaffold, and departed to Florence, resolving to return no more to the bishop. But the latter, after waiting some time, and finding that the painter did not reappear, caused the scaffolding to be taken down, and discovered that Buonamico had been making a jest of him. Furious at this affront, Guido condemned the artist to banishment for life from his dominions; which, when Buonamico learnt, he sent

word to the bishop that he might do his worst, whereupon the bishop threatened him with fearful consequences. Yet considering afterwards that he had been tricked, only because he had intended to put an affront upon the painter, Bishop Guido forgave him, and even rewarded him liberally for his labors. Nay, Buffalmacco was again invited to Arezzo, no long time after, by the same prelate, who always treated him as a valued servant and familiar friend, confiding many works in the old cathedral to his care, all of which, unhappily, are now destroyed. Buonamico also painted the apsis of the principal chapel in the church of San Giustino in Arezzo."

In the notes of the Roman and other earlier editions of Vasari, we are told that the lion being the insignia of Florence, and the eagle, that of Arezzo, the bishop designed to assert his own superiority over the former city, he being lord of Arezzo; but later commentators affirm, that Guido, being a furious Ghibelline, intended rather to offer an affront to the Guelfs, by exalting the eagle, which was the emblem of his party, over the lion, that of the Guelfs.

ORIGIN OF LABEL PAINTING.

Buffalmacco is generally considered the inventor of label painting, or the use of a label drawn from the mouth to represent it speaking; but it was practiced by Cimabue, and probably long before his time, in Italy. Pliny tells us that it was prac-

ticed by the early Greek painters. Vasari says that Buffalmacco was invited to Pisa, where he painted many pictures in the Abbey of St. Paul, on the banks of the Arno, which then belonged to the monks of Vallambrosa. He covered the entire surface of the church, from the roof to the floor, with histories from the Old Testament, beginning with the creation of man and continuing to the building of the Tower of Babel. In the church of St. Anastasia, he also painted certain stories from the life of that saint, "in which," says Vasari, "are very many beautiful costumes and head-dresses of women, painted with a charming grace of manner." Bruno de Giovanni, the friend and pupil of Buonamico, was associated with him in this work. He too, is celebrated by Boccaccio, as a man of joyous memory. When the stories on the façade were finished, Bruno painted in the same church, an altar-piece of St. Ursula, with her company of virgins. In one hand of the saint, he placed a standard bearing the arms of Pisa—a white cross on a field of red; the other is extended towards a woman, who, climbing between two rocks, has one foot in the sea, and stretches out both hands towards the saint, in the act of supplication. This female form represents Pisa. She bears a golden horn upon her head, and wears a mantle sprinkled over with circlelets and eagles. Being hard pressed by the waves, she earnestly implores succor of the saint.

While employed on this work, Bruno complained

that his faces had not the life and expression which distinguished those of Buonamico, when the latter, in his playful manner, advised him to paint words proceeding from the mouth of the woman supplicating the saint, and in like manner those proceeding from the saint in reply. "This," said the wag, "will make your figures not only life-like, but even eloquently expressive." Bruno followed this advice; "And this method," says Vasari, "as it pleased Bruno and other dull people of that day, so does it equally satisfy certain simpletons of our own, who are well served by artists as common-place as themselves. It must, in truth, be allowed to be an extraordinary thing that a practice thus originating in jest, and in no other way, should have passed into general use; insomuch that even a great part of the Campo Santo, decorated by much esteemed masters, is full of this absurdity." This picture is now in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Pisa.

UTILITY OF ANCIENT WORKS.

The works of Buffalmacco greatly pleased the good people of Pisa, who gave him abundant employment; yet he and his boon companion Bruno, merrily squandered all they had earned, and returned to Florence, as poor as when they left that city. Here they also found plenty of work. They decorated the church of S. Maria Novella with several productions which were much applauded, particu-

larly the Martyrdom of St. Maurice and his companions, who were decapitated for their adherence to the faith of Christ. The picture was designed by Buonamico, and painted by Bruno, who had no great power of invention or design. It was painted for Guido Campere, then constable of Florence, whose portrait was introduced as St. Maurice.—The martyrs are led to execution by a troop of soldiers, armed in the ancient manner, and presenting a very fine spectacle. “This picture,” says Vasari, “can scarcely be called a very fine one, but it is nevertheless worthy of consideration as well for the design and invention of Buffalmacco, as for the variety of vestments, helmets, and other armor used in those times; and from which I have myself derived great assistance in certain historical paintings, executed for our lord, the Duke Cosmo, wherein it was necessary to represent men armed in the ancient manner, with other accessories belonging to that period; and his illustrious excellency, as well as all else who have seen these works, have been greatly pleased with them; whence we may infer the valuable assistance to be obtained from the inventions and performances of the old master, and the mode in which great advantages may be derived from them, even though they may not be altogether perfect; for it is these artists who have opened the path to us, and led the way to all the wonders performed down to the present time, and still being performed even in these of our days.”

BUFFALMACCO AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

While Buonamico was employed at Florence, a countryman came and engaged him to paint a picture of St. Christopher for his parish church; the contract was, that the figure should be twelve braccia in length,* and the price eight florins. But when the painter proceeded to look at the church for which the picture was ordered, he found it but nine braccia high, and the same in length; therefore, as he was unable to paint the saint in an upright position he represented him reclining, bent the legs at the knees, and turned them up against the opposite wall. When the work was completed, the countryman declared that he had been cheated, and refused to pay for it. The matter was then referred to the authorities, who decided that Buffalmacco had performed his contract, and ordered the stipulated payment to be made.

The writer of these pages, in his intercourse with artists, has met with incidents as comical as that just related of Buonamico. Some artists proceed to paint without having previously designed, or even

* The braccio, (arm, cubit) is an Italian measure which varies in length, not only in different parts of Italy, but also according to the thing measured. In Parma, for example, the braccio for measuring silk is 23 inches, for woollens and cottons 25 and a fraction, while that for roads and buildings is 21 only. In Siena, the braccio for cloth is 14 inches, while in Florence it is 23, and in Milan it is 39 inches, English measure.

sketched out their subject on the canvass. We know an artist, who painted a fancy portrait of a child, in a landscape, reclining on a bank beside a stream; but when he had executed the landscape, and the greater part of the figure, he found he had not room in his canvass to get the feet in; so he turned the legs up in such a manner, as to give the child the appearance of being in great danger of sliding into the water. We greatly offended the painter by advising him to drive a couple of stakes into the bank to prevent such a catastrophe. Another artist, engaged in painting a full-length portrait, found, when he had got his picture nearly finished, that his canvass was at least four inches too short. "What shall I do," said the painter to a friend, "I have not room for the feet." "Cover them up with green grass," was the reply. "But my background represents an interior." "Well, hay will do as well." "Confound your jokes; a barn is a fine place to be sure for fine carpets, fine furniture, and a fine gentleman. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll place one foot on this stool, and hide the other beneath this chair." He did so, but the figure looked all body and no legs, and the sitter refused to take the portrait.

BUFFALMACCO AND THE PEOPLE OF PERUGIA.

The Perugians engaged Buonamico to decorate their market-place with a picture of the patron saint of the city. Having erected an enclosure of planks

and matting, that he might not be disturbed in his labors, the painter commenced his operations. Ten days had scarcely elapsed before every one who passed by enquired with eager curiosity, "when the picture would be finished?" as though they thought such works could be cast in a mould. Buffalmacco, wearied and disgusted at their impatient outcries, resolved on a bit of revenge. Therefore, keeping the work still enclosed, he admitted the Perugians to examine it, and when they declared themselves satisfied and delighted with the performance, and wished to remove the planks and matting, Buonamico requested that they would permit them to remain two days longer as he wished to retouch certain parts when the painting was fully dry. This was agreed to; and Buonamico instantly mounting his scaffold, removed the great gilt diadem from the head of the saint, and replaced it with a coronet of gudgeons. This accomplished, he paid his host, and set off to Florence.

Two days having past, and the Perugians not seeing the painter going about as they were accustomed to do, inquired of his host what had become of him, and learning that he had left the city, they hastened to remove the screen that concealed the picture, when they discovered their saint solemnly crowned with gudgeons. Their rage now knew no bounds, and they instantly despatched horsemen in pursuit of Buonamico,—but in vain—the painter having found shelter in Florence. They then set

an artist of their own to remove the crown of fishes and replace the gilded diadem, consoling themselves for the affront, by hurling maledictions at the head of Buonamico and every other Florentine.

BUFFALMACCO'S NOVEL METHOD OF ENFORCING PAYMENT.

Buffalmacco painted a fresco at Calcinaia, representing the Virgin with the Child in her arms. But the man for whom it was executed, only made fair promises in place of payment. Buonamico was not a man to be trifled with or made a tool of; therefore, he repaired early one morning to Calcinaia, and turned the child in the arms of the Holy Virgin into a young bear. The change being soon discovered, caused the greatest scandal, and the poor countryman for whom it was painted, hastened to the painter, and implored him to remove the cub and replace the child as before, declaring himself ready to pay all demands. This Buonamico agreed to do on being paid for the first and second painting, which last was only in water colors, when with a wet sponge, he immediately restored the picture to its peristine beauty. The Editors of the Florentine edition of Vasari, (1846) say that "in a room of the priory of Calcinaia, are still to be seen the remains of a picture on the walls, representing the Madonna with the Child in her arms, and other saints, evidently a work of the 14th century; and a

tradition preserved to this day, declares that painting to be the one alluded to by our author."

STEFANO FIORENTINO.

This old Florentine painter was born in 1301. He was the grandson and disciple of Giotto, whom, according to Vasari, he greatly excelled in every department of art. From his close imitations of nature, he was called by his fellow citizens, "Stefano the Ape," (ape of nature.) He was the first artist who attempted to show the naked under his draperies, which were loose, easy, and delicate. He established the rules of perspective, little known at that early period, on more scientific principles. He was the first who attempted the difficult task of foreshortening. He also succeeded better than any of his cotemporaries in giving expression to his heads, and a less Gothic turn to his figures. He acquired a high reputation, and executed many works, in fresco and distemper, for the churches and public edifices of Florence, Rome, and other cities, all of which have perished, according to Lanzi, except a picture of the Virgin and Infant Christ in the Campo Santo at Pisa. He died in 1350.

GIOTTINO.

Tommaso Stefano, called Il Giottino, the son and scholar of Stefano Fiorentino, was born at Florence in 1324. According to Vasari, he adhered so close-

ly to the style of Giotto, that the good people of Florence called him Giottino, and averred that the soul of his great ancestor had transmigrated and animated him. There are some frescoes by him, still preserved at Assisi, and a Dead Christ with the Virgin and St. John, in the church of S. Remigio at Florence, which so strongly partake of the manner of Giotto as to justify the name bestowed upon him by his fellow citizens. He died in the flower of his life at Florence in 1356.

PAOLO UCCELLO.

This old painter was born at Florence in 1349, and was a disciple of Antonio Veneziano. His name was Mazzocchi, but being very celebrated as a painter of animals, and especially so of birds, of which last he formed a large collection of the most curious, he was called Uccello (bird.) He was one of the first painters who cultivated perspective. Before his time buildings had not a true point of perspective, and figures appeared sometimes as if falling or slipping off the canvass. He made this branch so much his hobby, that he neglected other essential parts of the art. To improve himself he studied geometry with Giovanni Manetti, a celebrated mathematician. He acquired great distinction in his time, and some of his works still remain in the churches and convents of Florence. In the church of S. Maria Novella are several fresco his-

torious from the Old Testament, which he selected for the purpose of introducing a multitude of his favorite objects, beasts and birds; among them, are Adam and Eve in Paradise, Noah entering the Ark, the Deluge, &c. He painted battles of lions, tigers, serpents, &c., with peasants flying in terror from the scene of combat. He also painted landscapes with figures, cattle and ruins, possessing so much truth and nature, that Lanzi says "he may be justly called the Bassano of his age." He was living in 1436. Vasari places his birth in 1396-7, and his death in 1479, but later writers have proved his dates to be altogether erroneous.

UCCELLO'S ENTHUSIASM.

"Paolo Uccello employed himself perpetually and without any intermission," says Vasari, "in the consideration of the most difficult questions connected with art, insomuch that he brought the method of preparing the plans and elevations of buildings, by the study of linear perspective, to perfection. From the ground plan to the cornice, and summit of the roof, he reduced all to strict rules, by the convergence of intersecting lines, which he diminished towards the centre, after having fixed the point of view higher or lower, as seemed good to him; he labored, in short, so earnestly in these difficult matters that he found means, and fixed rules, for making his figures really to seem standing on the plane

whereon they were placed; not only showing how in order manifestly to draw back or retire, they must gradually be diminished, but also giving the precise manner and degree required for this, which had previously been done by chance, or effected at the discretion of the artist, as he best could. He also discovered the method of turning the arches and cross-vaulting of ceilings, taught how floors are to be foreshortened by the convergence of the beams; showed how the artist must proceed to represent the columns bending round the sharp corners of a building, so that when drawn in perspective, they efface the angle and cause it to seem level. To pore over all these matters, Paolo would remain alone, almost like a hermit, shut up in his house for weeks and months without suffering himself to be approached."

UCCELLO AND THE MONKS OF SAN MINIATO.

Uccello was employed to decorate one of the cloisters of the monastery of San Miniato, situated without the city of Florence, with subjects from the lives of the Holy Fathers. While he was engaged on these works, the monks gave him scarcely anything to eat but cheese, of which the painter soon became tired, and being shy and timid, he resolved to go no more to work in the cloister. The prior went to enquire the cause of his absence, but when Paolo heard the monks asking for him, he would never be at home, and if he chanced to meet any of

the brothers of that order in the street, he gave them a wide berth. This extraordinary conduct excited the curiosity of the monks to such a degree that one day, two of the brothers, more swift of foot than the rest, gave chase to Paolo, and having cornered him, demanded why he did not come to finish the work according to his agreement, and wherefore he fled at the sight of one of their body. "Faith," replied the painter, "you have so murdered me, that I not only run away from you, but dare not stop near the house of any joiner, or even pass by one; and all this owing to the bad management of your abbot; for, what with his cheese-pies, and cheese-soup, he has made me swallow such a mountain of cheese, that I am all turned into cheese myself, and tremble lest the carpenters should seize me, to make their glue of me; of a certainty had I stayed any longer with you, I should be no more Paolo, but a huge lump of cheese." The monks, bursting with laughter, went their way, and told the story to their abbot, who at length prevailed on Uccello to return to his work on condition that he would order him no more dishes made of cheese.

UCCELLO'S FIVE PORTRAITS.

Uccello was a man of very eccentric character and peculiar habits; but he was a great lover of art, and applauded those who excelled in any of its branches. He painted the portraits of five distin-

guished men, in one oblong picture, that he might preserve their memory and features to posterity. He kept it in his own house, as a memorial of them, as long as he lived. In the time of Vasari, it was in the possession of Giuliano da Sangallo. At the present day, (Editor's Florentine edition of Vasari, 1846) all trace of this remarkable picture is lost. The first of these portraits was that of the painter Giotto, as one who had given new light and life to art; the second, Fillippo Brunelleschi, distinguished for architecture; the third, Donatello, eminent for sculpture; the fourth, Uccello himself, for perspective and animals; and the fifth was his friend Giovanni Manetti, for the mathematics.

UCCELLO'S INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

It is related, says Vasari, of this master, that being commissioned to paint a picture of St. Thomas seeking the wound in the side of Christ, above the door of the church dedicated to that saint, in the Mercato Vecchio, he declared that he would make known in that work, the extent of what he had acquired and was capable of producing. He accordingly bestowed upon it the utmost care and consideration, and erected an enclosure around the place that he might not be disturbed until it should be completed. One day, his friend Donatello met him, and asked him, "What kind of work is this of thine, that thou art shutting up so closely?" Paolo re-

plied, "Thou shalt see it some day; let that suffice thee." Donatello would not press him, thinking that when the time came, he should, as usual, behold a miracle of art. It happened one morning, as he was in the Mercato Vecchio, buying fruit, he saw Paolo uncovering his picture, and saluting him courteously, the latter anxiously demanded what he thought of his work. Donatello having examined the painting very closely, turned to the painter with a disappointed look, and said, "Why, Paolo, thou art uncovering thy picture at the very moment when thou shouldst be shutting it up from the sight of all!" These words so grievously afflicted the painter, who at once perceived that he would be more likely to incur derision from his boasted master-piece, than the honor he had hoped for, that he hastened home and shut himself up, devoting himself to the study of perspective, which, says Vasari, kept him in poverty and depression till the day of his death. If this story be true, Uccello must have painted the picture referred to in his old age.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

The fame and success of Cimabue and Giotto, brought forth painters in abundance, and created schools all over Italy. The church increasing in power and riches, called on the arts of painting and sculpture, to add to the beauty and magnificence of her sanctuaries; riches and honors were showered

on men whose genius added a new ray of grace to the Madonna, or conferred a diviner air on St. Peter or St. Paul; and as much of the wealth of Christendom found its way to Rome, the successors of the apostles were enabled to distribute their patronage over all the schools of Italy. Lanzi reckons fourteen schools of painting in Italy, each of which is distinguished by some peculiar characteristics, as follows: 1, the Florentine school; 2, the Sienese school; 3, the Roman school; 4, the Neapolitan school; 5, the Venetian school; 6, the Mantuan school; 7, the Modenese school; 8, the school of Parma; 9, the school of Cremona; 10, the school of Milan; 11, the school of Bologna; 12, the school of Ferrara; 13, the school of Genoa; 14, the school of Piedmont. Of these, the Florentine, the Roman, and the Bolognese are celebrated for their epic grandeur of composition; that of Siena for its poetic taste; that of Naples for its fire; and that of Venice for the splendor of its coloring.

Other writers make different divisions, according to style or country; thus, Correggio, being by birth a Lombard, and the originator of a new style, the name of the Lombard school has been conferred by many upon the followers of his maxims, the characteristics of which are contours drawn round and full, the countenances warm and smiling, the union of the colors clear and strong, and the foreshortenings frequent, with a particular attention to the chiaro-scuro. Others again, rank the artists of Milan, Mantua

Parma, Modena, and Cremona, under the one head of the Lombard school; but Lanzi justly makes the distinctions before mentioned, because their manners are very different. Writers of other nations rank all these subdivisions under one head—the Italian school. Lanzi again divides these schools into epochs, as they rose from their infancy, to their greatest perfection, and again declined into mannerism, or servile imitation, or as eminent artists rose who formed an era in art. Thus writers speak of the schools of Lionardo da Vinci, of Michael Angelo, of Raffaele, of Correggio, of Titian, of the Caracci, and of every artist who acquired a distinguished reputation, and had many followers. Several great artists formed such a marked era in their schools, that their names and those of their schools are often used synonymously by many writers; thus, when they speak of the Roman school, they mean that of Raffaele; of the Florentine, that of Michael Angelo; of Parma or Lombardy, that of Correggio; of Bologna, that of the Caracci; but not so of the Venetian and Neapolitan schools, because the Venetian school produced several splendid colorists, and that of Naples as many, distinguished by other peculiarities. These distinctions should be borne in mind in order rightly to understand writers, especially foreigners, on Italian art.

CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET.

Claude Joseph Vernet, the father of Carl Vernet, and the grandfather of Horace, was born at Avignon in 1714. He was the son of Antoine Vernet, an obscure painter, who foretold that he would one day render his family illustrious in art, and gave him every-advantage that his limited means would permit. Such were the extraordinary talents he exhibited almost in his infancy, that his father regarded him as a prodigy, and dreaming of nothing but seeing him become the greatest historical painter of the age, he resolved to send him to Rome; and having, by great economy, saved a few louis d'or, he put them into Joseph's pocket, when he was about eighteen years of age, and sent him off with a wagoner, who undertook to conduct him to Marseilles.

VERNET'S PRECOCITY.

The wonderful stories told about the early exhibitions of genius in many celebrated painters are really true with respect to Joseph Vernet. In his infancy, he exhibited the most extraordinary passion for painting. He himself has related, that on his return from Italy, his mother gave him some drawings which he had executed at the age of five years, when he was rewarded by being allowed to use the pencils he had tried to purloin. Before he was fifteen, he painted frieze-panels, fire-screens,

coach-panels, sedan chair-panels, and the like, whenever he could get a commission; he also gave proof of that facility of conceiving and executing, which was one of the characteristics of his genius.

VERNET'S ENTHUSIASM.

It has been before stated that Vernet's father intended him for an historical painter, but nature formed his genius to imitate her sweetest, as well as most terrible aspect. When he was on his way to Marseilles, he met with so many charming prospects, that he induced his companion to halt so often while he sketched them, that it took them a much longer time to reach that port than it would otherwise have done.

When he first saw the sea from the high hill, called La Viste, near Marseilles, he stood wrapt in admiration. Before him stretched the blue waters of the Mediterranean as far as the eye could reach, while three islands, a few leagues from the shore, seemed to have been placed there on purpose to break the uniformity of the immense expanse of waters, and to gratify the eye; on his right rose a sloping town of country houses, intersected with trees, rising above one another on successive terraces; on his left was the little harbor of Mastigues; in front, innumerable vessels rocked to and fro in the harbor of Marseilles, while the horizon was terminated by the picturesque tower of Bouc, nearly

lost, however, in the distance. This scene made a lasting impression on Vernet. Nature seemed not only to invite, but to woo him to paint marine subjects, and from that moment his vocation was decided on. Thus nature frequently instructs men of genius, and leads them on in the true path to excellence and renown. Like the Æolian harp, which waits for a breath of air to produce a sound, so they frequently wait or strive in vain, till nature strikes a sympathetic chord, that vibrates to the soul. Thus Joseph Vernet never thought of his forte till he first stood on La Viste; and after that, he was nothing but a painter of ships and harbors, and tranquil seas, till the day when lashed to the mast, he first beheld the wild sea in such rude commotion, as threatened to engulf the noble ship and all on board at every moment. Then his mind was elevated to the grandeur of the scene; and he recollected forever the minutest incident of the occasion.

“It was on going from Marseilles to Rome,” says one of his biographers, M. Pitra, “that Joseph Vernet, on seeing a tempest gathering, when they were off the Island of Sardinia, was seized, not with terror, but with admiration; in the midst of the general alarm, the painter seemed really to relish the peril; his only desire was to face the tempest, and to be, so to say, mixed up with it, in order that, some day or other, he might astonish and frighten others by the terrible effects he would learn to produce. his only fear was that he might lose the

sight of a spectacle so new to him. He had himself lashed to the main mast, and while he was tossed about in every direction, saturated with seawater, and excited by this hand-to-hand struggle with his model, he painted the tempest, not on his canvass, but in his memory, which never forgot anything. He saw and remembered all—clouds, waves, and rock, hues and colors, with the motion of the boats and the rocking of the ship, and the accidental light which intersected a slate-colored sky that served as a ground to the whiteness of the sea-foam." But, according to D'Argenville and others, this event occurred in 1752, when he was on his way to Paris, at the invitation of Louis XV. Embarking at Leghorn in a small felucca, he sailed to Marseilles. A violent storm happened on the voyage, which greatly terrified some of the passengers, but Vernet, undaunted, and struck with the grandeur of the scene, requested the sailors to lash him to the mast head, and there he remained, absorbed in admiration, and endeavoring to transfer to his sketch-book, a correct picture of the sublime scene with which he was surrounded. His grandson, Horace Vernet, painted an excellent picture of this scene, which was exhibited in the Louvre in 1816, and attracted a great deal of attention.

VERNET AT ROME.

Vernet arrived at Rome in 1732, and became the scholar of Bernardino Fergioni, then a celebra-

ted marine painter, but Lanzi says, "he was soon eclipsed by Joseph Vernet, who had taken up his abode at Rome." Entirely unknown in that metropolis of art, always swarming with artists, Vernet lived for several years in the greatest poverty, subsisting by the occasional sale of a drawing or picture at any price he could get. He even painted panels for coach builders, which were subsequently sawed out and sold as works of great value. Fiorillo relates that he painted a superb marine for a suit of coarse clothes, which brought 5000 francs at the sale of M. de Julienne. Finding large pictures less saleable, he painted small ones, which he sold for two sequins a-piece, till a Cardinal, one day gave him four louis d'or for a marine. Yet his ardor and enthusiasm were unabated; on the contrary, he studied with the greatest assiduity, striving to perfect himself in his art, and feeling confident that his talents would ultimately command a just reward.

VERNET'S "ALPHABET OF TONES."

It was the custom of Vernet to rise with the lark, and he often walked forth before dawn and spent the whole day in wandering about the surrounding country, to study the ever changing face of nature. He watched the various hues presented by the horizon at different hours of the day. He soon found that with all his powers of observation and pencil, great and im-

passioned as they were, he could not keep pace with the rapidly changing and evanescent hues of the morning and evening sky. He began to despair of ever being able to represent on canvass the moving harmony of those pictures which nature required so little time to execute in such perfection, and which so quickly passed away. At length, after long contemplating how he could best succeed in catching and transferring these furtive tints to his canvass, bethought himself of a contrivance which he called his Alphabet of tones, and which is described by Renou in his "Art de Peindre."

The various characters of this alphabet are joined together, and correspond to an equal number of different tints; if Vernet saw the sun rise silvery and fresh, or set in the colors of crimson; or if he saw a storm approaching or disappearing, he opened his table and set down the gradations of the tones he admired, as quickly as he could write ten or twelve letters on a piece of paper. After having thus noted down in short hand, the beauties of the sky and the accidental effects of nature, he returned to his studio, and endeavored to make stationary on canvass the moving picture he had just been contemplating. Effects which had long disappeared were thus recomposed in all their charming harmony to delight the eye of every lover of painting.

VERNET AND THE CONNOISSEUR.

Vernet relates, that he was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave, and St. Jerome in it; he accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "the landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not *in* the cave." "I understand you, Sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he shewed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there; for *I* have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back; and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

VERNET'S WORKS.

Far from confining himself within the narrow limits of one branch of his profession, Vernet determined to take as wide a range as possible. At

Rome, he made the acquaintance of Lucatelli, Panini, and Solimene. Like them, he studied the splendid ruins of the architecture of ancient Rome, and the noble landscapes of its environs, together with every interesting scene and object, especially the celebrated cascades of Tivoli. He paid particular attention to the proportions and attitudes of his figures, which were mostly those of fishermen and lazzaroni, as well as to the picturesque appearance of their costume. Such love of nature and of art, such assiduous study of nature at different hours of the day, of the phenomena of light, and such profound study of the numerous accessories essential to beauty and effect, made an excellent landscape painter of Vernet, though his fame rests chiefly on the unrivalled excellence of his marine subjects. Diderot remarks, that "though he was undoubtedly inferior to Claude Lorraine in producing bold and luminous effects, he was quite equal to that great painter in rendering the effects of vapor, and superior to him in the invention of scenes, in designing figures, and in the variety of his incidents."

At a later period, Diderot compared his favorite painter to the Jupiter of Lucian, who, "tired of listening to the lamentable cries of mankind, rose from table and exclaimed: 'Let it hail in Thrace!' and the trees were immediately stripped of their leaves, the heaviest cut to pieces, and the thatch of the houses scattered before the wind: then he said

Let the plague fall on Asia!" and the doors of the houses were immediately closed, the streets were deserted, and men shunned one another; and again he exclaimed: 'Let a volcano appear here!' and the earth immediately shook, the buildings were thrown down, the animals were terrified, and the inhabitants fled into the surrounding country; and on his crying out: 'Let this place be visited with a death!' the old husbandman died of want at his door. Jupiter calls that governing the world, but he was wrong. Vernet calls it painting pictures, and he is right."

It was with reference to the twenty-five paintings exhibited by Vernet, in 1765, that Diderot penned the foregoing lines, which formed the peroration to an eloquent and lengthy eulogium, such as it rarely falls to a painter to be the subject of. Among other things, the great critic there says: "There is hardly a single one of his compositions which any painter would have taken not less than two years to execute, however well he might have employed his time. What incredible effects of light do we not behold in them! What magnificent skies! what water! what ordonnance! what prodigious variety in the scenes! Here, we see a child borne off on the shoulders of his father, after having been saved from a watery grave; while there, lies a woman dead upon the beach, with her forlorn and widowed husband weeping at her side. The sea roars, the wind howls, the thunder fills the air with its peals, and

the pale and sombre glimmers of the lightning that shoots incessantly through the sky, illuminate and hide the scene in turn. It appears as if you heard the sides of the ship crack, so natural does it look with its broken masts and lacerated sails; the persons on deck are stretching their hands toward heaven, while others have thrown themselves into the sea. The latter are swept by the waves against the neighboring rocks, where their blood mingles with the white foam of the raging billows. Some, too, are floating on the surface of the sea, some are about to sink, and some are endeavoring to reach the shore, against which they will be inevitably dashed to pieces. The same variety of character, action, and expression is observable among the spectators, some of whom are turning aside with a shudder, some are doing their utmost to assist the drowning persons, while others remain motionless and are merely looking on. A few persons have made a fire beneath a rock, and are endeavoring to revive a woman, who is apparently expiring. But now turn your eyes, reader, towards another picture, and you will there see a calm, with all its charms. The waters, which are tranquil, smooth, and cheerful-looking, insensibly lose their transparency as they extend further from the sight, while their surface gradually assumes a lighter tint, as they roll from the shore to the horizon. The ships are motionless and the sailors and passengers are whiling away the time in various amusements. If it is

morning, what light vapors are seen rising all around! and how they have refreshed and vivified every object they have fallen on! If it is evening, what a golden tint do the tops of the mountains assume! How various, too, are the hues of the sky! And how gently do the clouds move along, as they cast the reflection of their different colors into the sea! Go, reader, into the country, lift your eyes up towards the azure vault of heaven, observe well the phenomena you then see there, and you will think that a large piece of the canvass lighted by the sun himself has been cut out and placed upon the easel of the artist: or form your hand into a tube, so that, by looking through it, you will only be able to see a limited space of the canvass painted by nature, and you will at once fancy that you are gazing on one of Vernet's pictures which has been taken from off his easel and placed in the sky. His nights, too, are as touching as his days are fine; while his ports are as fine as his imaginative pieces are piquant. He is equally wonderful, whether he employs his pencil to depict a subject of every-day life, or he abandons himself completely to his imagination; and he is equally incomprehensible, whether he employs the orb of day or the orb of night, natural or artificial lights, to light his pictures with: he is always bold, harmonious, and steady, like those great poets whose judgment balances all things so well, that they are never either exaggerated or cold. His fabrics, edifices, cos

tunes, actions, men and animals are all true. When near, he astonishes you, and, at a distance, he astonishes you still more."

VERNET'S PASSION FOR MUSIC

Vernet, notwithstanding he loved to depict the sea in its most convulsed and terrible aspects, was a perfect gentleman of the French school, whose manners were most amiable and engaging. What he most loved after painting was music. He had formed at Rome, an intimate friendship with Pergolesi, the composer, who afterwards became so celebrated, and they lived almost continually together. Vernet placed a harpsichord in his studio for the express use of his friend, and while the painter, carried away by his imagination, put the waters of the mighty main into commotion, or suspended persons on the towering waves, the grave composer sought, with the tips of his fingers, for the rudiments of his immortal melodies. It was thus that the melancholy stanzas of that *chef-d'œuvre* of sadness and sorrow, the *Stabat-Mater*, were composed for a little convent in which one of Pergolesi's sisters resided. It seems to one that while listening to this plaintive music, Vernet must have given a more mellow tint to his painting; and it was, perhaps, while under its influence, that he worked at his calms and moonlights, or, making a truce with the roaring billows of the sea, painted it tranquil and smooth, and represented on the

shore nothing but motionless fishermen, sailors seated between the carriages of two cannons, and whiling away the time by relating their travels to one another, or else stretched on the grass in so quiescent a state, that the spectator himself becomes motionless while gazing on them.

Pergolesi died in the arms of Joseph Vernet, who could never after hear the name of his friend pronounced, without being moved to tears. He religiously preserved the scraps of paper, on which he had seen the music of the *Stabat-Mater* dotted down before his eyes, and brought them with him to France in 1752, at which period he was sent for by the Marquis de Marigny, after an absence of twenty years. Vernet's love for music procured Grétry a hearty welcome, when the young composer came to Paris. Vernet discovered his talent, and predicted his success. Some of Grétry's features, his delicate constitution, and, above all, several of his simple and expressive airs, reminded the painter of the immortal man to whom music owes so large a portion of its present importance; for it was Pergolesi who first introduced in Italy the custom of paying such strict attention to the sense of the words and to the choice of the accompaniments.

VERNET'S OPINION OF HIS OWN MERITS.

Though Vernet rose to great distinction, he was never fully appreciated till long after his decease.

At the present day, he is placed in the first rank of marine painters, not only by his own countrymen but by every other nation. He himself pronounced judgment on his own merits, the justness of which, posterity has sanctioned. The sentence deserves to be preserved, for it is great. Comparing himself to the great painters, his rivals, he says, "If you ask me whether I painted skies better than such and such an artist, I should answer 'no!' or figures better than any one else, I should also say 'no!' or trees and landscapes better than others, still I should answer 'no!' or fogs, water, and vapors better than others, my answer would ever be the same; but though *inferior to each of them in one branch of the art, I surpass them in all the others.*"

CURIOUS LETTER OF VERNET.

The Marquis de Marigny, like his sister, Madame de Pompadour, loved and protected the arts. It was mainly through his influence that Vernet was invited to Paris in 1752, and commissioned to paint the seaports of France. No one could have been found better fitted for the ungrateful task, which, though offering so few resources, required so much knowledge. Thus imprisoned in official programme, Vernet must have felt ill at ease, if we may judge from a letter which he wrote to the Marquis at a subsequent period, with respect to another order. Indeed, the truth of his remarks were verified in

the very series just mentioned, which are not considered among his happiest productions. The following is the main part of the letter referred to, dated May 6th, 1765 :

“I am not accustomed to make sketches for my pictures. My general practice is to compose on the canvass of the picture I am about to execute, and to paint it immediately, while my imagination is still warm with conception; the size, too, of my canvas tells me at once what I have to do, and makes me compose accordingly. I am sure, if I made a sketch beforehand, that I should not only not put in it what might be in the picture, but that I should also throw into it all the fire I possess, and the larger picture would, in consequence, become cold. This would also be making a sort of copy, which it would annoy me to do. Thus, sir, after thoroughly weighing and examining everything, I think it best *that I should be left free to act as I like*. This is what I require from all those for whom I wish to do my best; and this is also what I beg your friend towards whom I am desirous of acting conscientiously, to let me do. He can tell me what size he wishes the picture to be, with the general subject of it, such as calm, tempest, sun-rise, sun-set, moon-light, landscape, marine-piece, etc., but nothing more. Experience has taught me that, when I am constrained by the least thing, I always succeed worse than generally.

“If you wish to know the usual prices of my pictures, they are as follows:—For every one four feet wide, and two and a half, or three high, £60, for every one three feet wide, and of a proportionate height, £48; for every one two feet and a half wide £40; for every one two feet wide, £32; and for every one eighteen inches wide, £24, with larger or smaller ones as required; but it is as well to mention that I succeed much better with the large ones.”

CHARLES VERNET.

Antoine Charles Horace Vernet was the son of Claude Joseph Vernet, and born at Bordeaux in 1758. He acquired distinction as a painter, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and of the order of St Michael. He chiefly excelled in battle and parade pieces of large dimensions; and he thus commemorated the battles of Rivoli, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, the Departure of the Marshals, and other events of French history which occurred during his artistical career. More pleasing to many are his smaller pictures, mostly referring to battles and camps. He was uncommonly successful in depicting the horse, and there are numerous equestrian portraits by him, which are greatly admired. His studies from nature, and his hunting pieces, for vivacity, spirit, and boldness of conception, are only rivaled by those of his son Horace. Many of his works have been litho-

graphed; the twenty-eight plates in folio, illustrating the Campaign of Bonaparte in Italy, are esteemed among his most successful efforts. He died in 1836.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES VERNET.

A short time before his death, Charles Vernet, having some business to transact with one of the public functionaries, called at his office and sent in his card. The minister left him waiting two whole hours in the anteroom before he admitted him to his presence, when the business was quickly dispatched. Meeting Vernet at a soiree soon afterwards, the minister apologized for his *apparent* neglect, which not appearing very satisfactory to the veteran painter, he mildly rebuked him by observing, "It is of no consequence, sir, but permit me to say that I think a little more respect should have been shown to the son of Joseph and the father of Horace Vernet."

M. DE LASSON'S CARICATURE.

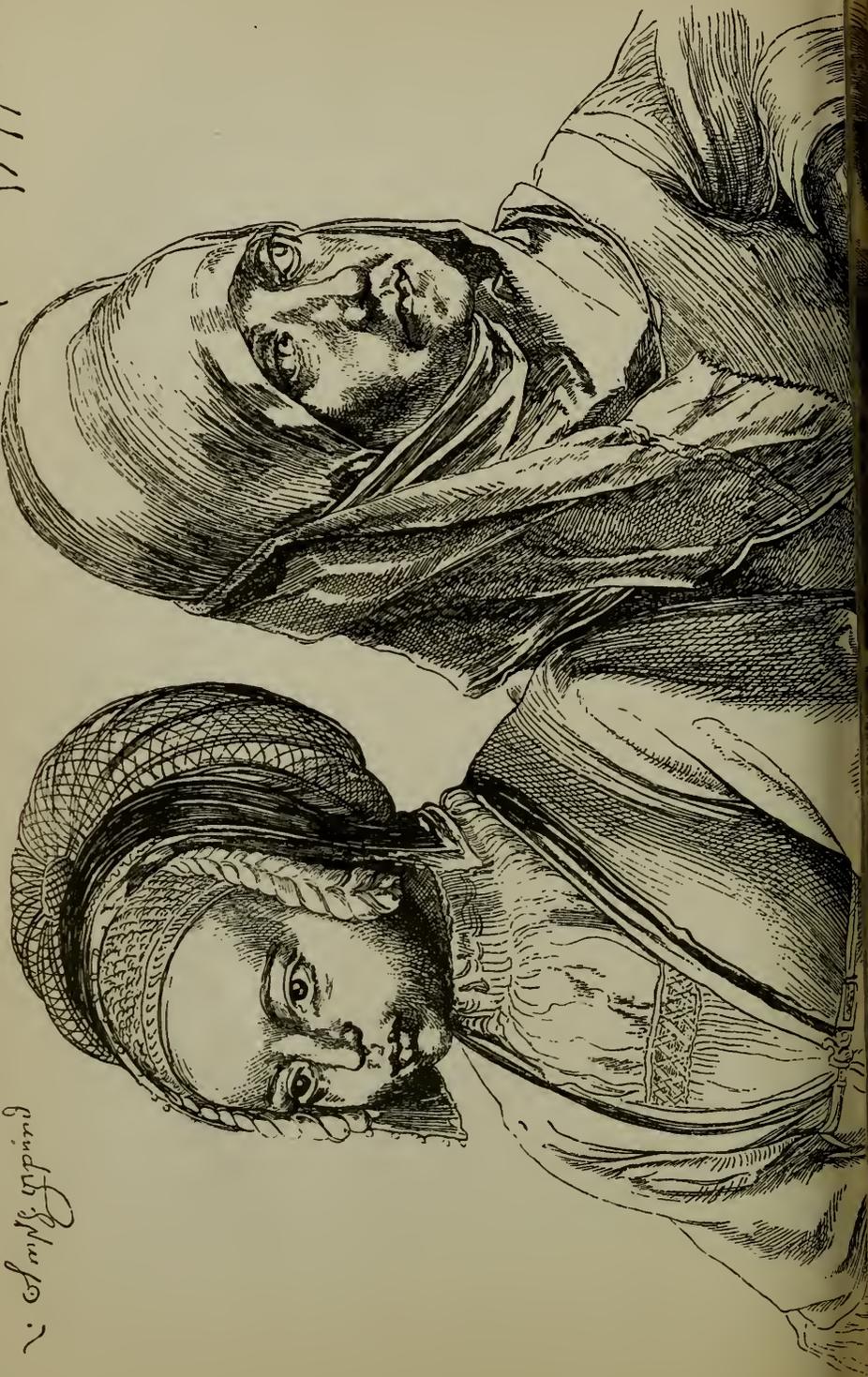
A Norman priest, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, named the Abbé Malotru, was remarkably deformed in his figure, and ridiculous in his dress. One day, while he was performing mass, he observed a smile of contempt on the face of M. de Lasson, which irritated him so much that the moment the service was over, he instituted a

process against him. Lasson possessed the talent of caricature drawing: he sketched a figure of the ill-made priest, accoutred, as he used to be, in half a dozen black caps over one another, nine waistcoats, and as many pair of breeches. When the court before whom he was cited urged him to produce his defense, he suddenly exhibited his Abbé Malotru, and the irresistible laughter which it occasioned insured his acquittal.

FRANK HALS AND VANDYKE.

In the early part of Frank Hals' life, to accommodate his countrymen, who were sparing both of their time and money, he painted portraits for a low price at one sitting in a single hour. Vandyke on his way to Rome, passing through the place, sat his hour as a stranger to the rapid portrait painter. Hals had seen some of the works of Vandyke, but was unacquainted with his person. When the picture was finished, Vandyke, assuming a silly manner, said it appeared to be easy work, and that he thought he could do it. Hals, thinking to have some fun, consented to sit an hour precisely by the clock, and not to rise or look at what he fully expected to find a laughable daub. Vandyke began his work; Hals looked like a sitter. At the close, the wag rose with all his risible muscles prepared for a hearty laugh; but when he saw the splendid sketch, he started, looked, and exclaimed, "You must be either Vandyke or the Devil!"

with the good people



of the people

ANECDOTES

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS

Sculptors and Architects,

AND

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

BY

S. SPOONER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FINE ARTS."

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL III.

NEW YORK :

A. W. LOVERING, PUBLISHER.

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Reentered, G. B., 1880.

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A N E C D O T E S

OF

PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS.

EGYPTIAN ART.

CHAMPOLLION, the famous explorer of Egyptian antiquities, holds the following language at the end of his fifteenth letter, dated at Thebes. "It is evident to me, as it must be to all who have thoroughly examined Egypt or have an accurate knowledge of the Egyptian monuments existing in Europe, that the arts commenced in Greece by a servile imitation of the arts in Egypt, much more advanced than is vulgarly believed, at the period when the Egyptian colonies came in contact with the savage inhabitants of Attica or the Peloponnesus. Without Egypt, Greece would probably never have become the classical land of the fine arts. Such is my entire belief on this great problem. I write these

lines almost in the presence of bas-reliefs which the Egyptians executed, with the most elegant delicacy of workmanship, seventeen hundred years before the Christian era. What were the Greeks then doing?"

The sculptures of the monument of El Asaffif are ascertained to be more than three thousand five hundred years old.

ANCIENT THEBES.

Thebes, an ancient city and capital of Egypt, and the oldest city in the world, was situated in Upper Egypt, on both sides of the Nile, about two hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo. Thebes is "the city of a hundred gates," the theme and admiration of ancient poets and historians, and the wonder of travelers—"that venerable city," in the language of Dr. Pococke, "the date of whose destruction is older than the foundation of other cities, and the extent of whose ruins, and the immensity of whose colossal fragments still offer so many astonishing objects, that one is riveted to the spot, unable to decide whither to direct the step, or fix the attention." These ruins extend about eight miles along the Nile, from each bank to the sides of the enclosing mountains, and describe a circuit of twenty-seven miles. The most remarkable objects on the eastern side are the temples of Carnac and Luxor; and on the western side are the Memnonium or

palace of Memnon, two colossal statues, the sepulchres of the kings, and the temple of Medinet Abu. The glory of Thebes belongs to a period prior to the commencement of authentic history. It is recorded only in the dim lights of poetry and tradition, which might be suspected of fable, did not such mighty witnesses remain to attest their truth. Strabo and Diodorus Siculus described Thebes under the name of *Diospolis* (the city of God), and gave such magnificent descriptions of its monuments as caused the fidelity of those writers to be called in question, till the observations of modern travelers proved their accounts to have fallen short of the reality. At the time of the Persian invasion under Cambyses, Memphis had supplanted Thebes; and the Ptolemys afterwards removed the seat of empire to Alexandria. At present, its site presents only a few scattered villages, consisting of miserable cottages built in the courts of the temples. The ancient structures, however, remain in a state of wonderful preservation. Almost the whole extent of eight miles along the river is covered with magnificent portals, obelisks decorated with most beautiful sculptures, forests of columns, and long avenues of sphynxes and colossal statues. The most remarkable monuments, the ruins of which remain, are the temples of Carnac, Luxor, the Memnonium or temple of Memnon, and the temple of Medinet Abu. The tomb of Osymandyas, the temple of Iris, the Labyrinth, and the Catacombs lie on the

western side of the Nile. In the interior of the mountains which rise behind these monuments, are found objects less imposing and magnificent indeed, but not less interesting—the tombs of the kings of Thebes. Several of these were opened by Belzoni, and were found in great preservation, with mummies in the sarcophagi, as well as dispersed through the chambers.

Such was ancient Thebes—a city so populous that, according to ancient writers, in times of war 10,000 soldiers issued from each of her hundred gates, forming an army of 1,000,000 men. That these magnificent ruins are the remains of “the city of an hundred gates,”—“the earliest capital in the world,” cannot be doubted. According to the measurements made by the French, their distance from the sea on the north, is 680,000 metres (850 miles), and from Elephantine on the south, 180,000 metres (225 miles)—corresponding exactly with the 6,800 and 1,800 stadia of Herodotus. The circumference of the ruins is about 15,000 metres ($17\frac{1}{2}$ miles), agreeing with the 140 stadia given by Diodorus as the circumference of Thebes. The origin of the name of this celebrated city, as well as the date of its foundation, is unknown. According to Champollion, who deciphered many of the inscriptions on these ruins, the Egyptian name was *Thbaki-antepi-Amoun* (City of the Most High), of which the *No-Ammon* of the Hebrews and *Diospolis* of the Greeks are mere translations; *Thebæ* of the

Greeks is also perhaps derived from the Egyptian *Thbaki* (the city).

THE TEMPLE OF CARNAC.

The largest of the temples of Thebes, and of any in Egypt, is that of Carnac, on the site of the ancient Diospolis. Diodorus describes it as thirteen stadia, or about a mile and a half in circumference, which nearly agrees with the admeasurements of Denon. It has twelve principal entrances; and the body of the temple, which is preceded by a large court, consists of a prodigious hall or portico, the roof of which is supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, some twenty-six, and others thirty feet in circumference; four beautiful obelisks then mark the entrance to the shrine, which consists of three apartments, built entirely of granite.

TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

The temple of Luxor is about one and a fourth mile above that of Carnac, and though it is of smaller dimensions it is in a superior style of architecture, and in more complete preservation. The entrance is thought to surpass everything else that Egypt presents. In front are the two finest obelisks in the world, formed of rose-colored granite, and rising, as Denon supposes, after allowing for the portion buried in the ground, to the height of one

hundred feet. But the objects which most attract attention, are the sculptures which cover the east wing of the northern front. They represent on a grand scale, a victory gained by one of the ancient kings of Egypt over their Asiatic enemies, consisting of multitudes of figures, horses, and chariots, executed in the best style of Egyptian art; the number of human figures introduced exceeds fifteen hundred, five hundred of which are on foot, and the rest in chariots.

THE STATUES OF MEMNON.

There were many colossal statues of Memnon in Egypt, but the most remarkable were the two in the Memnonium or palace of Memnon, at Thebes. The largest is of rose-colored granite, and stood in the centre of the principal court; its height was sixty-four feet, and its remains are scattered forty feet around it. Rigaud, one of the French savans, says, "the excavations are still visible where the wedges were placed which divided the monument when it was thrown down by Cambyses." The trunk is broke off at the waist, and the upper part lies prostrate on the back; it measures six feet ten inches over the front of the head, and sixty-two feet round the shoulders. At the entrance of the gate which leads from the second court to the palace, is the famous colossal sounding statue, which, according to Herodotus, Strabo, and Pausanias, uttered a joyful sound when the sun rose, and a

mournful one when it set. It is also related that it shed tears, and gave out oracular responses in seven verses, and that these sounds were heard till the fourth century after Christ. These phenomena, attested by many ancient and modern writers, are variously accounted for by the learned, as priestcraft, peculiar construction, escape of rarified air, &c. This statue is in excellent preservation. The head is of rose-colored granite, and the rest of a kind of black stone. Two other colossal statues, about fifty feet high, are seated on the plain.

HELIOPOLIS.

The name of Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, was given by the Greeks to the Egyptian *City of On*. It was situated a little to the north of Memphis was one of the largest cities of Egypt during the reign of the Pharaohs, and so adorned with statues as to be esteemed one of the first sacred cities in the kingdom. The temple dedicated to Re, was a magnificent building, having in front an avenue of sphinxes, celebrated in history, and adorned with several obelisks, raised by Sethosis Rameses, B. C. 1900. By means of lakes and canals, the town, though built on an artificial eminence, communicated with the Nile, and during the flourishing ages of the Egyptian monarchy, the priests and scholars acquired and taught the elements of learning within the precincts of its temples. At the time of Strabo

who visited this town about A. D. 45, the apartments were still shown in which, four centuries before, Eudoxus and Plato had labored to learn the philosophy of Egypt. Here Joseph and Mary are said to have rested with our Saviour. A miserable village, called *Metarea*, now stands on the site of this once magnificent city. Near the village is the *Pillar of On*, a famous obelisk, supposed to be the oldest monument of the kind existing. Its height is 67 1-2 feet, and its breadth at the base 6 feet. It is one single shaft of reddish granite (Sienite), and hieroglyphical characters are rudely sculptured upon it.

MEMPHIS.

The very situation of this famous ancient city of Egypt had long been a subject of learned dispute, till it was accurately ascertained by the French expedition to Egypt. Numerous heaps of rubbish, of blocks of granite covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, of colossal fragments, scattered over a space three or four leagues in circumference, mark its site, a few miles south of Metarea or Heliopolis, at a village called Moniet-Rahinet. According to Herodotus, the foundation of Memphis was ascribed to Menes, the first king of Egypt. It was a large, rich, and splendid city, and the second capital of Egypt. Among its buildings were several magnificent temples, as those of Phtha, Osiris, Serapis, etc.; its palaces were also remarkable. In Strabo's

time, it was next to Alexandria in size and population. Edrisi, who visited Memphis in the 12th century, thus describes its remains then existing: "Notwithstanding the vast extent of this city, the remote period at which it was built, the attempts made by various nations to destroy it and to obliterate every trace of it, by removing the materials of which it was constructed, combined with the decay of 4,000 years, there are yet in it works so wonderful as to confound the reflecting, and such as the most eloquent could not adequately describe." Among the works specified by him, are a monolithic temple of granite, thirteen and a half feet high, twelve long, and seven broad, entirely covered, within and without, with inscriptions; and colossal statues of great beauty, one of which was forty-five feet high, carved out of a single block of red granite. These ruins then extended about nine miles in every direction.

LAKE MOERIS.

This famous lake, according to Herodotus, with whose account Diodorus Siculus and Mela agree, was entirely an artificial excavation, made by king Moeris, to carry off the overflowing waters of the Nile, and reserve them for the purposes of irrigation. It was, in the time of Herodotus, 3,600 stadia or 450 miles in circumference, and 300 feet deep, with innumerable canals and reservoirs. Denon, Belzoni, and other modern travelers, describe it at

the present time as a natural basin, thirty or forty miles long, and six broad. The works, therefore, which Herodotus attributes to King Moeris, must have been the mounds, dams, canals, and sluices which rendered it subservient to the purposes of irrigation. These, also, would give it the appearance of being entirely the product of human industry.

THE COLOSSAL SPHINX.

The Egyptian Sphinx is represented by a human head on the body of a lion; it is always in a recumbent position with the fore paws stretched forward, and a head dress resembling an old-fashioned wig. The features are like those of the ancient Egyptians, as represented on their monuments. The colossal Sphinx, near the group of pyramids at Jizeh, which lay half buried in the sand, was uncovered and measured by Caviglia. It is about 150 feet long, and 63 feet high. The body is made out of a single stone; but the paws, which are thrown out about fifty feet in front, are constructed of masonry. The Sphinx of Sais, formed of a block of red granite, twenty-two feet long, is now in the Egyptian Museum in the Louvre. There has been much speculation among the learned, concerning the signification of these figures. Winckelmann observes that they have the head of a female, and the body of a male, which has led to the conjecture that they are intended as emblems of the generative powers

of nature, which the old mythologies are accustomed to indicate by the mystical union of the two sexes in one individual; they were doubtless of a sacred character, as they guarded the entrance of temples, and often formed long avenues leading up to them.

THE LABYRINTH OF EGYPT

A labyrinth, with the ancients, was a building containing a great number of chambers and galleries, running into one another in such a manner as to make it very difficult to find the way through the edifice. The most famous was the Egyptian labyrinth, situated in Central Egypt, above Lake Moeris, not far from Crocodilopolis, in the country now called *Fojoom*. Herodotus, who visited and examined this edifice with great attention, affirms that it far surpassed everything he had conceived of it. It is very uncertain when, by whom, and for what purpose it was built, though in all probability it was for a royal sepulchre. The building, half above and half below the ground, was one of the finest in the world, and is said to have contained 3,000 apartments. The arrangements of the work and the distribution of the parts were remarkable. It was divided into sixteen principal regions, each containing a number of spacious buildings, which taken together, might be defined an assemblage of palaces. There were also as many temples as there were gods in Egypt, the number of which was pro-

digious, besides various other sacred edifices, and four lofty pyramids at the angles of the walls. The entrance was by vast halls, followed by saloons, which conducted to grand porticos, the ascent to which was by a flight of ninety steps. The interior was decorated with columns of porphyry and colossal statues of Egyptian gods. The whole was surrounded by a wall, but the passages were so intricate that no stranger could find the way without a guide. The substructions of this famous labyrinth still exist, and Milizia says, "as they were not arched, it is wonderful that they should have been so long preserved, with so many stupendous edifices above them." The Cretan labyrinth was built by Dædalus on the model of the Egyptian, but it was only a hundredth part the size; yet, according to Diodorus Siculus, it was a spacious and magnificent edifice, divided into a great number of apartments, and surrounded entirely by a wall. What would the ancients say, could they see our modern imitations of their labyrinths?

THE CATACOMBS OF EGYPT.

There are numerous catacombs in Egypt, the principal of which are at Alexandria; at Sakkara, near Cairo; at Siut, near the ancient Lycopolis or City of the Wolf; at Gebel Silsilis, on the banks of the Nile between Etfu and Ombos, the site of one of the principal quarries of ancient Egypt; and at

Thebes. Many of these are of vast extent, and were doubtless formed by quarrying the rocks and mountains for building materials. They consist of grottos, galleries, and chambers, penetrating often to a considerable distance, the superincumbent mass being supported by huge pillars of rock; or the galleries running parallel, with masses of solid rock intervening for supports. Many of these chambers and grottos contained multitudes of mummies, probably the bodies of the less wealthy; many were evidently private family tombs of wealthy individuals, some of which are of great magnificence, adorned with sculptures, paintings, and hieroglyphics. The Arabs for centuries have been plundering these abodes of the dead, and great numbers of the mummies have been destroyed for fuel, and for the linen, rosin, and asphaltum they contain, which is sold to advantage at Cairo. An immense number of them have been found in the plain of Sakkara, near Memphis, consisting not only of human bodies, but of various sacred animals, as bulls, crocodiles, apes, ibises, fish, &c.; hence it is called *The Plain of the Mummies*. Numerous caves or grottos, with contents of the same kind, are found in the two mountainous ridges which run nearly parallel with the Nile, from Cairo to Syene. Many of these tombs and mummies are two or three thousand years old, and some of them perhaps older.

Among all the wonderful subterranean monuments of Egypt, the Catacombs of Thebes are the

most extraordinary and magnificent. These consist of the Necropolis, or city of the dead, on the west bank of the Nile (which was the common burial-place of the people), and the Tombs of the Kings. The latter lie to the northwest of the city, at some distance in the Desert. Having passed the Necropolis, the traveler enters a narrow and rugged valley, flanked with perpendicular rocks, and ascending a narrow, steep passage about ten feet high, which seems to have been broken down through the rock, the ancient passage being from the Memnonium under the hills, he comes to a kind of amphitheatre about 100 yards wide, which is called Bab-il-Meluke—that is, the gate or court of the kings—being the sepulchres of the kings of Thebes. In this court there are signs of about eighteen excavations; but only nine can be entered. The hills on each sides are high, steep rocks, and the whole plain is covered with rough stones that seem to have rolled down from them.

The grottos present externally no other ornaments than a door in a simple square frame, with an oval in the centre of the upper part, on which are inscribed the hieroglyphical figures of a beetle, a man with a hawk's head, and beyond the circle two figures on their knees, in the act of adoration. Having passed the first gate, long arched galleries are discovered, about twelve feet wide and twenty feet high, cased with stucco, sculptured and painted; the vaults, of an elegant elliptical figure, are

covered with innumerable hieroglyphics, disposed with so much taste, that notwithstanding the singular grotesqueness of the forms, and the total absence of demi-tint or aerial perspective, the ceilings make an agreeable whole, a rich and harmonious association of colors. Four of five of these galleries, one within the other, generally lead to a spacious room, containing the sarcophagus of the king, composed of a single block of granite, about twelve feet long by eight in breadth, ornamented with hieroglyphics, both within and without; they are square at one end, and rounded at the other, like the splendid sarcophagus deposited in the British Museum, and supposed by Dr. Clarke to have contained the body of Alexander. They are covered with a lid of the same material, and of enormous thickness, shutting with a groove; but neither this precaution, nor these vast blocks of stone, brought from such a distance with immense labor, have been able to preserve the relics of the sovereigns from the attempts of avarice; all these tombs have been violated. The figure of the king appears to have been sculptured and painted at full length on the lid of each sarcophagus.

The paintings found in these sepulchres are among the most curious and interesting remains of Egyptian art; and they are in wonderful preservation, the colors being as fresh as when first executed. Some of these figures were copied by Bruce; and Denon, a member of the French Commission

sent by Napoleon to examine the antiquities of Egypt, has published a most valuable collection, which have all the appearance of spirited and characteristic resemblances. "I discovered," says he, "some little chambers, on the walls of which were represented all kinds of arms, such as panoplies, coats of mail, tigers' skins, bows, arrows, quivers, pikes, javelins, sabres, helmets, and whips: in another was a collection of household utensils, such as caskets, chests of drawers, chairs, sofas, and beds, all of exquisite forms, and such as might well grace the apartments of modern luxury. As these were probably accurate representations of the objects themselves, it is almost a proof that the ancient Egyptians employed for their furniture Indian wood, carved and gilt, which they covered with embroidery. Besides these, were represented various smaller articles, as vases, coffee-pots, ewers with their basins, a tea-pot and basket. Another chamber was consecrated to agriculture, in which were represented all its various instruments—a sledge similar to those in use at present, a man sowing grain by the side of a canal, from the borders of which the inundation is beginning to retire, a field of corn reaped with a sickle, and fields of rice with men watching them. In a fourth chamber was a figure clothed in white, playing on a richly ornamented harp, with eleven strings."

Denon observed everything with the eye of an artist. Speaking of the Necropolis, which consists

of numerous double galleries of grottos, excavated in the solid rock for nearly a mile and a half square, he observes, "I was convinced by the magnificence both of the paintings and sculptures, that I was among the tombs of great men and heros. The sculpture in all is incomparably more labored and higher finished than any I had seen in the temples; and I stood in astonishment at the high perfection of the art, and its singular destiny to be devoted to places of such silence and obscurity. In working these galleries, beds of a very fine calcareous clay have occasionally been crossed, and here the lines of the hieroglyphics have been cut with a firmness of touch and a precision, of which marble offers but few examples. The figures have elegance and correctness of contour, of which I never thought Egyptian sculpture susceptible. Here, too, I could judge of the style of this people in subjects which had neither hieroglyphic, nor historical, nor scientific; for there were representations of small scenes taken from nature, in which the stiff profile outlines, so common with Egyptian artists, were exchanged for supple and natural attitudes: groups of persons were given in perspective, and cut in deeper relief than I should have supposed anything but metal could have been worked."

The Sepulchres of the Kings of Thebes are mentioned by Diodorus Siculus as wonderful works, and such as could never be exceeded by anything afterwards executed in this kind. He says that

forty seven of them were mentioned in their history; that only seventeen of them remained to the time of Ptolemy Lagus; adding that most of them were destroyed in his time. Strabo says, that above the Memnonium, the precise locality of Denon's description, were the sepulchres of the kings of Thebes, in grottos cut out of the rock, being about forty in number, wonderfully executed and worthy to be seen. In these, he says, were obelisks with inscriptions on them, setting forth the riches, power, and empire of these kings, as far as Scythia, Bactria, India, and Ionia, their great revenues, and their immense armies, consisting of one million of men.

In Egypt, the honors paid to the dead partook of the nature of a religious homage. By the process of embalming, they endeavored to preserve the body from the common laws of nature; and they provided those magnificent and durable habitations for the dead—sublime monuments of human folly—which have not preserved but buried the memory of their founders. By a singular fatality, the well-adapted punishment of pride, the extraordinary precautions by which it seemed in a manner to triumph over death, have only led to a more humiliating disappointment. The splendor of the tomb has but attracted the violence of rapine; the sarcophagus has been violated; and while other bodies have quietly returned to their native dust in the bosom of their mother earth, the Egyptian,

converted into a mummy, has been preserved only to the insults of curiosity, or avarice, or barbarism.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

The pyramids of Egypt, especially the two largest of the group of Jizeh or Gize, are the most stupendous masses of buildings in stone that human labor has ever been known to accomplish, and have been the wonder of ancient and modern times.—The number of the Egyptian pyramids, large and small, is very considerable; they are situated on the west bank of the Nile, and extend in an irregular line, and in groups at some distance from each other, from the neighborhood of Jizeh, in 30° N. Latitude, as far as sixty or seventy miles south of that place. The pyramids of Jizeh are nearly opposite Cairo. They stand on a plateau or terrace of limestone, which is a projection of the Lybian mountain-chain. The surface of the terrace is barren and irregular, and is covered with sand and small fragments of rock; its height, at the base of the great pyramid, is one hundred and sixty four feet above the ordinary level of the Nile, from which it is distant about five miles. There are in this group three large pyramids, and several small ones. Herodotus, who was born B. C. 484, visited these pyramids. He was informed by the priests of Memphis, that the great pyramid was built by Cheops, king of Egypt, about B. C. 900, and that

one hundred thousand workmen were employed twenty years in building it, and that the body of Cheops was placed in a room beneath the bottom, surrounded by a vault, to which the waters of the Nile were conveyed through a subterranean tunnel. A chamber has been discovered under the centre of the pyramid, but it is about fifty-six feet above the low-water mark of the Nile. The second pyramid, Herodotus says, was built by Cephren or Cephrenes, the brother and successor of Cheops, and the third by Mycerinus, the son of Cheops. Herodotus also says that the two largest pyramids are wholly covered with white marble; Diodorus and Pliny, that they are built of this costly material. The account of Herodotus is confirmed by present appearances. Denon, who accompanied the French expedition to Egypt, was commissioned by Buonaparte to examine the great pyramid of Jizeh; three hundred persons were appointed to this duty. They approached the borders of the desert in boats, to within half a league of the pyramid, by means of the canals from the Nile. Denon says, "the first impression made on me by the sight of the pyramids, did not equal my expectations, for I had no object with which to compare them; but on approaching them, and seeing men at their base, their gigantic size became evident." When Savary first visited these pyramids, he left Jizeh at one o'clock in the morning, and soon reached them. The full moon illuminated their summits, and they appeared

to him "like rough, craggy peaks piercing the clouds." Herodotus gives 800 feet as the height of the great pyramid, and says this is likewise the length of its base, on each side; Strabo makes it 625, and Diodorus 600. Modern measurements agree most nearly with the latter.

The pyramid of Cheops consists of a series of platforms, each of which is smaller than the one on which it rests, and consequently presents the appearance of steps which diminish in length from the bottom to the top. There are 203 of these steps, and the height of them decreases, but not regularly, the greatest height being about four feet eight inches, and the least about one foot eight inches. The horizontal lines of the platforms are perfectly straight, the stones are cut and fitted to each other with the greatest accuracy, and joined with a cement of lime, with little or no sand in it. It has been ascertained that a bed has been cut in the solid rock, eight inches deep, to receive the lowest external course of stones. The vertical height, measured from this base in the rock to the top of the highest platform now remaining, is 456 feet. This last platform is thirty two feet eight inches square, and if to this were added what is necessary to complete the pyramid, the total height would be 479 feet. Each side of the base, measured round the stones let into the rock, is 763 feet 5 inches, and the perimeter of the base is about 3,053 feet. The measurements of travelers differ somewhat, but the

above are very nearly correct. The area of the base is 64,753 square yards, or about $13\frac{1}{3}$ acres. The surface of each face, not including the base, is 25,493 square yards; and that of the four faces is consequently 101,972 square yards, or more than 21 acres. The solid contents of the pyramid, without making deductions for the small interior chambers, is 3,394,307 cubic yards. Reckoning the total height at 479 feet, the pyramid would be 15 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome, and 119 higher than St. Paul's, London. The entrance to the great pyramid is on the north face, $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the base, and on the level of the fiftieth step from the foundation. The entrance is easily reached by the mass of rubbish which has fallen or been thrown down from the top. The passage to which this opening leads is 3 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, with a downward inclination of about 26° . It is lined with slabs of limestone, accurately joined together. This passage leads to another, which has an ascending inclination of 27° . The descending passage is 73 feet long, to the place where it meets the ascending one, which is 109 feet long; at the top of this is a platform, where is the opening of a well or shaft, which goes down into the body of the pyramid, and the commencement of a horizontal gallery 127 feet long which leads to the Queen's chamber, an apartment 17 feet long, 14 wide, and 12 high. Another gallery, 132 feet long, $26\frac{1}{2}$ high, and 7 wide, commences also at this platform, and is continued in the same

line as the former ascending passage, till it reaches a landing place, from which a short passage leads to a small chamber or vestibule, whence another short passage leads to the King's chamber, which as well as the vestibule and intermediate passage, is lined with large blocks of granite, well worked. The king's chamber is $34\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 17 wide, and $19\frac{3}{4}$ high. The roof is formed of nine slabs of granite, reaching from side to side; the slabs are therefore more than 17 feet long by 3 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. This chamber contains a sarcophagus of red granite; the cover is gone, having probably been broken and carried away. The sarcophagus is 7 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, 3 feet 3 inches wide, 3 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches high on the outside, the bottom being $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. There are no hieroglyphics upon it. Several other chambers have been discovered above the king's chamber, but as they are not more than three or four feet high, they were probably intended to lessen and break the weight of the mass above, which would otherwise fall on the King's chamber.

In 1816, Captain Caviglia discovered that the entrance passage did not terminate at the bottom of the ascending passage, but was continued downwards in the same inclined plane of 26° , 200 feet further, and by a short horizontal passage, opened on what appeared to be the bottom of the well. The passage, however, continued in the same direction 23 feet farther; then became narrower, and was continued horizontally 28 feet more, where it opened

into a large chamber cut out of the rock below and under the centre of the pyramid. This chamber is about 26 by 27 feet. Another passage leads from this chamber 55 feet, where it appears to terminate abruptly.

The well, which appeared to Mr. Davidson and Capt. Caviglia to descend no lower than where it was intersected by the descending passage, its depth there being 155 feet, was afterwards cleared out by the French to the depth of near 208 feet, of which 145 feet are in the solid rock; so that the base of the pyramid being 164 feet above the low water level of the Nile, the present bottom of the well is 19 feet above the Nile; but the actual bottom does not appear to have been reached. The temperature within the body of the pyramid was found to be $81^{\circ} 5'$, Fahrenheit, and in the well it was still higher. Herodotus was informed that the chambers cut in the solid rock, were made before the building of the pyramid was commenced. It is evident it was intended that the pyramid should not be entered after the body or bodies were deposited in it, as blocks of granite were fixed in the entrances to the principal passages, in such a manner as not only to close them, but to conceal them.—There are evidences, however, that this pyramid was entered both by the Roman and Arab conquerors of Egypt.

The materials of all the pyramids are limestone, and, according to Herodotus, were brought from

the mountains near Cairo, where there are ancient quarries of vast extent; but Belzoni is of opinion that a part of them, for the second pyramid at least, was procured immediately on the spot; others think that the greatest part of the materials came from the west side of the Nile. The granite which forms the roofing of the chambers, etc., was brought down the Nile from Syene. The stones of which it is built, rarely exceed 9 feet in length, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth; the thickness has already been stated.

The ascent to the great pyramid, though not without difficulty and danger, is frequently accomplished, even by females.

The pyramid of Cephren, the second in size, according to Belzoni, has the following dimensions:

Side of the base,	684 feet.
Vertical height,	456 "
Perpendicular, bisecting the face of the pyramid,	568 "
Coating from the top, to where it ends,	140 "

Belzoni, after great exertion, succeeded in opening the second pyramid, and after traversing passages similar to those already described in the great pyramid, reached the main chamber, which is cut in the solid rock, and is 46 feet 3 inches long, 16 feet 3 inches wide, and 23 feet 6 inches high. The covering is made of blocks of limestone, which meet in an angular point, forming a roof, of the same slope as the pyramid. The chamber contained a sarco-

phagus, formed of granite, 8 feet long, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 2 feet 3 inches deep, on the inside. There were no hieroglyphics on it. Some bones were found in it, which were sent to London, and proved to be those of a bull or an ox. From an Arabic inscription on the wall of the chamber, it appears that some of the Arab rulers of Egypt had entered the pyramid, and closed it again. Belzoni also discovered another chamber in this pyramid.

The pyramid of Mycernius, the third in size of the Jizeh group, is about 330 feet square at the base, and 174 feet high. This pyramid has never been opened.

There are some large pyramids at Sakkârah, one of which is next in dimensions to the pyramid of Cheops, each side of the base being 656 feet, and the height 339 feet. At Dashour there are also some large pyramids, one of which has a base of 700 feet on each side, and a perpendicular height of 343 feet; and it has 154 steps or platforms. Another pyramid, almost as large at the base as the preceding, is remarkable. It rises to the height of 184 feet at an angle of 70° , when the plane of the side is changed, to one of less inclination, which completes the pyramid. At Thebes, there are some small pyramids of sun dried bricks. Herodotus says, "About the middle of Lake Moeris, there are two pyramids, each rising about 300 feet above the water. The part that is under the water is just the

same height." It is probable that these pyramids were built on an island in the lake, and that Herodotus was misinformed as to the depth of the water. There are numerous pyramids in Nubia—eighty or more—but they are generally small.

The object of the Egyptians in building these pyramids, is not known. Some writers maintain that they were as memorials, pillars, or altars consecrated to the sun; others, that they served as a kind of gnomon for astronomical observations; that they were built to gratify the vanity and tyranny of kings, or for the celebration of religious mysteries; according to Diderot, for the transmission and preservation of historical information; and to others, for sepulchres for the kings,—which last was the common opinion of the ancients. Some suppose that they were intended as places for secret meetings, magazines for corn, or lighthouses; but their structure, and great distance from the sea, are sufficient refutations of these absurd hypotheses.

PERILOUS ASCENT OF THE PYRAMID OF CEPHREN.

The upper part of this pyramid is still covered with the original polished coating of marble, to the distance of 140 feet from the top towards the base, which makes the ascent extremely difficult and dangerous. Mr. Wilde, in his "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the shore of the Mediterranean," published in 1840, made the

ascent to the top, and thus describes the adventure :

‘ I engaged two Arabs to conduct me to the summit of the pyramid—one an old man, and the other about forty, both of a mould, which for combination of strength and agility, I never saw surpassed. We soon turned to the north, and finally reached the outer casing on the west side. All this was very laborious to be sure, though not very dangerous; but here was an obstacle that I knew not how the Arabs themselves could surmount, much less how I could possibly master—for above our heads jutted out, like an eave or coping, the lower stones of the coating, which still remain and retain a smooth, polished surface. As considerable precaution was necessary, the men made me take off my hat, coat, and shoes at this place; the younger then placed his raised and extended hands against the projecting edge of the lower stone, which reached above his chin; and the elder, taking me up in his arms as I would a child, placed my feet on the other’s shoulders, and my body flat on the smooth surface of the stone. In this position, we formed an angle with each other; and here I remained for upwards of two minutes, till the older man went round, and by some other means, contrived to get over the projection, when, creeping along the line of junction of the casing, he took my hands, drew me up to where he was above me, and then letting down his girdle, assisted to mount up

the younger, but less daring and less active of the two. We then proceeded much as follows. One of them got on the shoulders of the other, and so gained the joining of the stone above. The upper man then helped me in a similar action, while the lower pushed me up by the feet. Having gained this row, we had after to creep to some distance along the joining, to where another opportunity of ascending was offered. In this way we proceeded to the summit; and some idea may be formed of my feelings, when it is recollected that all of these stones of such a span are highly polished, are set on an angle of little less than 45° , and that the places we had to grip with our hands and feet were often not more than two inches wide, and their height above the ground more than 400 feet. A single slip of the foot, and we all three must have been dashed to atoms long before we reached the bottom. (This actually happened to an English traveler in 1850.) On gaining the top, my guides gave vent to sundry demonstrations of satisfaction, clapping me on the back, patting me on the head, and kissing my hands. From this I began to suspect that something wonderful had been achieved; and some idea of my perilous situation broke upon me, when I saw some of my friends beneath, waving their handkerchiefs and looking up with astonishment, as we sat perched upon the top, which is not more than six feet square. The apex stone is off, and it now consists of four outer slabs, and one in the

centre, which is raised up on the end and leans to the eastward. I do not think human hands could have raised it from its bed, on account of its size, and the confined space they would have to work in. I am inclined to think the top was struck by lightning, and the position of the stone thus altered by it. The three of us had just room to sit upon the place. The descent, as might be expected, was much more dangerous, though not so difficult. The guides tied a long sash under my arms, and so let me slide down from course to course of these coverings of stones, which are of a yellowish limestone, somewhat different from the material of which the steps are composed, and totally distinct from the rock at the base, or the coating of the passages."

EGYPTIAN OBELISKS.

Obelisks belong to the oldest and most simple monuments of Egyptian architecture, and are high four-sided pillars, diminishing as they ascend, and terminating in a small pyramid. Herodotus speaks of them, and Pliny gives a particular account of them. The latter mentions king Mesphres, or Mes-tres, of Thebes, as the first builder of obelisks, but does not give the time; nor is this king noticed either by Herodotus or Diodorus. It is probable that these monuments were first built before the time of Moses, at least two centuries before the Trojan war. There are still several obelisks in

Egypt; there is one erect, and another fallen at Alexandria, between the new city and the lighthouse; one at Matarea, among the ruins of old Heliopolis; one in the territory of Fayoum, near ancient Arsinoë; eight or ten among the ruins of Thebes; the two finest at Luxor, at the entrance of the temple, &c. These obelisks, exclusively of the pedestals, are mostly from 50 to 100 feet high, and of a red polished granite (sienite); a few of the later ones are of white marble and other kinds of stone. At their base, they commonly occupy a space of from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 feet square, and often more. Some are adorned on all sides, and some on fewer, with hieroglyphics cut in them, sometimes to the depth of two inches, divided into little squares and sections, and filled with paint: sometimes they are striped with various colors. Some are entirely plain and without hieroglyphics. The foot of the obelisk stands upon a quadrangular base, commonly two or three feet broader than the obelisk, with a socket, in which it rests. They were commonly hewn out of a single stone, in the quarries of Upper Egypt, and brought on canals, fed by the Nile, to the place of their erection.

The Romans carried many of them from Egypt to Rome, Arles, and Constantinople, most of which were afterwards overturned, but have been put together and replaced in modern times. Augustus, for instance, had two large obelisks brought from Heliopolis to Rome, one of which he placed in the Campus

Martius. The other stood upon the Spina in the Circus Maximus, and is said to have been the same which king Semneserteus (according to Pliny) erected. At the sack of Rome by the barbarians, it was thrown down, and remained, broken in three pieces, amidst the rubbish, until, in 1589, Sixtus V. had it restored by the architect Domenico Fontana, and placed near the church Madonna del Popolo. Under Caligula, another large obelisk was brought from Heliopolis to Rome, and placed in the Circus Vaticanus. It has stood, since 1586, before St. Peter's church: it is without hieroglyphics; and, with the cross and pedestal, measures 126 feet in height. It is the only one in Rome which has remained entire. Its weight is estimated at 10,000 cwt. Claudius had two obelisks brought from Egypt, which stood before the entrance of the Mausoleum of Augustus, and one of which was restored in 1567, and placed near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Caracalla also procured an Egyptian obelisk for his circus, and for the Appian Way. The largest obelisk (probably erected by Rameses) was placed by Constantius II., in the Circus Maximus at Rome. In the fifth century, it was thrown down by the barbarians, and lay in pieces upon the ground, until Sixtus V., in 1588, had it raised upon the square, before St. John's church of the Lateran, thence called the *Lateran obelisk*. It is beautifully adorned with sculpture; its weight is 13,000 cwt.; its height, exclusive of

the pedestal, 140 feet; with the pedestal, 179 feet. Several others have been erected by succeeding popes.

REMOVAL OF AN OBELISK BY FONTANA.

The following curious account of the removal of the obelisk in the Circus Vaticanus to the centre of St. Peter's square, by Domenico Fontana, is extracted from Milizia's life of that famous architect. It shows plainly that the Egyptians must have attained great skill and perfection in mechanics and engineering, to have been able to quarry out obelisks at least a third larger, and convey them often several hundred miles, to the places where they erected them.

“Sixtus V. was now desirous of raising in the centre of the square of St. Peter's the only obelisk which remained standing, but partly interred, near the wall of the Sacristy, where was formerly the Circus of Nero. Other pontiffs had had the same wish, but the difficulty of the enterprise had prevented the execution.

“This obelisk, or pyramid, is of red granite, called by the ancient Romans, *Marmor Thebanum* (Theban marble), on account of having been worked near Thebes, in Egypt, whence it was transported to Rome in the time of Cæsar. Of the immense number in Rome, this is the only one remaining entire; it is without hieroglyphics, 84 feet high, 8 feet 6 inches wide at the base, and 5 feet 6 inches at the

top. One cubic foot of this granite weighs about 160 pounds; so that the whole weight of the obelisk must be somewhat less than 759,000 lbs. Of the manner in which the Egyptians and Romans moved these enormous masses we have no idea, and so many centuries having elapsed since such a thing had been done, this proposition of Sixtus V. was considered so novel, that a general assembly was called of all the mathematicians, engineers, and learned men from various parts of Europe; and, in a congress held by the pope, more than 500 persons presented themselves, bringing with them their inventions; some with drawings, some with models, others with writings or arguments.

“The greater number were for removing it by means of an iron carriage and thirty-two levers. Others invented a half wheel, on which the obelisk was to be raised by degrees. Some proposed screws, and others thought of carrying it upon slings.

“Bartolomeo Ammanati, a Florentine architect and sculptor, sent expressly by the grand duke, presented himself before the pope, without either models or designs, and requested a year to consider it; for this he was most severely reprimanded by the pontiff. Fontana exhibited his wooden model, with a leaden pyramid, which, by means of a windlass and crane, was raised and lowered with the greatest facility; he explained the nature of these machines and movements, and gave a practical proof

of their capability by raising a small pyramid in the mausoleum of Augustus, which was in a ruinous condition. After many disputes, Fontana's invention was approved; but, as he had not yet acquired a name of sufficient importance, the execution of it was committed to two architects of renown, Giacomo della Porta and Bartolomeo Ammanati.— These immediately commenced a scaffold in the centre of the square where the obelisk was to stand.

“ Fontana being justly displeased that his own discovery should not be entrusted to his execution, went to the pope, and respectfully represented to him, that no one could so properly execute a design as the inventor. Sixtus was persuaded, and committed the entire direction of it to him. The architect then commenced his work with the utmost celerity. He dug a square hole of 44 feet, in the piazza, 24 feet deep, and finding the soil watery and chalky; he made it firm by strong and massive piles. At the same time he had ropes made, three inches in diameter, 1500 feet long, an immense quantity of cords, large iron rods to strengthen the obelisk, and other pieces of iron for the cases of the cranes, pins, circles, pivots, and instruments of every kind. The iron to secure the obelisk alone amounted to 40,000 lbs., and was made in the manufactories of Rome, Ronciglione, and Subbiaco. The beams, taken from the woods of Nettuno, were of such a prodigious size, that each was drawn by seven pair of buffalos. From Terracina, elm was brought,

for the caseing, and Holm oak for the shafts of windlass; and to prevent the ground from giving way, it being soft and marshy, in consequence of the great weight, he made a bed with two layers of timber, crossing each other in a contrary direction. On this foundation he placed the castle or carriage, which had eight columns: each of these columns was composed of so many thick planks, that they measured 13 feet in circumference. These were united together by thick cords, without screws, in order to be done and undone with greater quickness. The height of the beams was required to be 90 feet; and not any being of that length, they were placed one on the other, and united by iron bands. These columns were strengthened by forty-eight braces, and tied together on all sides. The obelisk was entirely covered with double mats, to prevent its being injured; it was then surrounded by planks, over which were placed large rods of iron, and these embracing the thick part underneath, came directly over the four faces of the mass, which thus became totally encircled with these coverings. The whole pyramid thus weighed one million and a half pounds. Fontana calculated that every windlass, with good ropes and cranes, would be able to move 20,000 lbs. weight; and consequently forty would move 800,000, and he gained the rest by five kvers of thick beams 52 feet long.

So novel an apparatus excited the curiosity of all Rome, and of foreigners also, who came from dis-

tant countries to see what effect would be produced by this mass of beams, mingled with ropes, windlasses, levers, and pulleys. In order to prevent confusion, Sixtus V. issued one of his mandates, that on the day of its being worked, no one, except the workmen, should enter the enclosure, on pain of death, and that no one should make the least noise, nor even speak loud. Accordingly, on the 30th of April, 1586, the first to enter the barrier was the chief justice and his officers; and the executioner to plant the gibbet, not merely as a matter of ceremony. Fontana went to receive the benediction of the pope, who, after having bestowed it, told him to be cautious of what he did, for a failure would certainly cost him his head. On this occasion, Sixtus felt the difference between his regard for his own glory, and his affection for the architect. Fontana, in terror, secretly placed horses at every gate, ready to convey him from the papal anger, in case of an accident. At the dawn of day, two masses of the Holy Ghost were celebrated; all the artificers made their communion, and received the papal benediction, and before the rising of the sun all entered the barrier. The concourse of spectators was such, that the tops of the houses were covered, and the streets crowded. The nobility and prelates were at the barriers, between the Swiss guards and the cavalry: all were fixed and attentive to the proceedings; and, terrified at the sight of the inexorable gibbet, every one was silent.

“The architect gave an order that, at the sound of the trumpet, each should begin working, and at that of the bell, placed in the castle of wood, each should desist; there were more than 900 workmen, and 75 horses. The trumpet sounded, and in an instant, men, horses, windlasses, cranes, and levers were all in motion. The ground trembled, the castle cracked, all the planks bent from the enormous weight, and the pyramid, which inclined a foot towards the choir of St. Peter, was raised perpendicularly. The commencement having prospered so well, the bell sounded a rest. In twelve more movements the pyramid was raised almost two feet from the ground, in such a situation that it could be placed on the rollers, and it remained firmly fixed by means of wedges of iron and wood. At this happy event the castle of St. Angelo discharged all its artillery, and a universal joy pervaded the whole city.

“Fontana was now convinced that the ropes were better than iron bands, these being most broken or distorted, or expanded by the weight. On the 7th of May the pyramid was placed on the sledge—a more difficult and tedious operation than that of raising it, it being necessary to convey it over the piazza to the situation intended for it, which was 115 rods from where it then stood. The level of the piazza being about 30 feet lower, it was necessary to throw up an earthen embankment from one place to the other, well secured by piles, &c.

This being done, on the 13th of June, by means of four windlasses, the pyramid was removed with the greatest facility on the rollers, to the place of its destination. The pope deferred its erection to the next autumn, lest the summer heats should injure the workmen and spectators.

In the meantime the pedestal, which was interred 30 feet, was removed: it was composed of two parts, the ogee and basement being of the same mass, and the plinth of white marble. All the preparations were made for this last operation on the 10th of September, with the same solemnities; 140 horses and 800 men were employed. The pope selected this day for the solemn entrance of the duke of Luxembourg, ambassador of ceremony from Henry III. of France, and caused the procession to enter by the Porta Angelica, instead of the Porta del Popolo. When this nobleman crossed the Piazza of St. Peter's, he stopped to observe the concourse of workmen in the midst of a forest of machines, and saw, admiring, Rome rising again by the hand of Sixtus V. In fifty-two movements the pyramid was raised, and at the setting of the sun it was placed firm upon its pedestal. The castle disappeared, and the artificers, intoxicated with joy, carried Fontana on their shoulders in triumph to his own house, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, and the plaudits of an immense crowd.

“In placing it upright on the pedestal, Fontana considered the method adopted by the ancients as

the least difficult; which was to rest one end on two globes, then draw the point round, raising it at the same time, afterwards letting it fall perpendicularly on the pedestal. It is conjectured that this was the practice adopted by the ancients, because two dies alone were always covered with lead for a foot or more, and were moreover crushed at the extremities. Sixtus V. placed a cross 7 feet high at the top of the obelisk, which was carried in procession, and which made the whole height 132 feet.

“For this undertaking, Fontana was created a knight of the Golden Spur, and a Roman nobleman; he had a pension of 2000 crowns, transferable to his heirs, ten knighthoods, 5000 crowns of gold in ready money, and every description of material used in the work, which was valued at more than 20,000 crowns. Two bronze medals of him were struck; and the following inscription was placed on the base of the pyramid by order of the pope:—

Dominicus Fontana,
Ex. Pago. Agri. Novocomensis.
Transtvilit. Et. Eredit.

REMOVAL OF AN OBELISK FROM THEBES TO PARIS.

In 1833, the French removed the smallest of the two obelisks which stood before the propylon of the temple of Luxor to Paris, and elevated it in the Place de la Concorde. The shaft is 76 feet high,

and eight feet wide on the broadest side of the base; the pedestal is 10 feet square by 16 feet high. Permission for the removal of both the obelisks having been granted to the French government by the Viceroy of Egypt, a vessel constructed for the purpose was sent out in March, 1831, under M. Lebas, an eminent engineer, to whom the undertaking was confided, it being previously determined to bring away only one, and M. Lebas found it sufficiently difficult to bring away the smallest of the two. After three months' labor with 800 men, the obelisk was removed on an inclined plane into the vessel, through a hole made in the end for the purpose. It arrived safely up the Seine to Paris, Dec. 23d, 1833. An inclined plane of solid masonry was then constructed, leading from the river up to a platform, also of rough masonry, level with the top of the pedestal. The obelisk, having been placed on a kind of timber car or sledge, was drawn up by means of ropes and capstans. One edge of the base having been brought to its place on the pedestal, it was raised to a perpendicular position by ropes and pulleys attached to the heads of ten masts, five on each side. When all was ready, the obelisk was elevated to its place under the direction of M. Lebas, in three hours, without the least accident, Oct. 25th, 1836. It is said that Lebas had provided himself with loaded pistols, in the firm determination to blow out his brains in case of an accident!

In 1820, the Viceroy of Egypt presented to the English government the monolith lying on the ground at Alexandria, one of the two obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles; the other is still standing. The project of removing it to London and erecting it in Waterloo Square, was entertained for some time by the English government, but seems to have been long abandoned; recently, however, an expedition is being fitted out for the purpose.

CARBURI'S BASE FOR THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Milizia gives the following interesting account of the removal of the immense mass of granite, which forms the pedestal or base of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, from the bogs of the Neva to St. Petersburg, a distance of about fourteen miles. He also cites it as an instance of extraordinary ingenuity and skill in mechanics. It is, however, a much easier task to move a ponderous mass of rough, unhewn rock, than a brittle obelisk, an hundred feet or so in length, requiring the greatest care to preserve it from injury. It is also worthy of mention, that in widening streets in New York, it is no uncommon thing to see a three-story brick house set back ten or fifteen feet, and even moved across the street, and raised an extra story into the bargain—the story being added to the *bottom* instead of the *top* of the building. Thus the large

free stone and brick school-house in the First Ward, an edifice of four lofty stories, 50 by 70 feet, and basement walls $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, has been raised six feet, to make it correspond with the new grade in the lower part of Greenwich-street. It is also no uncommon thing to see a ship of a thousand tons, with her cargo on board, raised out of the water at the Hydraulic Dock, to stop a leak, or make some unexpected but necessary repairs.

“ In 1769, the Count Marino Carburi, of Cephalonia, moved a mass of granite, weighing three million pounds, to St. Petersburg, to serve as a base for the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, to be erected in the square of that city, after the design of M. Falconet, who discarded the common mode of placing an equestrian statue on a pedestal, where, properly speaking, it never could be; and suggested a rock, on which the hero was to have the appearance of galloping, but suddenly be arrested at the sight of an enormous serpent, which, with other obstacles, he overcomes for the happiness of the Muscovites. None but a Catherine II., who so gloriously accomplished all the great ideas of that hero, could have brought to perfection this extraordinary one of the artist. An immense mass was accidentally found buried 15 feet in a bog, four miles and a half from the river Neva and fourteen from St. Petersburg. It was also casually that Carburi was at the city to undertake the removal of it. Nature alone sometimes forms a mechanic, as she

does a sovereign, a general, a painter, a philosopher. The expense of this removal was only 70,000 rubles and the materials left after the operation were worth two-thirds of that sum. The obstacles surmounted do honor to the human understanding. The rock was 37 feet long, 22 high, and 21 broad, in the form of a parallelopipedon. It was cleft by a blast, the middle part taken away, and in the cavity was constructed a forge for the wants of the journey. Carburi did not use cylindrical rollers for his undertaking, these causing an attrition sufficient to break the strongest cables. Instead of rollers he used balls composed of brass, tin, and calamina, which rolled with their burden under a species of boat 180 feet long, and 66 wide. This extraordinary spectacle was witnessed by the whole court, and by Prince Henry of Prussia, a branch from the great Frederick. Two drums at the top sounded the march; forty stone-cutters were continually at work on the mass during the journey, to give it the proposed form—a singularly ingenious idea. The forge was always at work: a number of other men were also in attendance to keep the balls at proper distances, of which there were thirty, of the diameter of five inches. The mountain was moved by four windlasses, and sometimes by two; each required thirty-two men: it was raised and lowered by screws, to remove the balls and put them on the other side. When the road was even, the machine moved 60 feet in the hour.

The mechanic, although continually ill from the dampness of the air, was still indefatigable in regulating the arrangements; and in six weeks the whole arrived at the river. It was embarked, and safely landed. Carburi then placed the mass in the square of St. Peter's, to the honor of Peter, Falconet, Carburi, and of Catherine, who may always, from her actions, be classed among illustrious men. It is to be observed, that in this operation the moss and straw that was placed underneath the rock, became by compression so compact, that it almost equalled in hardness the ball of a musket. Similar mechanical operations of the ancients have been wonderfully exaggerated by their poets."

COMPARATIVE SKILL OF THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS IN MECHANICS.

Many persons suppose, and maintain, that the grandeur of the monuments of the ancients, and the great size of the stones they employed for building purposes, prove that they understood mechanics better than the moderns. The least knowledge in mechanics, however, will show this opinion to be erroneous. The moderns possess powers which were unknown to the ancients, as the screw, and the hydraulic press, the power of which last is only limited by the strength of the machinery. The works of the ancients show that they expended a vast deal of power and labor to gratify the pride

and ambition of kings; but the moderns can do all these things much easier, and in far less time, whenever they deem it proper. There was nothing in ancient times to be compared with that daring, ingenious, and stupendous monument of engineering skill—the Britannia Tubular Bridge, across the Menai straits—projected, designed, and built by Robert Stephenson, the famous English engineer. He had previously built a similar but smaller structure—the Conway Tubular Bridge.

THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Had this stupendous fabric existed in ancient times, it would have been regarded as the *first* of the seven wonders of the world. Greater and more expensive structures have been raised, but none displaying more science, skill, and ingenuity, and none requiring such tremendous mechanical power to execute.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge was built to conduct the Chester and Holyhead Railway across the Menai Straits, to the island of Anglesea, in the Irish Sea.

The difficulties which the engineer had to overcome, were greatly augmented by the peculiar form and situation of the straits. Sir Francis Head says, "The point of the straits which it was desired to cross, although broader than that about a mile distant, preoccupied by Mr. Telford's suspension

bridge—was of course one of the narrowest that could be selected, in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through it with such violence, that, except where there is back water, it is often impossible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind which come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neighboring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as dangerous to sail as it is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water, sometimes playfully and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other—like some of Shakspeare's fairies—in exhibiting before the stranger the utmost variety of fantastic changes which it is in the power of each to assume." The Menai Straits are about twelve miles long, through which, imprisoned between the precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating, backwards and forwards, but at the same time and from the same causes, are progressively rising and falling 20 to 25 feet, with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water, every day forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

THE TUBES.

The tubes forming the viaducts, rest upon two abutments and three piers, called respectively the Anglesea abutment and pier, the Carnarvon abut

ment and pier, and the Britannia or central pier, built upon the Britannia rock in the middle of the straits, which gives name to the bridge. The Anglesea abutment is 143 feet 6 inches high, 55 feet wide, and 175 feet long to the end of the wings, which terminate in pedestals, supporting colossal lions on either side, 25 feet 6 inches in length, 12 feet 6 inches high, and 8 feet broad, carved out of a single block of Anglesea marble. The space between the Anglesea abutment and pier is 230 feet. This pier is 196 feet high, 55 feet wide, and 32 feet long. The Carnarvon abutment and pier are of the same dimensions as those above described, on the opposite shore. The Britannia pier is 240 feet high, 55 feet wide, and 45 feet long. This pier is 460 feet clear of each of the two side piers. The bottom of the tubes are 124 feet above low water mark, so that large ships can pass under them, under full sail.

There are two tubes, to accommodate a double track (one would have done in this country, but in England they do nothing by halves), and each is 1513 feet long. The total length of the bridge is 1841 feet. These tubes are not round or oval, but nearly square at the termini; the bridge being constructed on the principle of the arch. A section of one of the tubes at the Britannia pier is in the form of a parallelogram, where it is 30 feet high, gradually diminishing towards each end to 20 feet. The tubes are riveted together into continuous hollow

beams; they are of the uniform width of 14 feet 8 inches throughout; they are constructed entirely of iron, and weigh about 12,000 tons, each tube containing 5000 tons of wrought iron, and about 1600 tons of cast iron. The tubes were constructed each in four sections; the sections extending from the abutments to their corresponding piers, each 250 feet long, were built *in situ*, on immense scaffolding, made of heavy timbers for the purpose, even with the railway; but the middle sections, each 470 feet long, were built on piers on the Carnarvonshire shore, then floated into the stream, and elevated to their position; each of these sections weighed 1800 tons.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUBES.

The sides, bottom, and top of these gigantic tubes are formed of oblong wrought iron plates, varying in length, width, and thickness, according to circumstances, but of amazing size and weight. They are so arranged as to obtain the greatest possible strength, the whole being riveted together in the strongest manner. In addition to the 1600 tons of wrought iron in each of the four large pieces, an additional 200 tons was used to form lifting frames, and cast iron beams for the purpose of attaching the tube to those huge chains by which they were elevated. The construction of the tubes is thus described in the London Illustrated News, from which this account is derived:

“In order to carry out this vast work (the construction of the tubes), eighty houses have been erected for the accommodation of the workmen, which, being whitewashed, have a peculiarly neat and picturesque appearance; among them are seen butcher’s, grocer’s, and tobacconist’s shops, supplying the wants of a numerous population. A day school, Sunday school, and meeting-house also conspicuously figure. Workshops, steam-engines, store-houses, offices, and other buildings meet the eye at every turn; one is led to conclude that a considerable time has elapsed since the works were commenced, yet it is little more than two years ago. A stranger, on coming to the ground, is struck with wonder when for the first time he obtains a near view of the vast piles of masonry towering majestically above all the surrounding objects—strong as the pillars of Hercules, and apparently as endurable—his eyes wander instinctively to the ponderous tubes, those masterpieces of engineering constructiveness and mathematical adjustment; he shrinks into himself as he gazes, and is astonished when he thinks that the whole is the developed idea of one man, and carried out, too, in the face of difficulties which few would have dared to encounter.”

FLOATING OF THE TUBES.

The tubes were floated to the places whence they were elevated to their positions on eight huge

pontoons, fitted with valves and pumps to exhaust the water from them, when all was ready to float the prodigious iron beams. These pontoons or boxes were each 90 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 15 feet deep. The pontoons having been placed under one of the tubes (sections), the floating was easily effected, and the operation is thus described by the "Assistant Engineer."

"The operation of floating the tubes (the four sections, and one only at a time), will be commenced by closing the valves in the pontoons at low water; as the tide rises, the pontoons will begin to float, and shortly afterwards to bear the weight of the tube, which will at last be raised by them entirely off its temporary supporting piers; about an hour and a half before high water, the current running about four miles an hour, it will be dragged out into the middle of the stream, by powerful capstans and hawsers, reaching from the pontoons at each end, to the opposite shore. In order to guide it into its place with the greatest possible certainty, three large hawsers will be laid down the stream, one end of two of them being made fast to the towers (piers) between which the tube is intended to rest, and the other to strong fixed points on the two shores, near to and opposite the further end of the tube platforms; in their course, they will pass over and rest upon the pontoons, being taken through 'cable-stoppers' which are contrivances for embracing and gripping the hawser extended across the

stream, and thereby retarding, or if necessary entirely destroying, the speed induced by the current."

RAISING THE TUBES

The tubes of the Britannia bridge were raised by means of three hydraulic presses of the most prodigious size, strength, weight, and power; two of which were placed in the Britannia pier, above the points where the tubes rest, and the other alternately on the Anglesea and Carnarvon piers.

In order that all who read these pages may understand this curious operation, it is necessary to describe the principle of the hydraulic press. If a tube be screwed into a cask or vessel filled with water, and then water poured into the tube, the pressure on the bottom and sides of the vessel will not be the contents of the vessel and tube, but that of a column of water equal to the length of the tube and the depth of the vessel. This law of pressure in fluids is rendered very striking in the experiment of bursting a strong cask by the action of a few ounces of water. This law, so extraordinary and startling of belief to those who do not understand the reasoning upon which it is founded, has been called the *Hydrostatic paradox*, though there is nothing in reality more paradoxical in it, than that one pound at the long end of a lever, should balance ten pounds at the short end. This principle has been applied to the construction of the Hydrostatic

or Hydraulic press, whose power is only limited by the strength of the materials of which it is made. Thus, with a hydraulic press no larger than a common tea-pot, a bar of iron may be cut as easily as a slip of pasteboard. The exertion of a single man, with a short lever, will produce a pressure of 1500 atmospheres, or 22,500 pounds on every square inch of surface inside the cylinder. By means of hydraulic presses, ships of a thousand tons burthen, with cargo on board, are lifted out of the water for repairs, and the heaviest bodies raised and moved, without any other expense of human labor beyond the management of the engine.

The tubes on the Anglesea side were raised first. The presses in the Britannia tower were each capable of raising a weight of 1250 tons; that in the Anglesea tower, larger than the others, 1800 tons, or the whole weight of the tube. These presses were worked by two steam engines of 40 horse power each, which forced the water into the cylinders, through a tube half an inch in diameter. These steam engines were placed in the Britannia and Anglesea piers. The press in the Anglesea pier is thus described, the others being constructed in the same manner. The hydraulic press stands on massive beams of wrought iron plates constructed on the principle of the arch, placed in the tower above the points where the tubes rest. The press consists of a huge cylinder, 9 feet 2 inches in length, 3 feet 6 inches outside diameter, and the ram 1 foot

8 inches in diameter, making the sides and bottom of the cylinder 11 inches thick ; it was calculated that it would resist a pressure of 8000 or 9000 pounds to the square inch. The ram or piston was attached to an exceedingly thick and heavy beam of cast iron, called the cross-head, strengthened with bars of wrought iron. To the cross-head were attached the huge chains that descended to the tubes far below, to which they were secured, so that, as the ram was forced up 6 feet at each stroke, the tube was raised the same distance. "The power of the press is exerted on the tube by aid of chains, the links of which are 6 feet in length, bolted together in sets of eight or nine links alternately.—The ram raises the cross-head 6 feet at each stroke, and with it the tube, when that height is attained, a lower set of chains on the beams grip the next set of links, and thus prevent them from slipping down, whilst the clamps on the cross-heads are unscrewed, the upper links taken off, and the ram and cross-head lowered to take another stroke." To guard against all chances of injury to the tubes in case of accident to the machinery, a contrivance was adopted by which the tubes were followed up with wedges. The importance of this precaution was fully proved on the very first attempt to raise the tube on the Anglesea side, when the huge cylinder broke, almost at the commencement of the operations. The following is the engineer's interesting report of the accident :

“ On Friday last (August 17, 1849), at a quarter to twelve o'clock, we commenced lifting the tube at the Anglesea end, intending to raise it six feet, and afterwards to have raised the opposite end the same height.

“ The tube rose steadily to the height of two feet six inches, being closely followed up by inch wooden boards packed beneath it, when suddenly, and without any warning, the bottom of the hydraulic press gave way, separating completely from the body of the press.

“ The ram, cross-head, and chains descended violently on the press, with a tremendous noise, the tube sinking down upon the wooden packing beneath it. The bottom of the press, weighing nearly two tons and a half, fell on the top of the tube, a depth of eighty feet.

“ A sailor, named Owen Parry, was ascending a rope ladder at the time, from the top of the tube into the tower; the broken piece of press in its descent struck the ladder and shook him off; he fell on to the tube, a height of fifty feet, receiving a contusion of the skull, and other injuries, of so serious a nature that he died the same evening. He was not engaged in the raising, and had only chosen to cross the tube, as being the nearest road from one tower to the other. An inquest was held on the following day, and a verdict of ‘accidental death’ returned. No one actually engaged in the operation was injured, although Mr. Edwin Clark,

who was superintending the operation, on the top of the cross-head, and his brother, Mr. L. Clark, who was standing beneath it, had both a very narrow escape.

“The tube is not at all injured, but some portions of the cast iron lifting frames are broken, and require repairing; some weeks must elapse before a new cylinder is made, and the operation continued.”

Sir Francis Head, when he saw one of the tubes raised, and in its place, observed, “It seemed surprising to us that by any arrangement of materials, it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself,—much less heavily laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate iron of which the aërial gallery is composed is literally *not so thick* as the lid, sides, and bottom which, by heartless contract, are *required* for an elm coffin 6½ feet long, 2¼ wide, and 2 deep, of strength merely sufficient to carry the corpse of an emaciated pauper from the workhouse to his grave! The covering of this iron passage, 1841 feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of an elephant; lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the good old English oak,—and if this noble sovereign, notwithstanding ‘the heart’ and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which

it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should, by human science, be constructed strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which, throughout its entire length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed."

Notwithstanding these "incomprehensible" speculations, the tubes are abundantly strong to sustain the pressure of the heaviest trains, even were they to stand still in the middle of the bridge. It is calculated that each tube, in its weakest part, would sustain a pressure of four or five thousand tons, "support a line of battle ship, with all her munitions and stores on board," and "bear a line of locomotives covering the entire bridge." The bridge was completed, and the first train passed through it March 5th, 1850. The total cost of this gigantic structure was only £601,865.

GLORY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Ancient Rome was built upon seven hills, which are now scarcely discoverable on account of the vast quantities of rubbish with which the valleys are filled. Pliny estimates the circumference of the city in his time at 13,000 paces (which nearly agrees with modern measurements), and the popu

lation at 3,000,000. Rome was filled with magnificent public edifices, temples, theatres, amphitheatres, circuses, naumachiæ, porticos, basilicæ, baths, gardens, triumphal arches, columns, sewers, aqueducts, sepulchres, public and private palaces, etc.

In the time of the Cæsars, fourteen magnificent aqueducts, supported by immense arches, conducted whole rivers into Rome, from a distance of many miles, and supplied one hundred and fifty public fountains, one hundred and eighteen large public baths, the artificial seas in which naval combats were represented in the Colosseum, and the golden palace of Nero, besides the water necessary to supply the daily use of the inhabitants. One hundred thousand marble and bronze statues ornamented the public squares, the temples, the streets, and the houses of the nobility: ninety colossal statues raised on pedestals; and forty-eight Egyptian obelisks of red granite, some of the largest size, also adorned the city.

Such was ancient Rome, "the Eternal City." Although visited for more than a thousand years by various calamities, she is still the most majestic of cities; the charm of beauty, dignity, and grandeur still lingers around the ruins of ancient, as well as the splendid structures of modern Rome, and brilliant recollections of every age are connected with the monuments which the passing traveler meets at every step.

THE CAPITOL.

The Capitol or Citadel of ancient Rome stood on the Capitoline hill, the smallest of the seven hills of Rome, called the *Saturnine* and *Tarpeian rock*. It was begun B. C. 614, by Tarquinius Priscus, but was not completed till after the expulsion of the kings. After being thrice destroyed by fire and civil commotion, it was rebuilt by Domitian, who instituted there the Capitoline games. Dionysius says the temple, with the exterior palaces, was 200 feet long, and 185 broad. The whole building consisted of three temples, which were dedicated to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, and separated from one another by walls. In the wide portico, triumphal banquets were given to the people. The statue of Jupiter, in the Capitol, represented the god sitting on a throne of ivory and gold, and consisted in the earliest times of clay painted red; under Trajan, it was formed of gold. The roof of the temple was made of bronze; it was gilded by Q. Catulus. The doors were of the same metal. Splendor and expense were profusely lavished upon the whole edifice. The gilding alone cost 12,000 talents (about \$12,000,000), for which reason the Romans called it the *Golden Capitol*. On the pediment stood a chariot drawn by four horses, at first of clay, and afterwards of brass gilded. The temple itself contained an immense quantity of the most magnificent presents. The most important

state papers, and particularly the Sibylline books were preserved in it. A few pillars and some ruins are all that now remain of the magnificent temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Its site is mostly occupied by the church of the Franciscans, and partly by the modern capitol called the *Campidoglio*, which was erected after the design of Michael Angelo, consisting of three buildings. From the summit of the middle one, the spectator has a splendid view of one of the most remarkable regions in the world—the Campagna, up to the mountains. For a description of the Colosseum, see vol ii, page 29, of this work.

MODERN ROME.

Modern Rome is about thirteen miles in circuit, and is divided by the Tiber into two parts. In 1830, Rome contained 144,542 inhabitants, 35,900 houses, 346 churches, 30 monasteries, and upwards of 120 palaces. The view of the majestic ruins; the solemn grandeur of the churches and palaces; the recollections of the past; the religious customs; the magic and almost melancholy tranquillity which pervades the city; the enjoyment of the endless treasures of art—all conspire to raise the mind of the traveler to a high state of excitement. The churches, palaces, villas, squares, streets, fountains, aqueducts, antiquities, ruins—in short, everything proclaims the ancient majesty and the present greatness of Rome. Almost every church, palace, and

villa is a treasury of art. Among the churches, St. Peter's is the most conspicuous, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful building in the world. Bramante began it; Sangallo and Peruzzi succeeded him; but Michael Angelo, who erected its immense dome, which is four hundred and fifty feet high to the top of the cross, designed the greatest part. Many other architects were often employed upon it; Maderno finished the front and the two towers. The erection of this edifice, from 1506 to 1614, cost 45,000,000 Roman crowns. Before we arrive at this grand temple, the eye is attracted by the beautiful square in front of it, surrounded by a magnificent colonnade by Bernini, and ornamented by an Egyptian obelisk, together with two splendid fountains. Upon entering the vestibule, Giotto's mosaic, *la Navicella*, is seen. Under the portico, opposite the great door, is Bernini's great bas relief representing Christ commanding Peter to feed his sheep; and at the ends of the portico are the equestrian statues of Constantine by Bernini, and of Charlemagne by Cornachini. The union of these masterpieces has an indescribable effect. The harmony and proportion which prevail in the interior of this august temple are such, that, immense as it is, the eye distinguishes all the parts without confusion or difficulty. When each object is minutely examined, we are astonished at its magnitude, so much more considerable than appears at first sight. The immense canopy of the high altar, supported

by four bronze pillars of 120 feet in height, particularly attracts the attention. The dome is the boldest work of modern architecture. The cross thereon is 450 feet above the pavement. The lantern affords the most beautiful prospect of the city and the surrounding country. The splendid mosaics, tombs, paintings, frescos, works in marble, gilded bronze and stucco, the new sacristy—a beautiful piece of architecture, but not in unison with the rest—deserve separate consideration. The two most beautiful churches in Rome next to St. Peter's are the St. John's of the Lateran, and the Santa Maria Maggiore. The former, built by Constantine the Great, is the parochial church of the pope; it therefore takes precedence of all others, and is called *Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput* (the head and mother of all churches of the city and the world). In it is celebrated the coronation of the popes. It contains several pillars of granite, *verde antico*, and gilt bronze; the twelve apostles by Rusconi and Legros; and the beautiful chapel of Corsini, which is unequalled in its proportions, built by Alexander Galilei. The altar-piece is a mosaic from a painting by Guido, and the beautiful porphyry sarcophagus, which is under the statue of Clement XII., was found in the Pantheon, and is supposed to have contained the ashes of M. Agrippa. The nave of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore is supported by forty Ionic pillars of Grecian marble, which were taken from a temple of

Juno Lucina : the ceiling was gilded with the first gold brought from Peru. We are here struck with admiration at the mosaics ; the high altar, consisting of an antique porphyry sarcophagus ; the chapel of Sixtus V., built from the designs of Fontana, and richly ornamented ; the chapel of Paul V., adorned with marble and precious stones ; the chapel of Sforza, by Michael Angelo ; and the sepulchres of Guglielmo della Porta and Algardi. In the square before the front is a Corinthian column, which is considered a masterpiece of its kind. The largest church in Rome next to St. Peter's was the Basilica di San Paolo fuori delle Mura, on the road to Ostia, burnt a few years since. The church of S. Lorenzo, without the city, possesses some rare monuments of antiquity. The church of San Pietro in Vincola contains the celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo. The church of St. Agnes, in the place Navona, begun by Rainaldi and completed by Borromini, is one of the most highly ornamented, particularly with modern sculpture. Here is the admirable relief of Algardi, representing St. Agnes deprived of her clothes, and covered only with her hair. The Basilica of St. Sebastian, before the Porta Capena, contains the statue of the dying saint, by Giorgetti, a pupil of Algardi, and the master of Bernini. Under these churches are the catacombs, which formerly served as places of burial. In the church of St. Agnes, before the **Porta Pia**, among many other beautiful columns are

four of porphyry, belonging to the high altar, and considered the most beautiful in Rome. In a small chapel is a bust of the Savior by Michael Angelo—a masterpiece. In the church of St. Augustine, there is a picture by Raphael representing the prophet Isaiah, and an Ascension by Lanfranco. The monastery has a rich library, called the Angelica, and increased by the library of cardinal Passionei. The following churches also deserve to be mentioned, on account of their architecture and works of art; the churches of St. Ignatius, St. Cecilia, S. Andrea della Valle, S. Andrea del Noviziato, the Pantheon (also called la Rotonda), in which Raffaello, Annibale Caracci, Mengs, etc., are interred. All the 364 churches of Rome contain monuments of art or antiquity. Among the palaces, the principal is the Vatican, an immense pile, in which the most valuable monuments of antiquity, and the works of the greatest modern masters are preserved. Here are the museum Pio-Clementinum, established by Clement XIV., and enlarged by Pius VI.; and the celebrated library of the Vatican. The treasures carried away by the French have been restored. Among the paintings of this palace, the most beautiful are Raffaello's frescos in the *stanze* and *loggie*. The principal oil paintings are in the *appartamento* Borgia, which also contains the Transfiguration, by Raphael. In the Sistine chapel is the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo. The popes have chosen the palace of Monte Cavallo, or the

Quirinal palace, with its extensive and beautiful gardens, for their usual residence, on account of its healthy air and fine prospect. The Lateran palace, which Sixtus V. had rebuilt by Fontana, was changed, in 1693, into an alms house. Besides these, the following are celebrated: the palace della Cancellario, the palace de' Conservatori, the palace of St. Mark, the buildings of the Academy, etc. Among the private palaces, the Barberini is the largest; it was built by Bernini, in a beautiful style. Here are the Magdalen of Guido, one of the finest works of Caravaggio, the Paintings of the great hall, a masterpiece of Pietro da Cortona, and other valuable paintings. Of works of sculpture, the Sleeping Fawn, now in Munich, was formerly here; the masterly group representing Atalanta and Meleager, a Juno, a sick Satyr by Bernini, the bust of Cardinal Barberini by the same artist, and the busts of Marius, Sylla, and Scipio Africanus, are in this palace. The library is calculated to contain 60,000 printed books, and 9000 manuscripts; a cabinet of medals, bronzes, and precious stones, is also connected with the library. The Borghese palace, erected by Bramante, is extensive, and in a beautiful style; the colonnade of the court is splendid. This palace contains a large collection of paintings, rare works of sculpture, valuable tables, and utensils of rich workmanship, of red porphyry, alabaster, and other materials. The upper hall is unrivalled; the great landscapes of Vernet, with

which it is adorned, are so true to nature, that upon entering, one imagines himself transported into real scenes. The palace Albani, the situation of which is remarkably fine, possesses a valuable library, a great number of paintings, and a collection of designs by Caracci, Polidoro, Lanfranco, Spagnoletto, Cignani, and others. The palace Altieri, one of the largest in Rome, is in a simple style of architecture, and contains rare manuscripts, medals, paintings, etc., and valuable furniture. In the palace Colonna there is a rich collection of paintings by the first masters; all the rooms are decorated with them, and particularly the gallery, which is one of the finest in Europe. In the gardens are the ruins of the baths of Constantine and those of the temple of Sol. The Aldobrandini palace contains the proudest monument of ancient painting—the Aldobrandine Wedding, a fresco purchased by Pius VII., in 1818, in which the design is admirable. The great Farnese palace, begun from the designs of Sangallo, and completed under the direction of Michael Angelo, is celebrated both for its beauty and its treasures of art. The Caracci and Domenichino have immortalized themselves by their frescos in its gallery. The Farnese Hercules, the masterly Flora, and the urn of Cæcilia Metella, formerly adorned the court; and in the palace itself was the beautiful group of the Farnese bull. But when the king of Naples inherited the Farnese estate, these statues, with other works of art, were

carried to Naples, where they now adorn the palace degli Studi. Not far off is the palace Corsini, where queen Christina lived and died in 1689. It contains a valuable library and gallery. The palace Giustiniani also had a gallery adorned with numerous valuable statues and works of sculpture; its principal ornaments were the celebrated statue of Minerva, the finest of that goddess now known, and the bas-relief of Amalthæa suckling Jupiter. These treasures were nominally bought by Napoleon, and are now in Paris. The paintings are chiefly in the possession of the king of Prussia. In the palace Spada is the statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar fell under the daggers of his murderers. We have yet to mention the palace Costaguti, on account of its fine frescos; Chigi, for its beautiful architecture, its paintings and library; Mattei, for its numerous statues, reliefs, and ancient inscriptions; the palace of Pamfili, built by Borromini, for its splendid paintings and internal magnificence; that of Pamfili in the square of Navona, with a library and gallery; Rospigliosi, upon the Quirinal hill, etc. Among the palaces of Rome, which bear the name of *villas*, is the Villa Medici, on the Pincian mount, on which were formerly situated the splendid gardens of Lucullus: it once contained a vast number of masterpieces of every kind; but the grand dukes Leopold and Ferdinand have removed the finest works (among them, the group of Niobe, by Scopas) to Florence. This palace,

however, is yet very worthy of being visited. Under the portico of the Villa Negroni are the two fine statues of Sylla and Marius, seated on the *sella curulis*. In the extensive garden, which is three miles in circuit, some beautiful fresco paintings have been found in the ruins of some of the houses. The Villa Mattei, on the Cœlian mount, contains a splendid collection of statues. The Villa Ludovisi, on the Pincian mount, not far from the ruins of the circus and the gardens of Sallust, is one and a half miles in circuit, and contains valuable monuments of art, particularly the Anrona of Guercino, an ancient group of the senator Papirius and his mother (or rather of Phædra and Hippolytus), another of Arria and Pætus, and Bernini's rape of Proserpine. The Villa Borghese, near Rome, has a fine but an unhealthy situation. The greatest part of the city, and the environs as far as Frascati and Tivoli, are visible from it. It has a garden, with a park three miles in circuit. This palace was ornamented in its interior, and furnished with so much richness and elegance, that it might have been considered the first edifice in Rome, next to the capitol, particularly for its fine collection of statues. The most remarkable among them were the Fighting Gladiator; Silenus and a Faun; Seneca, in black marble, or rather a slave at the baths; Camillus; the Hermaphrodite; the Centaur and Cupid; two Fauns, playing on the flute; Ceres; an Egyptian; a statue of the younger Nero; the buste

of Lucius Verus, Alexander, Faustina and Verus, various relievos, among which was one representing Curtius; an urn, on which was represented the festival of Bacchus; another supported by the Graces; two horns of plenty, etc. The greatest part of these has not been restored from Paris. The exterior is ornamented with ancient reliefs. The Villa Pamfili, before the Porta di San Pancrazio, also called Belrespiro, has an agreeable situation, and is seven miles in circumference. The architecture is by Algardi, but has been censured by connoisseurs. In the interior there are some fine specimens of sculpture. Full descriptions of this and of the Villa Borghese have been published. The Villa Albani, upon an eminence which commands Tivoli and the Sabina, is an edifice of taste and splendor. The cardinal Alexander Albani expended immense sums upon it, and, during the space of fifty years, collected a splendid cabinet. The ceiling of the gallery was painted by Mengs, and is a model of elegance. The Villa Lante and the Villa Corsini deserve to be mentioned on account of their fine prospects. The Villa Doria (formerly Algiati), in which Raffaele lived, contains three fresco paintings of this great master. The Villa Farnese contains the remains of the palace of the Roman emperors. The capitol contains so many and such magnificent objects of every description, that it is impossible to enumerate them here. We must be satisfied with mentioning the equestrian statue of Marcus Au

relius, before the palace; the Captive Kings, in the court; the *columna rostrata*; and within, the colossal statue of Pyrrhus; the tomb of Severus; the Centaurs, of basalt; the beautiful alabaster pillars; the masterpiece in mosaic, which once belonged to cardinal Furietti, representing three doves on the edge of a vessel filled with water, which is described by Pliny. The fountains are among the principal ornaments of the squares in Rome. The fountain in the Piazza Navona, the most splendid of them all, has been particularly admired; it is surmounted by an obelisk, and ornamented by four colossal statues, which represent the four principal rivers in the world. The fountain of Paul V., near the church di San Pietro in Montorio, is in bad taste, but furnishes such a body of water, that several mills are carried by it. The fountain di Termini is adorned with three reliefs, representing Moses striking water from the rock, and with a colossal statue of that prophet, and two Egyptian lions in basalt. The splendid fountain of Trevi supplies the best water, which it receives through an ancient aqueduct. Among the streets, the Strada Felice and the Strada Pia, which cross each other, are the most remarkable; among the bridges, that of St. Angelo (formerly Pons Ælius), 300 feet in length; and among the gates the Porta del Popolo (formerly Porta Flaminia). Of ancient monuments, the following yet remain: the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the column of Trajan, that of

Antonine, the amphitheatre of Vespasian; the mausoleum of Augustus, the mausoleum of Adrian (now the fortress of St. Angelo); the triumphal arches of Severus, Titus, Constantine, Janus, Nero; and Drusus; the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Stator, of Jupiter Tonans, of Concordia, of Pax, of Antoninus and Faustina, of the sun and moon, of Romulus, of Romulus and Remus, of Pallas, of Fortuna Virilis, of Fortuna Muliebris, of Virtue, of Bacchus, of Vesta, of Minerva Medica, and of Venus and Cupid; the remains of the baths of Dioclesian, of Caracalla and Titus, etc.; the ruins of the theatre of Pompey, near the Curia Pompeii, where Cæsar was murdered, and those of the theatre of Marcellus; the ruins of the old forum (now called Campo Vaccino); the remains of the old bridges; the circus Maximus; the circus of Caracalla; the house of Cicero; the Curia Hostilia; the trophies of Marius; the portico of Philip and Octavius; the country house and tower of Mæcenas; the Claudian aqueduct; the monuments of the family of Aruns, of the Scipios, of Metella (called Capo di Bove); the prison of Jugurtha (Carcere Mamertino), in which St. Peter was imprisoned; the monument of Caius Cestius, which is entirely uninjured, in form of a pyramid, near which the Protestants are buried; the Cloaca Maxima, built by Tarquin, etc. Besides the obelisk near the Porta del Popolo, that raised in the pontificate of Pius VI., on mount Cavallo, is deserving of notice.

The principal collections of literature and the arts have already been noticed ; but the Museo Kircheliano deserves to be particularly mentioned ; there are, besides, many private collections and monastic libraries, which contain many valuable works. Such treasures, especially in the arts, make Rome the great school of painters, statuaries, and architects, and a place of pilgrimage to all lovers of the arts ; and there are here innumerable *studios* of painters and sculptors. Roman art seems to have received a new impulse. The academy of San Luca was established solely for the art of painting. There are also many literary institutions in the city.

THE FOUNDATION OF VENICE.

It is recorded in the archives of Padua, says Milizia, that when Rhadagadius entered Italy, and the cruelties exercised by the Visigoths obliged the people to seek refuge in various places, an architect of Candia, named Eutinopus, was the first to retire to the fens of the Adriatic, where he built a house, which remained the only one there for several years. At length, when Alaric continued to desolate the country, others sought an asylum in the same marshes, and built twenty-four houses, which formed the germ of Venice. The security of the place now induced people to settle there rapidly, and Venice soon sprung up a city and gradually rose to be mistress of the seas. The Venetian his

torians inform us that the house of Eutinopus, during a dreadful conflagration, was miraculously saved by a shower of rain, at the prayer of the architect, who made a vow to convert it into a church; he did this, and dedicated it to St. James, the magistrates and inhabitants contributing to build and ornament the edifice. The church is still standing, in the quarter of the Rialto, which is universally considered the oldest part of Venice.

THEODORIC THE GREAT, AND HIS LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, and afterwards also king of Italy, was born at Amali, near Vienna, in 455, and died in 526. Though a Goth, he was so far from delighting in the destruction of public monuments, and works of art, that he issued edicts for their preservation at Rome and throughout Italy, and assigned revenues for the repair of the public edifices, for which purpose he employed the most skillful and learned architects, particularly Aloisius, Boëtius, and Symmachus. According to Cassiodorus (lib. ii. Varior. Epist. xxxix.), Theodoric said: "It is glorious to preserve the works of antiquity; and it is our duty to restore the most useful and the most beautiful." Symmachus had the direction of the buildings constructed or rebuilt at Rome. The king thus wrote to him: "You have constructed fine edifices; you have, moreover,

disposed of them with so much wisdom that they equal those of antiquity, and serve as examples to the moderns; and all you show us is a perfect image of the excellence of your mind, because it is not possible to build correctly without good sense and a well cultivated understanding."

In his directions to the Prefect of Rome, on the architecture of the public edifices, Theodoric thus wrote :

"The beauty of the Roman buildings requires a skillful overseer, in order that such a wonderful forest of edifices should be preserved with constant care, and the new ones properly constructed, both internally and externally. Therefore we direct our generosity not only to the preservation of ancient things, but to the investing the new ones with the glories of antiquity. Be it known, therefore, to your illustrious person, that for this end an architect of the Roman walls is appointed. And because the study of the arts requires assistance, we desire that he may have every reasonable accommodation that his predecessors have enjoyed. He will certainly see things superior to what he has read of, and more beautiful than he could ever have imagined. The statues still feel their renowned authors, and appear to live : he will observe expressed in the bronze, the veins, the muscles swollen by exertion, the nerves gradually stretched, and the figure expressing those feelings which act on a living subject.

It is said that the first artists in Italy were the Etruscans, and thus posterity has given to them, as well as to Rome, almost the power of creating man. How wonderful are the horses, so full of spirit, with their fiery nostrils, their sparkling eyes, their easy and graceful limbs;—they would move, if not of metal. And what shall we say of those lofty, slender, and finely fluted columns, which appear a part of the sublime structure they support? That appears wax, which is hard and elegant metal; the joints in the marble being like natural veins. The beauty of art is to deceive the eye. Ancient historians acquaint us with only seven wonders in the world: the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; the magnificent sepulchre of the king Mausolus, from whence is derived the word mausoleum; the bronze Colossus of the Sun, in Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter Olympius, of gold and ivory, formed by the masterly hand of Phidias, the first of architects; the palace of Cyrus, King of Media, built by Memnon of stones united by gold; the walls of Babylon, constructed by Semiramis of brick, pitch, and iron; the pyramids of Egypt, the shadows of which do not extend beyond the space of their construction. But who can any longer consider these as wonders, after having seen so many in Rome? Those were famous because they preceded us; it is natural that the new productions of the then barbarous ages should be renowned. It may truly be said that all Rome is wonderful. We have there-

as he could possibly express it, when it was given to the tribunal in the following terms :—‘ The difficulties of this erection being well considered, magnificent signors and wardens, I find that it cannot by any means be constructed in a perfect circle, since the extent of the upper part, where the lantern has to be placed, would be so vast, that when a weight was laid thereon, it would soon give way. Now it appears to me that those architects who do not aim at giving perpetual duration to their fabrics, cannot have any regard for the durability of the memorial, nor do they even know what they are doing. I have therefore determined to turn the inner part of this vault in angles, according to the form of the walls, adopting the proportions and manner of the pointed arch, this being a form which displays a rapid tendency to ascend, and when loaded with the lantern, each part will help to give stability to the other. The thickness of the vault at the base must be three braccia and three-quarters; it must then rise in the form of a pyramid, decreasing from without up to the point where it closes, and where the lantern has to be placed, and at this junction the thickness must be one braccia and a quarter. A second vault shall then be constructed outside the first, to preserve the latter from the rain, and this must be two braccia and a half thick at the base, also diminishing proportionally in the form of a pyramid, in such a manner that the parts shall have their junction at the commencement of the

lantern, as did the other, and at the highest point it must have two-thirds of the thickness of the base. There must be a buttress at each angle, which will be eight in all, and between the angles, in the face of each wall, there shall be two, sixteen in all; and these sixteen buttresses on the inner and outer side of each wall must each have the breadth of four braccia at the base. These two vaults, built in the form of a pyramid, shall rise together in equal proportion to the height of the round window closed by the lantern. There will thus be constructed twenty-four buttresses with the said vaults built around, and six strong high arches of a hard stone (*macigno*), well clamped and bound with iron fastenings, which must be covered with tin, and over these stones shall be cramping irons, by which the vaults shall be bound to the buttresses. The masonry must be solid, and must leave no vacant space up to the height of five braccia and a quarter; the buttresses being then continued, the arches will be separated. The first and second courses from the base must be strengthened everywhere by long plates of *macigno* laid crosswise, in such sort that both vaults of the cupola shall rest on these stones. Throughout the whole height, at every ninth braccia there shall be small arches constructed in the vaults between the buttresses, with strong cramps of oak, whereby the buttresses by which the inner vault is supported will be bound and strengthened; these fastenings of oak shall then be covered with

much in weight, as the weight of an equal volume of the fluid." He discovered this while bathing, which is said to have caused him so much joy that he ran home from the bath undressed, exclaiming, "I have found it; I have found it!" By means of this principle, he determined how much alloy a goldsmith had added to a crown which king Hiero had ordered of pure gold. Archimedes had a profound knowledge of mechanics, and in a moment of enthusiasm, with which the extraordinary performances of his machines had inspired him, he exclaimed that he "could move the earth with ease, by means of his machines placed on a fixed point near it." He was the inventor of the compound pulley, and probably of the endless screw which bears his name. He invented many surprising engines and machines. Some suppose that he visited Egypt, and raised the sites of the towns and villages of Egypt, and begun those mounds of earth by means of which communication was kept up from town to town, during the inundations of the Nile. When Marcellus, the Roman consul, besieged Syracuse, he devoted all his talents to the defense of his native country. He constructed machines which suddenly raised up in the air the ships of the enemy in the bay before the city, and then let them fall with such violence into the water that they sunk; he also set them on fire with his burning glasses. Polybius, Livy, and Plutarch speak in detail, with wonder and admiration, of the machines

with which he repelled the attacks of the Romans. When the town was taken and given up to pillage, the Roman general gave strict orders to his soldiers not to hurt Archimedes, and even offered a reward to him who should bring him alive and safe to his presence. All these precautions proved useless, for the philosopher was so deeply engaged at the time in solving a problem, that he was even ignorant that the enemy were in possession of the city, and when a soldier entered his apartment, and commanded him to follow him, he exclaimed, according to some, "Disturb not my circle!" and to others, he begged the soldier not to "kill him till he had solved his problem"; but the rough warrior, ignorant of the august person before him, little heeded his request, and struck him down. This happened B. C. 212, so that Archimedes, at his death, must have been about 75 years old. Marcellus raised a monument over him, and placed upon it a cylinder and a sphere, thereby to immortalize his discovery of their mutual relations, on which he set a particular value; but it remained long neglected and unknown; till Cicero, during his questorship of Sicily, found it near one of the gates of Syracuse, and had it repaired. The story of his burning glasses had always appeared fabulous to some of the moderns, till the experiments of Buffon demonstrated its truth and practicability. These celebrated glasses are supposed to have been reflectors made of metal,

and capable of producing their effect at the distance of a bow-shot.

THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

FILIPPO BRUNELLESCHI.

This eminent architect was one of those illustrious men, who, having conceived and matured a grand design, proceed, cool, calm, and indefatigable, to put it in execution, undismayed by obstacles that seem insuperable, by poverty, want, and what is worse, the jeers of men whose capacities are too limited to comprehend their sublime conceptions. The world is apt to term such men enthusiasts, madmen, or fools, till their glorious achievements stamp them almost divinely inspired.

Brunelleschi was nobly descended on his mother's side, she being a member of the Spini family, which, according to Bottari, became extinct towards the middle of the last century. His ancestors on his father's side were also learned and distinguished men—his father was a notary, his grandfather “a very learned man,” and his great-grandfather “a famous physician in those times.” Filippo's father, though poor, educated him for the legal or medical profession; but such was his passion for art and mechanics, that his father, greatly against his will, was compelled to allow him to follow the bent of his genius; he accordingly placed him, at a proper age, in the Guild of the Goldsmiths, that he might acquire the art of design. Filippo soon became a

proficient in the setting of precious stones, which he did much better than any old artists in the vocation. He also wrought in niello, and executed several figures which were highly commended, particularly two figures of Prophets, for an altar in the Cathedral of Pistoja. Filippo next turned his attention to sculpture, and executed works in basso-relievo, which showed an extraordinary genius. Subsequently, having made the acquaintance of several learned men, he began to turn his attention to the computation of the divisions of time, the adjustment of weights, the movement of wheels, etc. He next bent his thoughts to the study of perspective, to which, before his time, so little attention was paid by artists, that the figures often appeared to be slipping off the canvas, and the buildings had not a true point of view. He was one of the first who revived the Greek practice of rendering the precepts of geometry subservient to the painter; for this purpose, he studied with the famous geometrician Toscanelli, who was also the instructor, friend, and counsellor of Columbus. Filippo pursued his investigations until he brought perspective to great perfection; he was the first who discovered a perfectly correct method of taking the ground plan and sections of buildings, by means of intersecting lines—"a truly ingenious thing," says Vasari, "and of great utility to the arts of design." Filippo freely communicated his discoveries to his brother artists. He was imitated in mosaic by

Benedetto da Macano, and in painting by Masaccio, who were his pupils. Vasari says Brunelleschi was a man of such exalted genius, that "we may truly declare him to have been given to us by Heaven, for the purpose of imparting a new spirit to architecture, which for hundreds of years had been lost; for the men of those times had badly expended great treasures in the erection of buildings without order, constructed in a most wretched manner, after deplorable designs, with fantastic inventions, labored graces, and worse decorations. But it then pleased Heaven, the earth having been for so many years destitute of any distinguished mind and divine genius, that Filippo Brunelleschi should leave to the world, the most noble, vast, and beautiful edifice that had ever been constructed in modern times, or even in those of the ancients; giving proof that the talent of the Tuscan artists, although lost for a time, was not extinguished. He was, moreover, adorned by the most excellent qualities, among which was that of kindness, insomuch that there never was a man of more benign and amicable disposition; in judgment he was calm and dispassionate, and laid aside all thought of his own interest and even that of his friends; whenever he perceived the merits and talents of others to demand that he should do so. He knew himself, instructed many from the stores of his genius, and was ever ready to succor his neighbor in all his necessities; he declared himself the confirmed enemy

of all vice, and the friend of those who labored in the cause of virtue. Never did he spend his moments vainly, but, although constantly occupied in his own works, in assisting those of others, or administering to their necessities, he had yet always time to bestow on his friends, for whom his aid was ever ready."

In the meantime, Brunelleschi had studied architecture, and made such progress that he had already conceived two grand projects—the one was the revival of the good manner of ancient architecture, which was then extinct, and the other was to discover a method for constructing the cupola of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, the difficulties of which were so great that, after the death of Arnolfo di Lapi, no architect had been found of sufficient courage and capacity to attempt the vaulting of that cupola.* If he could accomplish one or both of these designs, he believed that he would not only immortalize his own name, but confer a lasting benefit on mankind. Filippo, having resolved to devote himself entirely to architecture in future, set out for Rome in company with his friend Donatello, without imparting his purpose to any one. Here his mind became so absorbed

* Arnolfo had proposed to raise the cupola immediately above the first cornice, from the model of the church in the chapel of the Spaniards, where the cupola is extremely small. Arnolfo was followed by Giotto in 1331. To Giotto succeeded Taddeo Gaddi, after whom, first Andrea Orgagna, next Lorenzo di Filippo, and lastly Brunelleschi were architects of the Cathedral.

that he labored incessantly, scarcely allowing himself the rest which nature required. He examined, measured, and made careful drawings of all the edifices, ruins, arches, and vaults of antiquity; to these he devoted perpetual study, and if by chance he found fragments of capitals, columns, cornices, or basements of buildings, partly buried in the earth, he set laborers at work to lay them open to view. One day, Filippo and Donatello found an earthen vase full of ancient coins, which caused a report to be spread about Rome that the artists were *treasure-seekers*, and this name they often heard, as they passed along the streets, negligently clothed, the people believing them to be men who studied geomancy, for the discovery of treasures. Donatello soon returned to Florence, but Filippo pursued his studies with unremitting diligence. Having exhausted his means, although he lived in the most frugal manner, he contrived to supply his wants, says Milizia, by pawning his jewels, but Vasari with greater probability, by setting precious stones for the goldsmiths, who were his friends. "Nor did he rest," says Vasari, "until he had drawn every description of fabric—temples, round, square, or octagon; basilicas, aqueducts, baths, arches, the Colosseum, amphitheatres, and every church built of bricks, of which he examined all the modes of binding and clamping; as well as the turning of the vaults and arches; he took note, likewise, of all the methods used for uniting the

stones, as well as of the means used for securing the equilibrium and close conjunction of all the parts; and having found that in all the larger stones there was a hole, formed exactly in the centre of each on the under side, he discovered that this was for the insertion of the iron instrument with which the stones are drawn up, and which is called by us the mason's clamps (*la ulivella*), an invention, the use of which he restored, and ever afterwards put in practice. The different orders were next divided by his cares, each order, the Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian being placed apart; and such was the effect of his zeal in that study, that he became capable of entirely reconstructing the city in his imagination, and of beholding Rome as she had been before she was ruined. But in the year 1407 the air of the place caused Filippo some slight indisposition, when he was advised by his friends to try change of air. He consequently returned to Florence, where many buildings had suffered by his absence, and for these he made many drawings and gave numerous counsels on his return.

“ In the same year an assemblage of architects and engineers was gathered in Florence, by the Superintendents of the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, and by the Syndics of the Guild of wool-workers, to consult on the means by which the cupola might be raised. Among these appeared Filippo, who gave it as his opinion that the edifice above the roof must be constructed, not after the design of Ar

nolfo, but that a frieze, fifteen braccia high, must be erected, with a large window in each of its sides: since not only would this take the weight off the piers of the tribune, but would also permit the cupola itself to be more easily raised."

The obstacles appeared so insuperable to the Superintendents and the Syndics, that they delayed the execution of the cupola for several years. In the meantime, Filippo secretly made models and designs for his cupola, which perpetually occupied his thoughts. He boldly asserted that the project was not only practicable, but that it could be done with much less difficulty and at less expense than was believed. At length, his boldness, genius, and powerful arguments, brought many of the citizens to his opinion, though he refused to show his models, because he knew the powerful opposition and influences he would have to encounter, and the almost certain loss of the honor of building the cupola, which he coveted above everything else. Vasari thus continues his admirable history: "But one morning the fancy took him, hearing that there was some talk of providing engineers for the construction of the cupola, of returning to Rome, thinking that he would have more reputation and be more sought for from abroad, than if he remained in Florence." When Filippo had returned to Rome accordingly, the acuteness of his genius and his readiness of resource were taken into consideration, when it was remembered that in his discourses he

He showed a confidence and courage that had not been found in any of the other architects, who stood confounded, together with the builders, having lost all power of proceeding; for they were convinced that no method of constructing the cupola would ever be found, nor any beams that would make a scaffold strong enough to support the framework and weight of so vast an edifice. The Superintendents were therefore resolved to have an end of the matter, and wrote to Filippo in Rome, entreating him to repair to Florence, when he, who desired nothing better, returned very readily. The wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore and the syndics of the Guild of Woolworkers, having assembled on his arrival, set before him all the difficulties, from the greatest to the smallest, which had been made by the masters, who were present, together with himself, at the audience: whereupon Filippo replied in these words—‘Gentlemen Superintendents, there is no doubt that great undertakings always present difficulties in their execution; and if none ever did so before, this of yours does it to an extent of which you are not perhaps even yet fully aware, for I do not know that even the ancients ever raised so enormous a vault as this will be. I, who have many times reflected on the scaffoldings required, both within and without, and on the method to be pursued for working securely at this erection, have never been able to come to a decision; and I am confounded, no less by the breadth than the

height of the edifice. Now, if the cupola could be arched in a circular form, we might pursue the method adopted by the Romans in erecting the Pantheon of Rome; that is, the Rotunda. But here we must follow the eight sides of the building, dovetailing, and, so to speak, enchaining the stones, which will be a very difficult thing. Yet, remembering that this is a temple consecrated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust, that for a work executed to their honor, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and will bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall be the author of such a project. But how can I help you in the matter, seeing that the work is not mine? I tell you plainly, that if it belonged to me, my courage and power would beyond all doubt suffice to discover means whereby the work might be effected without so many difficulties; but as yet I have not reflected on the matter to any extent, and you would have me tell you by what method it is to be accomplished. But even if your worships should determine that the cupola shall be raised, you will be compelled not only to make trial of me, who do not consider myself capable of being the sole adviser in so important a matter, but also to expend money, and to command that within a year, and on a fixed day, many architects shall assemble in Florence; not Tuscans and Italians only, but Germans, French, and of every other nation: to them it is that such an undertaking should

be proposed, to the end that having discussed the matter and decided among so many masters, the work may be commenced and entrusted to him who shall give the best evidence of capacity, or shall display the best method and judgment for the execution of so great a charge. I am not able to offer you other counsel, or to propose a better arrangement than this.'

"The proposal and plan of Filippo pleased the Syndics and Wardens of the works, but they would have liked that he should meanwhile prepare a model, on which they might have decided. But he showed himself to have no such intention, and taking leave of them, declared that he was solicited by letters to return to Rome. The syndics then perceiving that their request and those of the wardens did not suffice to detain him, caused several of his friends to entreat his stay; but Filippo not yielding to these prayers, the wardens, one morning, ordered him a present of money; this was on the 26th of May, 1417, and the sum is to be seen among the expenses of Filippo, in the books of the works. All this was done to render him favorable to their wishes; but, firm to his resolution, he departed nevertheless from Florence and returned to Rome, where he continued the unremitting study of the same subject, making various arrangements and preparing himself for the completion of that work, being convinced, as was the truth, that no other than himself could conduct such an under-

taking to its conclusion. Nor had Filippo advised the syndics to call new architects for any other reason, than was furnished by his desire that those masters should be the witnesses of his own superior genius: he by no means expected that they could or would receive the commission for vaulting that tribune, or would undertake the charge, which he believed to be altogether too difficult for them. Much time was meanwhile consumed, before the architects, whom the syndics had caused to be summoned from afar, could arrive from their different countries. Orders had been given to the Florentine merchants resident in France, Germany, England, and Spain, who were authorized to spend large sums of money for the purpose of sending them, and were commanded to obtain from the sovereigns of each realm the most experienced and distinguished masters of the respective countries.

“ In the year 1420, all these foreign masters were at length assembled in Florence, with those of Tuscany, and all the best Florentine artists in design. Filippo likewise then returned from Rome. They all assembled, therefore, in the hall of the wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Syndics and Superintendents, together with a select number of the most capable and ingenious citizens being present, to the end that having heard the opinion of each on the subject, they might at length decide on the method to be adopted for vaulting the tribune. Being called into the audience, the opinions of all were heard

one after another, and each architect declared the method which he had thought of adopting. And a fine thing it was to hear the strange and various notions then propounded on that matter: for one said that columns must be raised from the ground up, and that on these they must turn the arches, whereon the woodwork for supporting the weight must rest. Others affirmed that the vault should be turned in cysteolite or sponge-stone (*spugna*), thereby to diminish the weight; and several of the masters agreed in the opinion that a column must be erected in the centre, and the cupola raised in the form of a pavilion, like that of San Giovanni in Florence. Nay, there were not wanting those who maintained that it would be a good plan to fill the space with earth, among which small coins (*quatrini*) should be mingled, that when the cupola should be raised, they might then give permission that whoever should desire the soil might go and fetch it, when the people would immediately carry it away without expense. Filippo alone declared that the cupola might be erected without so great a mass of woodwork, without a column in the centre, and without the mound of earth; at a much lighter expense than would be caused by so many arches, and very easily, without any frame-work whatever.

“Hearing this, the syndics, who were listening in the expectation of hearing some fine method, felt convinced that Filippo had talked like a mere simpleton, as did the superintendents, and all the other

citizens ; they derided him therefore, laughing at him, and turning away ; they bade him discourse of something else, for that this was the talk of a fool or madman, as he was. Therefore Filippo, thinking he had cause of offence, replied, ‘ But consider, gentlemen, that it is not possible to raise the cupola in any other manner than this of mine, and although you laugh at me, yet you will be obliged to admit (if you do not mean to be obstinate), that it neither must nor can be done in any other manner ; and if it be erected after the method that I propose, it must be turned in the manner of the pointed arch, and must be double—the one vaulting within, the other without, in such sort that a passage should be formed between the two. At the angles of the eight walls, the building must be strengthened by the dove-tailing of the stones, and in like manner the walls themselves must be girt around by strong beams of oak. We must also provide for the lights, the staircases, and the conduits by which the rain-water may be carried off. And none of you have remembered that we must prepare supports within, for the execution of the mosaics, with many other difficult arrangements ; but I, who see the cupola raised, I have reflected on all these things, and I know that there is no other mode of accomplishing them, than that of which I have spoken.’ Becoming heated as he proceeded, the more Filippo sought to make his views clear to his hearers, that they might compre-

head and agree with him, the more he awakened their doubts, and the less they confided in him, so that, instead of giving him their faith, they held him to be a fool and a babbler. Whereupon, being more than once dismissed, and finally refusing to go, they caused him to be carried forcibly from the audience by the servants of the place, considering him to be altogether mad. This contemptuous treatment caused Filippo at a later period to say, that he dared not at that time pass through any part of the city, lest some one should say, 'See, where goes that fool!' The syndics and others forming the assembly remained confounded, first, by the difficult methods proposed by the other masters, and next by that of Filippo, which appeared to them stark nonsense. He appeared to them to render the enterprise impossible by his two propositions—first, by that of making the cupola double, whereby the great weight to be sustained would be rendered altogether unmanageable, and next by the proposal of building without a framework. Filippo, on the other hand, who had spent so many years in close study to prepare himself for this work, knew not to what course to betake himself, and was many times on the point of leaving Florence. Still, if he desired to conquer, it was necessary to arm himself with patience, and he had seen enough to know that the heads of the city seldom remained long fixed to one resolution. He might easily have shown them a small model which he had secretly

made, but he would not do so, knowing the imperfect intelligence of the syndics, the envy of the artists, and the instability of the citizens, who favored now one and now another, as each chanced to please them. And I do not wonder at this, because every one in Florence professes to know as much of these matters, as do the most experienced masters, although there are very few who really understand them; a truth which we may be permitted to affirm without offence to those who are well informed on the subject. What Filippo therefore could not effect before the tribunal, he began to attempt with individuals, and talking apart now with a syndic, now with a warden, and again with different citizens, showing moreover certain parts of his design; he thus brought them at length to resolve on confiding the conduct of this work, either to him or to one of the foreign architects. Hereupon, the syndics, the wardens, and the citizens, selected to be judges in the matter, having regained courage, gathered together once again, and the architects disputed respecting the matter before them; but all were put down and vanquished on sufficient grounds by Filippo, and here it is said that the dispute of the egg arose, in the manner following. The other architects desired that Filippo should explain his purpose minutely, and show his model, as they had shown theirs. This he would not do, but proposed to all the masters, foreigners and compatriots, that he who could make an egg stand up

right on a piece of smooth marble, should be appointed to build the cupola, since in doing that, his genius would be made manifest. They took an egg accordingly, and all those masters did their best to make it stand upright, but none discovered the method of doing so. Wherefore, Filippo, being told that he might make it stand himself, took it daintily into his hand, gave the end of it a blow on the plane of the marble, and made it stand upright.* Beholding this, the artists loudly protested, exclaiming that they could all have done the same; but Filippo replied, laughing, that they might also know how to construct the cupola, if they had seen the model and design. It was thus at length resolved that Filippo should receive the charge of conducting the work, but was told that he must furnish the syndics and wardens with more exact information. "He returned, therefore, to his house, and stated his whole purpose on a sheet of paper, as clearly

* The story of Columbus and the Egg is familiar to every one. The jest undoubtedly originated with Brunelleschi, as it is attested by many of the Italian writers; it happened in 1420, fourteen years before Columbus was born. Toscanelli was a great admirer of Brunelleschi, whose knowledge of the Scriptures and powers of argument were so great, that he could successfully dispute in public assemblies, or in private with the most learned theologians, so that Toscanelli was accustomed to say that "to hear Filippo in argument, one might fancy one's self listening to a second Paul." So capital a retort could hardly have failed to reach Columbus, through his instructor, nor would he have hesitated to use it against his antagonists under similar circumstances. Brunelleschi was born in 1377 and died in 1444; Columbus in 1436, and died in 1506.

as he could possibly express it, when it was given to the tribunal in the following terms:—‘The difficulties of this erection being well considered, magnificent signors and wardens, I find that it cannot by any means be constructed in a perfect circle, since the extent of the upper part, where the lantern has to be placed, would be so vast, that when a weight was laid thereon, it would soon give way. Now it appears to me that those architects who do not aim at giving perpetual duration to their fabrics, cannot have any regard for the durability of the memorial, nor do they even know what they are doing. I have therefore determined to turn the inner part of this vault in angles, according to the form of the walls, adopting the proportions and manner of the pointed arch, this being a form which displays a rapid tendency to ascend, and when loaded with the lantern, each part will help to give stability to the other. The thickness of the vault at the base must be three braccia and three-quarters; it must then rise in the form of a pyramid, decreasing from without up to the point where it closes, and where the lantern has to be placed, and at this junction the thickness must be one braccia and a quarter. A second vault shall then be constructed outside the first, to preserve the latter from the rain, and this must be two braccia and a half thick at the base, also diminishing proportionally in the form of a pyramid, in such a manner that the parts shall have their junction at the commencement of the

lantern, as did the other, and at the highest point it must have two-thirds of the thickness of the base. There must be a buttress at each angle, which will be eight in all, and between the angles, in the face of each wall, there shall be two, sixteen in all; and these sixteen buttresses on the inner and outer side of each wall must each have the breadth of four braccia at the base. These two vaults, built in the form of a pyramid, shall rise together in equal proportion to the height of the round window closed by the lantern. There will thus be constructed twenty-four buttresses with the said vaults built around, and six strong high arches of a hard stone (*macigno*), well clamped and bound with iron fastenings, which must be covered with tin, and over these stones shall be cramping irons, by which the vaults shall be bound to the buttresses. The masonry must be solid, and must leave no vacant space up to the height of five braccia and a quarter; the buttresses being then continued, the arches will be separated. The first and second courses from the base must be strengthened everywhere by long plates of *macigno* laid crosswise, in such sort that both vaults of the cupola shall rest on these stones. Throughout the whole height, at every ninth braccia there shall be small arches constructed in the vaults between the buttresses, with strong cramps of oak, whereby the buttresses by which the inner vault is supported will be bound and strengthened; these fastenings of oak shall then be covered with

plates of iron, on account of the staircases. The buttresses are all to be built of *macigno*, or other hard stone, and the walls of the cupola are, in like manner, to be all of solid stone bound to the buttresses to the height of twenty-four braccia, and thence upward they shall be constructed of brick or of spongite (*spugne*), as shall be determined on by the masters who build it, they using that which they consider lightest. On the outside, a passage or gallery shall be made above the windows, which below shall form a terrace, with an open parapet or balustrade two braccia high, after the manner of those of the lower tribunes, and forming two galleries, one over the other, placed on a richly decorated cornice, the upper gallery being covered. The rain-water shall be carried off the cupola by means of a marble channel, one-third of an ell broad, the water being discharged at an outlet to be constructed of hard stone (*pietra forte*), beneath the channel. Eight ribs of marble shall be formed on the angles of the external surface of the cupola, of such thickness as may be requisite; these shall rise to the height of one braccia above the cupola, with cornices projecting in the manner of a roof, two braccia broad, that the summit may be complete, and sufficiently furnished with eaves and channels on every side; and these must have the form of the pyramid, from their base, or point of junction, to their extremity. Thus the cupola shall be constructed after the method described above, and without frame-

work, to the height of thirty braccia, and from that height upwards, it may be continued after such manner as shall be determined on by the masters who may have to build it, since practice teaches us by what methods to proceed.'

“ When Filippo had written the above, he repaired in the morning to the tribunal, and gave his paper to the syndics and wardens, who took the whole of it into their consideration; and, although they were not able to understand it all, yet seeing the confidence of Filippo, and finding that the other architects gave no evidence of having better ground to proceed on,—he moreover showing a manifest security, by constantly repeating the same things in such a manner that he had all the appearance of having vaulted ten cupolas:—the Syndics, seeing all this, retired apart, and finally resolved to give him the work; they would have liked to see some example of the manner in which he meant to turn this vault without framework, but to all the rest they gave their approbation. And fortune was favorable to this desire: Bartolomeo Barbadori having determined to build a chapel in Santa Felicita, and having spoken concerning it with Filippo, the latter had commenced the work, and caused the chapel, which is on the right of the entrance, where is also the holy water vase (likewise by the hand of Filippo), to be vaulted without any framework. At the same time he constructed another, in like manner, for Stiatta Ridolfi, in the church of

Santo Jacopo sopr' Arno ; that, namely, beside the chapel of the High Altar ; and these works obtained him more credit than was given to his words. The consuls and wardens feeling at length assured, by the writing he had given them, and by the works which they had seen, entrusted the cupola to his care, and he was made principal master of the works by a majority of votes. They would nevertheless not commission him to proceed beyond the height of twelve braccia, telling him that they desired to see how the work would succeed, but that if it proceeded as successfully as he expected, they would not fail to give him the appointment for the remainder. The sight of so much obstinacy and distrust in the syndics and wardens was so surprising to Filippo, that if he had not known himself to be the only person capable of conducting the work, he would not have laid a hand upon it ; but desiring, as he did, to secure the glory of its completion, he accepted the terms, and pledged himself to conduct the undertaking perfectly to the end. The writing Filippo had given was copied into a book wherein the purveyor kept the accounts of the works in wood and marble, together with the obligation into which Filippo had entered as above said. An allowance was then made to him, conformably with what had at other times been given to other masters of the works.

“ When the commission given to Filippo became known to the artists and citizens, some thought well

of it, and others ill, as always is the case with a matter which calls forth the opinions of the populace, the thoughtless, and the envious. Whilst the preparation of materials for beginning to build was making, a party was formed among the artists and citizens; and these men proceeding to the syndics and wardens, declared that the matter had been concluded too hastily, and that such a work ought not to be executed according to the opinion of one man only; they added, that if the syndics and wardens had been destitute of distinguished men, instead of being furnished with such in abundance, they would have been excusable, but that what was now done was not likely to redound to the honor of the citizens, seeing, that if any accident should happen, they would incur blame, as persons who had conferred too great a charge on one man, without considering the losses and disgrace that might result to the public. All this considered, it would be well to give Filippo a colleague, who might restrain his impetuosity (*furore*).

“Lorenzo Ghiberti had at that time attained to high credit by the evidence of his genius, which he had given in the doors of San Giovanni; and that he was much beloved by certain persons who were very powerful in the government was now proved with sufficient clearness, since, perceiving the glory of Filippo to increase so greatly, they labored in such a manner with the syndics and wardens, under the pretext of care and anxiety for the building,

that Ghiberti was united with Filippo in the work. The bitter vexation of Filippo, the despair into which he fell, when he heard what the wardens had done, may be understood by the fact that he was on the point of flying from Florence; and had it not been that Donato and Luca della Robbia comforted and encouraged him, he would have gone out of his senses. A truly wicked and cruel rage is that of those men, who, blinded by envy, endanger the honors and noble works of others in the base strife of ambition: it was not the fault of these men that Filippo did not break in pieces the models, set fire to the designs, and in one half hour destroy all the labors so long endured, and ruin the hopes of so many years. The wardens excused themselves at first to Filippo, encouraging him to proceed, reminding him that the inventor and author of so noble a fabric was still himself, and no other; but they, nevertheless, gave Lorenzo a stipend equal to that of Filippo. The work was then continued with but little pleasure on the part of Filippo, who knew that he must endure all the labors connected therewith, and would then have to divide the honor and fame equally with Lorenzo. Taking courage, nevertheless, from the thought that he should find a method of preventing the latter from remaining very long attached to that undertaking, he continued to proceed after the manner laid down in the writing given to the wardens. Meanwhile the

thought occurred to the mind of Filippo of constructing a complete model, which, as yet, had never been done. This he commenced forthwith, causing the parts to be made by a certain Bartolomeo, a joiner, who dwelt near his studio. In this model (the measurements of which were in strict accordance with those of the building itself, the difference being of size only), all the difficult parts of the structure were shown as they were to be when completed; as, for example, staircases lighted and dark, with every other kind of light, with the buttresses and other inventions for giving strength to the building, the doors, and even a portion of the gallery. Lorenzo, having heard of this model, desired to see it, but Filippo refusing, he became angry, and made preparations for constructing a model of his own, that he might not appear to be receiving his salary for nothing, but that he also might seem to count for something in the matter. For these models Filippo received fifty lire and fifteen soldi, as we find by an order in the book of Migliore di Tommaso, under date of the 3d October, 1419, while Lorenzo was paid three hundred lire for the labor and cost of his model, a difference occasioned by the partiality and favor shown to him, rather than merited by any utility or benefit secured to the building by the model which he had constructed.

“This vexatious state of things continued be

neath the eyes of Filippo until the year 1426,* the friends of Lorenzo calling him the inventor of the work, equally with Filippo, and this caused so violent a commotion in the mind of the latter, that he lived in the utmost disquietude. Various improvements and new inventions were, besides, presenting themselves to his thoughts, and he resolved to rid himself of his colleague at all hazards, knowing of how little use he was to the work. Filippo had already raised the walls of the cupola to the height of twelve braccia in both vaults, but the works, whether in wood or stone, that were to give strength to the fabric, had still to be executed, and as this was a matter of difficulty, he determined to speak with Lorenzo respecting it, that he might ascertain whether the latter had taken it into consideration. But Lorenzo was so far from having thought of this exigency, and so entirely unprepared for it, that he replied by declaring that he would refer that to Filippo as the inventor. The answer of Lorenzo pleased Filippo, who thought he here saw the means of removing his colleague from the works, and of making it manifest that he did not possess that degree of knowledge in the matter that was attributed to him by his friends, and implied in the favor which had placed him in the situation he held. All the builders were now engaged in

* Vasari means that Lorenzo continued to receive his salary till 1426, although Filippo had been appointed sole master of the works in 1423, as he himself relates in the sequel.

the work, and waited only for directions, to commence the part above the twelve braccia, to raise the vaults, and render all secure. The closing in of the cupola towards the top having commenced, it was necessary to provide the scaffolding, that the masons and laborers might work without danger, seeing that the height was such as to make the most steady head turn giddy, and the firmest spirit shrink, merely to look down from it. The masons and other masters were therefore waiting in expectation of directions as to the manner in which the chains were to be applied, and the scaffoldings erected; but, finding there was nothing determined on either by Lorenzo or Filippo, there arose a murmur among the masons and other builders, at not seeing the work pursued with the solicitude previously shown; and as the workmen were poor persons who lived by the labor of their hands, and who now believed that neither one nor the other of the architects had courage enough to proceed further with the undertaking, they went about the building employing themselves as best they could in looking over and furbishing up all that had been already executed.

“ But one morning, Filippo did not appear at the works: he tied up his head, went to bed complaining bitterly, and causing plates and towels to be heated with great haste and anxiety, pretending that he had an attack of pleurisy. The builders who stood waiting directions to proceed with their

work, on hearing this, demanded orders of Lorenzo for what they were to do; but he replied that the arrangement of the work belonged to Filippo, and that they must wait for him. 'How?' said one of them, 'do you not know what his intentions are?' 'Yes,' replied Lorenzo, 'but I would not do anything without him.'" This he said by way of excusing himself; for as he had not seen the model of Filippo, and had never asked him what method he meant to pursue, that he might not appear ignorant, so he now felt completely out of his depth, being thus referred to his own judgment, and the more so as he knew that he was employed in that undertaking against the will of Filippo. The illness of the latter having already lasted more than two days, the purveyor of the works, with many of the master-builders, went to see him, and repeatedly asked him to tell them what they should do; but he constantly replied, 'You have Lorenzo, let him begin to do something for once.' Nor could they obtain from him any other reply. When this became known, it caused much discussion: great blame was thrown upon the undertaking, and many adverse judgments were uttered. Some said that Filippo had taken to his bed from grief, at finding that he had not power to accomplish the erection of the Cupola, and that he was now repenting of having meddled with the matter; but his friends defended him, declaring that his vexation might arise from the wrong he had suffered in having Lorenzo given to him as a colleague,

but that his disorder was pleurisy, brought on by his excessive labors for the work. In the midst of all this tumult of tongues, the building was suspended, and almost all the operations of the masons and stone-cutters came to a stand. These men murmured against Lorenzo, and said, 'He is good enough at drawing the salary, but when it comes to directing the manner in which we are to proceed, he does nothing; if Filippo were not here, or if he should remain long disabled, what can Lorenzo do? and if Filippo be ill, is that his fault?' The wardens, perceiving the discredit that accrued to them from this state of things, resolved to make Filippo a visit, and having reached his house, they first condoled with him on his illness, told him into what disorder the building had fallen, and described the troubles which this malady had brought on them. Whereupon Filippo, speaking with much heat, partly to keep up the feint of illness, but also in part from his interest in the work, exclaimed, 'What! is not Lorenzo there? why does not he do something? I cannot but wonder at your complaints.' To this the wardens replied, 'He will not do anything without you.' Whereunto Filippo made answer, 'But I could do it well enough without him.' This acute and doubly significant reply sufficed to the wardens, and they departed, having convinced themselves that Filippo was sick of the desire to work alone; they therefore sent certain of his friends to draw him from his bed, with the intention of removing

Lorenzo from the work. Filippo then returned to the building, but seeing the power that Lorenzo possessed by means of the favor he enjoyed, and that he desired to receive the salary without taking any share whatever in the labor, he bethought himself of another method for disgracing him, and making it publicly and fully evident that he had very little knowledge of the matter in hand. He consequently made the following discourse to the wardens (Operai) Lorenzo being present:—‘Signori Operai, if the time we have to live were as well secured to us as is the certainty that we may very quickly die, there is no doubt whatever that many works would be completed, which are now commenced and left imperfect. The malady with which I have had the misfortune to be attacked, might have deprived me of life, and put a stop to this work; wherefore, lest I should again fall sick, or Lorenzo either, which God forbid, I have considered that it would be better for each to execute his own portion of the work: as your worships have divided the salary, let us also divide the labor, to the end that each, being incited to show what he knows and is capable of performing, may proceed with confidence, to his own honor and benefit, as well as to that of the republic. Now there are two difficult operations which must at this time be put into course of execution—the one is the erection of scaffoldings for enabling the builders to work in safety, and which must be prepared both for the inside and outside of the fabric, where they

will be required to sustain the weight of the mer, the stones and the mortar, with space also for the crane to draw up the different materials, and for other machines and tools of various kinds. The other difficulty is the chain-work, which has to be constructed upon the twelve braccia already erected, this being requisite to bind and secure the eight sides of the cupola, and which must surround the fabric, enchaining the whole, in such a manner that the weight which has hereafter to be laid on it shall press equally on all sides, the parts mutually supporting each other, so that no part of the edifice shall be too heavily pressed on or overweighed, but that all shall rest firmly on its own basis. Let Lorenzo then take one of these works, whichever he may think he can most easily execute; I will take the other, and answer for bringing it to a successful issue, that we may lose no more time.' Lorenzo having heard this, was compelled, for the sake of his honor, to accept one or other of these undertakings; and although he did it very unwillingly, he resolved to take the chain-work, thinking that he might rely on the counsels of the builders, and remembering also that there was a chain-work of stone in the vaulting of San Giovanni di Fiorenza, from which he might take a part, if not the whole, of the arrangement. One took the scaffolds in hand accordingly, and the other the chain-work, so that both were put in progress. The scaffolds of Filippo were constructed with so much ingenuity and

judgment, that in this matter the very contrary of what many had before expected was seen to have happened, since the builders worked thereon with as much security as they would have done on the ground beneath, drawing up all the requisite weights and standing themselves in perfect safety. The models of these scaffolds were deposited in the hall of the wardens. Lorenzo executed the chain-work on one of the eight walls with the utmost difficulty, and when it was finished the wardens caused Filippo to look at it. He said nothing to them, but with some of his friends he held discourse on the subject, declaring that the building required a very different work of ligature and security to that one, laid in a manner altogether unlike the method there adopted; for that this would not suffice to support the weight which was to be laid on it, the pressure not being of sufficient strength and firmness. He added that the sums paid to Lorenzo, with the chain-work which he had caused to be constructed, were so much labor, time, and money thrown away. The remarks of Filippo became known, and he was called upon to show the manner that ought to be adopted for the construction of such a chain-work; wherefore, having already prepared his designs and models, he exhibited them immediately, and they were no sooner examined by the wardens and other masters, than they perceived the error into which they had fallen by favoring Lorenzo. For this they now resolved to make amends;

and desiring to prove that they were capable of distinguishing merit, they made Filippo chief and superintendent of the whole fabric for life, commanding that nothing should be done in the work but as he should direct. As a further mark of approbation, they presented him moreover with a hundred florins, ordered by the syndics and wardens, under date of August 13, 1423, through Lorenzo Paoli, notary of the administration of the works, and signed by Gherardo di Messer Filippo Corsini: they also voted him an allowance of one hundred florins for life. Whereupon, having taken measures for the future progress of the fabric, Filippo conducted the works with so much solicitude and such minute attention, that there was not a stone placed in the building which he had not examined. Lorenzo on the other hand, finding himself vanquished and in a manner disgraced, was nevertheless so powerfully assisted and favored by his friends, that he continued to receive his salary, under the pretext that he could not be dismissed until the expiration of three years from that time.*

* How different was the treatment Ghiberti received from Brunelleschi, when the artists presented their models for one of the bronze doors of the Baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence. The designs of Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Donatello, were considered the three best; but the two latter, considering that Ghiberti was fairly entitled to the prize, withdrew their claims in his favor, and persuaded the syndics to adjudge the work to him. Brunelleschi was requested to undertake the work in concert with Ghiberti, but he would not consent to this, desiring to be first in some other art or undertaking

“ Drawings and models were meanwhile continually prepared by Filippo for the most minute portions of the building, for the stages or scaffolds for the workmen, and for the machines used in raising the materials. There were nevertheless several malicious persons, friends of Lorenzo, who did not cease to torment him by daily bringing forward models in rivalry of those constructed by him, inasmuch that one was made by Maestro Antonio da Verzelli, and other masters who were favored and brought into notice—now by one citizen and now by another, their fickleness and mutability betraying the insufficiency of their knowledge and the weakness of their judgment, since having perfection within their reach, they perpetually brought forward the imperfect and useless.

“ The chain-work was now completed around all the eight sides, and the builders, animated by success, worked vigorously; but being pressed more than usual by Filippo, and having received certain reprimands concerning the masonry and in relation to other matters of daily occurrence, discontents

than equal, or perhaps secondary, in another. “ Now, this was in truth,” says Vasari, “ the sincere rectitude of friendship; it was talent without envy, and uprightness of judgment in a decision respecting themselves, by which these artists were more highly honored than they could have been by conducting the work to the utmost summit of perfection. Happy spirits! who, while aiding each other took pleasure in commending the labors of their competitors. How unhappy, on the contrary, are the artists of our day, laboring to injure each other, yet still unsatisfied, they burst with envy, while seeking to wound others.”

began to prevail. Moved by this circumstance and by their envy, the chiefs among them drew together and got up a faction, declaring that the work was a laborious and perilous undertaking, and that they would not proceed with the vaulting of the cupola, but on condition of receiving large payments, although their wages had already been increased and were much higher than was usual: by these means they hoped to injure Filippo and increase their own gains. This circumstance displeased the wardens greatly, as it did Filippo also; but the latter, having reflected on the matter, took his resolution, and one Saturday evening he dismissed them all. The men seeing themselves thus sent about their business, and not knowing how the affair would turn, were very sullen; but on the following Monday Filippo set ten Lombards to work at the building, and by remaining constantly present with them, and saying, 'do this here' and 'do that there,' he taught them so much in one day that they were able to continue the work during many weeks. The masons, seeing themselves thus disgraced as well as deprived of their employment, and knowing that they would find no work equally profitable, sent messengers to Filippo, declaring that they would willingly return, and recommending themselves to his consideration. Filippo kept them for several days in suspense, and seemed not inclined to admit them again; they were afterwards reinstated, but with lower wages than they

had received at first: thus where they had thought to make gain they suffered loss, and by seeking to revenge themselves on Filippo, they brought injury and shame on their own heads.

“ The tongues of the envious were now silenced, and when the building was seen to proceed so happily, the genius of Filippo obtained its due consideration; and, by all who judged dispassionately, he was already held to have shown a boldness which has, perhaps, never before been displayed in their works, by any architect, ancient or modern. This opinion was confirmed by the fact that Filippo now brought out his model, in which all might see the extraordinary amount of thought bestowed on every detail of the building. The varied invention displayed in the staircases, in the provision of lights, both within and without, so that none might strike or injure themselves in the darkness, were all made manifest, with the careful consideration evinced by the different supports of iron which were placed to assist the footsteps wherever the ascent was steep. In addition to all this, Filippo had even thought of the irons for fixing scaffolds within the cupola, if ever they should be required for the execution of mosaics or pictures; he had selected the least dangerous positions for the places of the conduits, to be afterwards constructed for carrying off the rain water, had shown where these were to be covered and where uncovered; and had moreover contrived different outlets and apertures, whereby the force

of the winds should be diminished, to the end that neither vapors nor the vibrations of the earth, should have power to do injury to the building: all which proved the extent to which he had profited by his studies, during the many years of his residence in Rome. When in addition to these things, the superintendents considered how much he had accomplished in the shaping, fixing, uniting, and securing the stones of this immense pile, they were almost awe-struck on perceiving that the mind of one man had been capable of all that Filippo had now proved himself able to perform. His powers and facilities continually increased, and that to such an extent, that there was no operation, however difficult and complex, which he did not render easy and simple; of this he gave proof in one instance among others, by the employment of wheels and counterpoises to raise heavy weights, so that one ox could draw more than six pairs could have moved by the ordinary methods. The building had now reached such a height, that when a man had once arrived at the summit, it was a very great labor to descend to the ground, and the workmen lost much time in going to their meals, and to drink; arrangements were therefore made by Filippo, for opening wine-shops and eating-houses in the cupola; where the required food being sold, none were compelled to leave their labor until the evening, which was a relief and convenience to the men, as well as a very important advantage to the

work. Perceiving the building to proceed rapidly, and finding all his undertakings happily successful, the zeal and confidence of Filippo increased, and he labored perpetually ; he went himself to the ovens where the bricks were made, examined the clay, proved the quality of the working, and when they were baked he would select and set them apart, with his own hands. In like manner, while the stones were under the hands of the stone-cutters, he would look narrowly to see that they were hard and free from clefts ; he supplied the stone-cutters with models in wood or wax, or hastily cut on the spot from turnips, to direct them in the shaping and junction of the different masses ; he did the same for the men who prepared the iron work ; Filippo likewise invented hook hinges, with the mode of fixing them to the door-posts, and greatly facilitated the practice of architecture, which was certainly brought by his labors to a perfection that it would else perhaps never have attained among the Tuscans.

“ In the year 1423, when the utmost rejoicing and festivity was prevailing in Florence, Filippo was chosen one of the *Signori* for the district of San Giovanni, for the months of May and June ; Lapo Niccolini being chosen Gonfalonier for the district of Santa Croce : and if Filippo be found registered in the Priorista as ‘ di Ser Brunellesce Lippi,’ this need not occasion surprise, since they called him so after his grandfather, Lippo, instead of ‘ di Lapi,’

as they ought to have done. And this practice is seen to prevail in the Priorista, with respect to many others, as is well known to all who have examined it, or who are acquainted with the custom of those times. Filippo performed his functions carefully in that office; and in others connected with the magistracy of the city, to which he was subsequently appointed, he constantly acquitted himself with the most judicious consideration.

“The two vaults of the cupola were now approaching their close, at the circular window where the lantern was to begin, and there now remained to Filippo, who had made various models in wood and clay, both of the one and the other, in Rome and Florence, to decide finally as to which of these he would put in execution, wherefore he resolved to complete the gallery, and accordingly made different plans for it, which remained in the hall of wardens after his death, but which by the neglect of those officials have since been lost. But it was not until our own days that even a fragment was executed on a part of one of the eight sides (to the end that the building might be completed); but as it was not in accordance with the plan of Filippo, it was removed by the advice of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, and was not again attempted.

“Filippo also constructed a model for the lantern, with his own hand; it had eight sides, the proportions were in harmony with those of the cupola, and for the invention as well as variety and decora

tion, it was certainly very beautiful. He did not omit the staircase for ascending to the ball, which was an admirable thing; but as he had closed the entrance with a morsel of wood fixed at the lower part, no one but himself knew its position. Filippo was now highly renowned, but notwithstanding this, and although he had already overcome the envy and abated the arrogance of so many opponents, he could not yet escape the vexation of finding that all the masters of Florence, when his model had been seen, were setting themselves to make others in various manners; nay, there was even a lady of the Gaddi family, who ventured to place her knowledge in competition with that of Filippo. The latter, meanwhile, could not refrain from laughing at the presumption of these people, and when he was told by certain of his friends that he ought not to show his model to any artist lest they should learn from it, he replied that there was but one true model, and that the others were good for nothing. Some of the other masters had used parts of Filippo's model for their own, which, when the latter perceived, he remarked, 'The next model made by this personage will be mine altogether.' The work of Filippo was very highly praised, with the exception, that, not perceiving the staircase by which the ball was to be attained, the model was considered defective on that point. The superintendents determined, nevertheless, to give him the commission for the work, but on condition that he should show the

staircase;* whereupon Filippo, removing the morsel of wood which he had placed at the foot of the stair, showed it constructed as it is now seen, within one of the piers, and presenting the form of a hollow reed or blow-pipe, having a recess or groove on one side, with bars of bronze, by means of which the summit was gradually attained. Filippo was now at an age which rendered it impossible that he should live to see the lantern completed; he therefore left directions, by his will, that it should be built after the model here described, and according to the rules which he had laid down in writing, affirming that the fabric would otherwise be in danger of falling, since, being constructed with the pointed arch, it required to be rendered secure by means of the pressure of the weight to be thus added. But, though Filippo could not complete the edifice before his death, he raised the lantern to the height of several braccia, causing almost all the marbles required for the completion of the building

* This distrust seems astonishing, after what Brunelleschi had accomplished, but it shows the opposition and enmity he had to encounter. In 1434, he received a mortifying affront from the Guild of Builders. Finding that he carried on the building without thinking to pay the annual tax due from every artist who exercised his calling, they caused him to be apprehended and thrown into prison. As soon as this outrage was known to the wardens, they instantly assembled with indignation, and issued a solemn decree, commanding that Filippo should be liberated, and that the Consuls of the Guild should be imprisoned, which was accordingly done. Baldinucci discovered and printed the authentic document containing the decree, which is dated August 20, 1434.

to be carefully prepared and brought to the place. At the sight of these huge masses as they arrived, the people stood amazed, marvelling that it should be possible for Filippo to propose the laying of such a weight on the cupola. It was, indeed, the opinion of many intelligent men that it could not possibly support that weight. It appeared to them to be a piece of good fortune that he had conducted it so far, and they considered the loading it so heavy to be a tempting of Providence. Filippo constantly laughed at these fears, and having prepared all the machines and instruments required for the construction of the edifice, he ceased not to employ all his time in taking thought for its future requirements, providing and preparing all the minutiae, even to guarding against the danger of the marbles being chipped as they were drawn up: to which intent the arches of the tabernacles were built within defences of wood-work; and for all beside the master gave models and written directions, as we have said.

“How beautiful this building is, it will itself bear testimony. With respect to the height, from the level ground to the commencement of the lantern, there are one hundred and fifty-four braccia;* the

* Masselli says that the Tuscan braccio, is the ancient Roman foot doubled for greater convenience, and is equal to one foot nine inches and six lines, Paris measure. The editors of the Florentine edition of Vasari, 1846-9, remark that the measure of the whole edifice as given by Vasari, differs from that given by Fantozzi; the latter gives 196 braccia as its total height. Milizia says, “Brunelleschi

body of the lanthorn is thirty-six braccia high ; the copper ball four braccia ; the cross eight braccia ; in all two hundred and two braccia. And it may be confidently affirmed that the ancients never car-

completed his undertaking; which surpassed in height any work of the ancients. The lantern alone remained imperfect ; but he left a model for it, and always recommended, even in his last moments, that it should be built of heavy marble, because the cupola being raised on four arches, it would have a tendency to spring upwards if not pressed with a heavy weight. The three mathematicians who have written on the cupola of St. Peter's, have clearly demonstrated a truth differing from the opinion of Brunelleschi, viz., that the small cupola increases, in a great degree, the lateral pressure. The whole height of the structure from the ground to the top, is 385 feet ; that is, to the lantern 293 feet, the latter being 68 feet 6 inches ; the ball 8 feet ; the cross 15 feet 6 inches. * * *

“The plan of the dome is octangular ; each side in the interior is 57 feet, and the clear width between the sides, not measuring into the angles, is 137 feet ; the walls are 16 feet 9 inches thick ; the whole length of the church is 500 feet. The nave has four pointed arches on each side, on piers, separating it from the side aisles. The transept and choir have no side aisles, but are portions of an octagon, attached to the base of the dome, giving the whole plan the figure of a cross. The edifice has a Gothic character, and is incrustated in marble and mosaic work.” * * *

According to Fontani, this cupola exceeds that of the Vatican, both in height and circumference, by four braccia ; and although supported by eight ribs only, which renders it much lighter than that of the Vatican, which has sixteen flanking buttresses, it is nevertheless more solid and firm. Thus it has never required to be supported by circling hoops of iron, nor has it demanded the labors of the many engineers and architects who have printed volumes upon the subject. The construction of this cupola is remarkable in these particulars—that it is octangular, that it is double, and built entirely on the walls, unsupported by piers, and that there are no apparent counterforts.

ried their buildings to so vast a height, nor committed themselves to so great a risk as to dare a competition with the heavens, which this structure verily appears to do, seeing that it rears itself to such an elevation that the hills around Florence do not appear to equal it. And of a truth it might seem that the heavens were envious of its height, since their lightnings perpetually strike it. While this work was in progress, Filippo constructed many other fabrics."

BRUNELLESCHI'S ENTHUSIASM.

One morning, as Brunelleschi was amusing himself on the Piazza di Santa Maria del Fiore, in company with Donatello and other artists, the conversation happened to turn on ancient sculpture. Donatello related that when he was returning from Rome, he had taken the road of Orvieto, to see the remarkable façade of the Cathedral of that city—a highly celebrated work, executed by various masters, and considered in those days a very remarkable production. He added that as he was passing through Cortona, he had seen in the capitular church of that city a most beautiful antique marble vase, adorned with sculpture—a rare thing at that time, as most of the beautiful works of antiquity have since been brought to light. As Donatello proceeded to describe the manner in which the artist had treated this work, the delicacy, beauty, and

perfection of the workmanship, Filippo became inflamed with such an ardent desire to see it, that he set off immediately, on foot, to Cortona, dressed as he was in his mantle, hood, and wooden shoes, without communicating his purpose to any one. Finding that Donatello had not been too lavish of his praise, he drew the vase, returned to Florence, and surprised his friends with the accurate drawing he had made, before they knew of his departure, they believing that he must be occupied with his inventions. This urn, or funeral vase, according to the Florentine editors of Vasari, is still in the Cathedral of Cortona. The sculptures represent the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, or as some say, a Warlike Expedition of Bacchus. The design and workmanship are exquisite. It was found in a field without the city, and almost close to the Cathedral.

BRUNELLESCHI AND DONATELLO.

“Among other works,” says Vasari, “Donato received an order for a crucifix in wood, for the church of Santa Croce at Florence, on which he bestowed extraordinary labor. When the work was completed, believing himself to have produced an admirable thing, he showed it to Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, his most intimate friend, desiring to have his opinion of it. Filippo, who had expected from the words of Donato, to see a much finer production, smiled somewhat as he regarded it, and Donato

seeing this, entreated him by the friendship existing between them, to say what he thought of it. Whereupon Filippo, who was exceedingly frank, replied that Donatello appeared to him to have placed a clown on the cross, and not a figure resembling that of Jesus Christ, whose person was delicately beautiful, and in all parts the most perfect form of man that had ever been born. Donato hearing himself censured where he had expected praise, and more hurt than he was perhaps willing to admit, replied, 'If it were as easy to execute a work as to judge it, my figure would appear to thee to be Christ and not a boor; but take wood, and try to make one thyself.' Filippo, without saying anything more, returned home, and set to work on a crucifix, wherein he labored to surpass Donato, that he might not be condemned by his own judgment; but he suffered no one to know what he was doing. At the end of some months, the work was completed to the height of perfection, and this done, Filippo one morning invited Donato to dine with him, and the latter accepted the invitation. Thereupon, as they were proceeding together towards the house of Filippo, they passed by the Mercato Vecchio, where the latter purchased various articles, and giving them to Donato, said, 'Do thou go forward with these things to the house, and wait for me there; I'll be after thee in a moment.' Donato, therefore, having entered the house, had no sooner done so than he saw the crucifix, which Fi

lippo had placed in a suitable light. Stopping short to examine the work, he found it so perfectly executed, that feeling himself conquered, full of astonishment, and, as it were startled out of himself, he dropped the hands which were holding up his apron, wherein he had placed the purchases, when the whole fell to the ground, eggs, cheese, and other things, all broken to pieces and mingled together. But Donato, not recovering from his astonishment, remained still gazing in amazement and like one out of his wits when Filippo arrived, and inquired, laughing, 'What hast thou been about, Donato? and what dost thou mean us to have for dinner, since thou hast overturned everything?' 'I, for my part,' replied Donato, 'have had my share of dinner for to-day; if thou must needs have thine, take it. But enough said: to thee it has been given to represent Christ; to me, boors only.' " This crucifix now adorns the altar of the chapel of the Gondi.

DONATELLO.

This old Florentine sculptor was born in 1383. He was the first of the moderns who forsook the stiff and gothic manner, and endeavored to restore to sculpture the grace and beauty of the antique. He executed a multitude of works in wood, marble and bronze, consisting of images, statues, busts basso-relievos, monuments, equestrian statues. etc.

which gained him great reputation, and some of which are much esteemed at the present day. He was much patronized by Cosmo de' Medici, and his son Pietro.

Among Donatello's principal works, are three statues, each three braccia and a half high, (Vasari erroneously says four, and each five braccia high), for the façade of the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, which faces the Campanile. They represent St. John; David, called *Lo Zuccone* (so called, because bald-headed); and Solomon, or as some say, the prophet Jeremiah. The *Zuccone* is considered the most extraordinary and the most beautiful work ever produced by Donatello, who, while working on it, was so delighted with his success, that he frequently exclaimed, "Speak then! why wilt thou not speak?" Whenever he wished to affirm a thing in a manner that should preclude all doubt, he would say, "By the faith I place in my *Zuccone*."

DONATELLO AND THE MERCHANT.

A rich Genoese merchant commissioned Donatello to execute his bust in bronze, of life size. When the work was completed, it was pronounced a capital performance, and Cosmo de' Medici, who was the friend of both parties, caused it to be placed in the upper court of the palace, between the battlements which overlook the street, that it might be seen by the citizens. When the merchant,

unacquainted with the value of such works, came to pay for it, the price demanded appeared to him so exorbitant that he refused to take it, whereupon the matter was referred to Cosmo. When the latter sought to settle the difference, he found the offer of the merchant to be very far from the just demand of Donatello, and turning towards him, observed that he offered too small compensation. The merchant replied that Donatello could have made it in a month, and would thus be gaining half a florin a day (about one dollar). Donatello, disgusted and stung with rage, told the merchant that he had found means in the hundredth part of an hour to destroy the whole labor and cares of a year, and knocked the bust out of the window, which was dashed to pieces on the pavement below, observing, at the same time, that "it was evident he was better versed in bargaining for horse-beans than in purchasing statues." The merchant now ashamed of his conduct, and regretting what had happened, offered him double his price if he would reconstruct the bust,—but Donatello, though poor, flatly refused to do it on any terms, even at the request of Cosmo himself.

DONATELLO AND HIS KINSMAN.

When Donatello was very sick, certain of his kinsfolk, who were well to do in the world, but had not visited him in many years, went to condole with

him in his last illness. Before they left, they told him it was his duty to leave to them a small farm which he had in the territories of Prato, and this they begged very earnestly, though it was small and produced a very small income. Donatello, perceiving the motive of their visit, thus rebuked them: "I cannot content you in this matter, kinsmen, because I resolve—and it appears to me just and proper—to leave the farm to the poor husbandman who has always tilled it, and who has bestowed great labor on it; not to you, who without ever having done anything for it, or for me, but only thought of obtaining it, now come with this visit of yours, desiring that I should leave it to you. Go! and the Lord be with you."

DEATH OF DONATELLO.

Donatello died on the 13th of December, 1466. He was buried with great pomp and solemnity in the church of San Lorenzo, near the tomb of Cosmo, as he himself had commanded (for he had purchased the right), "to the end," as he said, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had ever been near him when in life." Bottari observes that another reason for his choice of San Lorenzo, may have been that many of his works were in that church.

DONATELLO AND MICHAEL ANGELO COMPARED.

"I will not omit to mention," says Vasari, "that the most learned and very reverend Don Vincenzo

Borghini, of whom we have before spoken in relation to other matters, has collected into a large book, innumerable drawings of distinguished painters and sculptors, ancient as well as modern, and among these are two drawings on two leaves opposite to each other, one of which is by Donato, and the other by Michael Angelo Buonarroti. On these he has with much judgment inscribed the two Greek mottos which follow; on the drawing of Donato, "Η Δονατος Βοναρροτιξει," and on that of Michael Angelo, "Η Βοναρροτος Δονατιξει," which in Latin run thus: *Aut Donatus Bonarrotom exprimit et refert, aut Bonarrotus Donatum;* and in our language they mean, "Either the spirit of Donato worked in Buonarroti, or that of Buonarroti first acted in Donato."

SOFONISBA ANGUISCIOLA'S EARLY DISTINCTION.

This noble lady of Cremona (born about 1530), was one of six sisters, all amiable, and much distinguished in arts and letters. She displayed a taste for drawing at a very early age, and soon became the best pupil in the school of Antonio Campi. One of her early sketchss, of a boy caught with his hand in the claw of a lobster, with a little girl laughing at his plight, was in possession of Vasari, and by him esteemed worthy of a place in a volume which he had filled with drawings by the most famous masters of that great age. Portraiture was her chief study; and Vasari commends a picture

which he saw at her father's house, of three of the sisters, and an ancient housekeeper of the family playing at chess, as a work "painted with so much skill and care, that the figures wanted only voice to appear alive." He also praises a portrait which she painted of herself, and presented to Pope Julius III., who died in 1555, which shows that she must have attracted the notice of princes while yet in her girlhood. At Milan, whither she accompanied her father, she painted the portrait of the Duke of Sessa, the Viceroy, who rewarded her with four pieces of brocade and various rich gifts.

SOFONISBA'S VISIT TO SPAIN.

Her name having become famous in Italy, in 1559, the King of Spain ordered the Duke of Alba, who was then at Rome, to invite her to the court of Madrid. She arrived there in the same year, and was received with great distinction, and lodged in the palace. Her first work was the portrait of the king, who was so much pleased with the performance that he rewarded her with a diamond worth 1500 ducats, and settled upon her a pension of 200 ducats. Her next sitters were the young queen Elizabeth of Valois, known in Spain as Isabel of the Peace, then in the bloom of bridal beauty, and the unhappy boy, Don Carlos. By the desire of Pope Pius IV., she made a second portrait of the Queen, sent to his Holiness with a dutiful letter,

which Vasari has preserved, as well as the gracious reply of the pontiff, who assures her that her painting shall be placed among his most precious treasures. Sofonisba held the post of lady-in-waiting to the queen, and was for some time governess to her daughter, the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia,—an appointment which proves that she must have resided in Spain for some time after 1566, the year of that princess' birth.

SOFONISBA'S MARRIAGES.

Her royal patrons at last married their fair artist, now arrived to a mature age, to Don Fabrizio de Moncada, a noble Sicilian, giving her a dowry of 12,000 ducats and a pension of 1,000, besides many rich presents in tapestries and jewels. The newly wedded pair retired to Palermo, where the husband died some years after. Sofonisba was then invited back to the court of Madrid, but excused herself on account of her desire to see Cremona and her kindred once more. Embarking for this purpose on board of a Genoese galley, she was entertained with such gallant courtesy by the captain, Orazio Lomellini, one of the merchant princes of the "city of Palaces," that she fell in love with him, and, according to Soprani, offered him her hand in marriage, which he accepted. On hearing of her second nuptials, their Catholic Majesties added 400 crowns to her pension.

**SOFONISBA'S RESIDENCE AT GENOA, AND HER
INTERCOURSE WITH VANDYCK.**

After her second marriage, Sofonisba continued to pursue the art at Genoa, where her house became the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of the Republic. The Empress of Germany paid her a visit on her way to Spain, and accepted a little picture,—one of the most finished and beautiful of her works. She was also visited by her former charge, the Infanta, then the wife of the Archduke Albert, and with him co-sovereign of Flanders. That princess spent many hours in conversing with her of by-gone days and family affairs; she also sat for her portrait, and presented Sofonisba with a gold chain enriched with jewels, as a memorial of their friendship. Thus courted in the society of Genoa, and caressed by royalty, this eminent paintress lived to the extreme age of ninety-three years. A medal was struck in her honor at Bologna; artists listened reverentially to her opinions; and poets sang her praises. Though deprived of sight in her latter years, she retained to the last her other faculties, her love of art, and her relish for the society of its professors. Vandyck was frequently her guest during his residence at Genoa, in 1621; and he used to say of her that he had learned more of the practical principles of the art from a blind woman, than by studying all the works of the best Italian masters

CARRIERA ROSALBA.

This celebrated Italian paintress was born at Chiozza, near Venice, in 1675. She acquired an immense reputation, and was invited to several of the courts of Europe. Few artists have equalled Rosalba in crayon painting.

ROSALBA'S MODESTY.

Notwithstanding she received so many flattering marks of distinction from crowned heads, Rosalba's native modesty never deserted her, and she seemed to esteem her works less than did many of her admirers, because she was sensible how far she fell short of her idea of perfection. "Everything I do," said she, "seems good enough to me just after I have done it, and perhaps for a few hours afterwards, but then I begin to discover my imperfections!" Thus it is with true merit; those who are superficial or pretending can never find out, or never will acknowledge their own faults

ROSALBA'S KNOWLEDGE OF TEMPER.

Rosalba used to say, "I have so long been accustomed to study features, and the expression of the mind by them, that I know people's tempers by their faces." She frequently surprised her friends by the accuracy of character which she read in the faces of persons who were entire strangers to her.

ELIZABETH SIRANI.

Elizabeth Sirani was born at Bologna in 1638. She early exhibited the most extraordinary talent for painting, which was perfectly cultivated by her father, Gio. Andrea Sirani, an excellent disciple and imitator of Guido. She attached herself to an imitation of the best style of Guido, which unites great relief with the most captivating amenity. Her first public work appeared in 1655, when she was seventeen years of age. It is almost incredible that in a short life of not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years, she could have executed the long list of works enumerated by Malvasia, copied from a register kept by herself, amounting to upwards of one hundred and fifty pictures and portraits; and our astonishment is increased, when we are told by the same author, that many of them are pictures and altar-pieces of large size, and finished with a care that excludes all appearance of negligence and haste. There are quite a number of her works in the churches of Bologna. Lanzi also speaks of her in terms of high commendation, and says, that "in her smaller works, painted by commission, she still improved herself, as may be seen by her numerous pictures of Madonnas, Magdalens, saints, and the infant Saviour, found in the Zampieri, Zambeccari, and Caprara palaces at Bologna, and in the Corsini and Bolognetti collections at Rome." She received many commissions from many of the sovereigns and

most distinguished persons of Europe. She had two sisters, Anna and Barbara, whom, according to Crespi, she instructed in the art, and who possessed considerable talent. Her fame was so great, that after her death not only the works of her sisters, but many of those of her father, were attributed to her. Lanzi says, "She is nearly the sole individual of the family whose name occurs in collections out of Bologna." She also executed some spirited etchings mostly from her own designs.

DEATH OF ELIZABETH SIRANI.

This accomplished, amiable, and talented lady was cut off in the flower of her life, August 29th, 1665, by poison, administered by one of her own maids, instigated, as is supposed, by some jealous young artists. Her melancholy death was bewailed with demonstrations of public sorrow, and her remains were interred with great pomp and solemnity in the church of S. Domenico, in the same vault where reposed the ashes of Guido.

RACHEL RUYSCH.

This celebrated paintress of fruit and flowers was born at Amsterdam in 1664. She was the daughter of Frederick Ruisch or Ruysch, the celebrated professor of anatomy. She early showed an extraordinary taste for depicting fruit and flowers, and

attained to such perfection in her art, that some have not hesitated to equal and even prefer her works to those of John van Huysum. She grouped her flowers in the most tasteful and picturesque manner, and depicted them with a grace and brilliancy that rivalled nature. Descamps says that "in her pictures of fruit and flowers, she surpassed nature herself." The extraordinary talents of this lady recommended her to the patronage of the Elector Palatine—a great admirer of her pictures—for whom she executed some of her choicest works, and received for them a munificent reward. Though she exercised her talents to an advanced age, her works are exceedingly rare, so great was the labor bestowed upon them. She spent seven years in painting two pictures, a fruit and a flower piece, which she presented to one of her daughters as a marriage portion. She married Jurian Pool, an eminent portrait painter, by whom she had ten children; she is frequently called by his name, though she always signed her pictures with her maiden name. Smith, in his *Catalogue raisonné*, vols. vi. and ix., gives a description of only about thirty pieces by her—a proof of their extreme rarity. They now command very high prices when offered for sale, which rarely happens. She died in 1760, aged 86 years.

SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK.

This eminent Flemish painter was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father early gave him instruc

tion in drawing ; he was also instructed by his mother, who painted landscapes, and was very skillful in embroidery. He studied afterwards under Henry van Balen, and made rapid progress in the art ; but attracted by the fame of Rubens, he entered the school of that master, and showed so much ability as to be soon entrusted with the execution of some of his instructor's designs. Some writers, among whom D'Argenville was the first, assert that Rubens became jealous of Vandyck's growing excellence, and therefore advised him to devote himself to portrait painting ; assigning the following anecdote as the cause of his jealousy. During the short absences of Rubens from his house, for the purpose of recreation, his disciples frequently obtained access to his studio, by means of bribing an old servant who kept the keys ; and on one of these occasions, while they were all eagerly pressing forward to view the great picture of the Descent from the Cross (although later investigations concerning dates seem to indicate that it was some other picture), Diepenbeck accidentally fell against the canvas, effacing the face of the Virgin, and the Magdalen's arm, which had just been finished, and were not yet dry. Fearful of expulsion from the school, the terrified pupils chose Vandyck to restore the work, and he completed it the same day with such success that Rubens did not at first perceive the change, and afterwards concluded not to alter it. Walpole entertains a different and more rational

view respecting Rubens' supposed jealousy. he thinks that Vandyck felt the hopelessness of surpassing his master in historical painting, and therefore resolved to devote himself to portrait. One authority states that the above mentioned incident only increased Rubens' esteem for his pupil, in perfect accordance with the distinguished character for generosity and liberality, which that great master so often evinced, and which forms very strong presumptive evidence against so base an accusation. Besides, his advice to Vandyck to visit Italy—where his own powers had been, as his pupil's would be, greatly strengthened—may be considered as sufficient to refute it entirely. They appear to have parted on the best terms; Vandyck presented Rubens with an *Ecce Homo*, Christ in the Garden, and a portrait of Helen Forman, Rubens' second wife; he was presented in return, by Rubens, with one of his finest horses.

VANDYCK'S VISIT TO ITALY.

At the age of twenty, Vandyck set out for Italy, but delayed some time at Brussels, fascinated by the charms of a peasant girl of Saveltheim, named Anna van Ophem, who persuaded him to paint two pictures for the church of her native place—a St. Martin on horseback, painted from himself and the horse given him by Rubens; and a Holy Family, for which the girl and her parents were the models.

On arriving in Italy, he spent some time at Venice, studying with great attention the works of Titian; after which he visited Genoa, and painted many excellent portraits for the nobility, as well as several pictures for the churches and private collections, which gained him great applause. From Genoa he went to Rome, where he was also much employed, and lived in great style. His portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, painted about this time, is one of his masterpieces, and in every respect an admirable picture; it is now in the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, hanging near Raffaelle's celebrated portrait of Leo X. Vandyck was known at Rome as the *Pittore Cavalieresco*; his countrymen there being men of low and intemperate habits, he avoided their society, and was thenceforward so greatly annoyed by their criticisms and revilings, that he was obliged to leave Rome about 1625, and return to Genoa, where he met with a flattering reception, and plentiful encouragement. Invited to Palermo, he visited that city, and painted the portraits of Prince Philibert of Savoy, the Viceroy of Sicily, and several distinguished persons, among whom was the celebrated paintress Sofonisba Anguisciola, then in her 92d year; but the plague breaking out, he returned to Genoa, and thence to his own country.

VANDYCK'S RETURN TO ANTWERP.

On his return to Antwerp, whither his reputation had preceded him, Vandyck was speedily employed

by various religious societies, and his picture of St Augustine for the church of the Augustines in that city, established his reputation among the first painters of his time. He painted other historical pictures, for the principal public edifices at Antwerp, Brussels, Mechlin, and Ghent; but acquired greater fame by his portraits, particularly his well known series of the eminent artists of his time, which were engraved by Vorstermans, Pontius, Bolswert, and others. His brilliant reputation at length roused the jealousy of his cotemporaries, many of whom were indefatigable in their intrigues to calumniate his works. In addition to these annoyances, the conduct of the canons of the Collegiate church of Courtray, for whom he painted an admirable picture of the Elevation of the Cross, proved too much for his endurance. After he had exerted all his powers to produce a masterpiece of art, the canons, upon viewing the picture, pronounced it a contemptible performance, and the artist a miserable dauber; and Vandyck could hardly obtain payment for his work. When the picture had received high commendation from good judges, they became sensible of their error, and requested him to execute two more works; but the indignant artist refused the commission. Disgusted with such treatment, Vandyck readily accepted an invitation to visit the Hague, from Frederick, Prince of Orange, whose portrait he painted, and those of his family, the principal personages of his court, and the foreign ambassadors.

VANDYCK'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Hearing of the great encouragement extended to the arts by Charles I., he determined to visit England in 1629. While there, he lodged with his friend and countryman, George Geldorp the painter, and expected to be presented to the king; but his hopes not being realized, he visited Paris; and meeting no better success there, he returned to his own country, with the intention of remaining there during the rest of his life. Charles, however, having seen a portrait by Vandyck, of the musician, Fic. Laniere, director of the music of the king's chapel, requested Sir Kenelm Digby to invite him to return to England. Accordingly, in 1631, he arrived a second time at London, and was received by the king in a flattering manner. He was lodged at Blackfriars, among the King's artists, where his majesty frequently went to sit for his portrait, as well as to enjoy the society of the painter. The honor of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1632, and the following year he was appointed painter to the king, with an annuity of £200.

Prosperity now flowed in upon the Fleming in abundance, and although he operated with the greatest industry and facility, painting single portraits in one day, he could hardly fulfil all his commissions. Naturally fond of display, he kept a splendid establishment, and his sumptuous table was frequented by persons of the highest distinc-

tion. He often detained his sitters to dinner, where he had an opportunity to observe more of their peculiar characteristics, and retouched their pictures in the afternoon. Notwithstanding his distinguished success, he does not appear to have been satisfied with eminence in portrait painting; and not long after his marriage with Maria Ruthven, granddaughter of Lord Gowrie, he went to Antwerp with his lady, on a visit to his family and friends, and thence proceeded to Paris. The fame which Rubens had acquired by his celebrated performances at the Luxembourg, rendered Vandyck desirous to execute the decorations at the Louvre; but on arriving at the French capital, he found the commission disposed of to Nicholas Poussin. He soon returned to England, and being still desirous of executing some great work, proposed to the king through Sir Kenelm Digby, to decorate the walls of the Banqueting House (of which the ceiling was already adorned by Rubens), with the History and Progress of the Order of the Garter. The sum demanded was £8000, and while the king was treating with him for a less amount, the project was terminated by the death of Vandyck, December 9th, 1641, aged 42 years. He was buried with extraordinary honors in St. Paul's cathedral. His high living had brought on the gout during his latter years, and luxury had considerably reduced his fortune, which he endeavored to repair by the study of alchemy. He left property amounting to about

£20,000. In his private character, Vandyck was universally esteemed for the urbanity of his manners, and his generous patronage to all who excelled in any science or art, many of whose portraits he painted gratuitously.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE, THE ELDER.

This eminent Dutch marine painter was born at Leyden, in 1610. He drew everything after nature, and was one of the most correct, spirited, and admirable designers of marine subjects. He made an incredible number of drawings on paper, heightened with India ink, all of them sketched from nature with uncommon elegance and fidelity. His talents recommended him to the notice of the States of Holland, and Descamps says they furnished him with a small vessel to accompany their fleets, that he might design the different manœuvres and engagements; that he was present in various sea-fights, in which he fearlessly exposed himself to the most imminent danger, while making his sketches; he was present at the severe battle between the English and Dutch fleets, under the command of the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam, in which the ship of the latter, with five hundred men, was blown up, and in the still more memorable engagement in the following year, between the English under the Duke of Albemarle, and the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, which lasted three days. It is said

that during these engagements he sailed alternately between the fleets, so as to represent minutely every movement of the ships, and the most material circumstances of the actions with incredible exactness and truth. So intent was he upon his drawing, that he constantly exposed himself to the greatest danger, without the least apparent anxiety. He wrote over the ships their names and those of their commanders; and under his own frail craft *V. Velde's Gallijodt*, or *Myn Gallijodt*.

VAN DE VELDE AND CHARLES II.

After having executed many capital pictures for the States of Holland, Van de Velde was invited to England by Charles II., who had become acquainted with his talents during his residence in Holland. He arrived in London about 1675, well advanced in years, and the king settled upon him a pension of £100 per annum until his death, in 1693, as appears from this inscription on his tomb-stone in St. James' church: "Mr. William van de Velde, senior, late painter of sea-fights to their Majesties, King Charles II. and King James, died in 1693." He was accompanied by his son, who was also taken into the service of the king, as appears from an order of the privy seal, as follows: "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c., to our dear Cousin, Prince Rupert, and the rest of our commissioners for executing the place of Lord High Ad

miral of England, greeting. Whereas, we have thought fit to allow the salary of £100 per annum unto William van de Velde the Elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of £100 per annum unto William van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts in color for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and the future establishment of said salaries to the aforesaid William van de Velde the Elder and William van de Velde the Younger, to be paid unto them, or either of them, during our pleasure, and for so doing, these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy-seal, at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."

Many of the large pictures of sea-fights in England, and doubtless in Holland, bearing the signature *W. van de Velde*, and generally attributed to the son, were executed by him from the designs of his father. Such are the series of twelve naval engagements and sea-ports in the palace at Hampton Court, though signed like the best works of the younger van de Velde; they are dated 1676 and 1682.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER.

This eminent artist was the son of the preceding, and born at Amsterdam in 1633. He had already

acquired a distinguished reputation in his native country for his admirable cabinet pictures of marine subjects, when he accompanied his father to England, where his talents not only recommended him to the patronage of the king, but to the principal nobility and personages of his court, for whom he executed many of his most beautiful works. "The palm," says Lord Orford, "is not less disputed with Raffaele for history, than with Van de Velde for sea-pieces." He died in 1707.

THE YOUNGER VAN DE VELDE'S WORKS.

Like his father, the younger Van de Velde designed everything from nature, and his compositions are distinguished by a more elegant and tasteful arrangement of his objects, than is to be found in the productions of any other painter of marines. His vessels are designed with the greatest accuracy, and from the improvements which had been made in ship-building, they are of a more graceful and pleasing form than those of his predecessors; the cordage and rigging are finished with a delicacy, and at the same time with a freedom almost without example; his small figures are drawn with remarkable correctness, and touched with the greatest spirit. In his calms the sky is sunny, and brilliant, and every object is reflected in the glassy smoothness of the water, with a luminous transparency peculiar to himself. In his fresh breezes and

squalls, the swell and curl of the waves is delineated with a truth and fidelity which could only be derived from the most attentive and accurate study of nature; in his storms, tempests, and hurricanes, the tremendous conflict of the elements and the horrors of shipwreck are represented with a truthfulness that strikes the beholder with terror.

The works of the younger Van de Velde are very numerous, and the greater part of them are in England, where Houbraken says they were so highly esteemed that they were eagerly sought after in Holland, and purchased at high prices to transport to London; so that they are rarely to be met with in his native country. Smith, in his *Catalogue raisonné*, vol. vi. and Supplement, describes about three hundred and thirty pictures by him, the value of which has increased amazingly, as may be seen by a few examples. The two marines now in the Earl of Ellesmere's collection, one a View of the Entrance to the Texel, sold in 1766 for £80, now valued at £1,000; the other sold in 1765 for £84, now valued at £500. A Sea-View, formerly in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, sold in 1772 for only £31; brought in 1823, £300. The Departure of Charles II. from Holland in 1660, sold in 1781 for £82; it brought recently, at public sale, £800. A View off the Coast of Holland sold in 1816 for £144; it brought, in Sir Simon Clarke's sale in 1840, £1,029. A View on the Sea-Shore, 16 inches by 12, sold in 1726 for £9, and in 1835 for £108.

The picture known as *Le Coup de Canon*, sold in 1786 for £52, in 1790 for only £36, but in 1844 it brought 1,380 guineas.

The drawings, and especially the sketches and studies of the younger Van de Velde are very numerous, and prove the indefatigable pains he took in designing his vessels, their appurtenances, and the ordonnance of his compositions. His sketches are executed in black lead-only; his more finished drawings with the pencil or pen, and shaded with India ink. He executed these with wonderful facility; it is recorded that he was so rapid in his sketching, that he frequently filled a quire of paper in an evening. Stanley says that during the years 1778 and 1780, about 8,000 of his drawings were sold in London at public auction. Some of his choicest drawings in India ink brought, at the sale of M. Goll de Frankenstein at Amsterdam, in 1833, and at that of the late Baron Verstolk de Soelen, in the same city in 1847, prices varying from £27 up to £144 each. He inherited his father's drawings, and all these seem now to be attributed to him.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

This distinguished French painter was born at Andely, in Normandy, in 1594. He was descended from a noble family, originally of Soissons, whose fortunes had been ruined in the disastrous civil wars in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III.

His father, Jean Poussin, after serving in the army of Henry IV., settled on a small paternal inheritance at Andely, where he cultivated a taste for literature and the sciences, and instructed his son in the same. Young Poussin had already distinguished himself for the solidity of his judgment, and his progress in letters, when a natural fondness for drawing, developed by an acquaintance he had formed with Quintin Varin, an artist of some eminence, induced him to solicit the permission of his father to adopt painting as a profession.

POUSSIN'S FIRST CELEBRITY.

In 1612, at the age of eighteen, Poussin went to Paris in search of improvement, where he devoted himself to studying the best works to which he could gain access (for the fine arts were then at a low ebb in France) with the greatest assiduity. In 1620, according to Felibien, the Jesuits celebrated the canonization of the founder of their order, Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier, on which occasion they determined to display a series of pictures by the first artists in Paris, representing the miracles performed by their patron saints. Of these, Poussin painted six in distemper, in an incredibly short space of time, and when the exhibition came off, although he had been obliged to neglect detail, his pictures excited the greatest admiration on account of the grandeur of conception, and the ele-

gance of design displayed in them. They obtained the preference over all the others, and brought Poussin immediately into notice.

POUSSIN'S FIRST VISIT TO ROME.

While Poussin resided at Paris, his talents, and the endowments of his mind procured him the esteem of several men of letters and distinction, among whom was the Cav. Marino, the celebrated Italian poet, who happened then to be in Paris. Marino strongly urged him to accompany him to Rome, an invitation which Poussin would gladly have accepted, had he not then been engaged in some commissions of importance, which having completed, he set out for Rome in 1624, where he was warmly received by his friend Marino, who introduced him to the Cardinal Barberini. He however derived little advantage from this favorable notice at the time, as the Cardinal soon after left Rome on his legation to France and Spain, and the Cav. Marino died about the same time. Poussin now found himself a stranger, friendless and unknown in the Eternal City, in very embarrassed circumstances; but he consoled himself with the thought that his wants were few, that he was in the very place where he had long sighed to be, surrounded by the glorious works of ancient and modern art, and that he should have abundant leisure to study. Therefore, though he could

scarcely supply his necessities by the disposal of his works, and was often compelled to sell them for the most paltry prices, his courage did not fail him, but rather stimulated him to the greatest assiduity to perfect himself in the art. He lodged in the same house with Francis du Quesnoy, called Il Fiammingo, the state of whose finances at that time were not more flourishing than his own, and he lived in habits of intimacy and strict friendship with that eminent sculptor, with whom he explored, studied, and modeled the most celebrated antique statues and bas-reliefs, particularly the Meleager in the Vatican, from which he derived his rules of proportion. At first he copied several of the works of Titian, and improved his style of coloring, but he afterwards contemplated the works of Raffaelle with an enthusiasm bordering on adoration. The admirable expression and purity of the works of Domenichino, rendered them particularly interesting to him, and he used to regard his Communion of St. Jerome as the second picture at Rome, the Transfiguration by Raffaelle being the first.

POUSSIN'S DISTRESS AT ROME.

While Poussin was thus pursuing his studies at Rome, he was left by the death of his friend Marino, in a state of extreme distress, and was obliged to dispose of his paintings at the most paltry prices, to procure the necessaries of life. Filibien

says that he sold the two fine battle-pieces which were afterwards in the collection of the Duke de Noailles for seven crowns each, and a picture of a Prophet for eight livres. His celebrated picture of "the Ark of God among the Philistines" brought him but sixty crowns; the original purchaser sold it not long afterwards to the Duc de Richelieu for one thousand crowns!

POUSSIN'S SUCCESS AT ROME.

A brighter day now dawned upon Poussin. What had happened to him, which would have been regarded by most young artists as the greatest misfortune and sunk them in despondency and ruin, proved of the greatest advantage to him. The Cardinal Barberini having returned to Rome, gave him some commissions, which he executed in such an admirable manner as at once established his reputation among those of the greatest artists of the age. The first work he executed for his patron was his celebrated picture of the Death of Germanicus, which Lanzi pronounces one of his finest productions. He next painted the Taking of Jerusalem by Titus. These works gave the Cardinal so much satisfaction that he procured for him the commission to paint a large picture of the Martyrdom of St. Erasmus, for St. Peter's, now in the pontifical palace at Monte Cavallo. These works procured him the friendship and patronage of the Cav. del Pozzo, for whom he painted his first set of pic

tures, representing the Seven Sacraments, now in the collection of the Duke of Rutland. He afterwards painted another set of the same, with some variations, for M. de Chantelou, formerly in the Orleans collection, now in that of the Marquis of Stafford.

POUSSIN'S INVITATION TO PARIS.

In 1639, Poussin was invited to Paris by Louis XIII., who honored him on this occasion with the following autograph letter, which was an extraordinary and unusual homage to art :

“DEAR AND WELL BELOVED,

“Some of our especial servants having made a report to us of the reputation which you have acquired, and the rank which you hold among the best and most famous painters of Italy; and we being desirous, in imitation of our predecessors, to contribute, as much as lies in us, to the ornament and decoration of our royal houses, by fixing around us those who excel in the arts, and whose attainments in them have attracted notice in the places where those arts are most cherished, do therefore write you this letter, to acquaint you that we have chosen and appointed you to be one of our painters in ordinary, and that, henceforward, we will employ you in that capacity. To this effect our intention is, that on the receipt of this present, you shall dispose yourself to come hither, where the

services you perform shall meet with as much consideration as do your merits and your works, in the place where you now reside. By our order, given to M. de Noyers, you will learn more particularly the favor we have determined to shew you. We will add nothing to this present, but to pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

“ Given at Fontainebleau,

Jan. 15, 1639.”

Poussin accepted the invitation with great reluctance, at the earnest solicitation of his friends. On his arrival at Paris he was received with marked distinction, appointed principal painter to the king, with a pension, and accommodated with apartments in the Tuileries. He was commissioned to paint an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Germain en Laie, where he produced his admirable work of the Last Supper, and was engaged to decorate the Gallery of the Louvre with the Labors of Hercules. He had already prepared the designs and some of the cartoons for these works, when he was assailed by the machinations of Simon Vouet and his adherents; and even the landscape painter Fouquieres, jealous of his fame, presumed to criticise his works and detract from their merit.

POUSSIN'S RETURN TO ROME.

Poussin, naturally of a peaceful turn of mind, fond of retirement and the society of a few select

literary friends, was disgusted with the ostentation of the court and the cabals by which he was surrounded; he secretly sighed for the quiet félicity he had left at Rome, and resolved to return thither without delay. For this purpose, he solicited and obtained leave of the king to visit Italy and settle his affairs, and fetch his wife; but when he had once crossed the Alps, no inducement could prevail on him to revisit his native country, or even to leave Rome. During a period of twenty-three years after his return to Rome from Paris, he lived a quiet, unostentatious life, and executed a great number of pictures, which decorate the principal cabinets of Europe, and will ever be regarded as among their most valuable ornaments. He confined himself mostly to works of the large easel size, which were eagerly sought after, and usually disposed of as soon as they were executed. He never made any words about the price of his pictures, but asked a modest and moderate price, which he always marked upon the back of his canvas, and which was invariably paid. Many of his works were sent to Paris, where they were valued next to the productions of Raffaele. He was plain and unassuming in his manners, very frugal in his living, yet so liberal and generous that at his death he left an estate of only 60,000 livres—about \$12,000. Felibien relates an anecdote which pleasingly illustrates his simple and unostentatious mode of life. The Cardinal Mancini was accustomed to visit his studio

frequently, and on one occasion, having staid later than usual, Poussin lighted him to the door, at which the prelate observed, "I pity you, Monsieur Poussin, that you have not one servant." "And I," replied the painter, "pity your Excellency much more, that you are obliged to keep so many."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' CRITIQUE ON POUSSIN.

"The favorite subjects of Poussin were ancient fables; and no painter was ever better qualified to paint such subjects, not only from his being eminently skilled in the knowledge of the ceremonies, customs, and habits of the ancients, but from his being so well acquainted with the different characters which those who invented them gave to their allegorical figures. Though Rubens has shown great fancy in his Satyrs, Silenuses, and Fauns, yet they are not that distinct, separate class of beings which is carefully exhibited by the ancients, and by Poussin. Certainly, when such subjects of antiquity are represented, nothing should remind us of modern times. The mind is thrown back into antiquity, and nothing ought to be introduced that may tend to awaken it from the illusion.

"Poussin seemed to think that the style and the language in which such stories are told is not the worse for preserving some relish of the old way of painting, which seemed to give a general uniformity to the whole, so that the mind was thrown back

into antiquity, not only by the subject, but also by the execution.

“ If Poussin, in imitation of the ancients, represents Apollo driving his Chariot out of the sea, by way of representing the sun rising, if he personifies lakes and rivers, it is no ways offensive in him, but seems perfectly of a piece with the general air of the picture. On the contrary, if the figures which people his pictures had a modern air and countenance, if they appeared like our countrymen, if the draperies were like cloth or silk of our manufacture, if the landscape had the appearance of a modern one, how ridiculous would Apollo appear instead of the sun, and an old Man or a Nymph with an urn to represent a river or lake ?” He also says, in another place, that “ it may be doubted whether any alteration of what is considered defective in his works, would not destroy the effect of the whole.”

POUSSIN'S VIEWS OF HIS ART.

Poussin, in his directions to artists who came to study at Rome, used to say that “ the remains of antiquity afforded him instruction that he could not expect from masters ;” and in one of his letters to M. de Chantelou, he observes that “ he had applied to painting the theory which the Greeks had introduced into their music—the Dorian for the grave and the serious ; the Phrygian for the vehement and the passionate ; the Lydian for the soft and the ten-

der, and the Ionian for the riotous festivity of his bacchanalians." He was accustomed to say "that a particular attention to coloring was an obstacle to the student in his progress to the great end and design of the art; and that he who attaches himself to this principal end, will acquire by practice a reasonably good method of coloring." He well knew that splendor of coloring and brilliancy of tints would ill accord with the solidity and simplicity of effect so essential to heroic subjects, and that the sublime and majestic would be degraded by a union with the florid and the gay. The elevation of his mind is conspicuous in all his works. He was attentive to vary his style and the tone of his color, distinguishing them by a finer and more delicate touch, a tint more cheerful or austere, a site more cultivated or wild, according to the character of his subject and the impression he designed to make; so that we are not less impressed with the beauty and grandeur of his scenery, than with the varied, appropriate, and dignified characteristics which distinguish his works.

POUSSIN'S WORKS.

In Smith's Catalogue raisonné may be found a descriptive account of upwards of three hundred and fifty of the works of this great artist, in many instances tracing the history from the time they were painted, the names of the present possessors, and the principal artists by whom they have been

engraved, together with many interesting particulars of the life of the painter. There are eight of his pictures in the English National Gallery, fourteen in the Dulwich Gallery, and many in the possession of the nobility of England. The prices paid for those in the National Gallery vary from 150 to 1000 guineas.

MARINO AND POUSSIN.

Marino was born at Naples. Some political disturbances, in which he and his family had taken part, obliged him to quit that kingdom, and he took refuge successively in several of the petty courts of Italy. His talent for satire involved him in various literary disputes, as well as some political quarrels, and he never resided long in one place, until Mary of Medicis invited him to the court of France, where he passed much of his life, and where he wrote most of his poems, which, though licentious both in matter and style, contain numerous beauties, and are full of classical imagery. Marino gave Poussin an apartment in his house at Rome, and as his own health was at that time extremely deranged, he loved to have Poussin by the side of his couch, where he drew or painted, while Marino read aloud to him from some Latin or Italian author, or from his own poems, which Poussin illustrated by beautiful drawings, most of which it is to be feared are lost; although it is believed that there is still existing in the Massimi library, a copy of the *Ado-*

nis in Marino's hand-writing, with Poussin's drawings interleaved. To this kind of study which he pursued with Marino, may perhaps be attributed Poussin's predilection for compositions wherein nymphs, and fairies, and bacchanals are the subjects—compositions in which he greatly excelled.

POUSSIN ROMANIZED.

While the court of France was at variance with the Holy See, considerable acrimony existed among his Holiness's troops against all Frenchmen; consequently, wherever they met them in Rome, they instantly attacked them with sticks and stones, and sometimes with even more formidable weapons. It happened one day that Poussin and three or four of his countrymen, returning from a drawing excursion, met at the Quattro Fontane near Monte Cavallo, a company of soldiers, who seeing them dressed in the French costume, instantly attacked them. They all fled but Poussin, who was surrounded, and received a cut from a sabre between the first and second finger. Passeri, who relates the anecdote, says that the sword turned, otherwise "a great misfortune must have happened both to him and to painting." Not daunted, however, he fought under the shelter of his portfolio, throwing stones as he retreated, till being recognized by some Romans who took his part, he effected his escape to his lodgings. From that day he put on the

Roman dress, adopted the Roman way of living, and became so much a Roman, that he considered the city as his true home.

POUSSIN'S HABITS OF STUDY.

Poussin not only studied every vestige of antiquity at Rome and in its environs, with the greatest assiduity while young, but he followed this practice through life. It was his delight to spend every hour he could spare at the different villas in the neighborhood of Rome, where, besides the most beautiful remains of antiquity, he enjoyed the unrivalled landscape which surrounds that city, so much dignified by the noble works of ancient days, that every hill is classical, the very trees have a poetic air, and everything combines to excite in the soul a kind of dreaming rapture from which it would not be awakened, and which those who have not felt it can scarcely understand.

He restored the antique temples, and made plans and accurate drawings of the fragments of ancient Rome; and there are few of his pictures, where the subject admits of it, in which we may not trace the buildings, both of the ancient and the modern city. In the beautiful landscape of the death of Eurydice, the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and the tower, commonly called that of Nero, form the middle ground of the picture. The castle of St. Angelo appears again in one of his pictures of the

Exposing of Moses; and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, the Pantheon, the ruins of the Forum, and the walls of Rome, may be recognised in the Finding of Moses, and several others of his remarkable pictures.

“I have often admired,” said Vigneul de Marville, who knew him at a late period of his life, “the love he had for his art. Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene which had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature. One day I asked him, how he had attained to such a degree of perfection as to have gained so high a rank among the great painters of Italy? He answered, *‘I have neglected nothing!’*”

POUSSIN'S OLD AGE.

The genius of Poussin seems to have gained vigor with age. Nearly his last works, which were begun in 1660, and sent to Paris 1664, were the four pictures, allegorical of the seasons, which he painted for the Duc de Richelieu. He chose the terrestrial paradise, in all the freshness of creation, to designate spring. The beautiful story of Boaz and Ruth formed the subject of summer. Autumn was aptly pictured, in the two Israelites bearing the

bunch of grapes from the Promised Land. But the masterpiece was Winter, represented in the Deluge. This picture has been, perhaps, the most praised of all Poussin's works. A narrow space, and a very few persons have sufficed him for this powerful representation of that great catastrophe. The sun's disc is darkened with clouds; the lightning shoots in forked flashes through the air: nothing but the roofs of the highest houses are visible above the distant water upon which the ark floats, on a level with the highest mountains. Nearer, where the waters, pent in by rocks, form a cataract, a boat is forced down the fall, and the wretches who had sought safety in it are perishing: but the most pathetic incident is brought close to the spectator. A mother in a boat is holding up her infant to its father, who, though upon a high rock, is evidently not out of reach of the water, and is only protracting life a very little.

POUSSIN'S LAST WORK AND DEATH.

The long and honorable race of Poussin was now nearly run. Early in the following year, 1665, he was slightly affected by palsy, and the only picture of figures that he painted afterwards was the Samaritan Woman at the Well, which he sent to M. de Chantelou, with a note, in which he says, "This is my last work; I have already one foot in the grave." Shortly afterwards he wrote the following

letter to M. Felibien: "I could not answer the letter which your brother, M. le Prieur de St. Clementin, forwarded to me, a few days after his arrival in this city, sooner, my usual infirmities being increased by a very troublesome cold, which continues and annoys me very much. I must now thank you not only for your remembrance, but for the kindness you have done me, by not reminding the prince of the wish he once expressed to possess some of my works. It is too late for him to be well served; I am become too infirm, and the palsy hinders me in working, so that I have given up the pencil for some time, and think only of preparing for death, which I feel bodily upon me. It is all over with me." He expired shortly afterwards, aged 71 years.

POUSSIN'S IDEAS OF PAINTING.

"Painting is an imitation by means of lines and colors, on some superficies, of everything that can be seen under the sun; its end is to please.

Principles that every man capable of reasoning may learn:—There can be nothing represented,

Without light,

Without form,

Without color,

Without distance,

Without an instrument, or medium.

Things which are not to be learned, and which make an essential part of painting

First, the subject must be noble. It should have received no quality from the mere workmen ; and to allow scope to the painter to display his powers, he should choose it capable of receiving the most excellent form. He must begin by composition, then ornament, propriety, beauty, grace, vivacity, probability, and judgment, in each and all. These last belong solely to the painter, and cannot be taught. The nine are the golden bough of Virgil; which no man can find or gather, if his fate do not lead him to it."

POUSSIN AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A person of rank who dabbled in painting for his amusement, having one day shown Poussin one of his performances, and asked his opinion of its merits, the latter replied, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make a good painter."

POUSSIN AND MENGES.

The admirers of Menges, jealous of Poussin's title of "the Painter of Philosophers," conferred on him the antithetical one of "the Philosopher of Painters." Though it cannot be denied that Menges' writings and his pictures are learned, yet few artists have encountered such a storm of criticism.

POUSSIN AND DOMENICHINO.

Next to correctness of drawing and dignity of conception, Poussin valued expression in painting. He ranked Domenichino next to Raffaele for this quality, and not long after his arrival at Rome, he set about copying the Flagellation of St. Andrew, painted by that master in the church of S. Gregorio, in competition with Guido, whose Martyrdom of that Saint is on the opposite side of the same church. Poussin found all the students in Rome busily copying the Guido, which, though a most beautiful work, lacks the energy and expression which distinguish the Flagellation; but he was too sure of his object to be led away by the crowd. According to Felibien, Domenichino, who then resided at Rome, in a very delicate state of health, having heard that a young Frenchman was making a careful study of his picture, caused himself to be conveyed in his chair to the church, where he conversed some time with Poussin, without making himself known; charmed with his talents and highly cultivated mind, he invited him to his house, and from that time Poussin enjoyed his friendship and profited by his advice, till that illustrious painter went to Naples, to paint the chapel of St. Januarius.

POUSSIN AND SALVATOR ROSA.

Among the strolling parties of monks and friars, cardinals and prelates, Roman princesses and Eng-

lish peers, Spanish grandees and French cavaliers which crowded the *Pincio*, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, there appeared two groups, which may have recalled those of the Portico or the Academy, and which never failed to interest and fix the attention of the beholders. The leader of one of these singular parties was the venerable Niccolo Poussin! The air of antiquity which breathed over all his works seemed to have infected even his person and his features; and his cold, sedate, and passionless countenance, his measured pace and sober deportment, spoke that phlegmatic temperament and regulated feeling, which had led him to study monuments rather than men, and to declare that the result of all his experience was "to teach him to live well with all persons." Soberly clad, and sagely accompanied by some learned antiquary or pious churchman, and by a few of his deferential disciples, he gave out his trite axioms in measured phrase and emphatic accent, lectured rather than conversed, and appeared like one of the peripatetic teachers of the last days of Athenian pedantry and pretension.

In striking contrast to these academic figures, which looked like their own "grandsires cut in alabaster," appeared, unremittingly, on the *Pincio*, after sunset, a group of a different stamp and character, led on by one who, in his flashing eye, mobile brow, and rapid movement, all fire, feeling, and perception—was the very personification of genius

itself. This group consisted of Salvator Rosa, gallantly if not splendidly habited, and a motley gathering of the learned and witty, the gay and the grave, who surrounded him. He was constantly accompanied in these walks on the Pincio by the most eminent virtuosi, poets, musicians, and cavaliers in Rome; all anxious to draw him out on a variety of subjects, when air, exercise, the desire of pleasing, and the consciousness of success, had wound him up to his highest pitch of excitement; while many who could not appreciate, and some who did not approve, were still anxious to be seen in his train, merely that they might have to boast "*nos quoque.*"

From the Pincio, Salvator Rosa was generally accompanied home by the most distinguished persons, both for talent and rank; and while the frugal Poussin was lighting out some reverend prelate or antiquarian with one sorry taper, Salvator, the prodigal Salvator, was passing the evening in his elegant gallery, in the midst of princes, nobles, and men of wit and science, where he made new claims on their admiration, both as an artist and as an *improvisatore*; for till within a few years of his death he continued to recite his own poetry, and sing his own compositions to the harpsichord or lute.

POUSSIN, ANGELO, AND RAFFAELLE COMPARED.

Poussin is, in the strict sense of the word, an historical painter.

Michael Angelo is too intent on the sublime, too much occupied with the effect of the whole, to tell a common history. His conceptions are epic, and his persons, and his colors, have as little to do with ordinary life, as the violent action of his actors have resemblance to the usually indolent state of ordinary men.

Raffaelle's figures interest so much in themselves, that they make us forget that they are only part of a history. We follow them eagerly, as we do the personages of a drama; we grieve, we hope, we despair, we rejoice with them.

Poussin's figures, on the contrary, tell their story; we feel not the intimate acquaintance with themselves, that we do with the creations of Raffaelle. His Cicero would thunder in the forum and dissipate a conspiracy, and we should take leave of him with respect at the end of the scene; but with Raffaelle's we should feel in haste to quit the tumult, and retire with him to his Tusculum, and learn to love the virtues, and almost to cherish the weaknesses of such a man.

Poussin has shown that grace and expression may be independent of what is commonly called beauty. His women have none of that soft, easy, and attractive air, which many other painters have found the secret of imparting, not only to their Venuses and Graces, but to their Madonnas and Saints. His beauties are austere and dignified. Minerva and the Muses appear to have been his models, rather

than the inhabitants of Mount Cithæron. Hence subjects of action are more suited to him than those of repose.—*Graham's Life of Poussin.*

REMBRANDT.

Paul Rembrandt van Rhyn, one of the most eminent painters and engravers of the Dutch school, was the son of a miller, and was born in 1606, at a small village on the banks of the Rhine, between Leyderdorp and Leyden, whence he was called Rembrandt van Rhyn, though his family name was Gerretz. It is said that his father, being in easy circumstances, intended him for one of the learned professions, but was induced by Rembrandt's passion for the art to allow him to follow his inclination. He entered the school of J. van Zwaanenberg at Amsterdam, where he continued three years, and made such surprising progress as astonished his instructor. Having learned from Zwaanenberg all he was capable of imparting, he next studied about six months with Peter Lastmann, and afterwards for a short time with Jacob Pinas, from whom it is said he acquired that taste for strong contrasts of light and shadow, for which his works are so remarkable. He was, however, more indebted for his best improvement to the vivacity of his own genius, and an attentive study of nature, than to any information he derived from his instructors. On returning home, he fitted up an attic room, with



doe in meer mijn fuyf vrou gelouft
 21 jaar oud was den berde
 Jong als wij getrouwt waren

De 8^{de} Junij^{ne}
 1632

Translation of Rembrandt's writing: "This is the only counterfeit of my wife,
 since 21 years, and whom the earth covers, as we faithful were, 8th June, 1632."

a skylight, in his father's mill, for a studio, where he probably pursued his labors for several years, as he did not remove to Amsterdam till 1630. Here he studied the grotesque figure of the Dutch boor, or the rotund contour of the bar-maid of an alehouse, with as much precision as the great artists of Italy have imitated the Apollo Belvidere, or the Medicean Venus. He was exceedingly ignorant, and it is said that he could scarcely read. He was of a wayward and eccentric disposition, and sought for recreation among the lowest orders of the people, in the amusements of the alehouse, contracting habits which continued through life; even when in prosperous circumstances, he manifested no disposition to associate with more refined and intellectual society. It will readily be perceived that his habits, disposition, and studies could not conduct him to the noble conceptions of Raffaello, but rather to an exact imitation of the lowest order of nature, with which he delighted to be surrounded. The life of Rembrandt is much involved in fable, and in order to form a just estimate of his powers, it is necessary to take these things into consideration. It is said by some writers, that, had he studied the antique, he would have reached the very perfection of the art, but Nieuwenhuys, in his review of the Lives and Works of the most eminent painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, in Smith's Catalogue raisonné, vol xii. and supplement, says that he was by no means deficient on that point. "For it

is known that he purchased, at a high price, casts from the antique marbles, paintings, drawings, and engravings by the most excellent Italian masters, to assist him in his studies, and which are mentioned in the inventory of his goods when seized for debt."

He then goes on to give a list of the works so seized. Be this as it may he certainly never derived any advantage from them. He had collected a great variety of old armor, sabres, flags, and fantastical vestments, ironically terming them his antiques, and frequently introducing them into his pictures.

Rembrandt had already brought both the arts of painting and engraving to very great perfection (in his own way), when a slight incident led him to fame and fortune. He was induced by a friend to take one of his choicest pictures to a picture-dealer at the Hague, who, being charmed with the performance, instantly gave him a hundred florins for it, and treated him with great respect. This occurrence served to convince the public of his merit, and contributed to make the artist sensible of his own abilities. In 1630 he went to Amsterdam, where he married a handsome peasant girl (frequently copied in his works), and settled there for life. His paintings were soon in extraordinary demand, and his fame spread far and wide; pupils flocked to his studio, and he received for the instruction of each a hundred florins a year. He was so excessively avaricious that he soon abandoned his former care-

ful and finished style, for a rapid execution; also frequently retouched the pictures of his best pupils, and sold them as his own. His deceits in dating several of his etchings at Venice, to make them more saleable, led some of his biographers to believe that he visited Italy, and resided at Venice in 1635 and 1636; but it has been satisfactorily proved that he never left Holland, though he constantly threatened to do so, in order to increase the sale of his works. As early as 1628, he applied himself zealously to etching, and soon acquired great perfection in the art. His etchings were esteemed as highly as his paintings, and he had recourse to several artifices to raise their price and increase their sales. For example, he sold impressions from the unfinished plates, then finished them, and after having used them, made some slight alterations, and thus sold the same works three or four times; producing what connoisseurs term *variations* in prints. By these practices, and his parsimonious manner of living, Rembrandt amassed a large fortune.

REMBRANDT'S WORKS.

His works are numerous, and are dispersed in various public and private collections of Europe; and when they are offered for sale they command enormous prices. There are eight of his pictures in the English National Gallery; one of these, the Woman taken in Adultery, formerly in the Orleans

collection, sold for £5000. In Smith's Catalogue raisonné is a description of six hundred and forty pictures by him, the public and private galleries and collections in which they were located at the time of the publication of the work, together with a copious list of his drawings and etchings, and much other interesting information. He left many studies, sketches, and drawings, executed in a charming style, which are now scarce and valuable.

REMBRANDT AS AN ENGRAVER.

Rembrandt holds a distinguished rank among the engravers of his country; he established a more important epoch in this art than any other master. He was indebted entirely to his own genius for the invention of a process which has thrown an indescribable charm over his plates. They are partly etched, frequently much assisted by the dry point, and occasionally, though rarely, finished with the graver; evincing the most extraordinary facility of hand, and displaying the most consummate knowledge of light and shadow. His free and playful point sports in picturesque disorder, producing the most surprising and enchanting effects, as if by accident; yet an examination will show that his motions are always regulated by a profound knowledge of the principles of light and shadow. His most admirable productions in both arts are his portraits, which are executed with unexampled expression and

skill. For a full description of his prints, the reader is referred to Bartsch's *Peintre Graveur*.

His prints are very numerous, yet they command very high prices. The largest collection of his prints known, was made by M. de Burgy at the Hague, who died in 1755. This collection contained 665 prints with their variations, namely, 257 portraits, 161 histories, 155 figures, and 85 landscapes. There are no less than 27 portraits of Rembrandt by himself.

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTS.

Sandrart relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwarts, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than to his credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall at Munich by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at the cabaret. As he could no longer drink in quiet, he stuffed an image of himself, left the legs hanging down between the staging where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boon companions to move the image a little two or three times a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception, he drank without the least disturbance a whole fortnight together, the inn-keeper being privy to the plot. The officers came in twice a day to look after him, and seeing the well known stock

ings and shoes which he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way, greatly extolling their own convert, as the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

JACQUES CALLOT.

This eminent French engraver was born at Nancy, in Lorraine, in 1593. He was the son of Jean CalLOT, a gentleman of noble family, who intended him for a very different profession, and endeavored to restrain his natural passion for art; but when he was twelve years old, he left his home without money or resources, joined a company of wandering Bohemians, and found his way to Florence, where some officer of the court, discovering his inclination for drawing, placed him under Cantagallina. After passing some time at Florence, he went to Rome, where he was recognized by some friends of his family, who persuaded him to return to his parents. Meeting with continual opposition, he again absconded, but was followed by his brother to Turin, and taken back to Nancy. His parents, at length finding his love of art too firmly implanted to be eradicated, concluded to allow him to follow the bent of his genius, and they sent him to Rome in the suite of the Envoy from the Duke of Lorraine to the Pope. Here he studied with the greatest assiduity, and soon distinguished himself as a very skillful engraver. From Rome he went to Florence,

where his talents recommended him to the patronage of the Grand Duke Cosmo II., on whose death he returned to Nancy, where he was liberally patronized by Henry, Duke of Lorraine. When misfortune overtook that prince, he went to Paris, whither his reputation had preceded him, where he was employed by Louis XIII. to engrave the successes of the French arms, particularly the siege of the Isle de Ré, in sixteen sheets; the siege of Rochelle, do.; and the siege of Breda, in eight sheets. His prints are very numerous, and are highly esteemed; Heineken gives a full list of his prints, amounting to over fifteen hundred! The fertility of his invention and the facility of his hand were wonderful; yet his prints are accurately designed. He frequently made several drawings for the same plate before he was satisfied. Watelet says that he saw four different drawings by him for the celebrated Temptation of St. Anthony. His drawings are also greatly admired and highly prized.

CALLOT'S PATRIOTISM.

When Cardinal Richelieu desired Callot to design and engrave a set of plates descriptive of the siege and fall of his native town, he promptly refused; and when the Cardinal peremptorily insisted that he should do it, he replied, "My Lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut off the thumb of my right hand before your face, for I never will con-

sent to perpetuate the calamity and disgrace of my sovereign and protector.”

INGENUITY OF ARTISTS.

Pliny asserts that an ingenious artist wrote the whole of the Iliad on so small a piece of parchment that it might be enclosed within the compass of a nut-shell. Cicero also records the same thing. This doubtless might be done on a strip of thin parchment, and rolling it compactly.

Heylin, in his life of Charles I., says that in Queen Elizabeth's time, a person wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the Queen's name, and the date, within the compass of a penny, which he presented to her Majesty, together with a pair of spectacles of such an artificial make, that by their help she plainly discerned every letter. One Francis Almonus wrote the Creed, and the first fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. John, on a piece of parchment no larger than a penny. In the library of St. John's College, Oxford, is a picture of Charles I. done with a pen, the lines of which contain all the psalms, written in a legible hand.

“ At Halston, in Shropshire, the seat of the Myttons, is preserved a carving much resembling that mentioned by Walpole in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. ii., p. 42. It is the portrait of Charles I., full-faced, cut on a peach-stone; above, is a crown; his face, and clothes which are of a Vandyck dress

are painted; on the reverse is an eagle transfixed with an arrow, and round it is this motto: *I feathered this arrow*. The whole is most admirably executed, and is set in gold, with a crystal on each side. It probably was the work of Nicholas Bryot, a great graver of the mint in the time of Charles I." —*Pennant's Wales*.

In the Royal Museum at Copenhagen is a common cherry-stone, on the surface of which are cut two hundred and twenty heads!

A HINT TO JEWELERS.

When the haughty and able Pope Innocent III. caused Cardinal Langton to be elected Archbishop of Canterbury in despite of King John, and compelled him to submit, to appease the latter and to admonish him, his Holiness presented him with four golden rings, set with precious stones, at the same time taking care to inform him of the many mysteries implied in them. His Holiness "begged of him (King John)," says Hume, "to consider seriously the *form* of the rings, their *number*, their *matter*, and their *color*. Their *form*, he said, shadowed out eternity, which had neither beginning nor end; and he ought thence to learn his duty of aspiring from earthly objects to heavenly, from things temporal to things eternal. The *number*, from being a square, denoted steadiness of mind, not to be subverted either by adversity or prosperity, fixed

forever on the firm base of the four cardinal virtues. *Gold*, which is the matter, being the most precious of the metals, signified wisdom, which is the most precious of all the accomplishments, and justly preferred by Solomon to riches, power, and all exterior attainments. The *blue color* of the sapphire represented Faith; the *verdure* of the emerald, Hope; the *redness* of the ruby, Charity; and the *splendor* of the topaz, good works." Jewelers, who usually deal so little in sentiment in their works, may learn from this ingenious allegory the advantage of calling up the wonder-working aid of fancy, in forming their combinations of precious things.

CURIOUS PAINTINGS.

In the Cathedral at Worms, over the altar, is a very old painting, in which the Virgin is represented throwing the infant Jesus into the hopper of a mill; while from the other side he issues, changed into wafers or little morsels of bread, which the priests are administering to the people.

Mathison, in his letters, thus describes a picture in a church at Constance, called the Conception of the Holy Virgin. "An old man lies on a cloud, whence he darts a vast beam, which passes through a dove hovering just below; at the end of the beam appears a large transparent egg, in which egg is seen a child in swaddling clothes, with a glory round it; Mary sits leaning in an arm-chair

and opens her mouth to receive the egg!' Which are the most profane—these pictures, or the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, the Venus of Titian, and the Leda of Correggio?

THE OLDEST OIL PAINTING EXTANT.

“The oldest oil painting now in existence, is believed to be one of the Madonna and infant Jesus in her arms, with an Eastern style of countenance. It is marked CCCCLXXXVI. (886). This singular and valuable painting formed part of the treasures of art in the old palace of the Florentine Republic, and was purchased by the Director Bencivenni from a broker in the street, for a few livres.”

The above is found quoted in many books, in proof that oil painting was known long before the time of the Van Eycks; but all these old *supposed* oil paintings have been proved by chemical analysis to have been painted in distemper. See vol. ii., p. 141, of this work.

CURIOUS REPRESENTATIONS OF THE HARPIES.

Homer represents the Harpies as the rapacious goddesses of the storms, residing near the Erinnyes, or the Ocean, before the jaws of hell. If any person was so long absent from home that it was not known what had become of him, and he was supposed to be dead, it was commonly said, “The Harpies have carried him off.” Hesiod represents

them as young virgins of great beauty. The later poets and artists vied with each other in depicting them under the most hideous forms; they commonly represented them as winged monsters, having the face of a woman and the body of a vulture, with their feet and fingers armed with sharp claws. Spanheim, in his work, gives three representations of the harpies, taken from ancient coins and works of art; they have female heads, with the bodies and claws of birds of prey; the first has a coarse female face, the second a beautiful feminine head, and two breasts, and the third a visage ornamented with wreaths and a head-dress. There are various other representations of them, one of the most remarkable of which is a monster with a human head and the body of a vampire bat.

ADRIAN BROWER.

This extraordinary painter was born at Haerlem, in 1608. His parents were extremely poor, and his mother sold to the peasants bonnets and handkerchiefs, which the young Adrian painted with flowers and birds. These attempts were noticed by Francis Hals, a distinguished painter of Haerlem, who offered to take the young artist into his school—which proposal was gladly accepted. Hals, on discovering his superior genius, separated him from all his companions, and locked him up in a garret, that he might profit by his talents. The

pictures of Brower sold readily at high prices, but the avaricious Hals treated him with increased severity, lest he should become acquainted with the value of his talents, and leave him. This cruelty excited the pity of Adrian van Ostade, then a pupil of Hals; and he found an opportunity of advising Brower to make his escape, which the latter effected, and fled to Amsterdam. Soon after arriving in that city, he painted a picture of Boors Fighting, which he gave to the landlord of the inn where he lodged, and requested him to sell it. The host soon returned with one hundred ducats, which he had received for the work. The artist was amazed at such a result of his labors, but instead of exerting his wonderful talents, he plunged into a course of dissipation. This natural propensity to alternate work and indulgence marked his whole life, and involved him in many extraordinary adventures.

BROWER, THE DUKE D'AREMBERG, AND RUBENS:

When the States-General were at war with Spain, Brower started on a visit to Antwerp, whither his reputation had already proceeded him. Omitting to provide himself with a passport, he was arrested as a spy, and confined in the citadel, where the Duke d'Arenberg was imprisoned. That nobleman lived in friendship with Rubens, who often visited him in his confinement; and the Duke, having observed the genius of Brower, desired Rubens to

bring a palette and pencils, which he gave to Brower, and the latter soon produced a representation of Soldiers playing at Cards, which he designed from a group he had seen from his prison window. The Duke showed the picture to Rubens, who immediately exclaimed that it was by the celebrated Brower, whose pictures he often admired; and he offered the Duke six hundred guilders for the work, but the latter refused to part with it, and presented the artist with a much larger sum. Rubens lost no time in procuring his liberty, which he did by becoming his surety, took him into his own house, and treated him with the greatest kindness.

DEATH OF BROWER.

Brower did not continue long in the hospitable mansion of Rubens, whose refined and elegant manners, love of literature, and domestic happiness were less congenial to this erratic genius than the revels of his pot-companions. Brower soon became weary of his situation, and returned to his vicious habits, to which he soon fell a victim in 1640, at the early age of 32 years. He died in the public hospital at Antwerp, and was buried in an obscure manner; but when Rubens knew it, he had the body reinterred, with funeral pomp, in the church of the Carmelites; and he intended also to have erected a superb monument to his memory, had he lived to see it executed; though Sandrart says,

there was a magnificent one over his tomb, with an epitaph to perpetuate his honor.

BROWER'S WORKS.

The subjects of Brower were of the lowest order, representing the frolics of his pot companions; but his expression is so lively and characteristic, his coloring so transparent and brilliant, and the passions and movements of his figures are so admirably expressed, that his works have justly elicited the applause of the world. They are highly valued, and in consequence of his irregular life, are exceedingly scarce. Brower also etched a few plates in a very spirited style.

ROSA DA TIVOLI.

The name of this artist was Philip Roos, and he was born at Frankfort in 1655. He early showed a passion for painting, and exhibited such extraordinary talents that the Landgrave of Hesse took him under his protection, and sent him to Italy with a pension sufficient for his support. To facilitate his studies, he established himself at Tivoli (whence his name), where he kept a kind of menagerie, and on account of the number and variety of the animals, his house was called *Noah's Ark*.

ROSA DA TIVOLI'S WORKS.

Rosa da Tivoli's pictures usually represent pastoral subjects, with herdsmen and cattle, or shepherds with sheep and goats, which he frequently painted as large as life. He designed everything from nature, not only his animals, but the sites of his landscapes, ruins, buildings, rocks, precipices, rivers, etc. His groups are composed with great judgment and taste, and his landscapes, backgrounds, skies, and distances are treated in a masterly style. His cattle and animals, in particular, are designed with wonderful truth and spirit; his coloring is full of force, his lights and shadows are distributed with judgment and his touch is remarkably firm and spirited.

ROSA DA TIVOLI'S FACILITY OF EXECUTION.

Rosa da Tivoli acquired a wonderful facility in design and execution, for which reason he was named *Mercurius* by the Bentvogel Society. A remarkable instance of his powers is recorded by C. le Blond, then a student at Rome. "It happened one day," says he, "that several young artists and myself were occupied in designing from the bassi-relievi of the Arch of Titus, when Ross passing by, was particularly struck with some picturesque object which caught his attention, and he requested one of the students to accommodate him

with a crayon and paper. What was our surprise, when in half an hour he produced an admirable drawing, finished with accuracy and spirit."

It is also related that the Imperial Ambassador, Count Martinez, laid a wager with a Swedish general that Roos would paint a picture of three-quarters' size, while they were playing a game at cards; and in less than half an hour the picture was well finished, though it consisted of a landscape, a shepherd, and several sheep and goats.

ROSA DA TIVOLI'S HABITS.

Rosa da Tivoli unfortunately fell into extravagant and dissipated habits, which frequently caused him great inconvenience. From his facility, he multiplied his pictures to such an extent as greatly to depreciate their value. It is related that he would sit down, when pressed for money, dispatch a large picture in a few hours, and send it directly to be sold at any price. His servant, possessing more discretion than his master, usually paid him the highest price offered by the dealers, and kept the pictures himself, till he could dispose of them to more advantage.

LUCA CAMBIASO'S FACILITY IN PAINTING.

The most remarkable quality of this distinguished Genoese painter was his rapidity of operation. He

began to paint when ten years old, under the eye of his father, Giovanni Cambiaso, who evinced good taste in setting him to copy some works by the correct and noble Mantegna. His progress was so rapid that at the age of seventeen he was entrusted to decorate some façades and chambers of the Doria palace at Genoa, where he displayed his rash facility of hand by painting the story of Niobe on a space of wall fifty palms long and of proportionate height, without cartoons or any drawing larger than his first hasty sketch on a single sheet of paper! While he was engaged on this work, there came one morning some Florentine artists to look at it. Seeing a lad enter soon after, and commence painting with prodigious fury, they called out to him to desist; but his mode of handling the brushes and colors, which they had imagined it was his business merely to clean or pound, soon convinced them that this daring youngster was no other than Luca himself; whereupon they crossed themselves, and declared he would one day eclipse Michael Angelo.

CAMBIASO'S WORKS IN SPAIN.

After attaining a high reputation in Italy, Cambiaso was invited to Madrid by Philip II. of Spain. He executed there a great number of works, among which the most important was the vault of the choir of the Escorial church, where he painted in fresco the "Glory of the Blessed in Heaven." In

stead of allowing the artist to paint from his own conceptions, the king listened to the counsels of the monks, who "recommended that the heavenly host should be drawn up in due theological order." A design "more pious than picturesque" being at last agreed upon, the painter fell to work with his wonted fury, and so speedily covered vast spaces with a multitude of figures, that the king, according to the expressive Italian phrase, "remained stupid," not being able to believe that the master, with only one assistant, could have accomplished so much. Philip often visited Cambiaso while at work, and one day remarking that the head of St. Anne among the blessed was too youthful, the painter replied by seizing his pencil, and with four strokes so seamed the face with wrinkles, and so entirely altered its air, that the royal critic once more "remained stupid," hardly knowing whether he had judged amiss, or the change had been effected by magic. By means of thus painting at full speed, frequently without sketches, and sometimes with both hands at once, Cambiaso clothed the vault with its immense fresco in about fifteen months. The coloring is still fresh, and many of the forms are fine and the figures noble; but the composition cannot be called pleasing. The failure must be mainly attributed to the unlucky meddling of the friars, who have marshalled

"The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,"

with exact military precision, ranged the celestial choir in rows like the fiddlers of a sublunary orchestra, and accommodated the congregation of the righteous with long benches, like those of a Methodist meeting-house! However, the king was so well pleased with the work, that he rewarded Cambiaso with 12,000 ducats.

CAMBIASO'S ARTISTIC MERITS.

In the earlier part of his career, the impetuosity of his genius led him astray; he usually painted his pictures in oil or fresco without preparing either drawing or cartoon; and his first style was gigantic and unnatural. Subsequently, however, he checked this impetuosity, and it was in the middle of his life that he produced his best works. His fertility of invention was wonderful; his genius grappled with and conquered the most arduous difficulties of the art, and he shows his powers in foreshortening in the most daring variety. He was rapid and bold in design, yet was selected by Boschini as a model of correctness; hence his drawings, though numerous, are highly esteemed. His Rape of the Sabines, in the Palazzo Imperiali at Terralba, near Genoa, has been highly extolled. It is a large work full of life and motion, passionate ravishers and reluctant damsels, fine horses and glimpses of noble architecture, with several episodes heightening the effect of the main story. Mengs declared

he had seen nothing out of Rome that so vividly reminded him of the chambers of the Vatican.

RARITY OF FEMALE PORTRAITS IN SPAIN.

Very few female portraits are found in the Spanish collections. Their painters were seldom brought in professional contact with the beauty of high-born women—the finest touchstone of professional skill—and their great portrait painters lived in an age of jealous husbands, who cared not to set off to public admiration the charms of their spouses. Velasquez came to reside at court about the same time that Madrid was visited by Sir Kenelm Digby, who had like to have been slain the first night of his arrival, for merely looking at a lady. Returning with two friends from supper at Lord Bristol's, the adventurous knight relates in his *Private Memoirs*, how they came beneath a balcony where a love-lorn fair one stood touching her lute, and how they loitered awhile to admire her beauty, and listen to her "soul-ravishing harmony." Their delightful contemplations, however, were soon arrested by a sudden attack from several armed men, who precipitated themselves upon the three Britons. Their swords were instantly drawn, and a fierce combat ensued; but the valiant Digby slew the leader of the band, and finally succeeded in escaping with his companions.

Of the sixty-two works by Velasquez in the

Royal Gallery at Madrid, there are only four female portraits, and of these, two represent children, another an ancient matron, and a fourth his own wife! The Duke of Albuquerque, who at the door of his own palace waylaid and horsewhipped Philip IV., and his minister Olivarez, feigning ignorance of their persons, as the monarch came to pay a nocturnal visit to the Duchess, was not very likely to call in the court painter to take her Grace's portrait. Ladies lived for the most part in a sort of Oriental seclusion, amongst duennas, waiting-women, and dwarfs; and going abroad only to mass, or to take the air in curtained carriages on the Prado. In such a state of things, the rarity of female portraits in the Spanish collections was a natural consequence.

MURILLO'S PICTURES IN SPANISH AMERICA.

It is related that this great Spanish painter visited America in early life, and painted there many works; but the later Spanish historians have shown that he never quitted his native country; and the circumstance of his pictures being found in America, is best accounted for by the following narrative. After acquiring considerable knowledge of the art under Juan del Castillo at Seville, he determined to travel for improvement; but how to raise the necessary funds was a matter of difficulty, for his parents had died leaving little behind them, and his genius had not yet recommended him to the good offices

of any wealthy or powerful patron. But Murillo was not to be balked of his cherished desires. Buying a large quantity of canvas, he divided it into squares of various sizes, which he primed and prepared with his own hands for the pencil, and then converted into pictures of the more popular saints, landscapes, and flower-pieces. These he sold to the American traders for exportation, and thus obtained a sum of money sufficient for his purpose.

MURILLO'S "VIRGIN OF THE NAPKIN."

The small picture which once adorned the tabernacle of the Capuchin high altar at Seville, is interesting on account of its legend, as well as its extraordinary artistic merits. Murillo, whilst employed at the convent, had formed a friendship with a lay brother, the cook of the fraternity, who attended to his wants and waited on him with peculiar assiduity. At the conclusion of his labors, this Capuchin of the kitchen begged for some trifling memorial of his pencil. The painter was quite willing to comply, but said that he had exhausted his stock of canvas. "Never mind," said the ready cook, "take this napkin," offering him that which he had used at dinner. The good-natured artist accordingly went to work, and before evening he had converted the piece of coarse linen into a picture compared to which cloth of gold or the finest tissue of the East would be accounted worthless. The Vir-

gin has a face in which thought is happily blended with maidenly innocence; and the divine infant, with his deep earnest eyes, leans forward in her arms, struggling as it were almost out of the frame, as if to welcome the carpenter Joseph home from his daily toil. The picture is colored with a brilliancy which Murillo never excelled, glowing with a golden light, as if the sun were always shining on the canvas. This admirable work is now in the Museum of Seville.

ANECDOTE OF AN ALTAR-PIECE BY MURILLO.

One of Murillo's pictures, in the possession of a society of friars in Flanders, was bought by an Englishman for a considerable sum, and the purchaser affixed his signature and seal to the back of the canvas, at the desire of the venders. In due time it followed him to England, and became the pride of his collection. Several years afterwards, however, while passing through Belgium, the purchaser turned aside to visit his friends the monks, when he was greatly surprised to find the beautiful work which he had supposed was in his own possession, smiling in all its original brightness on the very same wall where he had been first smitten by its charms! The truth was, that the monks always kept under the canvas an excellent copy, which they sold in the manner above related, as often as they could find a purchaser.

MURILLO AND HIS SLAVE GOMEZ.

Sebastian Gomez, the mulatto slave of Murillo, is said to have become enamored of art while performing the menial offices of his master's studio. Like Erigonus, the color grinder of Nealces, or like Pareja, the mulatto of Velasquez, he devoted his leisure to the secret study of the principles of drawing, and in time acquired a skill with the brush rivalled by few of the regular scholars of Murillo. There is a tradition at Seville, that he took the opportunity one day, when the painting room was empty, of giving the first proof of his abilities, by finishing the head of a Virgin, that stood ready sketched on his master's easel. Pleased with the beauty of this unexpected interpolation, Murillo, when he discovered the author of it, immediately promoted Gomez to the use of those colors which it had hitherto been his task to grind. "I am indeed fortunate, Sebastian," said the good-natured artist, "for I have not only created pictures, but a painter."

AN ARTIST'S LOVE ROMANCE.

Francisco Vieira, an eminent Portuguese painter, was still a child when he became enamored of Doña Ignez Elena de Lima, the daughter of noble parents, who lived on friendly terms with his own and permitted the intercourse of their children

The thread of their loves was broken for a while by the departure of the young wooer to Rome, in the suite of the Marquis of Abrantes. There he applied himself diligently to the study of painting, under Trevisani, and carried off the first prize in the Academy of St. Luke. On returning to Portugal, although only in his 16th year, he was immediately appointed by King John V. to paint a large picture of the Mystery of the Eucharist, to be used at the approaching feast of Corpus Christi; and he also painted the king's portrait.

An absence of seven years had not affected Vieira's constancy, and he took the first opportunity of flying once more to Ignez. He was kindly received by the Lima family, at their villa on the beautiful shores of the Tagus, and was permitted to reside there for a while, painting the scenery, and wooing his not unwilling mistress. When the maiden's heart was fairly won, the parents at length interfered, and the lovers found the old adage verified, that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Vieira was ignominiously turned out of doors, and the fair Ignez was shut up in the convent of St. Anna, and compelled to take the veil.

The afflicted lover immediately laid his cause before the king, but received an unfavorable answer. Nothing daunted, he then went to Rome, and succeeded in obtaining from the Pope a commission to the Patriarch of Lisbon, empowering him to inquire into the facts of the case; and that prelate's report

being favorable, the lover was made happy with a bull annulling the religious vows of the nun, and authorizing their marriage. It is uncertain how long this affair remained undecided; but a Portuguese Jesuit having warned Vieira that at home he ran the risk of being punished by confiscation of his property, for obtaining a bull without the consent of the civil power, he prolonged his residence at Rome to six years, that the affair might have time to be forgotten at Lisbon. During this period he continued to exercise his pencil with so much success that he was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke.

After such a probation, the energy and perseverance of the lover is almost unparalleled. He finally ventured to return to his native Tagus, and accomplished the object of his life. Disguising himself as a bricklayer, he skulked about the convent where Ignez lay immured, mingling with the workmen employed there, till he found means to open a communication with her and concert a plan of escape. He then furnished her with male attire, and at last successfully carried her off on horseback (though not without a severe wound from the brother of his bride), to another bishopric, where they were married in virtue of the Pope's bull. After residing for some time in Spain and Italy, however, Vieira was commanded to return to Portugal, and appointed painter to the king. Being the best artist in that kingdom, his talents soon obliterated the

remembrance of his somewhat irregular marriage, and during forty years he painted with great reputation and success for the royal palaces at Nafrá and elsewhere, for the convents, and the collections of the nobility. It will doubtless be pleasing to the fair readers of these anecdotes, that all this long course of outward prosperity was sweetened by the affection of his constant wife.

ESTEBAN MARCH'S STRANGE METHOD OF STUDY.

Estéban March, a distinguished Spanish painter of the 17th century, was eccentric in character and violent in temperament. Battles being his favorite subjects, his studio was hung round with pikes, cutlasses, javelins, and other implements of war, which he used in a very peculiar and boisterous manner. As the mild and saintly Joanes was wont to prepare himself for his daily task by prayer and fasting, so his riotous countryman used to excite his imagination to the proper creative pitch by beating a drum, or blowing a trumpet, and then valiantly assaulting the walls of his chamber with sword and buckler, laying about him, like another Don Quixote, with a blind energy that told severely on the plaster and furniture, and drove his terrified scholars or assistants to seek safety in flight. Having thus lashed himself into sufficient frenzy, he performed miracles, according to Palomino, in the field of battle-pieces, throwing off many bold and spirited pictures of

Pharaoh and his host struggling in the angry waters, or mailed Christians quelling the turbaned armies of the Crescent. Few will withhold from him the praise of Bermudez, for brilliancy of coloring, and for the skill with which the dust, smoke, and dense atmosphere of the combat are depicted.

MARCH'S ADVENTURE OF THE FISH FRIED IN LINSEED OIL.

Palomino says that March had gone out one day, leaving neither meat nor money in the house, and was absent till past midnight, when he returned with a few fish, which he insisted on having instantly dressed for supper. His wife said there was no oil; and Juan Conchillos, one of his pupils, being ordered to get some, objected that all the shops were shut up. "Then take linseed oil," cried the impetuous March, "for, *por Dios*, I will have these fish presently fried." The mess was therefore served with this unwonted sauce, but was no sooner tasted than it began to act as a vigorous emetic upon the whole party, "for indeed," gravely writes Palomino, "linseed oil, at all times of a villainous flavor, when hot is the very devil." Without more ado, the master of the feast threw fish and frying-pan out of the window; and Conchillos, knowing his humor, flung the earthen chafing-dish and charcoal after them. March was delighted with this sally, and embracing the youth, he lifted him from

the floor, putting him in bodily fear, as he afterwards told Palomino, that he was about to follow the coal and viands into the street. As for the poor weary wife, she thought of her crockery, and remarking in a matter-of-fact way, "What shall we have for supper now?" went to bed; whither her husband, pleased with the frolic of spoiling his meal and breaking the dishes, seems to have followed her in a more complacent mood than common.

A PAINTER'S REBUKE.

José Antonilez, a Spanish painter, studied under Francisco Rizi at Madrid. When the latter was occupied in preparing some new scenery for the theatre at Buon Retiro, Antonilez spoke of him as a painter of foot-cloths—an expression which was soon communicated to his master. Rizi immediately administered a wholesome practical rebuke, by commanding the attendance of Antonilez on his Majesty's service, and ordering him to execute a piece of painting in distemper. The unlucky wag, being quite ignorant of the mode of performing the work, and too proud to confess it, worked for a whole day, at the end of which he had merely spoiled a large piece of canvas. "So, sir," said Rizzi, quietly, "you see painting foot-cloths is not so easy after all;" and turning to his servant, added, "here, boy, take this canvas and carry it to the cistern to be washed."

A PAINTER'S RETORT COURTEOUS.

Jean Ranc, an eminent French portrait painter, was sometimes annoyed by impertinent and vexatious criticism. Having exhausted all his talent upon a particular portrait, the friends of the sitter refused to be pleased, although the sitter himself appears to have been well satisfied. In concert with the latter, Ranc concerted a plan for a practical retort. After privately painting a copy of the picture, he cut the head out of the canvas, and placed it in such a position that the original could supply the opening with his own veritable face, undetected. After all was ready, the cavilers were invited to view the performance, but they were no better pleased. Falling completely into the snare, the would-be critics were going on to condemn the likeness, when the relaxing features and hearty laughter of the supposed portrait, speedily and sufficiently avenged the painter of their fastidiousness.

ARDEMANS AND BOCANEGRA--A TRIAL OF SKILL.

These Spanish painters contended in 1689 for the office of Master of the Works in the Cathedral of Granada. Bocanegra was excessively vain and overbearing, and boasted his superiority to all the artists of his time; but Ardemans, though a stranger in Granada, was not to be daunted, and a trial of skill, "a duel with pencils," was accordingly

arranged between them, which was, that each should paint the other's portrait.. Ardemans, who was then hardly twenty-five years of age, first entered the lists, and without drawing any outline on the canvas, produced an excellent likeness of his adversary in less than an hour. Bocanegra, quite daunted by this feat, and discouraged by the applause accorded to his rival by the numerous spectators, put off his own exhibition till another day, and in the end utterly failed in his attempt to transfer the features of his rival to canvas. His defeat, and the jeers of his former admirers, so overwhelmed him with mortification, that he died shortly after.

A PAINTER'S ARTIFICE TO "KEEP UP APPEARANCES."

The Spanish painter Antonio Pereda married Doña Maria de Bustamente, a woman of some rank, and greater pretension, who would associate only with people of high fashion, and insisted on having a duenna in constant waiting in her antechamber, like a lady of quality. Pereda was not rich enough to maintain such an attendant; he therefore compromised matters by painting on a screen an old lady sitting at her needle, with spectacles on her nose and so truthfully executed that visitors were wont to salute her as they passed, taking her for a real duenna, too deaf or too discreet to notice their entrance!

A GOOD-NATURED CRITICISM.

Bartolomeo Carducci, who was employed in the service of the Spanish court for many years, was expressing one day his admiration of a newly finished picture by a brother artist, when one of his own scholars drew his attention to a badly executed foot. "I did not observe it," replied he, "it is so concealed by the difficult excellence of this bosom and these hands"—a piece of kindly criticism that deserves to be recorded

ALONSO CANO AND THE INTENDANT OF THE
BISHOP OF MALAGA.

The Bishop of Malaga, being engaged in improving his Cathedral church, invited Cano to that city, for the purpose of designing a new tabernacle for the high altar, and new stalls for the choir. He had finished his plans, very much to the prelate's satisfaction, when he was privately informed that the Intendant of the works proposed to allow him but a very trifling remuneration. "These drawings," said Cano, "are either to be given away, or to fetch 2,000 ducats;" and packing them up, he mounted his mule, and took the road to Granada. The niggardly Intendant, learning the cause of his departure, became alarmed, and sent a messenger after him post-haste, offering him his own price for the plans!

CANO'S LOVE OF SCULPTURE.

Skillful as Cano was with the pencil, he loved the chisel above all his other artistic implements. He was so fond of sculpture that, when wearied with painting, he would take his tools, and block out a piece of carving. A disciple one day remarking that to lay down a pencil and take up a mallet, was a strange method of repose, he replied, "Block-head! don't you see that to create form and relief on a flat surface, is a greater labor than to fashion one shape into another?"

CASTILLO'S SARCASM ON ALFARO.

Juan de Alfaro first studied under Antonio del Castillo at Seville, and subsequently in the school of Velasquez at Madrid. After his return to Seville, he was wont to plume himself upon the knowledge of art which he had acquired in the school of that great painter; and he also signed all his pictures in a conspicuous manner, "*Alfaro, pinxit.*" This was too much for Castillo, and he accordingly inscribed his Baptism of St. Francis, executed for the Capuchin convent, where his juvenile rival was likewise employed, "*Non pinxit Alfaro.*" Years after, Palomino became sufficiently intimate with Alfaro, to ask him what he thought of Castillo's sarcastic inscription. "I think," replied the unabashed object of the jest, "that it was a great hon-

or for me, who was then a beardless boy, to be treated as a rival by so able an artist."

TORRES' IMITATIONS OF CARAVAGGIO.

Matias de Torres, a Spanish painter, affected the style of Caravaggio. His compositions were half veiled in thick impenetrable shadows, which concealed the design, and sometimes left the subject a mystery. Francisco de Solis was standing before one of them, in the church of Victory at Madrid, representing a scene from the life of St. Diego, and was asked to explain the subject depicted. "It represents," said the witty painter, "*San Brazo*," St. Arm, nothing being distinguished but the arm of a mendicant in the background.

PANTOJA AND THE EAGLE.

Palomino relates that a superb eagle, of the bearded kind, having been captured in the royal chase, near the Prado, the king (Philip III.) gave orders to Pantoja to paint its likeness, which he did with such truthfulness that the royal bird, on seeing it, mistook it for a real eagle, and attacked the picture with such impetuosity that he tore it in pieces with his beak and talons before they could secure him. The indignant bird was then tied more carefully, and the portrait painted over again.

THE PAINTER METHODIUS AND THE KING OF
BULGARIA.

Pacheco relates a remarkable effect produced by a picture from the pencil of Methodius, who resided at Constantinople about 854. He was invited to Nicopolis by Bogoris, king of the Bulgarians, to decorate a banqueting-hall in his palace. That prince left the choice of his subject to the artist, limiting him to those of a tragic or terrible character. The sister of Bogoris, during a long captivity at Constantinople, had become a convert to the Greek church, and greatly desired that her brother should renounce paganism; therefore it was probably at her instance, in this case, that Methodius painted the Last Judgment. He succeeded in depicting the glories of the blessed and the pains of the damned in such a fearful manner, that the heathen king was induced in his terror to send for a Bishop, and signify his willingness to unite with the Greek church; and the whole Bulgarian nation soon followed his example.

JOHN C. VERMEYEN AND CHARLES V.

This Dutch painter was invited to Spain by Charles V., and accompanied that monarch on his expedition to Tunis, of which he preserved some scenes that were afterwards transferred to Brussels tapestries. He followed the court for many years,

and exercised his art with honor and profit, in portrait, landscape, and sacred subjects. The palace of the Prado was adorned with a number of his works, particularly eight pictures representing the Imperial progresses in Germany, and Views of Madrid, Valladolid, Naples, and London; all of which perished in the fire of 1608. Vermeyen was an especial favorite of Charles V., who ordered his bust to be executed in marble, "for the sake of the gravity and nobleness of his countenance." He was very remarkable for his long beard, which gained him the surname of *El Barbudo* or *Barbalonga*. In fact, so very lengthy was this beard, that Descamps says the Emperor in his playful moods used to amuse himself by treading on it, as it trailed on the ground!

BLAS DE PRADO AND THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO

In 1593 the Emperor of Morocco applied to Philip II. for the loan of a painter, to which the latter made answer that they had in Spain two sorts of painters—the ordinary and the excellent—and desired to know which his infidel brother preferred. "Kings should always have the best," replied the Moor; and so Philip sent him Blas de Prado to Fez. There he painted various works for the palace, and a portrait of the monarch's daughter, to the great satisfaction of her father. After keeping the artist several years in his service, the emperor finally sent him away, with many rich gifts; and

he returned to Castile with considerable wealth. The Academy of San Fernando possesses a fine work by him, representing the Virgin and Infant seated in the clouds.

DON JUAN CARREÑO

This Spanish painter was a favorite with King Charles II. He was painting his Majesty's portrait one day in the presence of the Queen-mother, when the royal sitter asked him to which of the knightly orders he belonged. "To none," replied the artist, "but the order of your Majesty's servants." "Why is this?" said Charles. The Admiral of Castile, who was standing by, replied that he should have a cross immediately; and on leaving the royal presence, he sent Carreño a rich badge of Santiago, assuring him that what the king had said entitled him to wear it. Palomino says, however, that the artist's modesty prevented him from accepting the proffered honor. His royal master continued to treat him with unabated regard, and would allow no artist to paint him without Carreño's permission.

CARREÑO'S COPY OF TITIAN'S ST. MARGARET.

Palomino was one day in company with Carreño at the house of Don Pedro de Arce, when a discussion arose about the merits of a certain copy of Titian's St. Margaret, which hung in the room.

After all present had voted it execrable, Carreño quietly remarked, "It at least has the merit of showing that no man need despair of improving in art, for I painted it myself when I was a beginner."

CARRENO'S ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

Being at his easel one morning with two friends, one of them, for a jest, drank the cup of chocolate which stood untasted by his side. The maid-servant removing the cup, Carreño remonstrated, saying that he had not breakfasted, and on being shown that the contents were gone, appealed to the visitors. Being gravely assured by them that he had actually emptied the cup with his own lips, he replied, like Newton, "Well really, I was so busy that I had entirely forgotten it."

ANECDOTE OF CESPEDES' LAST SUPPER.

The Cathedral of Cordova still possesses his famous Supper, but in so faded and ruinous a condition that it is impossible to judge fairly of its merits. Palomino extols the dignity and beauty of the Saviour's head, and the masterly discrimination of character displayed in those of the apostles. Of the jars and vases standing in the foreground, it is related that while the picture was on the easel, these accessories attracted, by their exquisite finish, the attention of some visitors, to the exclu-

sion of the higher parts of the composition, to the great disgust of the artist. "Andres!" cried he, somewhat testily, to his servant, "rub out these things, since after all my care and study, and amongst so many heads, figures, hands, and expressions, people choose to see nothing but these impertinences;" and much persuasion and entreaty were needed to save the devoted pipkins from destruction.

ZUCCARO'S COMPLIMENT TO CESPEDES.

The reputation which the Spanish painter Cespedes enjoyed among his cotemporaries, is proved by an anecdote of Federigo Zuccaro. On being requested to paint a picture of St. Margaret for the Cathedral of Cordova, he for some time refused to comply, asking, "Where is Cespedes, that you send to Italy for pictures?"

DONA BARBARA MARIA DE HUEVA.

Doña Barbara Maria de Hueva was born at Madrid in 1733. Before she had reached her twentieth year, according to Bermudez, she had acquired so much skill in painting, that at the first meeting of the Academy of St. Ferdinand in 1752, on the exhibition of some of her sketches, she was immediately elected an honorary academician, and received the first diploma issued under the royal charter. "This proud distinction," said the president,

“is conferred in the hope that the fair artist may be encouraged to rival the fame of those ladies already illustrious in art.” How far this hope was realized, Bermudez has omitted to inform us.

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

The eminent American sculptor Greenough, who has recently (1853) departed this life, wrote several years ago a very interesting account of a wonderful picture at Florence, from which the following is extracted :

“When you enter the church of Santissima Annunziata, at Florence, your attention is drawn at once to a sort of miniature temple on the left hand. It is of white marble; but the glare and flash of crimson hangings and silver lamps scarcely allow your eye the quiet necessary to appreciate either form or material. A picture hangs there. It is the *Miraculous Annunciation*. The artist who was employed to paint it, had finished all except the head of the Virgin Mary, and fell asleep before the easel while the work was in that condition. On awakening, he beheld the picture finished; and the short time which had elapsed, and his own position relative to the canvas, made it clear (so says the tradition) that a divine hand had completed a task which, to say the least, a mortal could only attempt with despair.

“Less than this has made many pictures in Italy

the objects of attentions which our Puritan fathers condemned as idolatrous. The miraculous 'Annunziata' became, accordingly, the divinity of a splendid shrine. The fame of her interposition spread far and wide, and her tabernacle was filled with the costly offerings of the devout, the showy tributes of the zealous. The prince gave of his abundance, nor was the widow's mite refused; and to this day the reputation of this shrine stands untouched among all papal devotees.

"The Santissima Annunziata is always veiled, unless her interposition is urgently demanded by the apprehension of famine, plague, cholera, or some other public calamity. During my own residence at Florence, I have never known the miraculous picture to be uncovered during a drought, without the desired result immediately following. In cases of long continued rains, its intervention has been equally happy. I have heard several persons, rather inclined to skepticism as to the miraculous qualities of the picture, hint that the *barometer* was consulted on these occasions; else, say they, why was not the picture uncovered before the mischief had gone so far? What an idea is suggested by the bare hint!

"I stood on the pavement of the church, with an old man who had himself been educated as a priest. He had a talent for drawing, and became a painter. As a practical painter, he was mediocre; but he was learned in everything relating to art.

He gradually sank from history to portrait, from portrait to miniature, from miniature to restoration; and had the grim satisfaction, in his old age, of mending what in his best days he never could make—good pictures. When I knew him, he was one of the conservators of the Royal Gallery. He led me before the shrine, and whispered, with much veneration, the story I have related of its origin. When I had gazed long at the picture, I turned to speak to him, but he had left the church. As I walked through the vestibule, however, I saw him standing near one of the pillars that adorn the façade. He was evidently waiting for me. Methinks I see him now, with his face of seventy and his dress of twenty-five, his bright black wig, his velvet waistcoat, and glittering gold chain—his snuff-box in his hand, and a latent twinkle in his black eyes. ‘What is really remarkable in that miraculous picture,’ said he, taking me by the button, and forcing me to bend till his mouth and my ear were exactly on a line—‘What is really remarkable about it is, that the angel who painted that Virgin, so completely adopted the style of that epoch! Same angular, incorrect outline! Same opaque shadows! eh? eh?’ He took a pinch, and wishing me a good appetite, turned up the Via S. Sebastiano.”

THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

“La Festa di Cattreda, or commemoration of the placing of the chair of St. Peter, on the 18th of

January, is one of the most striking ceremonies, at Rome, which follow Christmas and precede the holy week. At the extremity of the great nave of St. Peter's, behind the high altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, shed a brilliant light upon its splendors. This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems with which it is hidden, not only from impious, but holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.

“The sacrilegious curiosity of the French, however, broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was), faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well known confession of Mahometan faith—‘There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.’ It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Crusaders, offered to the church at a time when a

taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. The story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!"—*Ireland's Anecdotes of Napoleon.*

THE SAGRO CATINO, OR EMERALD DISH.

“The church of St. Lorenzo, at Genoa, is celebrated for containing a most sacred relic, the ‘Sagro Catino,’ a dish of one entire and perfect *emerald*, said to be that on which our Saviour ate his last supper. Such a dish in the house of a Jewish publican was a miracle in itself. Mr. Eustace says, he looked for this dish, but found that the French, ‘whose delight is brutal violence, as it is that of the lion or the tiger,’ had carried it away. And so indeed they did. But that was nothing. The carrying off relics—the robbing of Peter to pay Paul, and spoliating one church to enrich another—was an old trick of legitimate conquerors in all ages; for this very ‘*dish*’ had been carried away by the royal crusaders, when they took *Cesarea* in Palestine, under *Guillaume Embriaco*, in the twelfth century. In the division of spoils, this emerald fell to the share of the *Genoese Crusaders*, into whose holy vocation some of their old trading propensities evidently entered; and they deemed the vulgar value, the profane price, of this treasure,

so high, that on an emergency, they pledged it for nine thousand five hundred livres. Redeemed and replaced, it was guarded by the *knights of honor* called *Clavigeri*; and only escaped once a year! Millions knelt before it, and the penalty on the bold but zealous hand that touched it with a diamond, was a thousand golden ducats.

The French seized this relic, as the crusaders had done in the twelfth century; but instead of conveying it from the church of San Lorenzo to the abbey of St. Denis (*selon les règles*), they most sacrilegiously sent it to a *laboratory*. Instead of submitting it, with a traditional story, to a *council of Trent*, they handed it over to the *institute of Paris*; and chemists, geologists, and philosophers, were called on to decide the fate of that relic which bishops, priests and deacons had pronounced to be too sacred for human investigation, or even for human touch. *The result of the scientific investigation was, that the emerald dish was a piece of green glass!*

When England made the King of Sardinia a present of the dukedom of one of the oldest republics in Europe, and restitutions were making "*de part et d'autre*;" *Victor Emmanuel* insisted upon having his emerald dish; not for the purpose of putting it in a cabinet of curiosities, as they had done at Paris, to serve as a curious monument of the remote epoch in which the art of making colored glass was known—(of its great antiquity there

is no doubt)—but of restoring it to its shrine at San Lorenzo—to its guard of knights servitors—to the homage, offerings, and bigotry of the people! with a republished assurance that this is the invaluable *emerald dish*, the ‘*Sagro Catino*,’ which *Queen Sheba* offered, with other gems, to King Solomon (who deposited it, where all gems should be, in his church), and which afterwards was reserved for a higher destiny than even that assigned to it in the gorgeous temple of Jerusalem. The story of the analysis by the institute of Paris is hushed up, and those who would revive it would be branded with the odium of blasphemy and sedition; none now remember such things, but those who are the determined enemies of social order, or as the Genoese Royal Journal would call them, ‘*the radicals of the age.*’”—*Italy, by Lady Morning.*

“THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.”

There is an old painting in the church of the Holy Virgin at Florence, representing the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms, trampling the dragon under her feet, about which is the following curious legend, thus humorously described by Southey, in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*:

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
 Like Job who eschewed all evil,
 Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
 With applause and amazement; but chiefly his praise
 And delight was in painting the devil.

They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
 Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell,
 Such burning hot eyes, such a *d-mnable* hue,
 You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue
 He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
 'Twas over the Virgin's church door ;
 She stood on the dragon embracing her son,
 Many devils already the artist had done,
 But this must outdo all before.

The old dragon's imps as they fled through the air,
 At seeing it paused on the wing,
 For he had a likeness so just to a hair,
 That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
 To pay their respects to their king.

Every child on beholding it, shivered with dread,
 And screamed, as he turned away quick ;
 Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
 Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
 " God help me from ugly old Nick !"

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
 He sometimes would dream of by night ;
 But once he was started as sleeping he lay,
 'Twas no fancy, no dream—he could plainly survey
 That the devil himself was in sight.

" You rascally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,
 " Take heed how you wrong me, again !
 Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
 Or see if I threaten in vain."

Now the painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance,
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thanked him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bid him defiance.

Betimes in the morning, the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light ;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labor he goes,
And he has the wicked old one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of his nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scales
And that—the identical curl of the tail,
Not a mark—not a claw is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight ;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind !
He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
He looks around for applause, and he sees with affright,
The original standing behind.

“ Fool! idiot!” old Beelzebub grinned as he spoke,
And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire ;
The painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke ;
And the devil could wish it no higher.

“ Help! help me, O Mary,” he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sank under his feet,
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good painter, she saved him from harm,
There were thousands who saw in the street.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
 And curs'd his own fruitless endeavor :
 While the Painter called after, his rage to deride,
 Shook his palette and brushes in triumph, and cried,
 " Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever !"

LEGEND OF THE PAINTER-FRIAR, THE DEVIL AND
 THE VIRGIN.

Don José de Valdivielso, one of the chaplains of the gay Cardinal Infant Ferdinand of Austria, relates the following legend in his paper on the Tax on Pictures, appended to Carducho's *Diálogos de la Pintura*. A certain young friar was famous amongst his order, for his skill in painting; and he took peculiar delight in drawing the Virgin and the Devil. To heighten the divine beauty of the one, and to devise new and extravagant forms of ugliness for the other, were the chief recreations for his leisure hours. Vexed at last by the variety and vigor of his sketches, Beelzebub, to be revenged, assumed the form of a lovely maiden, and crossed under this guise the path of the friar, who being of an amorous disposition, fell at once into the trap. The seeming damsel smiled on her shaven wooer, but though nothing loth to be won, would not surrender her charms at a less price than certain reliquaries and jewels in the convent treasury—a price which the friar in an evil hour consented to pay. He admitted her at midnight within the convent walls, and leading her to the sacristy, took from its antique cabinet the things for which she

had asked. Then came the moment of vengeance. Passing in their return through the moonlit cloister as the friar stole along, embracing the booty with one arm, and his false Duessa with the other, the demon-lady suddenly cried out, "Thieves!" with diabolical energy, and instantly vanished. The snoring monks rushed disordered from their cells and detected their unlucky brother making off with their plate. Excuse being impossible, they tied the culprit to a column, and leaving him till matins, when his punishment was to be determined, went back to their slumbers. When all was quiet, the Devil reappeared, but this time in his most hideous shape. Half dead with cold and terror, the discomfited caricaturist stood shivering at his column, while his tormentor made unmercifully merry with him; twitting him with his amorous overtures, mocking his stammered prayers, and irreverently suggesting an appeal for aid to the beauty he so loved to delineate. The penitent wretch at last took the advice thus jeeringly given—when lo! the Virgin descended, radiant in heavenly loveliness, loosened his cords, and bade him bind the Evil One to the column in his place—an order which he obeyed through her strength, with no less alacrity than astonishment. She further ordered him to appear among the other monks at table, and charged herself with the task of restoring the stolen plate to its place. Thus the tables were suddenly turned. The friar presented himself among his brethren in

the morning, to their no small astonishment, and voted with much contrition for his own condemnation—a sentence which was reversed when they came to examine the contents of the sacristy, and found everything correct. As to the Devil, who remained fast bound to the pillar, he was soundly flogged, and so fell into the pit which he had dugged for another. His dupe, on the other hand, gathered new strength from his fall, and became not only a wiser and a better man, but also an abler artist; for the experience of that terrible night had supplied all that was wanting to complete the ideal of his favorite subjects. Thenceforth, he followed no more after enticing damsels, but remained in his cloister, painting the Mādonna more serenely beautiful, and the Arch Enemy more curiously appalling than ever.

GERARD DOUW.

This extraordinary artist was born at Leyden, in 1613. He was the son of a glazier, and early exhibited a passion for the fine arts, which his father encouraged. He received his first instruction in drawing from Dolendo, the engraver. He was afterwards placed with Peter Kowenhoorn, to learn the trade of a glass-stainer or painter; but disliking this business, he became the pupil of Rembrandt when only fifteen years of age, in whose school he continued three years. From Rembrandt he learned the true principles of color

ing, to which he added a delicacy of pencilling, and a patience in working up his pictures to the highest degree of neatness and finish, superior to any other master. He was more pleased with the earlier and more finished works of Rembrandt, than with his later productions, executed with more boldness and freedom of pencilling; he therefore conceived the project of combining the rich and glowing colors of that master with the polish and suavity of extreme finishing, and he adopted the method of uniting the powerful tones and the magical light and shadow of his instructor with a minuteness and precision of pencilling that so nearly approached nature as to become perfect illusion. But though his manner appears so totally different from that of Rembrandt, yet it was to him he owed that excellence of coloring which enabled him to triumph over all the artists of his time. His pictures are usually of small size, with figures so exquisitely touched, and with a coloring so harmonious, transparent, and delicate, as to excite the astonishment and admiration of the beholder. Although his pictures are wrought up beyond the works of any other artist, there is still discoverable a spirited and characteristic touch that evinces the hand of a consummate master, and a breadth of light and shadow which is only to be found in the works of the greatest masters of the art of *chiaro-scuro*. The fame acquired by Douw is a crowning proof that excellence is not confined to any particular style or man-

ner, and had he attempted to arrive at distinction by a bolder and less finished pencil, it is highly probable that his fame would not have been so great. It has been truly said that there are no positive rules by which genius must be bounded to arrive at excellence. Every intermediate style, from the grand and daring handling of Michael Angelo to the laborious and patient finishing of Douw, may conduct the painter to distinction, provided he adapts his manner to the character of the subjects he treats.

DOUW'S STYLE.

Douw designed everything from nature, and with such exactness that each object appears as perfect as nature herself. He was incontestibly the most wonderful in his finishing of all the Flemish masters, although the number of artists of that school who have excelled in this particular style are quite large. The pictures he first painted were portraits, and he wrought by the aid of a concave mirror, and sometimes by looking at the object through a frame of many squares of small silk thread. He spent so much time in these works that, notwithstanding they were extremely admired, his sitters became disgusted, and he was obliged to abandon portrait painting entirely, and devote his attention to fancy subjects, in the execution of which he could devote as much time as he pleased. This will not appear surprising, when Sandrart informs us that, on one

occasion, in company with Peter de Laer, he visited Douw, and found him at work on a picture, which they could not forbear admiring for its extraordinary neatness, and on taking particular notice of a broom, and expressing their surprise that he could devote so much time in finishing so minute an object, Douw informed them that he should work on it three days more before he should think it complete. The same author also says that in a family picture of Mrs. Spiering, that lady sat five days for the finishing of one of her hands, supporting it on the arm of a chair.

DOUW'S METHOD OF PAINTING.

His mind was naturally turned to precision and exactness, and it is evident that he would have shown this quality in any other profession, had he practiced another. Methodical and regular in all his habits, he prepared and ground his own colors, and made his own brushes of a peculiar shape, and he kept them locked up in a case made for the purpose, that they might be free from soil. He permitted no one to enter his studio, save a very few friends, and when he entered himself, he went as softly as he could tread, so as not to raise the dust, and after taking his seat, waited some time till the air was settled before he opened his box and went to work; scarcely a breath of air was allowed to ventilate his painting-room.

DOUW'S WORKS.

Everything that came from his pencil was precious, even in his life-time. Houbraken says that his great patron, Mr. Spiering the banker, allowed him one thousand guilders a year, and paid besides whatever sum he pleased to ask for his pictures, some of which he purchased for their weight in silver; but Sandrart informs us, with more probability, that the thousand guilders were paid to Douw by Spiering on condition that the artist should give him the choice of all the pictures he painted. The following description of one of Gerhard's most capital pictures, for a long time in the possession of the family of Van Hoek, at Amsterdam, will serve to give a good idea of his method of treating his subjects. The picture is much larger than his usual size, being three feet long by two feet six inches wide, inside the frame. The room is divided into two apartments by a curtain of curiously wrought tapestry. In one apartment sits a woman giving suck to her child; at her side is a cradle, and a table covered with tapestry, on which is placed a gilt lamp which lights the room. In the second apartment is a surgeon performing an operation upon a countryman, and by his side stands a woman holding some utensils. The folding doors on one side shows a study, and a man making a pen by candle light; and on the other, a school, with boys writing, and sitting at different tables. The whole

is lighted in an agreeable and surprising manner; every object is expressed with beauty and astonishing force. Nor does the subject appear too crowded, for it was one of his peculiar talents to show, in a small compass, more than other painters could do in a much larger space. His pictures are generally confined to a few figures, and sometimes to a single one, and when he attempted larger compositions, he was generally less successful. The works of this artist are not numerous, from the immense labor and time he bestowed upon a single one; and from this circumstance, and the estimation in which they are held by the curious collectors, they have ever commanded enormous prices. They were always particularly admired in France, in the days of Napoleon, there were no less than seventeen of his pictures gathered into the Louvre, most of which were, after his downfall, restored to their original proprietors, among which was the famous Dropsical Woman, from the collection of the King of Sardinia. At Turin, are several pictures by Douw, the most famous of which is the one just named—the Dropsical Woman, attended by her physician, who is examining an urinal. This picture is wonderfully true to nature, and each particular hair and pore of the skin is represented. In the gallery at Florence is one of his pictures, representing an interior by candle-light, with a mountebank, surrounded by a number of clowns, which is exquisitely finished. The great fame of Gerhard

Douw, and the eager desire for his works, have given rise to numerous counterfeits. We may safely say that there is not an original picture by this artist in the United States. Douw died, very rich, in 1674.

ALBERT DURER.

This extraordinary artist was born at Nuremberg in 1471. His father was a skillful goldsmith, from Hungary, and taught his son the first rudiments of design, intending him for his own profession; but his early and decided inclination for the arts and sciences induced him to permit young Durer to follow the bent of his genius. He received his first instruction in painting and engraving from Martin Hapse. When he had reached the age of fourteen, it was his father's intention to have placed him under the instruction of Martin Schoen, of Colmar, the most distinguished artist of his time in Germany, but the death of the latter happening about that time, he became a pupil of Michael Wolgemut, in 1486, the first artist then in Nuremberg, with whom he studied diligently four years. He also cultivated the study of perspective, the mathematics, and architecture, in all of which he acquired a profound knowledge. Having finished his studies, he commenced his travels in 1490, and spent four years in traveling through Germany, the Netherlands, and the adjacent countries and provinces. On his return to Nuremberg,

in 1494, he ventured to exhibit his works to the public, which immediately attracted great attention. His first work was a piece of the Three Graces, represented by as many female figures, with a globe over their heads. He soon after executed one of his master-pieces, a drawing of Orpheus. About this time, to please his father, as it is said, he married the daughter of Hans Fritz, a celebrated mechanic, who proved a fierce Xantippe, and embittered, and some say shortened his life. In 1506, he went to Venice to improve himself, where his abilities excited envy and admiration. Here he painted the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew for the church of S. Marco, which was afterwards purchased by the Emperor Rodolphus, and removed to Prague. He also went to Bologna, and returned home in 1507. This journey to Italy had no effect whatever upon his style, though doubtless he obtained much information that was valuable to him, for at this period commenced the proper era of his greatness.

DURER'S WORKS AS A PAINTER.

Though Durer was most famous as an engraver, yet he executed many large paintings, which occupy a distinguished place in the royal collections of Germany, and other European countries. In the imperial collection at Munich are some of the most celebrated, as Adam and Eve, the Adoration of the Magi the Crucifixion—a grand composition—the

Crowning of the Virgin, the Battle between Alexander and Darius, and many other great works: Durer painted the Wise Men's Offering, two pictures of the Passion of Christ, and an Assumption of the Virgin, for a monastery of Frankfort, which proved a source of income to the monks, from the presents they received for exhibiting them. The people of Nuremberg still preserve, in the Town Hall, his portraits of Charlemagne and some Emperors of the House of Austria; with the Twelve Apostles, whose drapery is remarkable for being modern German, instead of Oriental. He sent his own portrait to Raffaele, painted on canvas, without any coloring or touch of the pencil, only heightened with shades and white, yet exhibiting such strength and elegance that the great artist to whom it was presented expressed the greatest surprise at the sight of it. This piece, after the death of Raffaele, fell into the possession of Giulio Romano, who placed it among the curiosities of the palace of Mantua. Besides the pictures already mentioned, there is by him an Ecce Homo at Venice, his own portrait, and two pictures representing St. James and St. Philip, and an Adam and Eve in the Florentine Gallery. There are also some of his works in the Louvre, and in the royal collections in England. As a painter, it has been observed of Durer that he studied nature only in her unadorned state, without attending to those graces which study and art might have afforded him; but his imagina-

tion was lively, his composition grand, and his pencil delicate. He finished his works with exact neatness, and he was particularly excellent in his Madonnas, though he encumbered them with heavy draperies. He surpassed all the painters of his own country, yet he did not avoid their defects—such as dryness and formality of outline, the want of a just degradation of the tints, an expression without agreeableness, and draperies broad in the folds, but stiff in the forms. He was no observer of the propriety of costume, and paid so little attention to it that he appears to have preferred to drape his saints and heroes of antiquity in the costume of his own time and country. Fuseli observes that “the coloring of Durer went beyond his age, and in his easel pictures it as far excelled the oil color of Raffaele in juice, and breadth, and handling, as Raffaele excelled him in every other quality.”

DURER'S WORKS AS AN ENGRAVER.

Durer derived most of his fame from his engravings, and he is allowed to have surpassed every artist of his time in this branch of art. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection that has hardly been surpassed. When we consider that, without any models worthy of imitation, he brought engraving to such great perfection, we are astonished at his genius, and his own resources. Although engraving has had the advan-

tage and experience of more than three centuries, it would perhaps be difficult to select a specimen of executive excellence surpassing his print of St. Jerome, engraved in 1514. He had a perfect command of the graver, and his works are executed with remarkable neatness and clearness of stroke, if we do not find in his plates that boldness and freedom desirable in large historical works, we find in them everything that can be wished in works more minute and finished, as were his. To him is attributed the invention of etching; and if he was not the inventor, he was the first who excelled in the art. He also invented the method of printing wood-cuts in chiaro-scuro, or with two blocks. His great mathematical knowledge enabled him to form a regular system of rules for drawing and painting with geometrical precision. He had the power of catching the exact expression of the features, and of delineating all the passions. Although he was well acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure, and occasionally designed it correctly, his contours are neither graceful nor pleasing, and his prints are never entirely divested of the stiff and formal taste that prevailed at the time, both in his figures and drapery. Such was his reputation, both at home and abroad, that Marc' Antonio Raimondi counterfeited his Passion of Christ, and the Life of the Virgin at Venice, and sold them for the genuine works of Durer. The latter, hearing of the fraud, was so exasperated that he set out for Venice,

where he complained to the government of the wrong that had been done him by the plagiarist, but he could obtain no other satisfaction than a decree prohibiting Raimoudi from affixing Durer's monogram or signatures to these copies in future. Vasari says that when the prints of Durer were first brought into Italy, they incited the painters there to elevate themselves in that branch of art, and to make his works their models.

DURER'S FAME AND DEATH.

The fame of Durer spread far and wide in his life-time. The Emperor Maximilian I. had a great esteem for him, and appointed him his court painter, with a liberal pension, and conferred on him letters of nobility; Charles V., his successor, confirmed him in his office, bestowing upon him at the same time the painter's coat of arms, viz., three escutcheons, argent, in a deep azure field. Ferdinand, King of Hungary, also bestowed upon him marked favors and liberality. Durer was in favor with high and low. All the artists and learned men of his time honored and loved him, and his early death in 1528 was universally lamented.

DURER'S HABITS AND LITERARY WORKS.

Durer always lived in a frugal manner, without the least ostentation for the distinguished favors heaped upon him. He applied himself to his profession with the most constant and untiring industry, which, together with his great knowledge, great facility of mechanical execution, and a remarkable talent for imitation, enabled him to rise to such distinction, and to exert so powerful an influence on German art for a great length of time. He was the first artist in Germany who practiced and taught the rules of perspective, and of the proportions of the human figure, according to mathematical principles. His treatise on proportions is said to have resulted from his studies of his picture of Adam and Eve. His principal works are *De Symmetria partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum*, printed at Nuremberg in 1532; and *De Verieitate Figurarum, et flexuris partium, et Gestibus Imaginum*; 1534. These works were written in German, and after Durer's death translated into Latin. The figures illustrating the subjects were executed by Durer, on wood, in an admirable manner. Durer had also much merit as a miscellaneous writer, and labored to purify and elevate the German language, in which he was assisted by his friend, W. Pirkheimer. His works were published in a collected form at Arnheim, in 1603, folio, in Latin and in French. J. J. Roth wrote a life of Durer, published at Leipsic in 1791.

LUDOLPH BACKHUYSEN

This eminent painter was born in 1631. His father intended him for the mercantile profession, but nature for a marine painter. His passion for art induced him to neglect his employer's business, with whom his father had placed him, and to spend his time in drawing, and in frequenting the studios of the painters at Amsterdam. His fondness for shipping led him frequently to the port of the city, where he made admirable drawings of the vessels with a pen, which were much sought after by the collectors, and were purchased at liberal prices. Several of his drawings were sold at 100 florins each. This success induced him to paint marine subjects. His first essays were successful, and his pictures universally admired. While painting, he would not admit his most intimate friends to his studio, lest his fancy might be disturbed. He hired fishermen to take him out to sea in the most tremendous gales, and on landing, he would run impatiently to his palette to secure the grand impressions of the views he had just witnessed. He has represented that element in its most terrible agitation, with a fidelity that intimidates the beholder. His pictures on these subjects have raised his reputation even higher than that of W. van de Velde; although the works of the later, which represent the sea at rest, or in light breezes, are much superior, and indeed inimitable. His pictures are dis-

tinguished for their admirable perspective, correct drawing, neatness and freedom of touch, and remarkable facility of execution. For the burgo-masters of Amsterdam, he painted a large picture with a multitude of vessels, and a view of the city in the distance; for which they gave him 1,300 guilders, and a handsome present. This picture was presented to the King of France, who placed it in the Louvre. The King of Prussia visited Backhuysen, and the Czar Peter took delight in seeing him paint, and often endeavored to make drawings after vessels which the artist had designed.

JOHN BAPTIST WEENIX, THE ELDER.

This eminent Dutch painter was born at Amsterdam in 1621. He possessed extraordinary and varied talents. He painted history, portraits, landscapes, sea-ports, animals, and dead game, in all which branches he showed uncommon ability; but his greatest excellence lay in painting Italian sea-ports, of a large size, enriched with noble edifices, and decorated with figures representing embarkations and all the activity of commercial industry. In these subjects he has scarcely been surpassed except by his pupil, Nicholas Berghem.

WEENIX'S FACILITY OF HAND.

Houbraken relates several instances of his remarkable facility of hand. He frequently painted

a large landscape and inserted all the figures in a single day—feats so much admired in Salvator Rosa, and Gaspar Poussin. On one occasion he commenced and finished three portraits, on canvass, of three-quarters size, with heads as large as life, from sun-rise to sun-set, on a summer's day. Lanzi warns all artists, especially the youthful aspirant, not to imitate such expedition, as they value their reputation.

JOHN BAPTIST WEENIX, THE YOUNGER,

Was the son of the preceding, and born at Amsterdam in 1644. Possessing less varied talent than his father; he was unrivaled in painting all sorts of animals, huntings, dead games, birds, flowers, and fruit. He was appointed Court painter to the Elector Palatine, with a liberal pension, and decorated his palace at Bernsberg with many of his choicest works. He painted in one gallery a series of pictures representing the Hunting of the Stag; and in another the Chase of the Wild Boar, which gained him the greatest applause. There are many of his best works in the Dusseldorf Gallery. He painted all kinds of birds and fowls in an inimitable manner; the soft down of the duck, the glossy plumage of the pigeon, the splendor of the peacock, the magnificent spread of an inanimate swan producing a flood of light, and serving as a contrast to all the objects around it, are so attractive that it is impossible to contemplate one of his pictures of

these subjects without feeling admiration and delight at the painter's skill in rivaling nature.

JAN STEEN.

The life of this extraordinary artist, if we are to believe his biographers, is soon told. He was born at Leyden in 1636. He early exhibited a passion for art, which his father, a wealthy brewer of that city, endeavored to restrain, and afterwards apprehending that he could not procure a comfortable subsistence by the exercise of his pencil, established him in his own business at Delft, where, instead of attending to his affairs, he gave himself up to dissipation, and soon squandered his means and ruined his establishment; his indulgent parent, after repeated attempts to reclaim him, was compelled to abandon him to his fate. He opened a tavern, which proved more calamitous than the former undertaking. He gave himself up entirely to reveling and intoxication, wrought only when his necessities compelled him, and sold his pictures to satisfy his immediate wants, and often for the most paltry prices to escape arrest.

JAN STEEN'S WORKS.

The pictures of Jan Steen usually represent merry-makings, and the frolics and festivities of the ale-house, which he treated with a characteristic

expression of humorous drollery, that compensated for the vulgarity of his subjects. He sometimes painted interiors, domestic assemblies, conversations, mountebanks, etc., which he generally accompanied with some facetious trait of wit or humor, admirably rendered. Some of his works of this description are little inferior to the charming productions of Gabriel Metz. His compositions are ingenious and interesting, his design is correct and spirited, his coloring chaste and clear, and his pencil free and decided. He also had a good knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, which enabled him to give his figures a fine relief. His works are invariably finished with care and diligence, and do not betray any haste or infirmity of hand or head. It is evident that, from some untoward circumstance, his works were not appreciated in his day, but after his death they rose amazingly in value, and have continued to increase ever since,—a true test of a master's merit—till now they are scarcely to be found except in royal and noble collections and the public galleries of Europe. His pictures were, for a long time, scarcely known out of Holland, but now they are deservedly placed in the choicest collections. His works are very numerous, sufficient to have continually occupied the life time of not only a sober and industrious artist, but one possessing great facility of hand. Smith, in his *Catalogue raisonné*, vol. iv. and *Supplément*, gives a description of upwards of 300 genuine pictures by

Steen, many of them compositions of numerous figures, and almost all of them executed with the greatest care. It cannot be believed that a man living in a state of continued dissipation and inebriety, could find time to produce so many admirable works, displaying, as they do, a deep study of human nature, and a great discrimination of character, or that the hand of a habitual drunkard could operate with such beauty and precision. Nor is it probable that a mind besotted by drink, and debased by low intercourse, could moralize so admirably as he has done on the evil consequences of intemperance and the indulgence of evil passions.

KUGLER'S CRITIQUE ON THE WORKS OF JAN STEEN.

Dr Kugler, a judicious critic, thus sums up his character as an artist: "The works of Jan Steen imply a free and cheerful view of common life, and he treats it with a careless humor, such as seems to deal with all its daily occurrences, high and low, as a laughable masquerade and a mere scene of perverse absurdity. His treatment of the subject differed essentially from that adopted by other artists. Frequently, indeed, they are the same jolly drinking parties, or the meetings of boors; but in other masters the object is, for the most part, to depict a certain situation, either quiet or animated, whilst in Jan Steen is generally to be found action

more or less developed, together with all the reciprocal relations and interests between the characters which spring from it. This is accompanied by great variety and force of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist in the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all these elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, it is as firm and correct as it is light and free."

FROLICS OF MIERIS AND JAN STEEN.

Sandrart says that Mieris had a real friendship for Jan Steen, and delighted in his company, though he was by no means fond of drinking as freely as Jan was accustomed to do every evening at the tavern. Notwithstanding this, he often passed whole nights with his friend in a joyous manner, and frequently returned very late to his lodging. One evening, when it was very dark and almost midnight, as Mieris strolled home from the tavern, he unluckily fell into the common sewer, which had been opened for the purpose of cleansing, and the workmen had left unguarded. There he must have perished, had not a cobbler and his wife, who worked in a neighboring stall, heard his cries and instantly ran to his relief. Having extricated Mieris, they took all possible care of him, and procured the best refresh

ment in their power. The next morning Mieris, having thanked his preservers, took his leave, but particularly remarked the house, that he might know it another time. The poor people were totally ignorant of the person whom they had relieved, but Mieris had too grateful a heart to forget his benefactors, and having painted a picture in his best manner, he brought it to the cobbler and his wife, telling them it was a present from the person whose life they had contributed to save, and desired them to carry it to his friend Cornelius Plaats, who would give them the full value for it. The woman, unacquainted with the real worth of the present, concluded she might receive a moderate gratuity for the picture, but her astonishment was inexpressible, when she received the sum of eight hundred florins.

SIR ANTHONY MORE.

This eminent painter was born at Utrecht, in 1519. In 1552, he accompanied the Cardinal Granville to Spain, who recommended him to the patronage of the Emperor Charles V., whose portrait he painted, and that of Prince Philip, which gave so much satisfaction to the monarch, that he sent him to Portugal, to paint the portraits of King John III., Catherine of Austria his Queen, and sister to Charles, and that of their daughter, the Princess Donna Maria, then contracted to Philip; he also painted the portrait of Donna Catalina, Charles' younger

sister; all of which gave entire satisfaction, and the artist was munificently rewarded, and the honor of knighthood conferred on him. The Emperor next despatched More to England to take the portrait of the princess Mary previous to her marriage with Philip of Spain. On this occasion, he is said to have employed all the flattering aids of his art, and so captivated the courtiers of Spain, with the charms of Mary's person, that he was employed by Cardinal Granville and several of the grandees to make copies of it for them. He accompanied Philip to England, where he remained till the death of Queen Mary, who highly honored him, presented him a gold chain, and allowed him a pension of £100 a year. The Emperor Charles V. having abdicated in favor of his son Philip II., the latter returned to Spain, and made More his court-painter, where his talents procured him great respect and abundant employment.

SIR ANTHONY MORE AND PHILIP II.

Philip II. was accustomed to honor More by frequent visits to his studio, on which occasions he treated him with extraordinary familiarity. One day, in a moment of condescension and admiration, the monarch jocosely slapped More on the shoulder which compliment the painter, in an unguarded moment, playfully returned by smearing his hand with a little carmine from his brush. The King

withdrew his hand and surveyed it for a moment, seriously; the courtiers were petrified with horror and amazement; the hand to which ladies knelt before they had the honor to kiss it, had never before been so dishonored since the foundation of the monarchy; at that moment the fate of More was balanced on a hair; he saw his rashness, fell on his knees, kissed the King's feet, and humbly begged pardon for the offence. Philip smiled, and pardoned him, and all seemed to be well again; but the person of the King was too sacred in those days, and the act too daring to escape the notice of the Inquisition, from whose bigotry and vengeance the King himself could not have shielded him. Happily for More, one of Philip's ministers advised him of his danger, and without loss of time he set out for Brussels, upon the feigned pretence of pressing engagements, nor could Philip ever induce him to return to his court.

MORE'S SUCCESS AND WORKS.

More was employed by most of the princes of Europe, who liberally rewarded him, and at every court his paintings were beheld with admiration and applause, but at none more than at those of Spain and England. He acquired an ample fortune. When he was in Portugal, the nobility of that country, in token of their esteem, presented him, in the name of their order, a gold chain valued at a

thousand ducats. He closely imitated nature. He designed and painted in a bold, masculine style, with a rich tone of coloring; he showed a good knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, and he finished his pictures with neatness and care; his style is said to resemble that of Hans Holbein, though not possessing his delicacy and clearness; and there is something dry and hard in his manner. His talents were not confined to portraits; he painted several historical subjects in Spain for the Royal Collection, which were highly applauded, but which were unfortunately destroyed in the conflagration of the palace of the Prado. While he resided in Spain, he copied some portraits of illustrious women, in a style said to approach Titian. His own portrait, painted by himself, charmingly colored, and full of life and nature, is in the Florentine Gallery. His best work was a picture of the Circumcision, intended for the Cathedral at Antwerp, but he did not live to finish it, and died there in 1575

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A PAINTER.

John Griffier, a Dutch painter of celebrity, went to London in 1667, where he met with great encouragement. While there he painted many views on the Thames, and in order to observe nature more attentively, he bought a yacht, embarked his family, and spent his whole time on the river. After several years he sailed for Holland in his frail craft

but was wrecked in the Texel, where, after eight days of suffering, he and his family barely escaped with their lives, having lost all his paintings, and the fruits of his industry. This mishap cured him of his passion for the sea.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN DE MABUSE.

An amusing anecdote is related of this eminent painter. He was inordinately given to dissipation, and spent all his money, as fast as he earned it, in carousing with his boon companions. He was for a long time in the service of the Marquess de Veren, for whom he executed some of his most capital works. It happened on one occasion that the Emperor Charles V. made a visit to the Marquess, who made magnificent preparations for his reception, and among other things ordered all his household to be dressed in white damask. When the tailor came to measure Mabuse, he desired to have the damask, under the pretence of inventing a singular habit. He sold it immediately, spent the money, and then painted a paper suit, so like damask that it was not distinguished as he walked in procession between a philosopher and a poet, other pensioners of the Marquess; but the joke was too good to be kept, so his friends betrayed him to the Marquess, who, instead of being displeased was highly diverted, and asked the Emperor which of the three suits he liked best. The Emperor pointed to that of Ma-

buse, as excelling in whiteness and beauty of the flowers; and when he was told of the painter's stratagem, he would not believe it, till he had examined it with his own hands.

CAPUGNANO AND LIONELLO SPADA.

Lanzi relates the following amusing anecdote of Giovanni da Capugnano, an artist of little merit, but whose assurance enabled him to attract considerable attention in his day. "Misled by a pleasing self-delusion, he believed himself born to become a painter; like that ancient personage, mentioned by Horace, who imagined himself the owner of all the vessels that arrived in the Athenian port. His chief talent lay in making crucifixes, to fill up the angles, and in giving a varnish to the balustrades. Next, he attempted landscape in water-colors, in which were exhibited the most strange proportions; of houses less than the men; these last smaller than his sheep; and the sheep again than his birds. Extolled, however, in his own district, he determined to leave his native mountains, and figure on a wider theatre at Bologna; there he opened his house, and requested the Caracci, the only artists he believed to be more learned than himself, to furnish him with a pupil, whom he intended to polish in his studio. Lionello Spada, an admirable wit, accepted this invitation; he went and copied designs, affecting the utmost obsequious-

ness towards his master. At length, conceiving it time to put an end to the jest, he left behind him a most exquisite painting of Lucretia, and over the entrance of the chamber some fine satirical octaves, in apparent praise, but real ridicule of Capugnano. His worthy master only accused Lionello of ingratitude, for having acquired from him in so short a space the art of painting so beautifully from his designs; but the Caracci at last acquainted him with the joke, which acted as a complete antidote to his folly."

MICHAEL ANGELO DA CARAVAGGIO—HIS QUARRELSOME DISPOSITION.

Caravaggio possessed a very irascible and roving disposition. At the height of his popularity at Rome, he got into a quarrel with one of his own young friends, in a tennis-court, and struck him dead with a racket, having been severely wounded himself in the affray. He fled to Naples, where he executed some of his finest pictures, but he soon got weary of his residence there, and went to Malta. Here his superb picture of the Grand Master obtained for him the Cross of Malta, a rich gold chain, placed on his neck by the Grand Master's own hands, and two slaves to attend him. All these honors did not prevent the new knight from falling back into old habits. "*Il suo torbido ingegno,*" says Bellori, plunged him into new difficulties; he fought and wounded a noble cavalier, was thrown,



CARAVAGGIO.

into prison, from which he escaped almost by a miracle, and fled to Syracuse, where he obtained the favor of the Syracusans by painting a splendid picture of the Santa Morte, for the church of S. Lucia. In apprehension of being taken by the Knights of Malta, he soon fled to Messina, thence to Palermo, and returned to Naples, where hopes were held out to him of the Pope's pardon. Here he got into a quarrel with some military men in a public house, was wounded, and took refuge on board a felucca, about to sail for Rome. Stopping at a small port on the way, he was arrested by a Spanish guard, by mistake, for another person; when released, he found the felucca gone, and in it all his property. Traversing the burning shore, under an almost vertical sun, he was seized with a brain fever, and continued to wander through the Pontine Marshes till he arrived at Porto Ercoli, when he expired, aged forty years

JACOPO AMICONI.

Giacomo Amiconi, a Venetian painter, went to England, in 1729, where he was first employed by Lord Tankerville to paint the staircase of his palace in St. James' Square. He there represented the stories of Achilles, Telemachus and Tiresias, which gained him great applause. When he was to be paid, he produced his bills of the workmen for scaffolding, materials, &c., amounting

to £90, and asked no more, saying that he was content with the opportunity of showing what he could do. The peer, however, gave him £200 more. This brought him into notice, and he was much employed by the nobility to decorate their houses.

PAINTING THE DEAD.

Giovanni Baptista Gaulli, called Baciccio, one of the most eminent Genoese painters, was no less celebrated for portraits than for history. Pascoli says he painted no less than seven different Pontiffs, besides many illustrious personages. Possessing great colloquial powers, he engaged his sitters in the most animated conversation, and thus transferred their features to his canvas, so full of life and expression, that they looked as though they were about to speak to the beholder. He also had a remarkable talent of painting the dead, so as to obtain an exact resemblance of deceased persons whom he had never seen. For this purpose, he drew a face at random, afterwards altering it in every feature, by the advice and under the inspection of those who had known the original, till he had improved it to a striking likeness.

TADDEO ZUCCARO.

This eminent painter was born at San Angiolo, in the Duchy of Urbino, in 1529. At a very early age he evinced a passion for art and a præcocious

genius. After having received instruction from his father, a painter of little note, his extraordinary enthusiasm induced him, at fourteen years of age, to go to Rome, without a penny in his pocket, where he passed the day in designing, from the works of Raffaelle. Such was his poverty, that he was compelled to sleep under the loggie of the Chigi palace; he contrived to get money enough barely to supply the wants of nature, by grinding colors for the shops. Undaunted by difficulties that would have driven a less devoted lover of the art from the field, he pursued his studies with undiminished ardor, till his talents and industry attracted the notice of Daniello da Por, an artist then in repute, who generously relieved his wants and gave him instruction. From that time he made rapid progress, and soon acquired a distinguished reputation, but he died at Rome in 1566, in the prime of life.

ZUCCARO'S RESENTMENT.

Federigo Zuccaro, the brother of Taddeo, was employed by Pope Gregory XIII. in the Pauline chapel. While proceeding with his work, however, he fell out with some of the Pope's officers; and conceiving himself treated with indignity, he painted an allegorical picture of Calumny, introducing the portraits of all those individuals who had offended him, decorated with asses' ears. This he caused to be exhibited publicly over the gate of St. Luke's

church, on the festival day of that Saint. His enemies, upon this, made such complaints that he was forced to fly from Rome, and passing into France, he visited Flanders and England. As soon as the pontiff was appeased, he returned to Rome, and completed his work in the Pauline chapel, fortunate in not losing his head as the price of such a daring exploit.

ROYAL CRITICISM.

Federigo Zuccaro was invited to Madrid by Philip II. to execute some frescos in the lower cloister of the Escorial, which, failing to give satisfaction to his royal patron, were subsequently effaced, and their place supplied by Pellegrino Tibaldi; the king nevertheless munificently rewarded him. One day, as he was displaying a picture of the Nativity, which he had painted for the great altar of the Escorial, for the inspection of the monarch, he said, "Sire, you now behold all that art can execute; beyond this which I have done, the powers of painting cannot go." The king was silent for some time; his countenance betrayed neither approbation nor contempt; at last, preserving the same indifference, he quietly asked the painter what *those things* were in the basket of one of the shepherds in the act of running? He replied they were eggs. "It is well then, that he did not break them," said the king, as he turned on his way—a just rebuke for such fulsome self-adulation.

PIETRO DA CORTONA.

The name of this illustrious painter and architect was Berrettini, and he was born at Cortona, near Florence, in 1596. At the age of fourteen he went to Rome, where he studied the works of Raffaele and Caravaggio with the greatest assiduity. It is said that at first he betrayed but little talent for painting, but his genius burst forth suddenly, to the astonishment of those companions who had laughed at his incapacity; this doubtless was owing to his previous thorough course of study. While yet young, he painted two pictures for the Cardinal Sacchetti, representing the Rape of the Sabines, and a Battle of Alexander, which gained him so much celebrity that Pope Urban VIII. commissioned him to paint a chapel in the church of S. Bibiena, where Ciampelli was employed. The latter at first regarded with contempt the audacity of so young a man's daring to attempt so important a public work, but Cortona had no sooner commenced than Ciampelli's disgust changed to admiration of his abilities. His success in this performance gained him the celebrated work of the ceiling of the grand saloon in the Barberini palace, which is considered one of the greatest productions of the kind ever executed. Cortona was invited to Florence by the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., to paint the saloon and four apartments in the Pitti palace, where he represented the Clemency of Alexander.

to the family of Darius, the Firmness of Porsena, the Continnence of Cyrus, the History of Massanissa, and other subjects. While thus employed, the Duke, one day, having expressed his admiration of a weeping child which he had just painted, Cortona with a single stroke of his pencil made it appear laughing, and with another restored it to its former state; "Prince," said he, "you see how easily children laugh and cry." Disgusted with the intrigues of some artists jealous of his reputation, he left Florence abruptly, without completing his works, and the Grand Duke could never persuade him to return. On his return to Rome, he abounded with commissions, and Pope Alexander VII. honored him with the order of the Golden Spur. Cortona was also distinguished as an architect. He made a design for the Palace of the Louvre, which was so highly approved by Louis XIV. that he sent him his picture richly set in jewels. Cortona was a laborious artist, and though tormented with the gout, and in affluent circumstances, he continued to paint till his death, in 1699.

"KNOW THYSELF."

Mario Ballassi, a Florentine painter born in 1604, studied successively under Ligozzi, Roselli, and Passignano; he assisted the latter in the works he executed at Rome for Pope Urban XIII. His chief talent lay in copying the works of the great mas

ters, which he did to admiration. Don Taddeo Barberini employed him to copy the Transfiguration of Raffaele, for the Church of the Conception, in which he imitated the touch and expression of the original in so excellent a manner as to excite the surprise of the best judges at Rome. At the recommendation of the Cardinal Piccolomini, he was introduced to the Emperor Ferdinand III., who received him in an honorable manner. Elated with his success, he vainly imagined that if he could imitate the old masters, he could also equal them in an original style of his own. He signally failed in the attempt, which brought him into as much contempt as his former works had gained him approbation.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

This eminent sculptor and famous medalist was in high favor with Clement VII., who took him into his service. During the time of the Spanish invasion, Cellini asked the Pope for absolution for certain homicides which "he believed himself to have committed in the service of the church." The Pope absolved him, and, to save time, he added an absolution in *prospectu*, "for all the homicides thereafter which the said Benvenuto might commit in the same service." On another occasion, Cellini got into a broil, and committed a homicide that was not in the service of the church. The friends of the deceased insisted upon condign punishment, and

presumed to make some mention to the Pope about "the laws," upon which the successor of St. Peter, knowing that it was easier to hang than to replace such a man, assumed a high tone, and told the complainants that "men who were masters of their art should not be subject to the laws."

FRACANZANI AND SALVATOR ROSA.

The first accents of the "thrilling melody of sweet renown" which ever vibrated to the heart of Salvator Rosa, came to his ear from the kind-hearted Fracanzani, his sister's husband, and a painter of merit. When Salvator returned home from his sketching tours among the mountains, Fracanzani would examine his drawings, and when he saw anything good, he would smilingly pat him on the head and exclaim, "Fruscia, fruscia, Salvatoriello—che va buono" (*Go on, go on, Salvator—this is good*). These simple plaudits were recalled to his memory with pleasure, in after years, when his fame rung among the polished circles at Rome and Florence.

POPE URBAN VIII. AND BERNINI.

When the Cardinal Barberini, who had been the warm friend, patron, and protector of Bernini, was elevated to the pontificate, the latter went to offer his congratulations to his benefactor. The Pope received him in the most gracious manner, uttering



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

these memorable words, "E gran fortuna la vostra, Bernini, di vedere Papa, il Card. Maffeo Barberini; ma assai maggiore è la nostra, che il Cav. Bernini viva nel nostro pontificato;" (*It is a great piece of fortune for you, Bernini, to behold the Cardinal Maffeo Barberini Pope; but how much greater is ours, that the Cav. Bernini lives in our pontificate;*) and he immediately charged him with the execution of those great works which have immortalized both their names. Among the great works which he executed in this pontificate are the Baldachin, or great altar of St. Peter's, in bronze and gilt, under the centre of the great dome; the four colossal statues which fill the niches under the pedatives; the pulpit and canopy of St. Peter's; the Campanile; and the Barberini palace. For these services, the Pope gave Bernini 10,000 crowns, besides his monthly salary of 300, which he increased, and extended his favors to his brothers—"a grand piece of fortune," truly.

EMULATION AND RIVALRY IN THE FINE ARTS.

Emulation carries with it neither envy nor unfair rivalry, but inspires a man to surpass all others by superiority alone. Such was the emulation and rivalry between Zeuxis and Parrhasius, which contributed to the improvement of both; and similar thereto was that which inspired the master-minds of Michael Angelo and Raffaele; of Titian and

Pordeone; of Albert Durer and Lucas van Leyden; of Agostino and Annibale Caracci; and we may add, in our own country, of Thomas Cole and Durand. The emulation between the Caracci, though it tended to the improvement of both, was more unfortunate in its result, as it finally engendered such a bitter rivalry as to drive Agostino from the field, and it is said by some that both the Caracci declined when their competition ceased.

The confraternity of the Chartreuse at Bologna proposed to the artists of Italy to paint a picture for them in competition, and to send designs for selection. The Caracci were among the competitors, and the design of Agostino was preferred before all others; this, according to several authors, first gave rise to the jealousy between the two brothers. The picture which Agostino painted was his celebrated Communion of St. Jerome which Napoleon placed in the Louvre, but is now in the gallery at Bologna. It is esteemed the masterpiece of the artist. It represents the venerable saint, carried to the church of Bethlehem on his approaching dissolution, where he receives the last sacrament of the Roman Church, the Viaticum, in the midst of his disciples, while a monk writes down his pious exhortations. Soon after the completion of this sublime picture, the two brothers commenced the celebrated Farnese Gallery in conjunction; but the jealous feelings which existed between them caused continual dissensions, and the turbulent disposition

of Annibale compelled Agostino to abandon him and quit Rome. Agostino, who according to all authorities was the best tempered of the two, from that time gave himself up almost entirely to engraving. Annibale, though he has the honor of having executed the immortal works in the Farnese Gallery, yet owed much there, as elsewhere, to the acquirements and poetical genius of Agostino. In the composition of such mythological subjects the unlettered Annibale was totally inadequate. See vol i., page 71 of this work.

THE NOTTE OF CORREGGIO.

This wonderful picture is one of the most singular and beautiful works of that great master. Adopting an idea till then unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six, has expanded a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The subject he has chosen, is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation, proclaimed by the heavenly host, hasten to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a

group of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorizing the expression of scripture, that Christ is the true light of the world. Nor is the art, with which the figures are represented less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skillfully hidden, by its oblique position, from the conviction that the features of a new-born infant are ill-adapted to please the eye; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skillful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece is heightened to the imagination, by the attitude of a shepherdess, bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shews the figures in the background, contributes to augment the splendor of the principal glory. "The beauty, grace, and finish of the piece," says Mengs, "are admirable, and every part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style."

Opie, in his lectures, speaking of this work, justly

observes, "In the N^otte, where the light diffused over the piece emanates from the child, he has embodied a thought at once beautiful, picturesque, and sublime; an idea which has been seized upon with such avidity, and produced so many imitations that no one is accused of plagiarism. The real author is forgotten, and the public accustomed to consider this incident as naturally a part of the subject, have long ceased to inquire, when, or by whom, it was invented."

The history of this picture is curious, though involved in much obscurity. It is generally stated that while Correggio was engaged upon the grand cupola at Parma, he generally passed the colder season, when he could not work in fresco, in his native place. Passing through Reggio in one of his journeys, he received a commission from Alberto Pratonero for an altar-piece of the Nativity, which produced one of his finest pictures, now called La N^otte. The indefatigable Tiraboschi discovered the original contract for the work, which is dated October 14th, 1522, and fixes the price at two hundred and eight *livre di moneta Vecchia*, or forty-seven and a half gold ducats (about \$104). It was painted for the Pratoneri chapel in the church of S. Prospero at Reggio, but it was not fixed in its destined place till 1530. It is said that it was removed surreptitiously by order of Francesco I., the reigning Duke of Modena, who substituted a copy. The same story, however, is related of Correggio's

Ancona, painted for the church of the Conventuals at Correggio. See vol. ii., page 257, of this work.) At all events, the elector of Saxony subsequently purchased this gem, with other valuable pictures, from the Ducal Gallery at Mantua, and it now forms one of the principal ornaments of the Dresden Gallery.

THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

The Gallery of Dresden is well known to most amateurs from the engravings which have been made of many of its most capital pictures. In the works of Correggio it stands preëminent above all others; and although some of these have suffered by injudicious cleaning, still they are by Correggio. In the works of Titian, Raffaele, Lionardo da Vinci, Parmiggiano, Andrea del Sarto, the Caracci, Guido, &c., it holds also a high place; while it is rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch masters. Of the works of Reubens there are, 30; of Vandyck, 18; of Rembrandt, 15; of Paul Potter, 3; of David Teuiers, jun., 24; of Philip Wouvermans, 52; of Adrian Ostade, 6; of Gerard Douw, 16; of Francis Mieris, 14; of Gabriel Metz, 6; of Berghem, 9; of Adrian van de Velde, 5; of Ruysdael, 13; and others by the Dutch masters. The entire collection contains 1010 Flemish and Dutch pictures, and 350 pictures of the Italian schools, the principal part of which, particularly the pictures of Correggio, etc., belonged formerly to the

Mantua collection, and were purchased by the Elector Augustus III., afterwards King of Poland.

PAINTING AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

The antiquity of painting, as well as of sculpture, among the Egyptians, is sunk in fable. Yet it is certain that they made little or no progress in either art. Plato, who flourished about 400 B. C., says that the art of painting had been practiced by the Egyptians upwards of ten thousand years, and that there were existing in that country paintings of that high antiquity, which were neither inferior to, nor very different from, those executed by the Egyptian artists in his own time.

Before the French expedition to Egypt, a great deal had been written on the subject of Egyptian art, without eliciting anything satisfactory. Norden, Pococke, Bruce, and other modern travelers, speak of extraordinary paintings found on the walls of the temples and in the tombs at Thebes, Denderah, and other places in Upper Egypt; and Winckelmann justly regrets that those curious remains had not been visited by artists or persons skilled in works of art, "by whose testimony we might have been correctly informed of their character, style, and manœuvre." The man at last came, and Denon, in his *Voyage dans le Basse et Haute Egypt*, has set the matter at rest. He has given a curious and interesting account of the paintings at Thebes,

which he reports to be as fresh in color as when they were first executed. The design is in general stiff and incorrect; and whatever attitude is given to the figure, the head is always in profile. The colors are entire, without blending or degradation, as in playing cards, and the whole exhibits the art in a very rude state. They exhibit little or no knowledge of anatomy. The colors they used were confined to four—blue, red, yellow, and green; and of these, the blue and red predominate. The perfect preservation of the Egyptian paintings for so many ages is to be attributed to the dryness of a climate where it never rains.

The Egyptian painters and sculptors designed their figures in a style peculiarly stiff and formal, with the legs invariably closed, except in some instances in the tombs of the Kings at Thebes, and their arms stuck to their sides, as if they had consulted no other models than their bandaged mummies. The reasons why the Egyptians never made any progress in art till the time of the Greco-Egyptian kings, were their manners and customs, which prohibited any innovations, and compelled every one to follow the beaten track of his cast, without the least deviation from established rules, thus chaining down genius, and the stimulus of emulation, honor, renown and reward. When Egypt passed under the dominion of the Ptolemy's, she made rapid progress in art, and produced some excellent painters, sculptors, and architects, though

doubtless they were mostly of Greek origin. It is related of Ptolemy Philopator, that he sent a hundred architects to rebuild Rhodes, when it was destroyed by an earthquake. See vol. iii., page 1, of this work.

PAINTING AMONG THE GREEKS.

The origin of Painting in Greece was unknown to Pliny, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the few fragments of the biography of Greek artists; he could only obtain his information from Greek writers, of whom he complains that they have not been very attentive to their accustomed accuracy. It is certain, however, that the arts were practiced in Egypt and in the East, many ages before they were known in Greece, and it is the common opinion that they were introduced into that country from Egypt and Asia, through the channel of the Phœnician traders. It has been a matter of admiration that the Greeks, in the course of three or four centuries, should have attained such perfection in every species of art that ennobles the human mind, as oratory, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Two things explain the cause—freedom of action, and certainty of reward. This is exemplified in the whole history of the arts and sciences. The ancient eastern nations, among whom the freedom of thought and action was forbidden, and every man obliged to follow the trade of his caste, never made any progress; nor will the mod

erns progress in those countries till caste is done away, and every man allowed to follow the inclinations of his genius.

The Greeks were favored with a climate the most congenial for the perfect development of the mental and physical powers, and beauty of form. Every man was at liberty freely to follow his favorite pursuits. They rewarded all who excelled in anything that was useful or beautiful, and that with a lavish hand. The prices they paid their great artists were truly astonishing; in comparison to which, the prices paid to the greatest artists of modern times are small. Nor was this so great an incentive as the admiration and the caresses they received. The man of genius was sure of immortality and wealth. Their academic groves and their games were the admiration and resort of all the surrounding countries. They decreed statues to their great men who deserved well of their country. To other powerful incentives, the Greek artists had the advantage of the best models before them, in their gymnastic exercises and public games, where the youth contended for the prize quite naked. The Greeks esteemed natural qualities so highly that they decreed the first rewards to those who distinguished themselves in feats of agility and strength. Statues were often raised to wrestlers. Not only the first youth of Greece, but the sons of kings and princes sought renown in the public games and gymnastic exercises. Chrysippus and

Cleanthus distinguished themselves in these games before they were known as philosophers. Plato appeared as a wrestler both at the Isthmian and Pythian games; and Pythagoras carried off the prize at Elis. The passion which inspired them was glory—the ambition of having statues erected to their memory, in the most sacred place in Greece, to be admired by the whole people.

Although it is universally admitted that the Greeks carried sculpture and architecture to such a state of perfection that they have never been equalled by the moderns, except in imitating them, yet there is a great contrariety of opinion among the most eminent modern writers as to their success in painting; some, full of admiration for the works of antiquity which have descended to us, have not hesitated to declare that the Greeks must have been equally successful in painting, while others, professing that we possess colors, vehicles, and science (as the knowledge of foreshortening, perspective, and of the chiaro-scuro) unknown to them, have as roundly asserted that they were far inferior to the moderns in this branch, and that their pictures, could we now see them in all their beauty, would excite our contempt. Much of this boasted modern knowledge is, however, entirely gratuitous; the Greeks certainly well understood foreshortening and perspective, as we have abundance of evidence in their works, to say nothing of these being expressly mentioned by Pliny, and that it is impossi-

ble to execute any work of excellence without them. This erroneous opinion has sprung from the ignorance and imperfections of *the old fathers* of Italian art in these particulars, and the discoveries and perfections of those more modern. If the moderns possess any advantages over the ancients, it is that chemistry has invented some beautiful colors unknown to them, the invention of oil painting, and that illusion which results from a perfect acquaintance with the principles of the chiaro-scuro; but even here the mineral colors—the most valuable and permanent—were well known to them; and if they had not oil colors, they had a method of *encaustic painting* not positively known to us, which might have answered as good a purpose—nor are we sure they did not practice the chiaro-scuro. Besides, the most renowned modern masters were more celebrated in fresco than in oil painting, and the ancients well understood painting in fresco.

In this, as in most other disputes, it may reasonably be presumed, that a just estimation of both will be found between the extremes. In comparing the paintings of the moderns with those of the ancients, it may be fairly inferred that the latter surpassed the former in expression, in purity of design, in attitude of the figures, and in ideal beauty. The moderns have doubtless surpassed the ancients in the arrangement of their groups, in perspective, foreshortening and chiaro-scuro—and in coloring. For a further disquisition on this subject, see Vol. I. p. 22, of this work, article Apelles.

NUMISMATICS.

Numismatics is the science which has for its object the study of coins and medals, especially those struck by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The word is derived from the Greek *νομισμα*, or the Latin *numus*, *coin* or *medal*. Numismatics is now regarded as indispensable to archæology, and to a thorough acquaintance of the fine arts; it is also of great assistance in philology and the explanation of the ancient classics; it appears to have been entirely unknown to the ancients, but since the middle of the sixteenth century, it has occupied the attention of many learned men.

The name of *coins* is given to pieces of metal, on which the public authority has impressed different marks to indicate their weight and value, to make them a convenient medium of exchange. By the word *medals*, when used in reference to modern times, is understood pieces of metal similar to coins but not intended as a medium of exchange, but struck and distributed to commemorate some important event, or in memory of some distinguished personage. The name of medals, however, is also given to all pieces of money which have remained from ancient times. The term *medallion* is given to medals of a very large size, many of them being several inches in diameter. The parts of a coin or medal are the two sides; first, the *obverse* side, face or head, which contains the portrait of the person at

whose command or in whose honor it was struck, or other figures relating to him: this portrait consists either of the head alone, or the bust, half length, or full figure; second, the *reverse* contains mythological, allegorical, or historical figures. The words around the border form the *legend*, and those in the middle the *inscription*. The lower part of the coin, which is separated by a line from the figures or the inscription, is the *basis* or *exergue*, and contains subsidiary matter, as the date, the place where the piece was struck, etc.

Numismatics has the same divisions as history.—Ancient Numismatics extends to the extinction of the empire of the West; the Numismatics of the middle ages commences with Charlemagne; and modern Numismatics with the revival of learning.

Medals indicate the names of provinces and cities, determine their position, and present pictures of many celebrated places. They fix the period of events, frequently determine their character, and enable us to trace the series of kings. They also enable us to learn the different metallurgical processes, the different alloys, the modes of gilding and plating practiced by the ancients, the metals which they used, their weight and measures, their different modes of reckoning, the names and titles of the various kings and magistrates, and also their portraits, their different divinities, with their attributes and titles, the utensils and ceremonies of their worship, the costume of their priests—in fine, every-

thing which relates to their usages, civil, military, and religious. Medals also acquaint us with the history of art. They contain representations of several celebrated works of antiquity which have been lost, the value of which may be estimated from the ancient medals of those still existing, as the Farnese Hercules, Niobe and her Children, the Venus of Gnidos, etc. Like gems and statues, they enable us to trace the epochs of different styles of art, to ascertain its progress among the most civilized nations, and its condition among the rude.

The ancient medals were struck or cast; some were first cast and then struck. The first coins of Rome and other cities of Italy must have been cast, as the hammer could not have produced so bold a relief. The copper coins of Egypt were cast. The right of coining money has always been one of the privileges which rulers have confined to themselves. The free cities have inscribed only their names on their coins. The cities subject to kings sometimes obtained permission to strike money in their own name, but were most frequently required to add the name or image of the king to whom they were subject. The medals of the Parthians and the Phœnecians offer many examples of this sort. Rome, under the republic, allowed no individual the right to coin money; no magistrate could put his name thereon, though this honor was sometimes allowed, as a special favor, by a decree of the Senate. We can count as numismatic coun-

tries only those into which the Greeks and Romans carried the use of money; though some of the oriental nations used gold and silver as a medium of exchange, before their time it was by weight. The people in the northern part of Europe had no money.

The coins preserved from antiquity are estimated to be more numerous than those we possess from the middle ages, in the proportion of a hundred to one! Millin thinks that the number of extant ancient medals amounts to 70,000! What a fund of the most curious and authentic information do they contain, and what a multitude of errors have been corrected by their means! There are valuable cabinets of medals in all the principal cities of Europe; that of Paris is by far the richest; Pillerin alone added to it 33,000 ancient coins and medals. The coins of the kings of Macedon are the most ancient of any yet discovered having portraits; and Alexander I., who commenced his reign about B. C. 500, is the earliest monarch whose medals have yet been found. Then succeed the sovereigns who reigned in Sicily, Caria, Cyprus, Heraclea, and Pontus. Afterwards comes the series of kings of Egypt, Syria, the Cimmerian Bosphorus, Thrace, Parthia, Armenia, Damascus, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Pergamos, Galatia, Cilicia, Sparta, Pæonia, Epirus, Illyricum, Gaul, and the Alps. This series reaches from the time of Alexander the Great to the Christian Era, comprising a period of about

330 years. A perfect and distinct series is formed by the Roman emperors, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the destruction of the empire, and even still later. The Grecian medals claim that place in a cabinet, from their antiquity, which their workmanship might ensure them, independently of that advantageous consideration. It is observed by Pinkerton, that an immense number of the medals of cities, which, from their character, we might judge to be of the highest antiquity, have a surprising strength, beauty, and relief in their impressions. About the time of Alexander the Great, this art appears to have attained its highest perfection. The coins of Alexander and his father exceed in beauty all that were ever executed, if we except those of Sicily, Magna Grecia, and the ancient ones of Asia Minor. Sicilian medals are famous for workmanship, even from the time of Gelo. The coins of the Syrian kings, successors to Alexander, almost equal his own in beauty; but adequate judges confine their high praises of the Greek mint to those coins struck before the subjection of Greece to the Roman empire. The Roman coins, considered as medals in a cabinet, may be divided into two great classes—the consular and the imperial; both are numerous and valuable. In the cabinet of the Grand Duke of Tuscany is a set of twelve medals of Antonius Pius, each with one of the signs of the Zodiac on the reverse, and part of another set, eight in number with as many of the labors of Hercules.

RESTORING ANCIENT EDIFICES.

As in comparative anatomy it is easy, from a single bone, to designate and describe the animal to which it belonged, so in architecture it is easy to restore, by a few fragments, any ancient building. In consequence of the known simplicity and regularity of most antique edifices, the task of restoration, by means of drawings and models, is much less difficult than might be supposed. The ground work, or some sufficient parts of it, commonly extant, shows the length and breadth of the building, with the positions of the walls, doors and columns. A single column, or part of a column, whether standing or fallen, with a fragment of the entablature, furnishes data from which the remainder of the colonnade and the height of the edifice can be made out. A single stone from the cornice of the pediment, is sufficient to give the angle of inclination, and consequently the height of the roof. In this way the structure of many beautiful edifices has been accurately determined, when in so ruinous a state as scarcely to have left one stone upon another.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE OF ART.

Napoleon was not only a true lover of art, but an excellent connoisseur. He did more to elevate the arts and sciences in France than all the mon-

archs together who had preceded him. It was a part of his policy to honor and reward every man of genius, no matter what his origin, and thus to develop the intellect of his country. He foresaw the advantage of making Paris the great centre of art; therefore he did not hesitate to transport from the countries he conquered, the most renowned and valuable works of ancient and modern times "Paris is Rome; Paris is now the great centre of art," said he to Canova in 1810, when that great sculptor visited Paris at his command, and whom he endeavored to persuade to permanently remain in his service. West, after his return to England from Paris, where he had had several interviews with Bonaparte, expressed his admiration of the man in such warm terms as offended the officials of the government, and caused such opposition, that he deemed it proper to resign the President's chair in the Royal Academy. The truth is, it was not the conqueror, as the English pretended, but his exalted ideas of the arts, and of their value to a country, which captivated West, whose peaceful tenets led him to abhor war and devastation.

Napoleon's enlightened policy is also seen in those stupendous works published by the French government, as the *Description de l'Égypte, ou Recueil des Observations et des Recherches pendant l'Expédition de l'Armée Française*, 25 vols. in elephant folio. This work corresponds in grandeur of its proportions to the edifices and monuments which it

describes. Everything that zeal in the cause of science, combined with the most extensive knowledge, had been able to collect in a land abounding in monuments of every kind, and in the rarest curiosities, is described and illustrated in this work by a committee of savans appointed for the purpose. It contains more than 900 engravings, and 3000 illustrative sketches. The Musée Français, and the Musée Royal, containing 522 plates, after the gems of the world, are not less grand and magnificent, and far more valuable contributions to art. These will be described in a subsequent page. Such was Napoleon; deprive him of every other glory, his love of art, and what he did for its promotion, and the adornment of his country, would immortalize his name.

Napoleon delighted to spend some of his leisure moments in contemplating the master pieces of art which he had gathered in the Louvre, and that he might go there when he pleased, without parade, he had a private gallery constructed leading to that edifice from the Tuilleries. (See Spooner's Dictionary of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, articles West, David, Denon, Canova, etc., and vol i., page 8, of this work.

NAPOLEON'S WORKS AT PARIS.

“The emperor was, most indisputably, the monarch who contributed in the greatest degree to the em-

bellishment of Paris. How many establishments originated under his reign! nevertheless, on beholding them, the observer has but a faint idea of all he achieved; since every principal city of the empire witnessed alike the effects of his munificence and grandeur of mind; the streets were widened, roads constructed and canals cut; even the smallest towns experienced improvements, the result of that expanded genius which was daily manifested. I shall, therefore, content myself by placing before the reader a mere sketch of the works achieved at Paris; for were it requisite to give a catalogue of all the monuments erected during his reign, throughout the French empire, a series of volumes would be required to commemorate those multifarious labors.”
—*Ireland.*

Palaces.

The Louvre was completely restored, which a succession of French monarchs had not been able to accomplish. The Palace of the Luxembourg equally embellished throughout, as well in the interior as the exterior, and its gardens replanted. The Exchange founded. The Palace of the University reconstructed, as well as the Gallery uniting the Palace of the Tuilleries to that of the Louvre.

Fountains.

The situation of the Fountain of the Innocents changed, and the whole reërected; that of Saint

Sulpicius; of the Four Nations; of Desaix in the Place Dauphine; of Gros-Caillon; of the Quay de L'Ecole; of the Bridge of Saint Eustatius; of the Rue Ceusder; of the Rue Popincourt; of the Chateau D'Eau; of the Square of the Chatelet; of the Place Notre Dame; of the Temple; and of the Elephant, in the Place of the Bastille.

Acqueducts.

The subterranean acqueducts were constructed, which convey the water of the Canal de L'Ourcq throughout the different quarters of Paris, from whence a vast number of small fountains distribute them in every direction, to refresh the streets during the summer season, and to cleanse them in the winter; these same channels being also formed to receive the waters which flow from the gutters in the streets.

Markets.

That of the Innocents, the largest in Paris; the Jacobins, where formerly stood the monastery of that name, and during the heat of the revolution, the club so called; the Valley for the sale of Poultry; the Market of Saint Joseph; the Halle for the sale of Wines; the Market of Saint Martin; that of Saint Germain, and of Saint Jacques-la-Boucherie.

Slaughter Houses.

Those of the Deux Moulins; of the Invalids; of Popincourt; of Miromeuil, and of Ees Martyrs.

As the killing of animals, for the consumption of Paris, within the confines of the city, was deemed not only unwholesome, but very disgusting, these buildings were erected by order of Napoleon, and have proved of the greatest utility. The edifices are very spacious, containing all the requisites for the purpose intended, and being also placed in different directions and without the barriers of the city, the eyes of the inhabitants are no longer disgusted by beholding those torrents of blood which formerly inundated the streets, and which, in the summer season, produced an effluvia not only disgusting to the smell, but highly detrimental to the health of the population of the city.

Watering Places for Animals.

That of the School of Medicine, a superb marble structure, together with the Abreuvoir of the Rue L'Egout, Saint Germain.

Public Granary, or Halle du Blé.

Necessity gave rise to the noble plan of this stupendous fabric, the idea of which was taken from the people of antiquity.

Boulevard.

That called Bourdon was formed, occupying the environs of the spot where the Bastille stood.

Bridges.

Those of the Arts; of the City; of Austerlitz; and of Jena.

Triumphal Arches.

The Carousel; the Etoile; and the Arch of Louis XIV., restored.

Quays.

Those of Napoleon; of Flowers; of Morland; and of Caténat.

The Column of Austerlitz.

Situated in the centre of the Place Vendome, formed of the brass produced from the cannon which were taken from the Austrians during the memorable campaign of 1805.

Place de Victoires.

In the middle of this square was erected a colossal bronze statue of the gallant General Desaix, who nobly fell at the battle of Marengo, when leading to the charge a body of cavalry, which decided the fate of that desperate conflict; this tribute, however, to the memory of the brave, was removed by order of the Bourbons, on their first restoration.

Squares.

In the middle of the Place Royale a fine basin has been constructed, from whence plays a magnifi-

cent piece of water; the Squares of the Appon
e Paris; of the Rotunda; and of Rivoli.

The Pantheon.

The pillars supporting the vast dome of this lofty pile, which had long threatened the overthrow of the structure were replaced, and the tottering foundations rendered perfect and solid.

The Hotel Dieu.

The whole façade of this immense Hospital was reconstructed.

The Canal de L'Ourcq.

This grand undertaking was rendered navigable, and the basin, sluices, &c. completely finished.

THE NAPOLEON MEDALS.

Of the numerous means employed to commemorate the achievements of Napoleon, the public buildings and monuments of France bear ample witness. Indeed, Bonaparte's name and fame are so engrafted with the arts and literature of France, that it would be impossible for the government to erase the estimation in which he is held by the French people.

A series of medals in bronze, nearly one hundred and thirty in number, struck at different epochs of his career, exist, each in celebration of the prowess

of the French army, or of some great act of his government : a victory, a successful expedition, the conquest of a nation, the establishment of a new state, the elevation of some of his family, or his own personal aggrandizement.

The medal commemorative of the *battle of Marengo* bears, on one side, a large bunch of keys, environed by two laurel branches ; and, on the reverse, Bonaparte, as a winged genius, standing on a dismounted cannon to which four horses are attached upon the summit of Mount St. Bernard, urges their rapid speed, with a laurel branch in one hand, whilst he directs the reins with the other.

That on the *peace of Luneville* is two inches and a quarter in diameter, with the head of the first consul in uncommonly bold relief ; the device, as mentioned in another place, is the sun arising in splendor upon that part of the globe which represents France, and which is overshadowed by laurels, whilst a cloud descends and obscures Great Britain.

The commencement of hostilities by England, after the *peace of Amiens*, is designated by the English leopard tearing a scroll, with the inscription, *Le Traité d'Amiens Rompu par l'Angleterre en Mai de l'An 1803* ; on the reverse, a winged female figure in breathless haste forcing on a horse at full speed, and holding a laurel crown, inscribed, *L'Hanovre occupé par l'Armée Française en Juin*

de l'An 1803; and beneath, *Frappée a ec l'Argent des Mines d'Hanovre, l'An 4 de Bonaparte.*

His medal, on assuming the purple, has his portrait, *Napoleon Empereur*, by Andrieu, who executed nearly all the portraits on his medals; on the reverse, he is in his imperial robes, elevated by two figures, one armed, inscribed, *Le Senat et le Peuple.*

The *battle of Austerlitz* has, on the reverse, simply a thunderbolt, with a small figure of Napoleon, enrobed and enthroned on the upper end of the shaft of the thunder.

In 1804, he struck a medal with a Herculean figure on the reverse, confining the head of the English leopard between his knees, whilst preparing a cord to strangle him, inscribed *En l'An XII. 2000 barques sont construites*;—this was in commemoration of the invasion and conquest of England.

The reverse of the medal on the *battle of Jena* represents Napoleon on an eagle in the clouds, as warring with giants on the earth, whom he blasts with thunderbolts.

The medal on the *Confederation of the Rhine* has, for its reverse, numerous warriors in ancient armor, swearing with their right hands on an altar, formed of an immense fasces, with the imperial eagle projecting from it.

Not the least characteristic of the series is a medal, with the usual head *Napoleon Emp. et Roi*, on the exergue, with this remarkable reverse, a

throne, with the imperial robes over the back and across the sceptre, which is in the chair; before the throne is a table, with several crowns, differing in shape and dignity, and some sceptres with them lying upon it; three crowns are on the ground, one broken and two upside down; an eagle with a fasces hovers in the air; the inscription is, *Souverainetés donnés* M.DCCCVI.

The reverses of the last four in succession, struck during the reign of Napoleon, are, 1. The *Volga*, rising with astonishment from his bed at the sight of the French eagle; 2. A representation of *la Bataille de la Moskowa, 7 Septembre, 1812*; 3. *A view of Moscow*, with the French flag flying on the Kremlin, and an ensign of the French eagle, bearing the letter N. loftily elevated above its towers and minarets, dated 14th September, 1812; 4. A figure in the air, directing a furious storm against an armed warrior resembling Napoleon, who, unable to resist the attack, is sternly looking back, whilst compelled to fly before it—a dead horse, cannon dismounted, and a wagon full of troops standing still, perishing in fields of snow; the inscription is, *Retraite de l'Armée, Novembre, 1812*.

The workmanship of the preceding medals are admirable, but most of them are surpassed in that respect by some to which we can do little more than allude.

A finely executed medal, two inches and five-eighths in diameter, represents Napoleon enthroned

in his full imperial costume, holding a laurel wreath ; on the reverse is a head of *Minerva*, surrounded by laurel and various trophies of the fine arts, with this inscription—*Ecole Francaise des Beaux Arts à Rome, rétablie et augmentée par Napoleon en 1803.* The reverses—of the Cathedral at Paris—a warrior sheathing his sword (on the battle of Jena)—and Bonaparte holding up the King of Rome, and presenting him to the people—are amongst the most highly finished and most inestimable specimens of art.

Unquestionably the *worst* in the collection is the consular medal, which, on that account, deserves description ; it is, in size, about a half crown piece, on the exergue, over a small head of Bonaparte, is inscribed *Bonaparte premier consul ;* beneath it, *Cambacères second consul, le Brun troisième consul de la république Francaise ;* on the reverse, *Le peuple Francais à défenseurs, cette première pierre de la colonne nationale, posée par Lucien Bonaparte, ministre de l'intérieur, 25 Messidore, An 8, 14 Juillet, 1800.*—One other medal only appears with the name of Lucien Bonaparte ; it is that struck in honor of Marshal Turenne, upon the *Translation du corps de Turenne au Temple de Mars par les ordres du premier Consul Bonaparte ;* and is of a large size, bearing the head of Turenne, with, beneath it, *Sa gloire appartient au peuple Francais.* Several are in honor of General Desaix, whose memory Napoleon held in great esteem. Those on

his marriage with Marie Louise bear her head beside his own; and a small one on that occasion has for its reverse, a Cupid carrying with difficulty a thunderbolt. Those on the birth of their child bear the same heads on the exergue, with the head of an infant, on the reverse, inscribed, *Napoleon François Joseph Charles, Rio de Rome, xx. Mars M.DCCCXI.*—*Ireland.*

THE ELEPHANT FOUNTAIN.

When Napoleon had decided that a stupendous fountain should occupy the centre of the area where the celebrated state prison of the Bastille stood, the several artists, employed by the government, were ordered to prepare designs for the undertaking; and numerous drawings were in consequence sent in for the emperor's inspection. On the day appointed, he proceeded to examine these specimens, not one of which, however, proved at all commensurate with the vast idea he had in contemplation; wherefore, after pacing the chamber a few minutes, Napoleon suddenly halted, exclaiming: "Plant me a colossal elephant there, and let the water spout from his extended trunk!" All the artists stood astonished at this bold idea, the propriety and grandeur of which immediately flashed conviction upon their minds, and the only wonder of each was, that no such thought should have presented itself to his own imagination: the simple fact is, *there was but one Napoleon present!*—*Communicated to Ireland by David.*

This fountain was modeled in Plaster of Paris on the spot. It is seventy-two feet in height; the *jet d'eau* is through the nostrils of his trunk; the reservoir in the tower on his back; and one of his legs contains the staircase for ascending to the large room in the inside of his belly. The elephant was to have been executed in bronze, with tusks of silver, surrounded by lions of bronze, which were to spout water from one cistern to another.

INTERESTING DRAWINGS.

On the sailing of the French expedition for Egypt, from Malta, under the orders of Bonaparte, the fleet was intentionally dispersed in order to arrive without being noticed; they had no sooner, however, left Malta, than they learned that Nelson had penetrated their design, and was in pursuit of them. Expecting every hour to be come up with, and being too weak to risk a combat, it was the resolution of Bonaparte and the rest of the illustrious persons on board the *Orient* to blow her up, rather than be taken prisoners; but, that the memory of those who perished might be preserved, and their features known by posterity, Bonaparte caused the portraits of eighteen to be taken on two sheets of paper, which were to be rolled up, put in bottles and committed to the waves: the names of the persons are,—

First Drawing.

Desaix,	Bonaparte
Berthier,	Caffarelli,
Kleber,	Brueys,
Dalomieu,	Monge.
Berthollet	

Second Drawing.

Rampon,	Murat,
Junot,	Lasnes,
Regnier,	Belliard,
Desgenettes,	Snulkanski.
Larrey.	

The portraits were executed in medallions, with India ink; they were carefully preserved by the famous surgeon, Baron Larrey; and they adorned his study at Paris till his death.

SEVRES CHINA.

On the river at Sévres, near Paris, a manufactory is carried on, which produces the beautiful porcelain, commonly called Sévres, china. It is equal to all that has been said of it, and after declining, as every other great national establishment did, during the revolution, flourished greatly under the peculiar patronage of the emperor Napoleon. He made presents hence to those sovereigns of Europe with whom he was in alliance. Napoleon had two vases made of this china, which, even at this day

form the principal ornament of the gallery at St Cloud. These were made at Sévres, and are valued at 100,000 francs each. The clay made use of was brought at a great expense from a distant part of France, and affords an instance of how much the value of raw material may be increased by the ingenuity of a skillful artist.

DISMANTLING OF THE LOUVRE.

In Scott's Paris Revisited (A. D. 1815), we have the following interesting particulars of the removal of the celebrated pictures and statues from this famous emporium of the fine arts.

“Every day new arrivals of strangers poured into Paris, all anxious to gain a view of the Louvre, before its collection was broken up; it was the first point to which all the British directed their steps every morning, in eager curiosity to know whether the business of removal had commenced. The towns and principalities, that had been plundered, were making sedulous exertions to influence the councils of the allies to determine on a general restoration; and several of the great powers leaned decidedly towards such a decision.

“Before actual force was employed, representations were repeated to the French government, but the ministers of the king of France would neither promise due satisfaction, nor uphold a strenuous opposition. They showed a sulky disregard of

every application. A deputation from the Netherlands formally claimed the Dutch and Flemish pictures taken during the revolutionary wars from those countries; and this demand was conveyed through the Duke of Wellington, as commander-in-chief of the Dutch and Belgian armies. About the same time, also, Austria determined that her Italian and German towns, which had been despoiled, should have their property replaced, and Canova, the anxious representative of Rome, after many fruitless appeals to Talleyrand, received assurances that he, too, should be furnished with an armed force sufficient to protect him in taking back to that venerable city, what lost its highest value in its removal from thence.

“ Contradicting reports continued to prevail among the crowds of strangers and natives as to the intentions of the allies, but on Saturday, the 23d of September, all doubt was removed. On going up to the door of the Louvre, I found a guard of one hundred and fifty British riflemen drawn up outside. I asked one of the soldiers what they were there for? ‘ Why, they tell me, sir, that they mean to take away the pictures,’ was his reply. I walked in amongst the statues below, and on going to the great staircase, I saw the English guard hastily trampling up its magnificent ascent: a crowd of astonished French followed in the rear, and, from above, many of the visitors in the gallery of pictures were attempting to force their way past

the ascending soldiers, catching an alarm from their sudden entrance. The alarm, however, was unfounded; but the spectacle that presented itself was very impressive. A British officer dropped his men in files along this magnificent gallery, until they extended, two and two, at small distances, from its entrance to its extremity. All the spectators were breathless, in eagerness to know what was to be done, but the soldiers stopped as machines, having no care beyond obedience to their orders.

“The work of removal now commenced in good earnest: porters with barrows, and ladders, and tackles of ropes made their appearance. The collection of the Louvre might from that moment be considered as broken up for ever. The sublimity of its orderly aspect vanished: it took now the melaucholy, confused, desolate air of a large auction room, after a day's sale. Before this, the visitors had walked down its profound length with a sense of respect on their minds, influencing them to preserve silence and decorum, as they contemplated the majestic pictures; but decency and quiet were dispelled when the signal was given for the breaking up of the establishment. It seemed as if a nation had become ruined through improvidence, and was selling off.

“The guarding of the Louvre was committed by turns to the British and Austrians, while this process lasted. The Prussians said that they had done

their own business for themselves, and would not now incur odium for others. The workmen being incommoded by the crowds that now rushed to the Louvre, as the news spread of the destruction of its great collection, a military order came that no visitors should be admitted without permission from the foreign commandant of Paris. This direction was pretty much adhered to by the sentinels as far as the exclusion of the French, but the words *Je suis Anglais*, were always sufficient to gain leave to pass from the Austrians: our own countrymen were rather more strict, but, in general, foreigners could, with but little difficulty, procure admission. The Parisians stood in crowds around the door, looking wistfully within it, as it occasionally opened to admit Germans, English, Russians, &c., into a palace of their capital from which they were excluded. I was frequently asked by French gentlemen, standing with ladies on their arms, and kept back from the door by the guards, to take them into their own Louvre, under my protection as an unknown foreigner! It was impossible not to feel for them in these remarkable circumstances of mortification and humiliation; and the agitation of the French public was now evidently excessive. Every Frenchman looked a walking volcano, ready to spit forth fire. Groups of the common people collected in the space before the Louvre, and a spokesman was generally seen, exercising the most violent gesticulations, sufficiently indicative of rage, and listened

to by the others, with lively signs of sympathy with his passion. As the packages came out, they crowded round them, giving vent to torrents of *pestes*, *diabls*, *sacres*, and other worse interjections.

“Wherever an Englishman went, in Paris, at this time, whether into a shop or a company, he was assailed with the exclamation, ‘*Ah! vos compatriotes!*’ and the ladies had always some wonderful story to tell him, of an embarrassment or mortification that had happened to *his* duke; of the evil designs of the Prince Regent, or the dreadful revenge that was preparing against the injuries of France. The great gallery of the Louvre presented every fresh day a more and more forlorn aspect; but to the reflecting mind, it combined a number of interesting points of view. The gallery now seemed to be the abode of all the foreigners in the French capital:—we collected there, as a matter of course, every morning—but it was easy to distinguish the best comers from the rest. They entered the Louvre with steps of eager haste, and looks of anxious inquiry; they seemed to have scarcely stopped by the way—and to have made directly for the pictures on the instant of their reaching Paris. The first view of the stripped walls made their countenances sink under the disappointment, as to the great object of their journey. Crowds collected round the *Transfiguration*—that picture which, according to the French account, *destiny* had always intended for the French nation: it was every one’s

wish to see it taken down, for the fame which this great work of Raffaele had acquired, and its notoriety in the general knowledge, caused its departure to be regarded as the consummation of the destruction of the picture gallery of the Louvre. It was taken away among the last.

“Students of all nations fixed themselves round the principal pictures, anxious to complete their copies before the workmen came to remove the originals. Many young French girls were seen among these, perched upon small scaffolds, and calmly pursuing their labors in the midst of the throng and bustle. When the French gallery was thoroughly cleared of the property of other nations, I reckoned the number of pictures which then remained to it, and found that the total left to the French nation, of the fifteen hundred pictures which constituted their magnificent collection, was *two hundred and seventy-four!* The Italian division comprehended about eighty-five specimens; these were now dwindled to *twelve*: in this small number, however, there are some very exquisite pictures by Raffaele, and other great masters. Their Titians are much reduced, but they keep the Entombment, as belonging to the King of France’s old collection, which is one of the finest by that artist. A melancholy air of utter ruin mantled over the walls of this superb gallery: the floor was covered with empty frames: a Frenchman, in the midst of his sorrow, had his joke, in saying, ‘Well, we should

not have left to *them* even these!' In walking down this exhausted place, I observed a person, wearing the insignia of the legion of honor, suddenly stop short, and heard him exclaim, '*Ah, my God—and the Paul Potte, too!*' This referred to the famous painting of a bull by that master, which is the largest of his pictures, and is very highly valued. It belonged to the Netherlands, and has been returned to them. It was said that the emperor Alexander offered fifteen thousand pounds for it.

'The removal of the statues was later in commencing, and took up more time; they were still packing these up when I quitted Paris. I saw the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoön removed: these may be deemed the presiding deities of the collection. The solemn antique look of these halls fled forever, when the workmen came in with their straw and Plaster of Paris, to pack up. The French could not, for some time, allow themselves to believe that their enemies would dare to deprive them of these sacred works; it appeared to them impossible that they should be separated from France—from *la France*—the country of the Louvre and the Institute; it seemed a contingency beyond the limits of human reverses. But it happened, nevertheless: they were all removed. One afternoon, before quitting the place, I accidentally stopped longer than usual, to gaze on the Venus, and I never saw so clearly her superiority over the Apollo, the impositions of whose style, even more than the great

beauties with which they are mingled, have gained for it an inordinate and indiscriminating admiration. On this day, very few, if any of the statues had been taken away—and many said that France would retain them, although she was losing the pictures. On the following morning I returned, and the pedestal on which the Venus had stood for so many years, the pride of Paris, and the delight of every observer, was vacant! It seemed as if a soul had taken its flight from a body.”

REMOVAL OF THE VENETIAN HORSES FROM PARIS.

“The removal of the well known horses taken from the church of St. Mark in Venice, was a bitter mortification to the people of Paris. These had been peculiarly the objects of popular pride and admiration. Being exposed to the public view, in one of the most frequented situations of Paris, this was esteemed the noblest trophy belonging to the capital; and there was not a Parisian vender of a pail-full of water who did not look like a hero when the Venetian horses were spoken of.

“‘Have you heard what has been determined about the horses?’ was every foreigner’s question. ‘Oh! they cannot mean to take the horses away.’ was every Frenchman’s answer. On the morning of Thursday, the 26th of September, 1815, however it was whispered that they had been at work all night in loosening the horses from their fastening

It was soon confirmed that this was true—and the French then had nothing left for it, but to vow, that if the allies were to attempt to touch them in the *daylight*, Paris would rise at once, exterminate its enemies, and rescue its honor. On Friday morning I walked through the square; it was clear that some considerable change had taken place; the forms of the horses appeared finer than I had ever before witnessed. When looking to discover what had been done, a private of the British staff corps came up, 'You see, sir, we took away the harness last night,' said he. 'You have made a great improvement by so doing,' I replied; 'but are the British employed on this work?' The man said that the Austrians had requested the assistance of our staff corps, for it included better workmen than any they had in their service. I heard that an angry French mob had given some trouble to the people employed on the Thursday night, but that a body of Parisian gendarmerie had dispersed the assemblage. The Frenchmen continued their sneers against the allies for working in the dark: fear and shame were the causes assigned. 'If you take them at all, why not take them in the face of day? But you are too wise to drag upon yourselves the irresistible popular fury, which such a sight would excite against you!'

"On the night of Friday, the order of proceeding was entirely changed. It had been found proper to call out a strong guard of Austrians, horse

and foot. The mob had been charged by the cavalry; and it was said that several had their limbs broken. I expected to find the place on Saturday morning quiet and open as usual; but when I reached its entrance, what an impressive scene presented itself! The delicate plan—for such in truth it was—of working by night, was now over. The Austrians had wished to spare the feelings of the king the pain of seeing his capital dismantled before his palace windows, where he passed in his carriage when he went out for his daily exercise. But the acute feelings of the people rendered severer measures necessary. My companion and myself were stopped from entering the place by Austrian dragoons: a large mob of Frenchmen were collected here, standing on tip-toe to catch the arch in the distance, on the top of which the ominous sight of numbers of workmen, busy about the horses, was plainly to be distinguished. We advanced again to the soldiers: some of the French, by whom we were surrounded, said, ‘Whoever you are, you will not be allowed to pass.’ I confess I was for retiring—for the whole assemblage, citizens and soldiers, seemed to wear an angry and alarming aspect. But my companion was eager for admittance. He was put back again by an Austrian hussar:—‘*What, not the English!*’ he exclaimed in his own language. The mob laughed loudly, when they heard the foreign soldier so addressed; but the triumph was ours; way was instantly made for us—and an

officer on duty, close by, touched his helmet as we passed.

“The king and princes had left the Tuilleries, to be out of the view of so mortifying a business. The court of the palace, which used to be gay with young *gardes du corps* and equipages, was now silent, deserted, and shut up. Not a soul moved in it. The top of the arch was filled with people, and the horses, though as yet all there, might be seen to begin to move. The carriages that were to take them away were in waiting below, and a tackle of ropes was already affixed to one. The small door leading to the top was protected by a strong guard: every one was striving to obtain permission to gratify his curiosity, by visiting the horses for the last time that they could be visited in this situation. Permission, however, could necessarily be granted but to few. I was of the fortunate number. In a minute I had climbed the narrow dark stair, ascended a small ladder, and was out on the top, with the most picturesque view of Rome that can be imagined. An English lady asked me to assist her into Napoleon’s car of victory: his own statue was to have been placed in it, *when he come back a conqueror from his Russian expedition!* I followed the lady and her husband into the car, and we found a Prussian officer there before us. He looked at us, and, with a good humoured smile, said, ‘The emperor kept the English

out of France, but the English have now got where he could not! ‘*Ah, pauvre, Napoleon!*’

“The cry of the French now was, that it was abominable, execrable, to insult the king in his palace—to insult him in the face of his own subjects by removing the horses in the face of day! I adjourned with a friend to dine at a *restaurateur’s*, near the garden of the Tuilleries, after witnessing what I have described. Between seven and eight in the evening we heard the rolling of wheels, the clatter of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry. A number of British were in the room; they all rose and rushed to the door without hats, and carrying in their haste their white table napkins in their hands. The horses were going past in military procession, lying on their sides, in separate cars. First came cavalry, then infantry, then a car; then more cavalry, more infantry, then another car; and so on till all four passed. The drums were beating, and the standards went waving by. This was the only appearance of parade that attended any of the removals. Three Frenchmen, seeing the group of English, came up to us, and began a conversation. They appealed to us if this was not shameful. A gentleman observed, that the horses were only going back to the place from whence the French had taken them: if there was a right in power for France, there must also be one for other states but the better way to consider these events was as terminating the times of robbery and discord. Tw

of them seemed much inclined to come instantly round to our opinion: but one was much more consistent. He appeared an officer, and was advanced beyond the middle age of life. He kept silence for a moment; and then, with strong emphasis, said.—‘ You have left me nothing for my children but hatred against England; this shall be my legacy to them.’ ”—*Scott*.

REMOVAL OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON FROM THE PLACE VENDOME.

“ What will posterity think of the madness of the French government and the exasperation of public feeling in a nation like the French, so uniformly proud of military glory, when very shortly after the first arrival of their new monarch, Louis XVIII., an order was issued for leveling with the dust that proud monument of their victories, the famous column and statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme cast from those cannon which their frequent victories over the Austrians had placed at their disposal? The ropes attached to the neck of the colossal brazen figure of the Emperor, wherewith the pillar was crowned, extended to the very iron gratings of the Tuilleries gardens; thousands essayed to move it, but all attempts were vain—the statue singly defied their malice; upon which a second expedient was resorted to, and the carriage horses, etc., from the royal stables were impressed into this service, and affixed to the ropes, thus uniting their

powerful force to that of the *bipeds* : but even this proved abortive ; the statue and column braved the united shocks of man and beast, and both remained immoveable." The statue was afterwards quietly dislodged from its station by the regular labors of the experienced artisan. It was not replaced till after the Revolution in 1830.—*Ireland.*

THE MUSEE FRANCAIS AND THE MUSEE ROYAL.

When the Allies entered Paris in 1815, they found in the gallery of the Louvre about two thousand works of art—the gems of the world in painting and antique sculpture—mostly the spoils of war, deposited there by the Emperor Napoleon. The selection of these works was entrusted to a commission, at the head of whom was the Baron Denon, who accompanied the Emperor in all his expeditions for this purpose. The Louvre, at this time, was the acknowledged emporium of the fine arts. The grand determination of Napoleon to place France highest in art among the nations, did not rest here. The design of combining in one single series, five hundred and twenty-two line engravings from the finest paintings and antique statues in the world, was a conception worthy of his genius and foresight, and by its execution he conferred a lasting favor not only on the artistic, but the civilized world, for the originals were subsequently restored by the Allies to their rightful owners.

only about three hundred and fifty pieces remained of that splendid collection. "These works" (the Musée Français, and the Musée Royal), says a distinguished connoisseur, "are unquestionably the greatest production of modern times. They exhibit a series of exquisite engravings by the most distinguished artists, of such a magnificent collection of painting and of sculpture as can never be again united." These works were intended as a great treasury of art, from which not only artists, but the whole world might derive instruction and profit. To secure the utmost perfection in every department, no expense was spared. The drawings for the engravers to engrave from, were executed by the most distinguished artists, in order to ensure that every peculiarity, perfection, and *imperfection* in the originals should be exactly copied, and these are pointed out in the accompanying criticisms. These drawings alone cost the French government 400,000 francs.

The engravings were executed by the most distinguished engravers of Europe, without regard to country, among whom it is sufficient to mention Raffaele Morghen, the Chevalier von Müller, and his son C. F. von Müller, Bervic, Richomme, Rosaspina, Bartolozzi, Gandolfi, Schiavonetti, the elder and younger Laurent, Massard, Girardet, Lignon, Chatillou, Audouin, Forster, Claessens, etc. Stanley says that proof impressions of Bervic's masterpiece, the Laocoön, have been sold in London for thirty

guineas each. There are many prints in these works not less celebrated, and which are regarded by connoisseurs as masterpieces of the art.

Nor was this all. Napoleon summoned Visconti, the famous antiquary, archæologist, and connoisseur, from Rome to Paris, to assist in getting up the admirable descriptions and criticisms, particularly of the ancient statues. This department was confided to Visconti, Guizot, Clarac, and the elder Duchesne. The supervision of the engraving and publishing department was entrusted to the Messrs. Robilliard, Peronville, and Laurent. These works were published in numbers of four plates, atlas folio, at the price of 96 francs each for the proofs before the letter, and 48 francs for the prints. The first number of the *Musée Français* was issued in 1803, and the last in 1811; but the *Musée Royal*, which was intended to supply the deficiencies of the *Musée Français*, was not completed till 1819; nevertheless, it was Napoleon's work, though consummated in the reign of Louis XVIII.

The *Musée Français* was originally published in five volumes, and contains, besides the descriptions and criticisms on the plates, admirable essays—1st. on the History of Painting, from its origin in ancient times down to the time of Cimabue; 2d. on the History of Painting in the German, Dutch, Flemish, and French schools; 3d. on the History of Engraving; 4th. on the History of Ancient Sculpture. The *Musée Royal* was published in two vol

umes. A second edition of the *Musée Français* was published by the Messrs. Galignani, in four volumes, with an English and French letter-press, but both greatly abridged. The letter-press of the *Musée Royal* has never been rendered into English. The plates were sold by the French government in 1836, since which time a small edition has been printed from both works.

BOYDELL'S SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

'About the year 1785, Alderman J. Boydell, of London, conceived the project of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery,' upon a scale of grandeur and magnificence which should be in accordance with the fame of the poet, and, at the same time, reflect honor upon the state of the arts in Great Britain and throughout the world. Mr. Boydell was at this time a man of great wealth and influence, and a patron of the fine arts, being an engraver himself, and having accumulated his fortune mostly by dealings in works of that character.

He advertised for designs from artists throughout Great Britain, and paid a guinea for every one submitted, whether accepted or not; and for every one accepted by the committee, a prize of one hundred guineas. The committee for selecting these designs was composed of five eminent artists, Boydell himself being the president. The first painters of the age were then employed to paint these pic

tures, among whom were Sir Joshua Reynolds Sir Benjamin West, Fuseli, Romney, Northcote Smirke, Sir William Beechy, and Opie.

Allan Cunningham, in his 'Lives of Eminent British Artists,' mentions that Sir Joshua Reynolds was at first opposed to Boydell's project, as impracticable on such an immense scale, and Boydell, to gain his approbation and assistance, privately sent him a letter enclosing a £1000 Bank of England note, and requesting him to paint two pictures at his own price. What sum was paid by Boydell for these pictures was never known. A magnificent building was erected in Pall Mall to exhibit this immense collection, called the Shakspeare Gallery which was for a long time the pride of London.

The first engravers of England were employed to transfer these gems to copper, and such artists as Sharp, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Thew, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Fytler, Wilson, and many others, exerted their talents for years in this great work. In some instances, the labor of more than five years was expended on a single plate, and proof impressions were taken for subscribers at almost every stage of the work. At length in 1803, after nearly twenty years, the work was completed. The price fixed (which was never reduced) was two guineas each for the first three hundred impressions, and the subscription list was then filled up at one guinea each, or one hundred guineas a set of one hundred plates.

Besides these subscriptions, large donations were made by many of the noblemen of England, to encourage the undertaking, and to enable Boydell to meet his enormous outlay. The cost of the whole work, from the commencement, is said to have been about one million pounds sterling; and although the projector was a wealthy man when he commenced it, he died soon after its completion, a bankrupt to the amount, it is said, of £250,000.

After these plates were issued, Boydell petitioned Parliament to allow him to dispose of his gallery of paintings by a lottery. The petition was granted, and the whole collection was thus disposed of. One of the finest of these pictures, King Lear, by Sir Benjamin West, is now in the Boston Athenæum.

One fact in relation to these plates gives great value to them. All the principal historical characters are genuine portraits of the persons represented in the play; every picture gallery and old castle in England was ransacked to furnish these portraits."

BRIEF SKETCH OF A PLAN FOR AN AMERICAN NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART.

Public Galleries of Art are now regarded by the most enlightened men, and the wisest legislators, as of incalculable benefit to every civilized country.

(See vol. i., page 6, of this work. They communicate to the mind, through the eye, "the accumulated wisdom of ages," relative to every form of beauty, in the most rapid and captivating manner. If such institutions are important in Europe, abounding in works of art, how much more so in our country, separated as it is by the broad Atlantic from the artistic world, which few comparatively can ever visit: many of our young artists, for the want of such an institution, are obliged to grope their way in the dark, and to spend months and years to find out a few simple principles of art.

A distinguished professor, high in public estimation, has declared that the formation of such an institution in this country, however important and desirable it may be, is almost hopeless. He founds his opinion on the difficulty of obtaining the authenticated works of the great masters, and the enormous prices they now command in Europe. The writer ventures to declare it as his long cherished opinion that a United States National Gallery is entirely practicable, as far as all useful purposes are concerned; and at a tithe of the cost of such institutions in Europe. In the present state of the Fine Arts in our country we should not attempt to emulate European magnificence, but utility. The "course of empire is westward," and in the course of time, as wealth and taste increases sale will be sought here, as now in England, for many works of the highest art. It is also to be

hoped that some public benefactors will rise to our assistance. After the foundation of the institution, it may be extended according to the taste and wants of the country; professorships may be added, and the rarest works purchased. When the country can and will afford it, no price should be regarded too great for a perfect masterpiece of art, as a model in a national collection. To begin, the Gallery should contain,

1st. A complete library of all standard works on Art, historical and illustrative, in every language.

2d. A collection of the masterpieces of engraving; these should be mounted on linen, numbered, bound, described and criticised.

3d. A complete collection of casts of medals and antique gems, where the originals cannot be obtained. There are about 70,000 antique medals of high importance to art. (See Numismatics, vol. iii., p. 269, of this work.) These casts could easily be obtained through our diplomatic agents; they should be taken in Plaster of Paris or Sulphur, double—i. e., the reverse and obverse,—classified, catalogued, described, and arranged in cases covered with plate glass, for their preservation.

4th. A collection of plaster casts of all the best works of sculpture, particularly of the antique. Correct casts of the Elgin marbles are sold by the British Museum at a very reasonable price, and in

this case would doubtless be presented to the institution.

5th. A collection of Paintings. This is the most difficult part of the project, yet practicable. Masterpieces of the art only should be admitted, but historical authenticity disregarded. The works of the great masters have been so closely imitated, that there are no certain marks of authenticity, where the history of the picture cannot be traced. (See Spconer's Dictionary of Painters, etc., Introduction, and Table of Imitators.) Half the pictures in foreign collections cannot be authenticated, and many of those which are, are not the best productions of the master, nor worthy of the places they occupy. (See Mrs. Jameson's Hand-Book to the Public Galleries in and near London; also the Catalogues of the various Public Galleries of Europe.) Therefore, instead of paying 5,000 or 10,000 guineas for an authenticated piece by a certain master, as is sometimes done in Europe, competent and *true* men should be appointed to select capital works, executed in the style of the great masters. Many such can be had in this country as well as in Europe, at moderate prices.

6th. The Institution should be located in New York, as the most convenient place, and as the great centre of commerce, where artists could most readily dispose of their works. For this favor, the city would doubtless donate the ground, and her citizens make liberal contributions. The edifice should be

built fire-proof, and three stories high—the upper with a skylight, for the gallery of paintings. Such an institution need not be very expensive; yet it would afford the elements for the instruction and accomplishment of the painter, the engraver, the sculptor, the architect, the connoisseur, the archæologist, and the public at large; it would be the means of awakening and developing the sleeping genius of many men, to the honor, glory, and advantage of their country, which, without it, must sleep on forever. See vol. ii., pp. 149 and 155, and vol. iii., p. 265 of this work.

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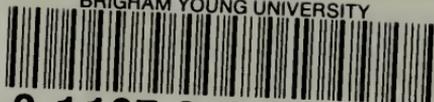
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