LAOCOON.
Joe, Poe
From Bert
LAOCOON:

AN ESSAY ON

THE LIMITS OF PAINTING AND POETRY.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING,

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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The Translator cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without returning his sincere thanks to his friend and principal, Dr. Burbidge, not only for the preface he has written, but also for very kind assistance received in the revision and correction of the text.
INTRODUCTION.

The poles between which æsthetic criticism has always oscillated, and will continue to oscillate, are Form and Expression,—the objective and the subjective truths involved in Art, as in every other production of the human mind. A very ingenious and eloquent writer of the present day has had weight enough (between his reason and his passion) to bring the balance far down in the latter direction: the more need therefore to bring forward an older writer, whose learning is as decidedly, though less vehemently, the other way.

There is a use, however, to be served, by drawing notice, in the present state of things, to a writer of the former school, greater than the mere momentary dressing of a balance, never fated to maintain more than a momentary equilibrium. These
variations, referring as they do to permanent distinctions, must be expected to continue. Nor, however far the study of art may be carried, can we expect that it will reach a point at which it will become an exact science, independent of the bias in the direction of objective or subjective truth existing in the critic's own mind. It is not, therefore, as contesting the views of Mr. Ruskin, that I venture to call attention to this treatise of Lessing.

But a true purpose may be served by simply bringing the converse truth into the same field with that on which our eyes are at present almost exclusively fixed. The caricatures of the Pre-Raphaelites have already done some intentional and also some unintended service to Art. By exhibiting the reigning doctrine in its full and almost unmitigated results, while they have clearly shewn (as I frankly admit them to have done) the truth on which it is founded, they have as distinctly, and it may be feared to the general public more impressively, exhibited its inability to fulfil the mind's requirements of Art without the aid of a counter and modifying principle. It is therefore no undesirable thing to supply so fair and acute an exponent of that counter truth as Lessing is, even if it were only to give an
expression and satisfaction to the revolted feelings of those whom the miserable meannesses alluded to have disgusted, and prevent them from disbelieving in the existence of Art as a subject of rational enquiry altogether.

But the advantage I meant was less this than the service which is always done to any imperfectly ascertained science by suggesting its historical aspect.

If Aristotle both began and completed the science of Logic, it is the single instance of such an achievement. In general a long tentative process, passing through the hands of many individuals, precedes the consummation of so great a work: there must be hewing of wood and drawing of water before the very foundations are laid, and the building itself shall be conceived by David and built by Solomon. The human mind will be seen (represented by a long succession of individuals) to climb from truth to truth (as we should more correctly say, speaking of nature, from fact to fact) toward the distant summit whence the whole subject is to become visible. It is its natural tendency when any new station is gained to be occupied with the novelty of its actual position or in the ardour of its ambition to turn its gaze
only in the direction of its object. But if this be
the wisely ordained necessity of those whose mission
is to be themselves the active instruments of the
achievement, undoubtedly it is equally the wisdom
of the mere observer less to look forward than back-
ward, less to divine what our future path may be
than to compare our present position with our pre-
vious course. A complete result is by supposition at
present unattainable; all we can do, therefore, is to
grasp as many of the elements which will go to form
that future result as possible. Every distinct impres-
sion of Æsthetic truth found to have been made either
upon the general sense of men or upon our human
nature represented by individuals of superior facul-
ties, shews a reality, either subjective or objective,
bearing upon the science, and so long as the science
remains confessedly imperfect, the possession of
more or less of such data becomes the closer or more
distant approximation to the possession of the whole
truth, seeing that when these data are sufficient they
must contain the whole truth, whether the generaliza-
tion which is to convert it into a science shall have
actually taken place or not.

Now it is as representing a class of such data
which Ruskin (although fully admitting their exist-
ence) does not seem sufficiently to keep in view that I think a work belonging to an earlier stage of the enquiry may at present be usefully studied. In his way, though scarcely as eloquent or poetical, Lessing was as acute an observer as Ruskin, and his perceptions on the objective side were as clear, and it seems to me (possibly from the more limited and exact character of objective truth) firmer and truer than those of Ruskin on the subjective. I wish, however, to enter into no comparisons: either has been a true and able labourer in this field, and we must be grateful to both. A due regard to the results which both have elicited is our present wisdom as tending to keep our minds in that balanced and suspended state which alone profits the student of Æsthetics in the present condition of that science. For a bystander like myself it would be presumptuous to pretend to support either side, but I trust it is no offence against modesty to avow my own conviction to be that a substantive truth exists on either side, and that the object of the Æsthetic Philosopher henceforth ought to be less the demonstration of facts which may be considered now to be fairly ascertained than the discovery of the law which will harmonise them.
INTRODUCTION.

My friend, the Translator, having done me the honour of consulting me with regard to bringing forward this work in an English form, and having been partly influenced perhaps by my encouragement, I have not felt able to refuse his request that I should state here the grounds on which I advised the publication.

T. BURBIDGE.

Leamington College,

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The first person who compared painting and poetry with one another was a man of fine feeling, who may be supposed to have been conscious that both produced a similar effect upon himself. He felt that through both what is absent seems as if it were present, and appearance takes the form of reality. He felt that both deceive, and that the deception is, in either case, pleasing.

A second observer sought to penetrate below the surface of this pleasure, and discovered that in both painting and poetry it flowed from the same source; for beauty, the idea of which we first abstract from bodily objects, possesses general laws, applicable to more than one class of things, to actions and thoughts as well as to forms.

A third reflected upon the value and distribution of these general laws; and discovered that some are
of greater force when applied to painting, others when applied to poetry. In the case of the latter laws, poetry will help to explain and illustrate painting, in that of the former, painting will do the same office for poetry.

The first was the amateur, the second the philosopher, and the third the critic.

The two first could not easily make a wrong use of either their sensations, or conclusions. On the contrary, the value of the critic's observations mainly depends upon the justice of their application to individual cases; and since the number of ingenious has always exceeded that of sound critics, it would have been a wonder if their strictures had always been applied with that caution, which is required to hold the balance equally between the two arts.

If Apelles and Protogenes, in their lost writings on painting, confined and illustrated its laws by the previously established rules of poetry, we may feel sure that they did it with that moderation and accuracy, with which we now see, in the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, and Quintilian, the principles and experience of painting applied to eloquence and poetry. It was the happy privilege of the ancients never to pass beyond or stop short of the proper limit.
But in many points we moderns imagine that we have advanced far beyond them, merely because we have changed their paths into highways; although by this very change, the highways, in spite of being shorter and safer, are again contracted into paths, as little trodden as though they led through deserts.

It is probable that the dazzling antithesis of the Greek Voltaire: "Painting is dumb poetry, and "poetry speaking painting," would never have been found in any systematic work; but like several of the ideas of Simonides, the truth it contains is so striking that we feel compelled to overlook the indistinctness and error which accompany it.

This error and indistinctness did not, however, mislead the ancients. They confined the expression of Simonides to the effect of either art, and forgot not to inculcate that, notwithstanding their complete similarity in this respect, the two totally differed in the objects which they imitated, and in their manner of imitating them. (υλη καὶ πρόποις μιμήσεως.)

But, as though no such difference existed, many recent critics have drawn from this harmony of poetry and painting the most ill-digested conclusions. At one time they compress poetry into the narrower limits of painting, at another they allow painting to occupy
the whole wide sphere of poetry. Everything, say they, that the one is entitled to, should be conceded to the other; everything that pleases or displeases in the one is necessarily pleasing or displeasing in the other. Full of this idea, they constantly give utterance to the most shallow decisions; when, criticising the works of a poet and painter upon the same subject, they set down as faults every difference they may observe, laying the blame upon the one or other, as it may happen to be the taste for poetry, or the taste for painting, which preponderates in themselves.

Further, this false criticism has misled in some degree even the connoisseurs. It produced the love of description in poetry, and allegory in painting: while the critics strove to reduce poetry to a speaking painting without properly knowing what it could and ought to paint; and painting to a dumb poem, without having considered in what degree it could express general ideas, without alienating itself from its destiny, and degenerating into nothing more than an arbitrary method of writing.

The counteraction of this false taste and these groundless judgments, is the principal aim of the following essay.
It originated casually, and has grown up rather in consequence of my reading, than through the systematic development of general principles. It is accordingly rather to be regarded as unarranged collectanea for a book, than as a book itself.

Still I flatter myself that even as such it will not be altogether deserving of contempt. We Germans have in general no want of systematic books. At deducing everything we wish, in the most beautiful order, from a couple of adopted explanations of words, we are the most complete adepts, the equals of any nation in the world.

Baumgarten acknowledged that he was indebted to Gesner’s Dictionary for a great part of the examples in his work on Æsthetics. If my reasoning is not so conclusive as his, my illustrations will at least have the advantage of tasting more freshly of the spring.

As I, as it were, set out from the Laocoon, and several times return to it, I wished to give it a share also in the title. Other little digressions on different points in the ancient history of art contribute but little to my end, and only stand where they do, because I can never hope to find a more suitable place for them.
I would remind my reader, that as I comprehend under the term Painting, the plastic arts generally, so I give no pledge, that under the name of Poetry I shall not extend my inquiries to those arts, in which the imitation is also progressive.
LAOCOON.
CHAPTER I.

WINCKELMAN has pronounced a noble simplicity and quiet grandeur, displayed in the posture, no less than in the expression, to be the characteristic features common to all the Greek masterpieces of Painting and Sculpture. "As," says he, "the "depths of the sea always remain calm, however "much the surface may be raging, so the expression "in the figures of the Greeks, under every form of "passion, shows a great and self-collected soul.

"This spirit is portrayed in the countenance of "Laocoon, but not in the countenance alone; even "under the most violent suffering, the pain discovers "itself in every muscle and sinew of his body, and "the beholder, whilst looking at the agonized con- "traction of the stomach, without viewing the face "and the other parts, believes that he almost feels

\[a\] On the Imitation of Greek works in Painting and Sculpture, p. 21, 22.
the pain himself. This pain expresses itself without any violence, both in the features and in the whole posture. He raises no terrible shriek, such as Virgil makes his Laocoon utter, for the opening of the mouth does not admit it; it is rather an anxious and suppressed sigh, as described by Sadolet. The pain of body and grandeur of soul are, as it were, weighed out, and distributed with equal strength, through the whole frame of the figure. Laocoon suffers, but he suffers as the Philoctetes of Sophocles; his misery pierces us to the very soul, but inspires us with a wish that we could endure misery like that great man.

The expressing of so great a soul is far higher than the painting of beautiful nature. The artist must feel within himself that strength of spirit which he would imprint upon his marble. Greece had philosophers and artists in one person, and more than one Metrodorus. Philosophy gave her hand to art, and inspired its figures with no ordinary souls.

The observation on which the foregoing remarks are founded, "that the pain in the face of Laocoon does not shew itself with that force which its intensity would have led us to expect," is perfectly correct. Moreover, it is indisputable, that it is in this very point, where the half connoisseur would have decided that the artist had fallen short of Nature, and had

b Plinius, xxxv. 40.
not reached the true pathos of pain, that his wisdom is particularly conspicuous.

But I confess I differ from Winkelman as to what is in his opinion the basis of this wisdom, and as to the universality of the rule which he deduces from it.

I acknowledge that I was startled, first by the glance of disapproval which he casts upon Virgil, and secondly by the comparison with Philoctetes. From this point then I shall set out, and write down my thoughts as they were developed in me.

"Laocoon suffers as Sophocles' Philoctetes." But how does this last suffer? It is curious that his sufferings should leave such a different impression behind them. The cries, the shriek, the wild imprecactions, with which he filled the camp, and interrupted all the sacrifices and holy rites, resound no less horribly through his desert island, and were the cause of his being banished to it. The same sounds of despondency, sorrow, and despair, fill the theatre in the poet's imitation. It has been observed that the third act of this piece is shorter than the others: from this it may be gathered, say the critics, that the ancients took little pains to preserve an uniformity of length in the different acts. I quite agree with them, but I should rather ground my opinion upon other examples than this. The sorrowful exclamations, the moanings, the interrupted ἄ, ἄ! φεῦ! ἀπεταυεί! ω μοι μοι! the whole lines full of παπα παπα! of

Brumoy Theatre des Grecs. T. ii. p. 89.
which this act consists, must be pronounced with tensions and breakings off, altogether different from those required in a continuous speech, and doubtless made this act last quite as long in the representation, as the others. It appears much shorter to the reader, when seen on paper, than it would to the audience in a theatre.

A cry is the natural expression of bodily pain. Homer’s wounded heroes frequently fall with cries to the ground. He makes Venus, when merely scratched, shriek aloud; not that he may thereby paint the effeminaey of the goddess of pleasure, but rather that he may give suffering nature her due; for even the iron Mars, when he feels the lance of Diomede, shricks so horribly, that his cries are like those of ten thousand furious warriors, and fill both armies with horror. Though Homer, in other respects, raises his heroes above human nature, they always remain faithful to it in matters connected with the feeling of pain and insult, or its expression through erties, tears, or reproaches. In their actions they are beings of a higher order, in their feelings true men.

I know that we more refined Europeans, of a wiser and later age, know how to keep our mouths and eyes under closer restraint. We are forbidden by courtesy and propriety to cry and weep; and with us the active bravery of the first rough age of the world has been

\[d\] Iliad, E. 343, Ὡ δὲ μέγα ἰάχουςα.—
\[e\] Iliad, E. 859.
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changed into a passive. Yet even our own ancestors, though barbarians, were greater in the latter than in the former. To suppress all pain, to meet the stroke of death with unflinching eye, to die laughing under the bites of adders, to lament neither their own faults, nor the loss of their dearest friends: these were the characteristics of the old heroic courage of the north. Palnatoko forbade his Jomsburghers either to fear, or so much as to mention the name of fear.

Not so the Greek. He felt and feared. He gave utterance to his pain and sorrow. He was ashamed of no human weaknesses; only none of them must hold him back from the path of honour, or impede him in the fulfilment of his duty. What in the barbarian sprang from habit and ferocity, arose from principle in the Greek. With him heroism was as the spark concealed in flint, which, so long as no external force awakens it, sleeps in quiet, nor robs the stone either of its clearness or its coldness. With the barbarian it was a bright consuming flame, which was ever roaring, and devoured, or at least blackened, every other good quality. Thus when Homer makes the Trojans march to the combat with wild cries, the Greeks, on the contrary, in resolute silence, the critics justly observe that the poet intended to depict the one as barbarians, the other as a civilized people.

f Th. Bartholinus de causis contemptae a Danis adhuc gentilibus mortis Cap. I.
I wonder that they have not remarked a similar contrast of character in another passage.\textsuperscript{g} The hostile armies have made a truce; they are busied with burning their dead; and these rites are accompanied on both sides with the warm flow of tears, (δευμα χεόντες). But Priam forbids the Trojans to weep, (ουδ’ ἐν κλαίειν Πριάμος μέγας). He forbad them to weep, says Dacier, because he feared the effect would be too softening, and that on the morrow they would go with less courage to the battle. True! But why, I ask, should Priam only fear this result? Why does not Agamemnon also lay the same prohibition on the Greeks? The poet has a deeper meaning; he wishes to teach us that the civilized Greek could be brave at the same time that he wept, while in the uncivilized Trojan all human feelings were to be previously stifled. Νεμέωμαι γε μεν οὐδεν κλάειν, is the remark which, elsewhere,\textsuperscript{h} Homer puts in the mouth of the intelligent son of Nestor.

It is worth observing that among the few tragedies which have come down to us from antiquity, two are found in which bodily pain constitutes not the lightest part of the misfortune, which befalls the suffering heroes,—The Philoctetes and the dying Hercules. Sophocles paints the last also, as moaning, and shrieking, weeping, and crying. Thanks to our polite neighbours, those masters of propriety, no

\textsuperscript{g} Iliad, H. 421. \textsuperscript{h} Odyss. Α. 195.
such ridiculous and intolerable characters as a moaning Philoctetes or a shrieking Hercules, will ever again appear upon the stage. One of their latest poets has indeed ventured upon a Philoctetes, but would he have dared to exhibit the true one?

Even a Laocoon is found among the lost plays of Sophocles. Would that Fate had spared it to us! The slight mention which an old grammarian has made of it affords us no ground for concluding how the poet had handled his subject; but of this I feel certain that Laocoon would not have been drawn more stoically than Philoctetes and Hercules. All stoicism is undramatical; and our sympathy is always proportioned to the suffering expressed by the object which interests us. It is true if we see him bear his misery with a great soul, this grandeur of soul excites our admiration; but admiration is only a cold sentiment, and its inactive astonishment excludes every warmer feeling as well as every distinct idea.

I now come to my inference: if it be true, that a cry at the sensation of bodily pain, particularly according to the old Greek way of thinking, is quite compatible with greatness of soul, it cannot have been for the sake of expressing such greatness that the artist avoided imitating this shriek in marble. Another reason therefore must be found for his here deviating from his rival, the poet, who has expressed it with the happiest results.

\[1\] Chataubrun.
CHAPTER II.

Be it fable or history, that Love made the first essay in the plastic arts, it is certain that it never wearied of guiding the hands of the masters of old. Painting, as now carried out in its whole compass, may be defined generally as "the imitation of bodies or matter on a level surface;" but the wise Greek allotted it far narrower limits, and confined it to the imitation of the beautiful only; his artist painted nothing else. Even the commonly beautiful, the beautiful of a lower order, was only his accidental subject, his exercise, his relaxation. It was the perfection of his object that absorbed him in his work; and he was too great to ask his spectators to be satisfied with the mere cold pleasure which arises from a striking resemblance, or the consideration of an artist's ability. In his art nothing was dearer, nothing seemed nobler to him than its proper end.

"Who would paint you when nobody will look at you?" asks an old epigrammatist(1) of an exceedingly deformed man. Many modern artists would say, "However misshapen you are, I will paint you; and although no one could look at you with pleasure, they will look with pleasure at my picture; not because it is your likeness, but because it will be an evidence
of my skill in knowing how to delineate such an horror so faithfully."

It is true the propensity to this wanton boasting, united to abilities, tolerable in themselves, but un-ennobled by an exalted subject, is too natural for even the Greeks not to have had their Pauson and their Pyricus. They had them, but they rendered them strict justice. Pauson, who kept below the beautiful of common nature, whose low taste loved to portray all that is faulty and ugly in the human form(2), lived in the most contemptible poverty. And Pyricus, who painted barber's rooms, dirty workshops, apes, and kitchen herbs, with all the industry of a Dutch Artist, (as though things of that kind possessed an extreme charm in Nature, or could but rarely be seen) acquired the surname of Rhypographer, or "Dirt-Painter!" although the luxurious rich man paid for his works with their weight in gold, as if to assist their intrinsic worthlessness by this imaginary value.

The state itself did not deem it beneath its dignity to confine the artist within his proper sphere by an exercise of its power. The law of the Thebans recommending him to use imitation as a means of arriving at ideal beauty; and prohibiting, on pain of punishment, its use for the attainment of ideal ugliness, is well known. This was no law against bunglers, as most writers, and among them even

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a Aristophanes Plut. 602, Acharnenses, 854.

b Plinius, xxxv. 37, (Ed. Tauch).
Junius,\textsuperscript{c} have supposed. It was in condemnation of the Greek Ghezis, and of that unworthy device which enables an artist to obtain a likeness by the exaggeration of the uglier parts of his original, \textit{i.e.} by caricature.

From the selfsame spirit of the beautiful sprang the following regulation of the Olympic judges, (\textepsilon\textlambda\textnu\textomicron\textomicron\textnu\textomicron\textkappa\textalpha\texti\textacute). Every winner obtained a statue, but only to him, who had been thrice a conqueror, was a portrait statue (\textalpha\gamma\alpha\lambda\mu\alpha\ \textepsilon\iota\kappa\omega\omicron\nu\iota\omicron\omicron\nu\omicron\omicron) erected.\textsuperscript{d} Too many indifferent portraits were not allowed to find a place among the productions of art; for although a portrait admits of the ideal, this last must be subordinate to the likeness, it is the ideal of an individual man, and not the ideal of man in the abstract.

We laugh when we hear that among the ancients even the arts were subjected to municipal laws, but we are not always in the right when we laugh. Unquestionably law must not assume the power of laying any constraint on knowledge; for the aim of knowledge is truth; truth is necessary to the soul, and it would be tyranny to do it the smallest violence in the gratification of this essential need. The aim of art, on the contrary, is pleasure, which is not indispensible; and it might therefore depend upon the lawgiver to decide what kind of pleasure, and what degree of every kind, he would allow.

\textsuperscript{c} De Pictura vet. Lib. II. cap. iv.  
\textsuperscript{d} Plinius, xxxiv. 9.
The plastic arts especially, besides the infallible influence which they exercise upon the national character, are capable of an effect which demands the closest inspection of the law. As beautiful men produced beautiful statues, so the latter reacted upon the former, and the state became indebted to beautiful statues for beautiful men. But with us the tender imaginative power of the mother is supposed to shew itself only in the production of monsters.

In this point of view I think I can detect some truth in certain stories, which are generally rejected as pure inventions. The mothers of Aristodemus, Alexander the Great, Scipio, and Augustus, all dreamed, during their pregnancy, that they had intercourse with a serpent. The serpent was a token of divinity(3), and the beautiful statues and paintings of Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury, or Hercules, were seldom without one. These honourable wives had by day feasted their eyes upon the God, and the confusing dream recalled the reptile’s form. Thus I at the same time establish the truth of the vision, and expose the real value of the interpretation, which the pride of their sons, and the shamelessness of flatterers put upon it: for there must have been a reason why the adulterous phantasy should always have been a serpent.

But I am digressing; all I want to establish is, that, among the ancients, beauty was the highest law of the plastic arts. And this once proved, it is a
necessary consequence that everything else over which
their range could be at the same time extended, if
incompatible with beauty, gave way entirely to it,
if compatible, was at least subordinate. I will abide
by my expression. There are passions, and degrees
of passion, which are expressed by the ugliest possi-
ble contortions of countenance, and throw the whole
body into such a forced position, that all the beauti-
ful lines, which cover its surface in a quiet attitude,
are lost. From all such emotions the ancient masters
either abstained entirely, or reduced them to that
lower degree, in which they are capable of a certain
measure of beauty.

Rage and despair disgrace none of their produc-
tions; I dare maintain that they have never painted
a Fury(4).

Indignation was softened down to seriousness. In
poetry it was the indignant Jupiter who hurled the
lightning, in art it was only the serious. Grief was
lessened into mournfulness; and where this softening
could find no place, where mere grief would have been
as lowering as disfiguring, what did Timanthes? All
know his painting of the sacrifice of Iphigenia,
in which he has imparted to all the bystanders that
peculiar degree of sorrow which becomes them, but
has concealed the face of the father, who should have
shown it more than all. On this many clever criticisms
have been passed. He had, says one, so exhausted

\*\* Plinius, xxxv. 35, 7.
his powers in the sorrowful faces of the bystanders that he despaired of giving a more sorrowful one to the father. By so doing he confessed, says another, that the pain of a father under such circumstances, is beyond all expression. For my part, I see no incapacity either of artist or art in it. With the degree of passion the correspondent lines of countenance are also strengthened; in the highest degree they are most decided, and nothing in art is easier than their expression. But Timanthes knew the limits within which the graces had confined his art. He knew that the grief which became Agamemnon, as a father, must have been expressed by contortions, at all times ugly; but so far as dignity and beauty could be combined with the expression of such a feeling, so far he pushed it. True, he would fain have passed over the ugly, fain have softened it; but since his piece did not admit either of its omission or diminution, what was left him but its concealment? He left to conjecture, what he might not paint. In short, this concealment is a sacrifice, which the artist made to beauty; and is an instance, not how expression may exceed the capacity of art, but how it should be subjected to art's first law, the law of beauty.

And now, if we apply this to Laocoon, the principle for which I am searching is clear. The master

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The master f Summi mæroris acerbitatem arte exprimi non posse confessus est. Valerius Maximus viii. 11.
aimed at the highest beauty compatible with the adopted circumstances of bodily pain. The latter, in all its disfiguring violence, could not be combined with the former; therefore he must reduce it; he must soften shrieks into sighs, not because a shriek would have betrayed an ignoble soul, but because it would have produced the most hideous contortions of the countenance. For only imagine the mouth of Laocoon to be forced open, and then judge! Let him shriek, and look at him! It was a form which inspired compassion, for it displayed beauty and pain at once. It has grown into an ugly and horrible shape from which we gladly avert our eyes; for the sight of pain excites annoyance, unless the beauty of the suffering object change that annoyance into the sweet feeling of compassion.

The mere wide opening of the mouth, setting aside the forced and disagreeable manner in which the other parts of the face are displaced and distorted by it, is in painting a spot, and in sculpture a cavity; both which produce the worst possible effect. Montfaucon displayed little taste, when he pronounced an old bearded head with a gaping mouth to be a bust of Jupiter, uttering oracles. Is a god obliged to shout when he divulges the future? Would a pleasing outline of the mouth have made his answers suspected? Neither do I believe Valerius, when he says that in that picture of Timanthes, (which now

\[g\text{ Antiquit. Expl. T. 1. p. 50.}\]
alas our imaginations are left to draw), Ajax was represented as shrieking(5). Far worse masters, in a period when art was already degenerate, did not once allow the wildest barbarians, though fallen beneath the sword of the conqueror, filled with affright, and seized by the terrors of death, to open their mouths and shriek.\(^h\)

It is certain that this softening down of extreme bodily pain to a lower degree of feeling is perceptible in several productions of ancient art. The suffering Hercules in the poisoned garment, the work of an unknown old master, was not the Hercules of Sophocles, whose shrieks are so horrible that the rocks of Locris, and headlands of Eubæa resound therewith. It was gloomy rather than wild.\(^i\) The Philoctetes of Pythagoras of Leontini appeared to impart his pain to the beholder, yet this effect would have been destroyed by the least ugliness of feature. I may be asked how I know that this master executed a statue of Philoctetes? From a passage in Pliny, so manifestly either interpolated or mutilated, that it ought not to have awaited my amendment(6).

\(^h\) Bellorii Admiranda, Tab. 11, 12.
\(^i\) Plinius, xxxiv. 19. 36.
CHAPTER III.

But, as has been already mentioned, art has in modern times been allotted a far wider sphere. "Its "imitations, it is said, extend over the whole of "visible nature, of which the beautiful is but a small "part: and as nature herself is ever ready to sacri-, "fice beauty to higher aims, so likewise the artist "must render it subordinate to his general design, "and not pursue it farther than truth and expression "permit. Enough that, through these two, what "is most ugly in nature has been changed into a "beauty of art."

But even if we should leave this idea, whatever its value, for the present undisputed; would there not arise other considerations independent of it, which would compel the artist to put certain limits to expression, and prevent him from ever drawing it at its highest intensity?

I believe the fact, that it is to a single moment that the material limits of art confine all its imitations, will lead us to similar views.

If the artist, out of ever-varying nature, can only make use of a single moment, and the painter especially can only use this moment from one point of view, whilst their works are intended to stand the
test not only of a passing glance, but of long and repeated contemplation, it is clear that this moment, and the point from which this moment is viewed, cannot be chosen too happily. Now that only is a happy choice, which allows the imagination free scope. The longer we gaze, the more must our imagination add; and the more our imagination adds, the more we must believe we see. In the whole course of a feeling there is no moment which possesses this advantage so little as its highest stage. There is nothing beyond this; and the presentation of extremes to the eye clips the wings of fancy, prevents her from soaring beyond the impression of the senses, and compels her to occupy herself with weaker images; further than these she ventures not, but shrinks from the visible fulness of expression as her limit. Thus, if Laocoon sighs, the imagination can hear him shriek; but if he shrieks, it can neither rise above nor descend below this representation, without seeing him in a condition which, as it will be more endurable, becomes less interesting. It either hears him merely moaning, or sees him already dead.

Furthermore, this single moment receives through art an unchangeable duration; therefore it must not express anything, of which we can only think as transitory. All appearances, to whose very being, according to our ideas, it is essential, that they suddenly break forth, and as suddenly vanish, that they can be what they are, but for a moment; all such
appearances, be they pleasing or be they horrible, receive, through the prolongation which art gives them, such an unnatural character, that at every repeated glance the impression they make grows weaker and weaker, and at last fills us with dislike or disgust of the whole object. La Mettrie, who had himself painted and engraved as a second Democritus, laughs only the first time we look at him. Look at him oftener, and he grows from a philosopher into a fool. His laugh becomes a grin. So it is with shrieks; the violent pain which compels their utterance soon either subsides, or destroys its suffering subject altogether. If, therefore, even the most patient and resolute man shrieks, he does not do so unremittingly; and it is only the seeming continuance of his cries in art, which turns them into effeminate impotence or childish petulance. These last, at least, the artist of Laocoon would have avoided, even if beauty were not injured by a shriek, and were not an essential condition of art.

Among the ancient painters, Timomachus seems to have delighted in selecting subjects suited to the display of extreme passion. His raving Ajax, and infanticide Medea were celebrated paintings; but, from the descriptions we possess of them, it is plain that he thoroughly understood and judiciously combined that point, at which the beholder is rather led to the conception of the extreme than actually sees it, with that appearance with which we do not asso-
ciate the idea of transitoriness so inseparably, as to be displeased by its continuance in art. He did not paint Medea at the instant when she was actually murdering her children, but a few moments before, whilst her motherly love was still struggling with her jealousy. We see the end of the contest beforehand; we tremble in the anticipation of soon recognising her as simply cruel, and our imagination carries us far beyond anything, which the painter could have portrayed in that terrible moment itself. But, for that very reason, the irresolution of Medea, which art has made perpetual, is so far from giving offence, that we are rather inclined to wish that it could have remained the same in nature, that the contest of passions had never been decided, or, at least, had continued so long that time and reflection had gained the mastery over fury, and assured the victory to the feelings of the mother. This wisdom of Timomachus has called forth great and frequent praise, and raised him far above another unknown painter, who was foolish enough to draw Medea at the very height of her frenzy, and thus to impart to this fleeting, transient moment of extreme madness, a duration that disgusts all nature. The poet,\(^a\) who censures him, says very sensibly, whilst addressing the figure

\(^a\) Philippus, Anthol. Lib. IV. Cap. ix. Ep. 10.—

'Aiel γὰρ διψᾶς βρεφῶν φόνων. ἦ τις Ἰήσων Δέυτερος, ἦ Γλαύκη τις πάλι σοι πρόφασις;

'Ερρε καὶ ἐν κηρῷ, παιδοκτώνε—
itself:—"Thirstedst thou then ever for the blood of thy children? Is there ever a new Jason, a new Creusa there to exasperate thee unceasingly?" "Away with thee, even in painting!" he adds, in a tone of vexation.

Of the frenzied Ajax of Timomachus, we can form some judgment from the account of Philostratus. Ajax does not appear raging among the herds, and slaughtering and binding cattle instead of men; but the master exhibits him sitting wearied with these heroic deeds of insanity, and conceiving the design of suicide; and that is really the raging Ajax: not because he is just then raging, but because we see that he has been; because we can form the most lively idea of the extremity of his frenzy, from the shame and despair, which he himself feels at the thoughts of it. We see the storm in the wrecks and corpses with which it has strewn the beach.

_b Vita Apoll. Lib. II. Cap. xxii._
CHAPTER IV.

I have passed under review the reasons alleged for the artist of the Laocoon being obliged to set certain bounds to the expression of bodily pain; and I find that they are altogether derived from the peculiar conditions of his art, and its necessary limits and wants. Perhaps hardly any of them would be found equally applicable to poetry.

We will not here examine how far the poet can succeed in painting typical beauty. It is undeniable, that the whole realm of the perfectly excellent lies open to his imitation, whereas that excellence of material and outward form, through which the perfectly excellent finds an expression, and which we call beauty, is only one of the least of the means by which he can interest us in his characters. Often he neglects this means entirely, feeling certain, if his hero has once won our regard, of so pre-occupying our minds with his nobler qualities, that we shall not bestow a thought upon his bodily form; or that if we do think of it, it will be with such favourable

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\[a\] I have adopted this expression, which is used in nearly the same sense by Ruskin, to denote what we generally term "Beauty," \textit{i.e.} beauty of form and line.—Trans.
prepossessions, that we shall, of ourselves, attribute to him an exterior, if not handsome, at least not unpleasing; at any rate he will not permit himself to pay any regard to the sense of sight, in any trait, which is not expressly intended to appeal to it. When Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, does it occur to any one that a widely opened mouth is the necessary accompaniment of a shriek, and that this open mouth is ugly? It is enough that "clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit," whatever it may be to the eyes, is a powerful appeal to the ears. If any one here feels the want of a beautiful picture, the poet has failed to make a due impression on him.

Moreover, the poet is not compelled to concentrate his picture into the space of a single moment. He has it in his power to take up every action of his hero at its source, and pursue it to its issue, through all possible variations. Each of these, which would cost the artist a separate work, costs the poet but a single trait; and should this trait, if viewed by itself, offend the imagination of the hearer, either such preparation has been made for it by what has preceded, or it will be so softened and compensated by what follows, that its solitary impression is lost, and the combination produces the best possible effect. Thus, were it really unbecoming a man to shriek under the violence of bodily pain, what prejudice could this slight and transitory impropiety excite in us against one, in whose favour we are already
prepossessed by his other virtues? Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, but this shrieking Laocoon is the same man, whom we already respect as a far-sighted patriot and affectionate father. We attribute his cries not to his character, but solely to his intolerable suffering. It is this alone that we hear in them, and by them alone could the poet have brought it home to us.

Who, then, still censures him? Who is not rather forced to own, that whilst the artist has done well in not allowing him to shriek, the poet has done equally well in causing him to do so?

But Virgil is here merely a narrative poet: will his justification include the dramatic poet also? One impression is produced by the relation of a person's shriek, another by the shriek itself. The drama, which is intended to be actually represented by the comedian, should, perhaps, for that very reason, be compelled to confine itself narrowly within the limits of material art. In it we do not merely believe that we see and hear a shrieking Philoctetes, we actually do see and hear him. It is indisputable that such loud and violent expressions of pain are in accordance with nature; the nearer, therefore, the actor approaches to it, the more will our eyes and ears be offended. Besides, bodily pain generally is not capable of exciting that sympathy which other evils awaken. Our imagination can discern too little in it for the mere sight of it to arouse in us anything of a similar feeling. Sophocles, therefore,
in making Philoctetes and Hercules moan and cry, shriek and howl, to such an excess, has not simply offended a merely conventional sense of propriety, but one grounded upon the very existence of our feelings. It is impossible that the co-actors in the scene should share his sufferings in the high degree, that these unmeasured outbursts seem to demand. These co-actors would appear to us, even as their spectators, comparatively cold; and yet we cannot but regard their sympathies as the measure of our own. If we add, that it is with difficulty, if at all, that the actor can succeed in carrying the representation of bodily pain as far as positive illusion, it becomes a question whether the modern dramatic poets should not rather be praised than blamed for having completely, or at least partially, avoided this rock.

How many things would have appeared incontrovertible in theory, if genius had not succeeded in proving them to be the contrary by practice! None of the above considerations are groundless, and still the Philoctetes remains one of the masterpieces of the stage: for a part of them are not applicable to Sophocles, and only by rising superior to the rest, has he attained to that beauty, of which the timid critic, without this example, would never have dreamt. The following remarks will demonstrate this more exactly.

1. What wonderful skill has the poet shown in strengthening and enlarging the idea of bodily pain.
He chose a wound, (for the circumstances of the story may also be considered as depending on his choice, inasmuch as he selected the whole legend for the sake of the circumstances favourable to him, which it contained); he chose, I say, a wound, and not an internal malady; because the former admits of a more lively representation than the latter, however painful it may be. For this reason, the inward sympathetic fire, which consumes Meleager, as his mother sacrifices him to her sisterly fury by means of the fatal brand, would be less dramatic than a wound. This wound, moreover, was a punishment divinely decreed. It is true the more violent attacks of pain endured but for an appointed time, at the expiration of which the unhappy man always fell into a benumbing sleep, during which exhausted nature recovered strength to tread again the same path of suffering; yet a more than natural poison was ever raging in the foot. Chataubrun makes him wounded merely by the poisoned arrow of a Trojan. What extraordinary issue was to be expected from so ordinary an occurrence? In the ancient wars every one was exposed to it: how came it, then, that in Philoctetes' case only, it was followed by such dreadful consequences? Besides, is not a natural poison, that works for nine whole years, far more improbable than all the fabled wonders, with which the Greek has adorned his piece?

2. Sophocles felt full well that, however great
and terrible he made the bodily pain of his hero, it would not be sufficient, by itself, to excite any remarkable degree of sympathy. He therefore combined it with other evils, which likewise could not greatly move us of themselves, but which, from this combination, receive the same melancholy colouring, which they in their turn impart to the bodily pain. These evils were a complete absence of human society, hunger, and all the hardships of life, to which a man under such privations, and an inclement climate, is exposed (7). Imagine a man in these circumstances, but give him health, strength, and industry, and he becomes a Robinson Crusoe, whose lot, though not indifferent to us, has certainly no great claim upon our sympathy. For we are seldom so contented with human society, that the quiet we enjoy when secluded from it, seems without a charm for us; especially in a representation which flatters every individual by leading him to believe that he could gradually become independent of all external aid. On the other hand, imagine a man afflicted by the most painful and incurable disease, but at the same time surrounded by kind friends, who take care that, as far as it lies in their power to prevent it, he wants nothing which could alleviate his calamity, and before whom he may freely vent his complaints and sorrows,—for such an one we should undoubtedly feel sympathy; but this sympathy would not endure throughout; and at last we should shrug our shoul-
ders and recommend patience. Only when both cases are combined,—when the solitary one possesses no control over his own body, when the sick man receives as little assistance from others, as he can render himself, and his complaints are wafted away on the desert winds; then, and then only, do we see every misery, that can afflict human nature, close over the head of the unfortunate one; and then only does every fleeting thought, in which we picture ourselves in his situation, excite our amazement and horror. We see nothing save despair in the horrible form before us; and no sympathy is so strong, none melts our whole soul so much as that, which entwines itself with the idea of despair. Of this kind is the sympathy that we feel for Philoctetes, and feel most strongly at the moment when we see him deprived of his bow, the only means he still possessed of prolonging his mournful existence. O, the Frenchman who had no understanding to consider this, no heart to feel it; or if he had, was mean enough to sacrifice it all to the wretched taste of his nation! Chataubrun gives Philoctetes society. He makes a young princess come to him in his desert island; and even she does not come alone, but is accompanied by her maid of honour, whom I know not whether princess or poet needed most. He has left out the whole of the scene where Philoctetes plays with his bow; and in its

\[\textbf{b} \text{ The reader must remember that this essay was written in 1766.— Trans.}\]
stead has introduced the play of beautiful eyes. Bows and arrows, I suppose, would have appeared but a merry sport to the hero youth of France; nothing, on the contrary, more serious than the scorn of beautiful eyes. The Greek racks us with the shocking apprehension that the miserable Philoctetes will be left on the island without his bow, and pitiably perish. The Frenchman knew a surer road to our hearts: he fills us with fear that the son of Achilles should tear him away without his princess. This the Parisian critics called triumphing over the ancients; and one of them proposed to name Chataubrun's piece "La difficulté vaincue."

3. After considering the effect of the whole piece, we must pass on to the single scenes, in which Philoctetes no longer appears as the abandoned sick man, but is cheered by a hope of soon again reaching his kingdom; in which, therefore, the whole of his misfortune centres in his painful wound. He moans, he shrieks, he falls into the most horrible convulsions. Against this, the objection of offended propriety is properly urged. It is an Englishman who raises it; a man therefore not lightly to be suspected of a false delicacy: and, as already hinted, he adduces very good reasons for his opinion. All feelings and passions, he says, with which others can but little sympathize, become offensive, if expressed with too much violence. "It is for the same reason

* Mercure de France, April, 1755, p. 177."
"that to cry out with bodily pain, how intolerable soever, appears always unmanly, and unbecoming. There is, however, a good deal of sympathy even with bodily pain. If I see a stroke aimed, and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, I naturally shriek, and draw back my own leg or my own arm; and when it does fall, I feel it in some measure, and am hurt by it, as well as the sufferer. My hurt, however, is no doubt excessively slight, and upon that account, if he makes any violent outcry, as I cannot go along with him, I never fail to despise him" (8). Nothing is more deceitful than laying down general laws for our feelings. Their web is so fine and complicated, that it is scarcely possible even for the most cautious speculation to take up clearly a single thread and follow it amidst all those which cross it. But if speculation does succeed, is any advantage gained? There are in nature no simple unmodified feelings; together with each a thousand others arise, the least of which is sufficient entirely to change the original sensation, so that exceptions multiply upon exceptions, until at last a supposed general law is reduced to a mere experience in some single cases. We despise a man, says the Englishman, if we hear him cry out violently under bodily pain. But not always; not for the first time; not when we see that the sufferer makes every possible effort to suppress it; not when we know that he is in other respects a
man of firmness; still less when we see him even in the midst of his distress afford proofs of his constancy; when we see that his pain can indeed compel him to shriek, but cannot force him a step further; when we see that he had rather subject himself to a prolongation of this pain, than suffer his mode of thought or resolution to undergo the slightest alteration, even though he has reason to hope that by this change his pain would be brought altogether to an end. All this is found in the case of Philoctetes. Moral greatness consisted, among the Greeks, in an unalterable love of their friends, and undying hatred of their foes; and this greatness Philoctetes preserved through all his troubles. His eyes were not so dried up with pain that they had no tears to bestow upon the fate of his former friends; neither was his spirit so subdued by it, that to obtain a release from it, he could forgive his enemies and willingly lend himself to all their selfish ends. And were the Athenians to despise this rock of a man, because the woes which were powerless to shake him, could at least wring from him some expression of his misery? I confess I think that Cicero generally displays but little taste in his philosophy, and least of all in that part of the second book of the Tusculan Questions, where he puffs off the endurance of bodily pain. One would think he wanted to train a gladiator, so hot is his zeal against any expression of it; in which alone he appears to
conceive the want of endurance consists; without reflecting that it is often anything but voluntary, while true bravery can be exhibited in voluntary actions only. In Sophocles' play, he hears nothing but Philoctetes' complaints and shrieks, and entirely overlooks his steadfast bearing in other respects. How else would he have found occasion for his rhetorical sally against the poets? "Their object surely is to render us effeminate, when they introduce the bravest men complaining." They must let them complain, for the theatre is no arena. It became the condemned or venal gladiator to do and suffer all with propriety. From him no sound of complaint was to be heard, in him no painful convulsions seen; for since his wounds and death were intended to afford delight to the spectators, it was part of his art to conceal all pain. The least expression of it would have awakened sympathy; and sympathy, frequently awakened, would soon have put an end to these cold revolting spectacles. But to awaken the sensation, which was there forbidden, is the sole aim of the tragic stage. Its heroes must exhibit feeling, must express their pain, and freely permit the workings of simple nature. If they betray training and constraint, they leave our hearts cold, and like gladiators in a cothurnus, at the most do but excite our wonder. Yet this epithet is merited by all the characters in the so-called tragedies of Seneca; and I am firmly
convinced, that the gladiatorial shows were the principal cause, why the Romans always remained so far below mediocrity in the tragic art. The spectators learnt to misapprehend all nature at the bloody spectacles of the amphitheatre, where perhaps a Ctesias might have studied his art, but a Sophocles never could. The most truly tragic genius accustomed to these artificial scenes of death, could not have failed to degenerate into bombast and rhodomontade; but such rhodomontade is as little capable of inspiring true heroism, as Philoctetes' complaints of producing effeminacy. The complaints are those of a man, the actions those of a hero. The two combined, constitute the human hero, who is neither effeminate nor hard, but now the one, now the other, as now nature, now principle and duty require. He is the noblest production of wisdom, the highest object for the imitation of art.

4. Sophocles was not contented with having secured his sensitive Philoctetes from all contempt, but has wisely forestalled every objection, which Adam Smith's remarks would warrant being raised against him. For although we do not always despise a man for crying out at bodily pain, it is indisputable that we do not feel so much sympathy for him as his cry appears to demand. How then ought the actors, who are on the stage with the shrieking Philoctetes, to demean themselves?
Should they appear deeply moved, it would be contrary to nature; should they show themselves as cold and embarrassed, as we are actually wont to be in such cases, an effect in the highest degree inharmonious would be produced upon the spectators. But, as it has been said, Sophocles has provided against this also; he has imparted to the bystanders an interest of their own; the impression, which Philoctetes’ cry makes upon them, is not the only thing which occupies them: the attention of the spectators, therefore, is not so much arrested by the disproportion of their sympathy with this cry, as by the alterations, which, through this sympathy, be it weak or strong, have taken, or will take place in the sentiments and designs of these bystanders. Neoptolemus and the chorus have deceived the unfortunate Philoctetes. They see into what despair their deceit may plunge him; then his terrible malady assails him before their very eyes. Though this calamity may not be capable of exciting any remarkable degree of sympathy in them, it may induce them to look into their own conduct, to pay some regard to so much misery, and to feel reluctance to heighten it by their treachery. This the spectator expects, and his expectations are not deceived by the noble-spirited Neoptolemus. Philoctetes, if he had been master of his pain, would have confirmed Neoptolemus in his dissimulation: Philoctetes, rendered by pain incapable of all dis-
simulation, however necessary it may seem to prevent his fellow travellers from too soon repenting of their promise to take him home with them, by his naturalness brings back Neoptolemus to his nature. The revolution is excellent, and the more moving, because it is brought about by mere humanity. In the Frenchman's drama, the beautiful eyes again play their part in it. But I will think no more of this parody. In the Trachiniae, Sophocles has resorted to the same artifice of uniting some other emotion in the bystanders with the sympathy, which should be called out by hearing a cry of pain. The pain of Hercules is not merely a wearing one. It drives him to madness, in which he pants after nothing but revenge. Already he has in this fury seized Lichas, and dashed him to pieces against the rocks. The chorus is composed of women, and for that reason is naturally filled with amazement and terror. These, and the suspense, arising from the doubt whether a God will yet hasten to the aid of Hercules, or whether he will be left to sink under his misfortunes, here create that proper universal interest, to which sympathy imparts but a light shading. As soon as the event is decided by the assistance of the oracle, Hercules becomes quiet, and astonishment at the resolution he has finally

"De mes deguisemens, que penseroit Sophie?" says the son of Achilles.
displayed, occupies the place of all other emotions. But, in the general comparison of the suffering Hercules with the suffering Philoctetes, we must not forget that the one is a demi-god, the other only a man. The man is ashamed of no complaints, while the demi-god is indignant at finding that his mortal part has such power over his immortal, that it can compel him to weep and moan like a girl.⁶ We moderns do not believe in demi-gods, and yet expect that the commonest hero should act and feel like one.

That an actor can carry imitation of the shrieks and convulsions of pain as far as illusion I do not venture either positively to deny or assert. If I found that our actors could not, I should first inquire whether Garrick also found it impossible; and if my question were answered in the affirmative, I should still be at liberty to suppose that the acting and declamation of the ancients attained a perfection, of which we can at this day form no conception.

⁶ Trach. v. 1071. ὄστις ὦστε παρθένος βέβρυχα κλάων.
There are critics of antiquity, who, on the ground that Virgil's description must have served as a model for the group of the Laocoon, maintain that the latter was indeed the work of a Greek master, but of one, who flourished in the time of the emperors. Of the ancient scholars who supported this opinion, I will now mention only Bartholomæus Marliani, and of the modern, Montfaucon(9). They found, without doubt, an agreement so peculiar, between the work of art and the description of the poet, that they believed it impossible that both should by chance have lighted upon the same circumstances; circumstances too, of such a nature, that they would be the last to force themselves upon the mind. They therefore assume that, if the question of originality and priority of invention is raised, there is a stronger presumption in favour of the poet than of the artist.

Only they appear to have forgotten that a third alternative is left: that the poet may have copied as little from the artist, as the artist from the poet, and both have drawn from a common, ancient source, which, according to Macrobius was probably Pisander(10). For when the works of this Greek
poet were extant, it was a piece of mere schoolboy knowledge (pueris decantatum), that the Roman poet not only imitated, but, as might be said with more truth still, faithfully translated from him, the entire account of the conquest and destruction of Ilium, which constitutes the whole of the second book. Thus, if Virgil had followed Pisander in the story of Laocoon also, the Greek artists would have had no need to seek the guidance of a Latin poet; and the conjecture as to the period to which the work belongs, is without foundation.

But if I were compelled to maintain the opinion of Marliani and Montfaucon, I should like to lend them the following means of escaping from this difficulty. Pisander's poems are lost, and we cannot say with certainty what was his version of the story of Laocoon; but it is probable that it was the same as that of which we still find traces in the Greek authors. This, however, has as little as possible in common with the narrative of Virgil, who must, therefore, have entirely recast the Greek tradition, according to his own ideas. On this supposition his account of the misfortune of Laocoon is his own invention; and consequently, if the artists in their representation are in harmony with him, it is natural to suppose that they lived after his time, and executed their group after his model.

Quintus Calaber agrees with Virgil in making
Laocoon exhibit a suspicion of the wooden horse; but the anger of Minerva, drawn upon the priest for so doing, is wreaked upon him in a completely different manner. The ground trembles beneath the feet of the warning Trojan; terror and anguish take possession of him; a burning pain rages in his eyes; his brain suffers; he goes mad; he is struck with blindness. Then, when, in spite of his blindness, he ceases not to counsel the burning of the wooden horse, Minerva at length sends two terrible serpents, which, however, seize upon his children only. In vain they stretch out their hands towards their father. The poor blind man can afford them no aid; they are dreadfully mangled, and the serpents disappear under the earth. Laocoon himself, however, suffers no injury from them; and that this version is not peculiar to Quintus, but on the contrary, was commonly received, is proved by a passage from Lycophron, in which he bestows on the serpents the epithet of "child eaters."

But, if this had been the version commonly adopted by the Greeks, Greek artists would hardly have ventured to deviate from it; or, if they had, could scarcely have chanced to do so in exactly the same manner as a Roman poet, unless they had been previously acquainted with him, or perhaps had

\[a\] Paralip. xii. 383.

\[b\] Or rather on the serpent; for Lycophron mentions one only, 
\[καὶ παιδοβρῶτος πορκέως νήσους δυπλᾶς.\]
received an express commission to take his description as their model. On this point, I think, a defender of Montfaucon and Marliani cannot insist too strongly. Virgil is the first and only author who makes the serpents kill the father as well as children(11). The sculptors do this likewise; which, seeing that they were Greeks, it would have been unnatural to expect they should; Virgil's description, therefore, was probably their inducement.

I am fully conscious how far this probability falls short of historical certainty. But, though I intend to draw no further historical conclusion from it, I think it is, at the least, admissible as an hypothesis, on which a critic may be allowed to rest his observations. Whether then it is proved, or not, that the sculptors took Virgil's description for their model, I shall merely assume it for the sake of inquiring how they would in that case have executed their task. I have already clearly expressed my opinions upon the subject of the shriek; and perhaps a further comparison may lead to no less instructive observations.

The idea of connecting the father and his two sons in one knot, by means of the murderous serpents, is undeniably a happy one, and evinces an artistic imagination of no ordinary power. To whom is the credit of it due? To the poet, or the artists? Montfaucon pretends that he cannot
find the least allusion to it in the former(12); but I think he has not read him with sufficient attention.

Illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt, et primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miseris morsu depascitur artus.
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem et tela ferentem
Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus.

The poet has described the serpents as of wonderful length. They have wound their folds round the boys, and, when the father comes to the aid of his sons, they seize upon him also (corripiunt). Owing to the size, they are represented as being, they could not at once have unwound themselves from the sons. There must, therefore, have been a moment when they had already attacked the father with their heads and fore parts, while the folds of their tails still encircled his children. This moment is necessary to the progress of the poetical picture; and the poet allowed us to become completely conscious of it, but wanted time to paint it in detail. That the old commentators actually felt it, seems to be shown by a passage in Donatus (13). How much less likely, then, would it be to escape the notice of artists, upon whose penetrating sight everything, that can be of advantage to them, bursts with such speed and significance.
Though the poet describes Laocoon as fettered by so many serpent coils, he carefully avoids mentioning the arms, and thus leaves his hands in perfect freedom.

Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos.

In this the artists necessarily followed his example. Nothing adds so much expression and life to a figure as the movement of the hands; in the case of the passions, especially, the most speaking face is meaningless without it. Had the arms been fast locked to the bodies by the folds of the serpents, they would have spread torpor and death over the whole group. They are therefore seen in full play, both in the principal figure and in those next it; and their activity is greatest where the pain is most violent.

But this freedom of the hands was the only point in the coiling of the serpents, that the artist could have borrowed with advantage from the poet. Virgil tells us that the monsters wound themselves twice round both the body and neck of their victim, while their heads towered high above him.

Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.

Now this picture satisfies the imagination excellently; the noblest parts of the body are compressed to suffo-
cation, and the poison flows directly up to the face; yet, in spite of this, it was no picture for the artist, whose object was to exhibit in the body the pain and workings of the poison. Now to enable us to perceive these, the upper parts of the frame had to be left as free as possible, and all external pressure avoided, by which the play of the suffering nerves and working muscles might be weakened and diverted. The twofold coils of the serpents would have concealed the whole body and left that painful contraction of the stomach, which is so expressive, altogether invisible. Those parts of the body, which would have been still exposed above, below, or between the folds, would have been seen amidst compressions and distentions, the effect not of inward pain, but of external pressure. Again, by the neck being twice encircled, that pyramidal pointing of the group, which is so pleasing to the eye, would have been entirely destroyed; and the pointed heads of the serpents, projecting from the mass and shooting into the air, would have produced such a sudden falling off in proportion, that the form of the whole would have become offensive in the extreme. There are designers who have been foolish enough, in spite of this, to adhere closely to the poet. To take one example among several, we may learn, to our horror, the effect of such an imitation from a drawing by Frank Cleyn(14). The ancient sculptors saw at a glance that in this case their art required an
absolute difference; they removed all the coils from the body and neck to the thighs and feet. Here they could conceal and squeeze as much as was necessary, without causing any detriment to the expression. Here, moreover, they awakened the idea of suddenly checked flight, and of a kind of immobility, which is of the greatest advantage to the artificial prolongation of the same attitude.

I know not how it has happened that this obvious difference in the coiling of the serpents, between the work of art and the description of the poet, has been passed over in complete silence by the critics. It exalts the wisdom of the artists just as much as the other difference, which they have all remarked, but have sought to justify, rather than ventured to approve. I mean the difference in respect to drapery. The Laocoon of Virgil is arrayed in his priestly garments; while in the group, both he and his sons appear entirely naked. There are some who have detected a gross absurdity in a king's son and a priest, officiating at a sacrifice, being thus represented. And to these objectors the critics of art answer, in all seriousness, that, to be sure, it is an error against conventionality; but that the artists were forced into it, because they could not attire their figures in becoming robes. Sculpture, say they, cannot imitate any stuffs; thick folds produce a bad effect; out of two evils therefore we must choose the least, and rather offend against truth itself, than be exposed to
censure on account of the drapery. If the ancient artists would have smiled at the objection, I know not what they would have said to the reply. Art could not be reduced to a lower level than it is by this defence. For, supposing that sculpture could have imitated the difference of texture as well as painting, would it have been necessary for the Laocoon to have been draped? Should we have lost nothing beneath this drapery? Has a garment, the work of a slavish hand, as much beauty as an organized body, the work of everlasting wisdom? Does it demand the same powers? Is it of the same merit? Is it equally honourable to imitate the one as the other? Is deception all that our eyes require? Is it of no importance to them by what they are deceived?

In poetry a garment is no garment; it conceals nothing. Our imagination sees everything beneath it. Whether Laocoon has robes or not in Virgil, his sufferings are as visible to the imagination in one part of the body as in the other. It sees indeed the priestly fillet encircle his brow, but the brow is not hidden. Nay, this fillet is not only no hindrance to, it even strengthens the idea which we form of the calamity of the sufferer:

Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno.

His priestly dignity avails him not, even its emblem,
that which, above everything, wins him respect and honour, is drenched and polluted by the poisoned foam. But the artist must resign these subordinate ideas, if his main object does not admit them. Had he left Laocoon only this fillet, he would in a great degree have weakened the expression; for the brow, which is the seat of it, would have been in part concealed. Thus, as formerly, in the case of the shriek, he sacrificed expression to beauty, he here offers up conventionality to expression. The former was generally but lightly esteemed by the ancients. They felt that the highest aim of their art led to its complete rejection. Beauty is that highest aim: necessity invented garments, and what has art in common with necessity? I grant that there is also a beauty in drapery, but can it be compared with that of the human form? And shall he, who can attain to the greater, rest content with the less? I much fear that the most perfect master in drapery shows by that very talent wherein his weakness lies.
CHAPTER VI.

My hypothesis, that the artists have imitated the poet, is not pushed far enough to be any disparagement to the former. Nay, through this imitation, their wisdom is shown in the most favourable light. They follow the poet, without suffering themselves to be misled by him even in the merest trifles. They were indeed furnished with their design, but, since this design had to be transferred from one art to another, they found ample opportunity for the exercise of original thought. And the original ideas, displayed in their deviations from their model, are a proof that they excelled in their own art as much as the poet in his.

I will now invert my hypothesis, and assume that the poet has copied the artists. There are scholars who maintain that this is the truth(16); but I cannot discover that they have any historical grounds for such a belief. They probably looked upon the group as so supremely beautiful that they could not persuade themselves it belonged to the late period, to which it is usually ascribed; it must, they thought, have belonged to the age when art was in its fullest bloom, since that alone seemed worthy of it.
It has been shown that, excellent as Virgil's description is, there are several features in it, of which the artist could make no use. This conclusion limits the general principle, "that a good poetical picture will necessarily produce an equally good material painting; and that a poet's description is only so far good, as the artist can follow it in all its details." This limitation we shall be inclined to assume, even before we see it confirmed by examples, if we simply consider the wide sphere of poetry, the boundless field of our imagination, and the spirituality of its images; a great and various throng of which can be placed in the closest juxtaposition, without concealing or disfiguring each other, which perhaps would be the effect that the object itself, or its natural representative signs, would produce in the narrow limits of space and time.

But if the less cannot contain the greater, still it can be contained in it. I mean, although each trait, of which the descriptive poet avails himself, need not necessarily have as good effect upon canvass, or in marble; yet ought not every detail, from which the artist reaps advantage, to produce the same result in the work of the poet? Indisputably! for that, which is beautiful in a work of art, is beautiful, not to our eyes, but to our imagination, affected through their means. Thus, as the same image may be raised afresh in our imagination, either through a conventional or natural representation, so the same plea-
sure, though not the same degree of it, must, on each occasion, be again excited.

But admitting this, I must acknowledge that, to me, the supposition that Virgil imitated the artists, appears far more incomprehensible than its converse. If the artists have copied the poet, I can account and answer for all their deviations from him; they were compelled to deviate, for the very details, which would have offended against harmony in them, found harmonious expression in the other. But there is no cause for the deviation of the poet. If, in each and every point, he had faithfully followed the group, he would still have transmitted to us a most excellent picture(17). I well understand how his imagination, working before itself, could lead him to this or that particular; but I cannot conceive any reason why his judgment should feel itself compelled to change the beautiful details, which were already before his eyes, for others. I think too, that if Virgil had had the group of Laocoön for a model, he would hardly have been able to put such restraint upon himself, as to have left, as it were, to mere conjecture, the entanglement of all three bodies in a single knot; It would have struck his eyes too vividly, he would have experienced from it an effect too excellent not to have brought it more prominently forward in his description.

I admitted that then was not the moment for developing this idea of entanglement; but the ad-
dition of a single word might easily, we may conceive, have distinctly expressed this idea, without removing it from that background, in which the poet was obliged to leave it. The trait, which the artist could express without this word, would not have been left unrepresented by the poet, had he already seen it put forward in the sculpture of the former.

The artist had the most urgent reasons for not allowing the suffering of Laocoon to break forth into a cry; but if the poet had had before him in a work of art so moving an union of pain and beauty, there was nothing to oblige him to pass by, without an allusion, the manly bearing, and high-souled patience which this union suggests, and induce him to shock us at once with the horrible shriek of his Laocoon. Richardson says, "Virgil's Laocoon was obliged to shriek, because it was the poet's aim not so much to excite compassion for him, as alarm and horror among the Trojans." I will allow it, although Richardson does not appear to have reflected that the poet does not give this narrative in his own person, but represents Æneas as relating it, and that too in the presence of Dido, upon whose sympathy he could not work too strongly. However, it is not the shriek which surprises me, but the absence of all that gradation in introducing it, to which the poet must have been led, had he, as we are assuming, had the work of art for his model. Richardson adds(18), "The story of Laocoon is only
intended as a prelude to the pathetic description of the final destruction of the city; the poet, therefore, abstained from making it more interesting, that our attention, which this last horrible night fully demands, might not be previously engrossed by the misfortune of a single citizen." But that is being willing to look at the whole scene from the picturesque point of view, from which it cannot possibly be viewed. The misfortune of Laocoon, and the destruction of the city, are not, with the poet, connected pictures. The two form no whole, that our eyes either can, or ought to, take in both at a glance; in which case only, would there be a fear that our mind should dwell more upon Laocoon than upon the burning town. The description of the one follows upon that of the other, and however affecting the first may be, I do not see what disparagement it can bring upon its successor; unless it be allowed that, in itself, the second is not sufficiently pathetic.

The poet would have had less reason still for altering the folds of the serpents, which, in the work of art, occupy the hands and entangle the feet of their victims. This arrangement is most pleasing to the eyes; and the image of it, which is left upon the imagination, most lively; indeed it is so expressive and clear, that the representation of it by words is but little weaker than its material-representation.
Micat alter, et ipsum
Laocoonta petit, totumque infraque supraque
Implicat, et rabido tandem ferit ilia morsu.

At serpens lapsu crebro redeunte subinrat
Lubricus, intortoque ligat genua insima nodo.

These are the lines of Sadolet, which, without doubt, would have come more graphically from Virgil, if a visible model had fired his imagination; and which, then, would certainly have been better than those, he has now left us in their place:

Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.

These traits certainly fill our imagination, but it must not be allowed to dwell upon them, it must not attempt to realize them, it must look at one time only on the serpents, at another only on Laocoon; it must not seek to image to itself the group, which the two produce together; as soon as it thinks on this, it begins to be offended by Virgil's picture, and finds it highly inartistic.

But even if the alterations, which Virgil has made in his borrowed model, were not unhappy, still they would be merely arbitrary. Imitation is an effort to produce a resemblance; but can a person be said to aim at this, whose changes overstep the line of necessity? Further, when a man thus exceeds,
it is clear that it is not his design to produce resemblance; that, therefore, he has not imitated.

Not the whole, it might be answered, but perhaps this or that part. Suppose it so: still, which are these single parts, in which the harmony between the description and the work of art is so close that the poet can be said to have borrowed them from it? The father, the children, the serpents, all these tradition transmitted to the poet, no less than to the artist. Setting aside what was traditional, they do not agree in anything, except in this, that both entangle father and children in a single serpent-knot. But the idea of this arose from the altered circumstance of the father's being smitten with exactly the same calamity as his children. This alteration, however, as was mentioned above, appears to have been made by Virgil; for the Greek tradition gives an entirely different account. Consequently, if, in consideration of this entanglement being common to both, we must assume an imitation on the one side or the other, it is more natural to do so on the side of the artist, than on that of the poet. In every other respect the one differs from the other, only with this distinction, that if it is the artist who has made these changes, they are still compatible with an intention of imitating the poet, because the destination, and limits of his art compelled him to them; if, on the contrary, the poet should be thought to have imitated the artist, all
the above-mentioned deviations are proofs against this pretended imitation; and those, who, in spite of them, continue to support it, can only mean that they believe the work of art must be of greater antiquity than the description of the poet.
CHAPTER VII.

When it is said that the artist imitates the poet, or the poet the artist, a double meaning may be conveyed. Either the one makes the work of the other the actual object of his imitation, or, the two have the same object, and the one borrows from the other the way and manner of imitating it.

When Virgil describes the shield of Æneas, he imitates the artist, who made it, according to the first signification of the term. The work of art, not what is represented upon it, is the object of his imitation; and even though he does describe the latter with the former, he describes it as a part of the shield, and not as the thing itself. If Virgil, on the contrary, had imitated the group of Laocoon, this would have been an imitation of the second kind, for he would not have imitated the group itself, but what that group represented; borrowing from the former the features only of his imitation.

In the first kind of imitation the poet is original, in the second he is a plagiarist. The first is a part of that universal imitation, of which the essence of his art consists, and he works as a genius; his subject may be the work either of another art, or of nature herself. The second, on the contrary, de-
grades him altogether from his dignity; instead of the thing itself, he imitates imitations of it, and offers us cold reminiscences of the traits of another man's genius, for the original features of his own.

If, however, the poet and the artist cannot help frequently contemplating those objects, which are common to both, from the same point of view, it must happen that in many cases their imitations harmonize, without the least copying or rivalry between the two having taken place. These coincidences between contemporary artists and poets, in the case of things which are no longer present to us, may lead to mutual illustrations. But to push this kind of illustration to such refinements that coincidence is converted into design; and to impute to the poet, especially in every trifle, a reference to this statue or that painting, is to render him a very doubtful service; and not him alone, but the reader also, to whom the most beautiful passages are by these means rendered full of meaning, at the risk, perhaps, of destroying their effect.

This is at once the aim and the error of a well-known English writer. Spence wrote his "Polymetis"\(^a\) with a great deal of classical learning, and an

\(^a\) The first edition is of 1747, the second of 1755, and bears the title "Polymetis," or "An inquiry concerning the agreement between the works of the Roman poets and the remains of the ancient artists, being an attempt to illustrate them mutually from one another."
intimate acquaintance with the extant works of ancient art. In his design of illustrating by these, the Roman poets, and of extracting from them, in return, a solution of the ancient works of art, still unexplained, he has often happily succeeded. But, in spite of this, I maintain that his book must be absolutely intolerable to every reader of taste. It is natural, when Valerius Flaccus describes the winged lightning upon the Roman shields,

(Nec primus radios, miles Romane, corusci Fulminis et rutilas scutis diffuderis alas.)

that this description should appear far more full of meaning, if I see the representation of such a shield upon an old monument. It is quite possible that the ancient armourers may, on their helmets and shields, have represented Mars in that hovering posture above Rhea, in which Addison believed he saw him on a coin(19); and that Juvenal had such a helmet or shield in his mind, when he alluded to it by a word, which, up to the time of Addison, had been a riddle to all commentators. I myself seem to feel the passage in Ovid, where the wearied Cephalus calls upon the cooling breeze:

"Aura . . . . . venias . . . . . Meque juves, intresque sinus, gratissima, nostros!"

and his mistress Procris takes this "Aura" to be the name of a rival—I seem, I say, to feel this passage more natural when I see, upon the works of art of the ancients, that they actually personified the gentle breezes, and under the name of "Auræ," worshipped a kind of female sylph(20). I admit that, when Juvenal compares an empty fellow of rank with a Hermes, we should have great difficulty in finding the similarity in this comparison, unless we had seen such a Hermes, and had known it to be a trumpery column, which only bears the head, or, at most, the trunk of the god, and which, from the absence of hands and feet on it, calls up the idea of inactivity(21). Illustrations of this kind are by no means to be despised, even though they should not be always necessary, or always satisfactory. The poet had the work of art before his eyes, not as an imitation, but as a thing independently existing, or else artist and poet had adopted the same conceptions, and consequently, in their representations, there must have been exhibited a harmony, from which, in turn, conclusions as to the universality of those conceptions might have been deduced.

But when Tibullus paints the form of Apollo, as he appeared to him in a dream, "the beautiful youth, the temples encircled by the chaste bay; the Syrian odours exhaling from the golden locks, which floated about his slender neck; the gleaming white, and rosy redness, mingled over the whole body, as
upon the tender cheeks of a bride, first being led to her beloved,—there is no reason why these traits should have been borrowed from celebrated old paintings. The "nova nupta verecundia notabilis" of Echion may have been in Rome, may have been copied a thousand, and a thousand times; but does that prove that bridal modesty itself had vanished from the world? Because the painter had seen it, was no poet ever to see it more, save in the painter's imitation?c Or, when another poet describes Vulcan as wearied, and his face, scorched by the furnace, as red and burning, must he have first learnt, from the work of a painter, that toil wearies, and heat reddens?d Or, when Lucretius describes the changes of the seasons, and in natural succession conducts them past us, with the whole train of their effects in earth and air, are we to suppose that he was an ephemeral, who had never lived through an whole year, had never experienced these changes in his own person? Are we to assume his picture to have been drawn after an ancient procession, in which the statues of the seasons were carried about? Did he, necessarily, first learn from these statues the old poetic power, by which such abstractions are converted into realities?22. Does not the "Pontem indignatus Araxes" of Virgil, that excellent and poetical picture of a flooded river, as it tears away the bridge

c Tubullus Eleg. IV. lib. iii. Polymetis, Dial. viii. page 84.
which had spanned it, lose its whole beauty, when the poet is said to be alluding by it to a work of art, in which this river god is represented in the act of breaking a bridge in pieces?e What profit can we derive from such illustrations as these, that deprive the poet of any share of honour in the clearest passages, in order to admit but the glimmer of some artist's idea?

I regret that so useful a book, as the Polymetis might have been, should, through this tasteless caprice for attributing to the ancient poets, in place of their own genius, familiarity with some other man's, have become repulsive, and far more prejudicial to the classic authors, than the watery commentaries of insipid etymologists could ever have been. Still more do I regret that in this Spence should have been preceded by Addison, who, in the desire of elevating an acquaintance with works of art to a means of interpreting the classics, has been as little successful as his successor, in distinguishing where the imitation of an artist is becoming, where derogatory, to a poet.f


f In various passages of his travels; and in his conversations on ancient coins.
CHAPTER VIII.

Of the similarity which exists between poetry and painting, Spence forms the most curious conceptions possible. He believes that the two arts were, among the ancients, so closely united that they constantly went hand in hand, the poet never suffering himself to lose sight of the painter, nor the painter of the poet. That poetry is the more comprehensive art, that beauties wait on its bidding, which painting would in vain attempt to attain; that it often has good reasons for preferring inartistic beauties to artistic; of all this he seems never once to have thought; and, therefore, the most trifling differences, that he may observe between the ancient poets and artists, involve him in an embarrassment, by which he is driven to the use of the most surprising subterfuges.

The ancient poets, for the most part, attributed horns to Bacchus. "Therefore it is surprising," says Spence, "that these horns are not more commonly seen upon his statues."a He advances first one reason, then another, now the ignorance of antiquarians, now the smallness of the horns themselves, which, he thinks, might have been hidden under the

a Polymetis, Dial. ix. page 129.
grape clusters and ivy leaves, which were the constant head-dress of the god. He hovers around the true cause, without for a moment suspecting it. The horns of Bacchus were not natural horns, as were those of Fauns and Satyrs. They were an ornament of the brow, which he could put on, or lay aside, at his pleasure.

Tibi cum sine cornibus adstas
Virgineum caput est,
is Ovid's festive invocation of Bacchus;\(^{b}\) so that he could shew himself without horns, and did so, whenever he wished to appear in his maiden beauty, in which the artist would naturally represent him, and would therefore be compelled to avoid every addition, which might produce a bad effect. Such an addition would these horns have been, which were fastened on the chaplet in the manner they are seen to be on a head in the Royal Cabinet of Berlin.\(^{c}\) Such an addition was the chaplet itself, which concealed his beautiful forehead, and therefore occurs in the statues of Bacchus, as rarely as the horns themselves; while the poets are, as continually, attributing it to him as its inventor. The horns and the chaplet furnished the poet with his allusions to the actions and character of the god. To the artist, on the contrary, they were impediments, preventing

\(^{b}\) Metamorph. Lib. iv. 19.
the display of higher beauties; and if Bacchus, as I believe, obtained the name of "Biformis, Διμορφος," for this very reason, viz. that he could manifest himself in beauty as well as in terror, it is perfectly natural, that the artists, from his two forms, should have selected that, which best corresponded with the purpose of their art.

In Roman poetry, Minerva and Juno often hurl the thunderbolt. Why, asks Spence, do they not do it in their statues also? He answers, "this power "was the privilege of these two goddesses, the reason of which was, perhaps, first learnt in the "Samothracian mysteries. But since, among the "ancient Romans, the artists would be considered as "of inferior rank, and would therefore be rarely "imitated in them, they would doubtless know "nothing of it, and what they knew not of, they clearly "could not represent." There are several questions which I might ask Spence in turn. Did these common persons work on their own account; or at the bidding of some patron of higher rank, who might possibly be instructed in these mysteries? Did artists occupy such an inferior position in Greece also? Were not the Roman artists for the most part born Greeks? and so forth.

Statius and Valerius Flaccus describe an irritated Venus, and that too in such terrible traits, that at this moment she might be taken for a fury rather

\[d\] Polymetis, Dial. vi. page 63,
than the goddess of love. Spence looks around among the ancient works of art for such a statue, but in vain. What is the conclusion he draws? Is it that the poet has greater liberty allowed him than the sculptor and painter? This is the conclusion he should have drawn, but he had, once for all, adopted, as fundamental, the principle that, "scarce anything can be good in a poetical description, which would appear absurd, if represented in a statue or picture." Consequently, the poets must have committed an error. "Statius and Valerius belong to an age when Roman poetry was already in its decline. In this very passage they display their bad judgment and corrupted taste. Among the poets of a better age, such a repudiation of the laws of artistic expression will never be found."

To pronounce such criticisms, as these, needs but small powers of discernment. I will not, however, in this instance, take up the defence either of Statius or Valerius, but confine myself for the present to a general observation. The gods and spiritual beings, as they are represented by the artists, are not precisely such as to fulfil the requisitions of the poet. With the artist they are personified abstractions, which, in order to be at once recognised, must perpetually retain their appropriate characteristics. With the poet, on the contrary, they are real, acting

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*e Polymetis, Dial. xx. page 311.

f Polymetis, Dial. vii. page 74.
beings, which, in addition to their general character, profess other qualities and feelings, which stand out in darker or lighter relief, according to the circumstances of the moment. In the eyes of the sculptor Venus is only "love." He must, therefore, attribute to her all the modest, bashful beauty, all the graceful charm, which are the attractions in a beloved object; and which, therefore, we include in our abstract idea of love. If there is the least deviation from this ideal, we can no longer recognise her form. Beauty, but clothed with majesty rather than bashfulness, becomes at once, not a Venus, but a Juno. Charms, but charms commanding, and rather manly than graceful, give us, instead of a Venus, a Minerva. An irritated Venus, a Venus impelled by revenge and fury, is a positive contradiction to the sculptor; for love, as such, is never angry or revengeful. To the poet, on the contrary, Venus is indeed "love," but she is also the goddess of love, who, in addition to this character, has her peculiar personality, and consequently must be just as capable of the impulses of aversion, as she is of those of affection. What wonder, then, if he paints her as inflamed with indignation and fury, especially when it is an affront offered to love itself, that has kindled these feelings in her? It is quite true, that in groups, the artist, as well as the poet, can introduce Venus, or any other divinity, as, in addition to her peculiar character, a real and acting being. But, in that case, their
actions must, at least, be in conformity with their character, even though not the immediate consequences of it. Venus bestows on her son divine armour. This action the artist can represent as well as the poet. Here, there is nothing to prevent him from giving Venus all the charm and beauty, which are her attributes as the goddess of love; nay rather, in his work, she will be by these very attributes the more easily recognised. But when Venus wishes to take vengeance upon her contemners, the people of Lemnos, "with wild dilated form, with "flushed cheeks, dishevelled hair, and torch in hand, "she wraps a sable robe around her, and, in a "storm, descends upon a gloomy cloud;" this is no moment for the artist, since, at this moment, there is no feature, by which he could render her capable of being recognised. It is a moment for the poet, because he only has the privilege of combining with it another, in which the goddess is wholly Venus, so nearly and so closely, that she is never lost sight of in the fury. This Flaccus does—

Neque enim alma videri
Jam tumet; aut tereti crinem subnectitur auro,
Sidereos diffusa sinus. Eadem effera et ingens
Et maculis suffecta genas; pinumque sonantem
Virginibus Stygiis, nigrumque simillima pallam.⁵

⁵Argonaut. Lib. ii. 102.
Statius does the same—

Ilia Paphon veterem centumque altaria linquens,
Nec vultu nec crine prior, solvisse jugalem
Ceston, et Idalias procul ablegasse volucres
Fertur. Erant certe, media qui noctis in umbra
Divam alios ignes majoraque tela gerentem,
Tartarias inter thalamis volitasse sorores
Vulgarent: utque implicitis arcana domorum
Anguibus, et sæva formidine cuncta replet
Limina.\[h\]

But it may be said, the poet alone possesses the power of painting with negative traits, and, by mixing the negative and positive together, of uniting two appearances in one. No longer is she the graceful Venus; no longer are her locks bound with golden clasps; no azure robes are floating round her; her girdle is laid aside; she is armed with other torches, and larger arrows than her own; furies, like herself, bear her company. But there is no reason, because the artist is compelled to abstain from the exercise of this power, that the poet should do the same. If painting must needs be the sister of poetry, let her not be a jealous sister; and let not the younger forbid the elder every ornament that does not sit well upon herself.

\[h\] Thebaid. Lib. v. 61.
CHAPTER IX.

If we wish to compare the painter and poet together in single instances, we must first inquire, whether they both enjoyed entire freedom, whether, uninfluenced by any external pressure, they could labour at producing the highest effect of their respective arts.

Such an external influence was often exercised by religion over the ancient artist. His work, destined for worship and devotion, could not always be as perfect as if the pleasure of the beholders had been his sole aim. The gods were overburdened with allegorical emblems by superstition, and the most beautiful of them were not everywhere worshipped as such.

Bacchus, in his temple at Lemnos, out of which the pious Hypsipyle, in the form of the god(23), rescued her father, was represented with horns, and so, without doubt, he appeared in all his temples; for these horns were allegorical, and one of the emblematic components of his being. But the unfettered artist, who executed his Bacchus for no temple, omitted this emblem; and if we, among the extant statues of this god, find none in which he
is represented with horns(24), it is perhaps a proof that none of the consecrated images, under which he was actually worshipped, are remaining. Besides, it is exceedingly probable that upon these latter, principally, fell the fury of the pious iconoclasts of the first centuries of christianity; by whom here and there a work of art, if polluted by no adoration, was sometimes spared.

As, however, among the excavated antiques, pieces of both kinds are to be found, it were to be wished that the title of works of art was confined to those alone, in which the artist had the power of really shewing himself to be such, in which beauty was his primary and ultimate object. None of the others, in which unmistakeable traces testify to an obligatory conformity to the service of religion, deserve this name, because, in their case, art did not labour on its own account, but was a mere helpmate to religion, which, in the material representation that it allotted to it for execution, looked rather to significance than to beauty. Yet, for all that, I do not mean to maintain that it has not frequently either embodied all this significance in the beautiful, or, at least, out of indulgence to the art and the fine taste of the age, retained so much beauty that the latter seems to hold an undoubted rule.

But no such distinction is drawn, and, in consequence, connoisseurs and antiquarians are constantly coming into collision, because they do not
understand one another. If the former, from his insight into the intention of art, maintains that the ancient artists could not have produced this or that work, *i. e.*, not as artists, not voluntarily; the latter extends this into an assertion that neither religion nor any other external cause, lying outside the region of art, could have had it executed by an artist, *i. e.*, not as an artist, but as a mere artisan. Thus he believes he can refute the connoisseur with the first statue that comes to hand, but which the latter, without the least scruple, though to the great scandal of the learned world, condemns again to the heap of rubbish from which it had been extracted (25).

On the other hand, too much importance may be attributed to the influence, exercised by religion upon art. Spence affords us a curious example of this. He found in Ovid that Vesta was not worshipped in her temple under any personal image; and this seemed to him a sufficient ground for concluding that, as an universal rule, there were no statues of this goddess, and that all, which had hitherto been considered such, represent, not Vesta, but one of her priestesses.* A curious conclusion! Had the artist lost his right to personify a being, to whom the poets give so definite a personality that they represent her as the daughter of Saturn and Ops, and as being in danger of falling under the brutality of Priapus, besides relating several other myths concerning

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*a Polymetis, Dial. vii. page 81.*
her? Had, I say, the artist lost his right to personify, in his own manner, this being, because, in a single temple, she was only worshipped under the symbol of fire? For Spence here further commits the error of extending what Ovid states only of one particular temple of Vesta, viz. the one at Rome (26), to all her temples without distinction, and to her worship universally. It does not necessarily follow that she was worshipped everywhere, as she was in this temple at Rome; nay, before Numa built it, she was not thus worshipped, even in Italy. Numa did not wish to have any divinity represented by either the human or the brutish form; and the improvement, which he effected in the worship of Vesta, without doubt, consisted in the rejection of all personal representation of her. Ovid himself informs us that, before the time of Numa, there were statues of Vesta in her temple, which, from shame, when her priestess became a mother, covered their eyes with maiden hands (27). That even in the temples, which the goddess possessed, outside the city, in the Roman provinces, her worship was not precisely that established by Numa appears to be proved by several old inscriptions, in which mention is made of a Pontifex of Vesta. At Corinth, too, there was a temple of Vesta, without any image at all, but with a simple altar, upon which sacrifices were offered to

b Lipsius de Vesta et Vestalibus, cap. 13.
her. But does this shew that the Greeks had no statues of Vesta? At Athens there was one in the Prytaneum near the statue of peace. The people of Iasos boasted that they possessed one, upon which, although it stood in the open air, neither snow nor rain ever fell. Pliny mentions one, in a sitting posture, from the hand of Scopas, which, in his time, might be seen in the Servilian garden, at Rome(28). And, allowing that it is not easy for us to distinguish a mere Vestal priestess from the goddess herself, does this prove that the ancients could not, much more did not wish to, draw this distinction? Certain emblems of art are manifestly more in favour of the one than of the other. The sceptre, the torch, the palladium can only be presumed to be in the hand of a goddess. The cymbal, which Codinus attributes to her, might perhaps belong to her, only as the Earth; or Codinus may not have really known what it was he saw(29).

c Pausanias Corinth, Lib. ii. cap. 35. sect. 1.
d Pausanias Attic, Lib. i. cap. 18. sect. 3.
CHAPTER X.

I go on to notice an expression of surprise in Spence, which most significantly proves how little reflection he can have bestowed upon the nature of the limits of Art and Painting.

"As to the muses in general, he says, it is remark able that the poets say but little of them in a descriptive way; much less than might indeed be expected for deities, to whom they were so particularly obliged."a

What does this mean, if not that he feels surprised that, when the poet speaks of the deities, he does not do it in the dumb speech of the painter? Urania, with the poets, is the muse of astronomy; from her name and her performances we at once recognise her office. The artist, in order to render it palpable, represents her pointing with a wand to a globe of the heavens. This wand, this celestial globe, and this posture, are, as it were, his type, from which he leaves us to collect the name Urania. But when the poet wishes to say that "Urania had

a Polymetis, Dial viii. p. 91.
long ago foreseen his death in the aspect of the stars,—

Ipsa diu positis lethum prædixerat astris
Uranie.\(^b\)

why should he, out of respect to the painter, subjoin, "Urania, wand in hand, and heavenly globe before her?" Would it not be as though a man, who could and might speak clearly, should still make use of those signs, upon which the mutes in the Seraglios of the Turks, from an inability to articulate, have agreed among themselves?

Spence again expresses the same surprise at the moral beings, or those divinities, to whom the ancients allotted the superintendence of virtues, or whom they supposed to preside\(^c\) over the conduct and events of human life. "It is observable," he says, "that the Roman poets say less of the best "of these moral beings, than might be expected. "The artists are much fuller on this head; and "one, who would settle what appearances each of "them made, should go to the medals of the Roman "emperors.\(^d\) The poets, in fact, speak of them "very often as persons; but of their attributes, "their dress, and the rest of their figure they "generally say but little."

\(^b\) Statius, Theb. viii. 551.  
\(^c\) Polymetis, Dial. x. p. 137.  
\(^d\) Polymetis, Dial. x. p. 134.
When the poet personifies abstractions, they are sufficiently characterised by their names, and the actions, which he represents them as performing.

The artist does not command these means. He is therefore compelled to add to his personified abstractions some emblems, by which they may be easily recognised. These emblems, since they are different and have different significations, constitute them allegorical figures.

A female form, with a bridle in her hand, another, leaning against a pillar, are, in art, allegorical beings. On the contrary, with the poets, temperance and constancy are not allegorical beings, but personified abstractions.

The invention of these emblems was forced upon artists by necessity. For thus only could they make it understood what this or that figure was intended to signify. But why should the poet allow that to be forced upon him, to which the artists have only been driven by a necessity, in which he himself has no share?

What causes Spence so much surprise deserves to be prescribed, as a general law, to poets. They must not convert the necessities of painting into a part of their own wealth. They must not look upon the instruments, which art has invented for the sake of following poetry, as perfections, of which they have any cause to be envious. When an artist clothes an image with symbols, he exalts a mere
statue to a higher being. But, if the poet makes use of these artistic decorations, he degrades a higher being into a puppet.

This rule is as invariably confirmed by the practice of the ancients; as its intentional violation is invariably the favourite fault of modern poets. All their imaginary beings appear masqued, and the artists, who are most familiar with the details of this masquerade, generally understand least of the principal work, viz. how to make their beings act in such a way, that their actions indicate their character.

Still, among the emblems with which the artists characterise their abstractions, there is a class, which is more capable, and more deserving, of being adopted by the poets. I mean those, which possess nothing properly allegorical, but are to be considered less as emblems than as instruments, of which the beings, to whom they are attributed, should they be called upon to act as real persons, would or could make use. The bridle in the hand of Temperance, the pillar, against which Constancy is leaning, are entirely allegorical, and therefore of no use whatever to the poet. The scales in the hand of Justice are somewhat less so; because the right use of the scales is really a part of justice. But the lyre or flute in the hand of a Muse, the lance in the hand of Mars, the hammer and tongs in the hands of Vulcan, are in reality not symbols, but simply instruments, without which
these beings could not produce the results, which we ascribe to them. Of this class are those attributes, which the ancient poets sometimes introduce in their descriptions, and which, on that account, I might, in contradistinction to the allegorical, term the poetical. The latter signify the thing itself, the former only something similar to it(30).
CHAPTER XI.

Count Caylus also appears to desire that the poet should clothe his imaginary beings with allegorical symbols (31). The Count understood painting far better than he did poetry.

Nevertheless, in the work in which he expresses this desire, I have found occasion for some weighty reflections, the most important of which I am now going to notice, in order to afford it a mature consideration.

The artist, according to the Count's view, should make himself more closely acquainted with Homer, the greatest of descriptive poets, and a second nature. He shews him what rich and hitherto unemployed materials for the most excellent pictures the story written by the Greek affords, and that the more closely he adheres even to the most trifling circumstances mentioned by the poet, the more likely he is to succeed in the execution of his work.

In this proposition, the two kinds of imitation, which I distinguished above, are again confounded. The painter shall not only represent what the poet has represented, but the details of his representation shall be the same. He shall make use of the poet, not only as a chronicler, but as a poet.
But why is not this second kind of imitation, which is so degrading to a poet, equally so to an artist? If a series of such paintings, as Count Caylus has adduced from Homer, had existed in the poet's time, and we knew that he had derived his work from them, would he not be immeasurably lowered in our admiration? How then does it happen that we withdraw none of our high esteem from the artist, when he really does nothing more than express the words of the poet in form and colour?

The following seems to be the cause. In the artist's case the execution appears to be more difficult than the invention; in the poet's this is reversed, and execution seems easier to him than invention. If Virgil had borrowed the connection of the father with the children, by the serpent-folds, from the group of statuary, the merit, which we now esteem the greatest and most difficult of attainment in the whole description, would at once fall to the ground, and only the more trifling one be left. For the first creation of this connection in the imagination is far greater than the expression of it in words. On the contrary, had the artist borrowed this invention from the poet, he would still have always retained sufficient merit in our eyes, although he would have been entirely deprived of the credit of invention. For expression in marble is far more difficult than expression in words; and, when we
weigh invention and representation against one another, we are always inclined to yield to the master on one side, just as much as we think we have received in excess on the other.

There are even cases where it is a greater merit for artists to have imitated nature through the medium of the imitation of the poet, than without it. The painter, who executes a beautiful landscape after the description of a Thompson, has done more than he, who takes it directly from nature. This latter sees his original before him, while the former must exert his imagination until he believes he has it before him. The latter produces something beautiful from a lively and sensible impression, the former from the indefinite and weak representation of arbitrary signs.

But, as a consequence of this natural readiness in us to dispense with the merit of invention in the artist, there arose on his part an equally natural indifference to it. For, when he saw that invention could not be his strong point, but that his highest merit depended on execution, it became of no importance to him whether his original matter were old or new, used once, or a thousand times, whether it belonged to himself or another. He confined himself, therefore, within the narrow circle of a few subjects, already become familiar to himself and the public, and expended his whole inventive power upon variations of materials already known, upon fresh
combinations of old objects. That is in fact the idea, which most of the elementary books on painting attach to the word invention; for, although they divide it into the artistic and poetical, the latter does not extend to the creation of objects themselves, but is solely confined to arrangement and expression. It is invention, yet not the invention of a whole, but of single parts, and of their position in respect to one another; it is invention, but of that lower kind which Horace recommends to his tragic poet!

Tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

Recommends, I repeat, not enjoins. Recommends as more easy, convenient, and advantageous, but does not prescribe as better and nobler in itself.

In fact, the poet, who treats a well-known story or a well-known character, has already made considerable progress towards his object. He can afford to pass over a hundred cold details, which would otherwise be indispensable to the comprehensibility of his whole; and the more quickly his audience comprehends this, the sooner their interest will be awakened. This advantage the painter also enjoys, when his subject is not new to us, and we recog-

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*a Reflections on Painting, p. 159.

*b Ars Poetica, 128.
nise, at the first glance, the intention and meaning of his whole composition; at once, not only see that his characters are speaking, but hear what they are saying. The most important effect depends on the first glance, and, if this involves us in laborious thought and reflection, our longing to have our feelings roused cools down, and, in order to avenge ourselves on the unintelligible artist, we harden ourselves against the expression, to which, as we have shewn, beauty must never be sacrificed. We find nothing to induce us to linger before his work. What we see does not please us; nor, even whilst gazing, can we form any conclusion as to the design of it.

Let us now consider these two propositions together. First, That invention and novelty in his subjects are far from being the principal things we look for in an artist. Secondly, That through the subjects being well known, the effect of his art is furthered and rendered more easy. And I think that we shall not look, with Count Caylus, for the reasons why the artist so seldom determines upon a new subject, either in his indolence, in his ignorance, or in the difficulty of the mechanical part of his art, which demands all his industry and all his time; but we shall find them more deeply founded, and shall perhaps be inclined to praise as an act of self-restraint, wise, and useful to ourselves, what at first sight appeared the commencement of the limitation of art,
and the destruction of our pleasure. I do not fear that experience will contradict me; the painters will thank the Count for his good intentions, but will scarcely make such general use of him as he seems to expect. But even if they should, still in another hundred years a fresh Caylus would be necessary to bring the ancient subjects again into remembrance, and lead back the artist into that field, where others before him had already gained such undying laurels. Or do we desire that the public should be as learned, as is the connoisseur with his books; that it should be well acquainted and familiar with every scene of history and of fable, which can yield materials for a beautiful picture? I quite allow that the artists would have done better, if, since the time of Raphael, they had made Homer their text book, instead of Ovid. But since it has happened otherwise, let them not attempt to divert the public from its old track, nor surround its enjoyment with greater difficulties than those, which, in order to constitute it such, are its necessary accompaniments.

Protogenes painted the mother of Aristotle. I do not know how much the philosopher paid him for the portrait. But whether it was instead of payment, or in addition to it, he imparted to him a piece of advice, more valuable than the price itself. For I cannot imagine that it could have been intended for mere flattery, but believe, that it was out of an
especial regard to that necessity of art, which obliges it to be intelligible to all, that he counselled him to paint the exploits of Alexander; exploits, with the fame of which, at that time, the whole world was ringing; and which he could well foresee would never be erased from the memory of future generations. But Protogenes had not sufficient steadiness to act upon this advice. "Impetus animi," says Pliny, "et quadæm artis libido." Too great a buoyancy of spirits (as it were) in art, and a kind of craving after the curious and unknown, impelled him towards an entirely different class of subjects. He chose rather to paint the story of an Ialysus(32), or a Cydippe; and, in consequence, we can do little more than form conjectures, as to what his pictures were intended to represent.

Plinius xxxv. 36. 20.
CHAPTER XII.

Homer elaborates two kinds of beings and actions, visible and invisible. This distinction cannot be indicated by painting: in it everything is visible, and visible in but one way.

When, therefore, Count Caylus continues the pictures of invisible actions in an unbroken series with those of the visible; and when, in those of mixed actions, in which both visible and invisible beings take part, he does not, and perhaps cannot, specify how these last, (which we only, who are contemplating the picture, ought to see in it), are to be introduced, so that the persons in the painting itself should not see them, or, at least, should not appear as if they necessarily did so. When, I say, Caylus does this, the whole series, as well as many single pieces, necessarily becomes in the highest degree confused, incomprehensible, and contradictory.

Still, ultimately, it would be possible, with book in hand, to remedy this fault. The following evil is the greatest; when painting wipes away the distinction between visible and invisible beings, it at the same time destroys all those characteristic traits, by which the higher order is elevated above the lower.
For instance; when the gods, after disputing over the destiny of the Trojans, at length appeal to arms, the whole of this contest is waged invisibly in the poet; and this invisibility permits the imagination to magnify the scene, and allows it free scope for picturing to itself, as it ever will, the persons and actions of the gods, as far greater and far more exalted than those of ordinary humanity. But painting must adopt a visible scene, the different necessary parts of which become the standard for the persons who act in it. A standard, which the eye has ever before it, and by whose want of proportion to the higher beings, these last, which in the poet were great, are, upon the artist's canvass, converted into monsters.

Minerva, against whom, in this contest, Mars assays the first assault, steps backwards, and, with mighty hand, seizes from the ground, a large, black, rough, stone, which in olden times the united hands of men had rolled there for a landmark.—Iliad, Ψ. xxi. 493.

In order fully to realize the size of this stone, we must recollect, that, though Homer describes his heroes as being as strong again as the strongest men of his own time, he tells us that even they were still
further surpassed by the men, whom Nestor had known in his youth. Now, I ask, if Minerva hurls a stone, which no single man, even of the younger days of Nestor, could set up for a landmark,—if, I ask, Minerva hurls such a stone as this at Mars, of what stature ought the goddess herself to be represented? If her stature is proportioned to the size of the stone, the marvellous disappears at once. A man, who is three times the size that I am, naturally can hurl a stone three times as great as I can. On the other hand, should the stature of the goddess not be proportionate to the size of the stone, there arises in the painting an evident improbability, the offensiveness of which will not be removed by the cold reflection, that a goddess must be possessed of superhuman strength. Where I see a greater effect, there I expect to see more powerful causes.

And Mars, overthrown by this mighty stone,

επτα δ' ἐπέσχε πελεθρα,

covered seven hides. It is impossible for the painter to invest the god with this extraordinary size; but, if he does not, then it is not Mars who is lying on the ground; at least, not the Mars of Homer, but a common warrior(33).

Longinus says, that, while reading Homer, he often felt, that the poet appeared to raise his men to gods, and reduce his gods to men; painting effects this reduction. In it everything, that, in the poet,
raises the gods above god-like men, utterly vanishes. The strength, size, and swiftness, of which Homer always bestowed upon his deities a much higher, and more extraordinary degree than he ever attributes to his most eminent heroes(34), must sink, in the painting, to the common level of humanity; and Jupiter and Agamemnon, Apollo and Achilles, Ajax and Mars, become exactly the same beings; and can be recognised by nothing, but their outward conventional symbols.

The means, used by painters, of giving us to understand, that this or that object in their compositions must be considered as invisible, is a thin cloud, with which they surround it on the side, that is turned towards the other persons in the scene. This cloud also appears to have been borrowed from Homer. For if, in the tumult of the fight, one of the more important heroes falls into a danger, from which none but divine power can save him, the poet represents him, as being enveloped by the rescuing divinity in a thick cloud, or in night, and so carried off,—e. g. as Paris is by Venus,\textsuperscript{a} Idæus by Neptune,\textsuperscript{b} and Hector by Apollo.\textsuperscript{c} And Caylus, when he sketches paintings of such occurrences, never fails to recommend to the poet the introduction of this mist and cloud. Yet, surely, it is manifest to all, that, in the poet, concealment in mist and night is

\textsuperscript{a} Iliad, \textit{Γ.} iii. 381. \textsuperscript{b} Iliad, \textit{Ε.} v. 23. \textsuperscript{c} Iliad \textit{Y. xx.} 444.
not intended to be anything more than a poetical expression for rendering invisible. I have always, therefore, been much astonished to find it realized, and an actual cloud introduced into the painting, behind which, as behind a screen, the hero stands concealed from his enemy. Such, assuredly, was not the intention of the poet. It is stepping beyond the limits of painting. For the cloud is here a real hieroglyphic, a mere symbolical token, which does not make the rescued hero invisible, but points out to you, that you must represent him to yourself as such. It is here no better than the labels with inscriptions, which are placed in the mouths of the figures in old gothic paintings.

It is true, that when Hector is being carried off by Apollo, Homer represents Achilles as making three thrusts with his lance into the thick mist at him—τρίς δ' ἡρα τῦψε βαθεῖαν. But, in the language of the poet, this means nothing more than that Achilles had become so furious, that he made three thrusts with his lance, before he perceived that his enemy was no longer in his presence. Achilles saw no actual mist; and the power, which the gods possessed of rendering the objects of their protection invisible, lay not in a mist, but in the rapidity with which they bore them away. But, in order to express, at the same time, that this abduction was performed with such celerity, that no human eye could follow

\[\text{Iliad, Y. xx. 446.}\]
the body so disappearing, the poet previously conceals it in a mist. Not that a mist appeared in the place of the body which had been carried off, but because we think of what is enveloped in a mist as invisible. Accordingly, Homer sometimes inverts the case, and, instead of describing the object as rendered invisible, makes the subject struck with blindness. Thus Neptune darkens the eyes of Achilles, when he rescues Æneas from his murderous hand, and, snatching him out of the midst of the melée, places him at once in the rear.\(^e\) In fact, however, the eyes of Achilles are here no more blinded, than, in the former passage, the rescued heroes were concealed in a cloud. But, in both cases, the poet has made these additions, in order to render more palpable to our senses that extreme swiftness of disappearance, which we call vanishing.

But painters have appropriated the Homeric mist, not only in those cases where Homer has or would have used it, viz. when persons become invisible, or disappear; but, also, in all those, where it is intended that the spectator should be able to perceive, in a painting, anything, which the characters themselves, either all or part of them, cannot see. Minerva was visible to Achilles alone, when she prevented him from coming to actual blows with Agamemnon. I know no other way, says Caylus, to express this, than by concealing her, on the side nearest to the rest of

\(^e\) Iliad Y. xx. 321.
the council, by a cloud. This is in complete opposition to the spirit of the poet. Invisibility is the natural condition of his divinities. There was needed no dazzling to render them invisible,—no cutting off of the ordinary beams of light(35); while, on the contrary, to render them visible, an enlightenment and enlargement of mortal vision was required. Thus it is not enough, that in painting the cloud is an arbitrary, and not a natural sign; this arbitrary symbol has not even a single, defined, meaning, which, as such, it is bound to have; for it is used indiscriminately, either to represent the visible as invisible, or the invisible as visible.
CHAPTER XIII.

If Homer's works were entirely lost, and nothing remained to us of the Iliad and Odyssey, but a series of paintings similar to those, of which Caylus has sketched the outlines from them, should we be able, from these pictures, to form the idea we now possess, I do not say, of the whole poet, but merely of his descriptive talent? Let us put it to the test with the first piece we chance upon. Suppose it is the painting of the plague. What do we see upon the artist's canvass? Dead corpses, burning funeral piles, the dying busied with the dead, while the angered god is seated upon a cloud, and discharging his arrows. The great richness of this painting is poverty to the poet. For, if we were to restore Homer from it, what could we make him say? "Hereupon Apollo grew angry, and shot his arrows "among the army of the Greeks, of whom many "died, and their bodies were consumed." Now let us read Homer himself.

a Iliad, A. i. 44—53. Tableaux tirés de l' Iliade, p. 70.
βὴ δὲ κατ᾽ Ουλύμποιο καρήνων χωόμενος κηρ, τόξ᾽ ὁμοίως ἔχον, ἀμφηρεφέα τε φαρέτρην. ἐκλαγέαν δ᾽ ἄρ διστοὶ ἐπ᾽ ὄμων χωομένου, ἀντοῦ κινηθέντος. ὁ δ᾽ ἤτε νυκτί ἐοικός. ἐξετ᾽ ἐπειτ᾽ ἀπάνευθε νεόν, μετὰ δ᾽ ἰὼν ἐηκεν ἀκούσαν ἀτελείως τὴν τοῦ πλῆθος ἀριθμὸν ἀργυρέῳ βιῶ ὠρησας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπάθετο καὶ κύνας ἄργόν τε ἀντὰρ ἐπειτ᾽ ἀντοίκες. ἐκεῖνος ἐχεπευκές ἠφιές βάλλει ἀνεί δε πύραν νεκύων καίοντο δαμειαί.

The poet is as far above the painter, as life is above the painting. Angered, armed with bow and quiver, Apollo descends from the peaks of Olympus. I not only see him coming down, I hear him. At every step of the indignant god, the arrows rattle upon his shoulders. He strides on, like the night; now he sits over against the ships, and shoots—fearfully clangs the silver bow—his first arrow at the mules and the hounds. Next with his poisonous dart he strikes the men themselves; and the funeral piles with their dead are everywhere ceaselessly blazing. The musical picture, which the words of the poet at the same time present, cannot be translated into another language. It is equally impossible even to guess at it from the material painting, although this is the least superiority, which the poetical description has over the latter. The principal one is this, that the poet conducts us to his last scene, the only part of his description, which the material
painting exhibits, through a whole gallery of pictures.

But perhaps the plague is not an advantageous subject for painting. Here is another, which possesses a greater charm for the eyes. The gods are engaged at what is, at once, a council, and a drinking festival. In an open, golden, palace, are seen arbitrary groups of the most beautiful and adorable forms, cup in hand, unto whom Hebe, the personification of eternal youth, is ministering. What architecture, what masses of light and shade, what contrasts, what variety of expression! Where am I to begin, and where to cease, feasting my eyes? If the painter thus charms me, how much more will the poet? I open him, and I find—myself deceived. I find four good but simple verses, which might serve very well for a motto, at the bottom of a painting; but which, though they contain the materials for a picture, are no picture themselves.

"Oi de 'theoi para Zevi kata'menoi 'egeor'ovno to 'chrus'reo en dapa'di'mo meta de 'sigma to'th'ma 'Hb'he 'nêktar 'evno'xovn' to'i de 'chrus'reois 'depa'sesin' deid'êkata 'allil'ouso, 'Try'ow'v pol'iv 'eisop'rôvnes.

Apollonius, or even a still more indifferent poet, could have said all this, as well as Homer, who here remains as far below the artist, as, in the former passage, the artist falls short of him.

\[b\] Iliad Δ. iv. 1—4. 'Tableaux tirés de l' Iliade, p. 30.
But, except in these four lines, Caylus cannot find a single picture in the whole fourth book of the Iliad. "So greatly," says he, "is the fourth book distinguished by the numerous exhortations to the combat, by the abundance of brilliant and strongly marked characters, and by the art, with which the poet brings before us the multitude, which he is about to set in motion. It is, however, quite useless for the purposes of the artist." He might have added, "So rich is it in everything, that is held to constitute a poetical picture." Such pictures, in reality, occur in greater frequency and perfection throughout the fourth book, than in any other. Where is to be found a more elaborate, or a more illustrative description, than that of Pandarus, when, at the instigation of Minerva, he violates the truce, and discharges his arrow at Menelaus? Than that of the advance of the Grecian army? Than that of the mutual charge? Than that of the deed of Ulysses, by which he takes vengeance for the death of his friend Leucus?

But, what conclusion is to be drawn from this? That not a few of the most beautiful descriptions of Homer furnish no picture for the artist. That the artist can derive pictures from him, where he himself has none. That those, which he has, and the artist can use, would be but meagre descriptions, if they shewed us no more than the artist does. The
answer negatives the question, I asked above. From material paintings, therefore, of which the poems of Homer had furnished the subjects, even though they were ever so numerous, or ever so excellent, we could come to no fair decision upon the descriptive talents of the poet.
CHAPTER XIV.

But if this be the case, and a poem may be very productive of pictures, and still not be descriptive itself, while, on the contrary, another may be highly descriptive and yet yield little to the artist, there is an end of the theory of Count Caylus; which would make their usefulness to the painters the touch-stone of poets, and allot them their rank, according to the number of pictures with which they furnish him(36).

Far be it from us, even by our silence, to suffer this theory to obtain the appearance of an established law. Milton would be the first to fall an innocent victim to it. For it appears, that the contemptuous judgment, which Caylus expresses of him, should really be considered, less as the national taste, than as the logical consequence of his assumed rule. The loss of sight, he says, is the strongest point of similarity between Milton and Homer. It is true, Milton cannot fill galleries. But, if the sphere of my bodily eyes, so long as I enjoy them, must needs also be that of my inner eye, great indeed would be the value I should put upon their loss, since it freed me from this confinement.
Paradise Lost is no more prevented from being the first epic after Homer's, because it offers but few subjects for painting, than the history of the Passion of Christ is converted into a poem, because we can scarcely lay the point of a pin upon it, without lighting on some passage, which has called forth the exertions of a number of the greatest masters. The Evangelists recount the fact, with the most concise simplicity possible; and the artist makes use of its numerous parts, without their having shown, on their side, the slightest spark of descriptive genius in relating it. There are both facts suitable, and facts unsuitable, to the artist; and the historian can narrate those suitable artistically, just as the poet has the power of producing a graphic representation of those unsuitable.

To believe it to be otherwise, is to suffer ourselves to be misled by the twofold meaning of a word. A poetical picture is not necessarily convertible into a material painting; but every feature, every combination of several features, by which the poet makes his object so palpable to us, that we become more conscious of this object, than of his words, is a graphic picture, because it brings us nearer to that degree of illusion, of which material painting is especially capable, and which is most readily called forth by the contemplation of such painting.
CHAPTER XV.

Now the poet, as experience shows, can raise this degree of illusion in us, by the representation of other than visible objects. Consequently, artists are excluded from whole classes of pictures, which the poet has at his command. Dryden's "Ode upon Cecilia's day," is full of musical sketches, which afford no occupation to the brush; but I will not waste more time in such instances, from which we can only learn at best, that colours are not sounds, and ears not eyes.

I will still keep to the pictures of visible objects; for these are common to both artist and poet. Why is it that many poetical descriptions of this kind are useless to the artist; and, on the contrary, many actual paintings, when treated by a poet, lose the principal part of their effect?

An example might serve us as a guide. I repeat it; the picture of Pandarus, in the fourth book of the Iliad, is one of the most minute, and illusive, in the whole of Homer. From the grasping of the bow, to the flight of the arrow, every moment is painted; and all these momentary periods follow one
another so closely, and yet are so distinctly entered upon, that a person, who did not know how a bow was managed, might learn it merely from this picture (38). Pandarus takes out his bow; bends it; opens the quiver; chooses an arrow well feathered, and still unused; draws the string and the notch of the arrow back together; the string is close to the breast; the iron point of the arrow to the bow; the great, round-shaped bow, clanging, parts asunder; the arrow speeds away; and eagerly flies towards its destination.

It is impossible that Caylus can have overlooked this excellent picture. What then did he find there, to make him esteem it incapable of affording employment to his artists? And why was it, that the assembly of the gods, drinking in council, seemed to him more suitable for that purpose? In the one, as well as in the other, there are visible objects; and what more has the artist need of, to occupy his canvass?

The difficulty must be this; although both objects, as visible, are alike capable of being subjects of painting in its strict sense; still, there is this important difference between them, that the action of one is visible and progressive, its different parts happening one after another, in the sequence of time; while the action of the other is visible and stationary, its different parts developing themselves near one another, in space. But, if painting, owing to its signs,
or means of imitation, which it can combine in space only, is compelled entirely to renounce time, progressive actions, as such, cannot be classed among its subjects, but it must be content with simultaneous actions, or with mere figures, which, by their posture, lead us to conjecture an action. Poetry, on the contrary.
CHAPTER XVI.

Still, I will endeavour to deduce our conclusions from their first principles.

I reason thus: if it is true that painting and poetry, in their imitations, make use of entirely different media of expression, or signs—the first, namely, of form and colour in space, the second of articulated sounds in time;—if these signs indisputably require a suitable relation to the thing betokened, then it is clear, that signs arranged near to one another, can only express objects, of which the wholes or parts exist near one another; while consecutive signs can only express objects, of which the wholes or parts are themselves consecutive.

Objects, whose wholes or parts exist near one another, are called bodies. Consequently, bodies, with their visible properties, are the peculiar objects of painting.

Objects, whose wholes or parts are consecutive, are called actions. Consequently, actions are the peculiar subject of poetry.

Still, all bodies do not exist in space only, but also in time. They endure, and, in each moment of their duration, may assume a different appearance,
or stand in a different combination. Each of these momentary appearances and combinations is the effect of a preceding action, may be the cause of a subsequent one, and is therefore, as it were, the centre of an action. Consequently, painting too can imitate actions, but only indicatively, by means of bodies.

On the other hand, actions cannot exist by themselves, they must depend on certain beings. So far, therefore, as these beings are bodies, or are treated as such, poetry paints bodies, but only indicatively, by means of actions.

In its coexisting compositions, painting can only make use of a single instant of an action, and must therefore choose the one, which is most pregnant, and from which what has already taken place, and what is about to follow, can be most easily gathered.

In like manner, poetry, in its progressive imitations, is confined to the use of a single property of a body, and must, therefore, choose that which calls up the most sensible image of that body, in the aspect in which he makes use of it.

From this flows the rule, that there should never be more than one epithet; and from it too has arisen the scarcity of descriptions of bodily objects.

I should put but little confidence in this dry chain of reasoning, did I not find it completely confirmed by the practice of Homer; or, I might even say, had it not been Homer himself who led
me to it. It is only on these principles that the sublime style of the Greek poet can be determined, and explained, in such a manner, as to expose in its full absurdity the directly opposite style of so many modern poets, who have endeavoured to rival the painter in a department, in which he must necessarily vanquish them.

I find that Homer describes nothing but progressive actions; and that, when he paints bodies, and single objects, he does it only as contributary to such, and, then, only by a single touch. It is no wonder then, that the artist finds least to employ his pencil, where Homer paints, and that his harvest is only to be found, where the story assembles a number of beautiful bodies, in beautiful attitudes, and in a space advantageous to art; though the poet himself may paint these forms, these attitudes, and this space, as little as he pleases. If we go through the whole series of paintings, as Caylus proposes them, piece by piece, we shall find in each a proof of the foregoing observation.

I here quit the Count, who would make the pallet of the artist the touchstone of the poet, in order to explain the style of Homer more closely.

Homer, I say, generally describes an object by a single characteristic; with him it is at one time the black, at another the hollow, at another the swift ship, at most the well-rowed black ship.
Farther than this, he does not enter into any description of it. But still, of the sailing, the setting out, and hauling up, of the ship he draws a detailed picture. If the artist wished to transfer the whole of this to his canvass, he would be compelled to divide it into five or six different paintings.

It is true that, in particular cases, Homer detains our attention upon a single object longer than is usual with him. Yet, in so doing, he creates no picture, which could be an object of imitation to an artist; by innumerable devices he contrives to set before our eyes a single object, as it would appear at distinct and successive instants, in each of which it is in a different stage, and in the last of which the artist must await the poet, in order to shew us, as already formed, that which, in his rival, we have seen forming. To take an instance of this: when Homer wants to shew us the chariot of Juno, Hebe puts it together, piece by piece, before our eyes. We see the wheels, the axle, the seat, the pole, the traces and straps, not as they are when all fitted together, but as they are being separately put together under the hands of Hebe. Of the wheel alone does the poet give us more than a single feature; there he points out, one by one, the eight bronze spokes, the golden felloes, the tire of bronze, and the silver nave. One might almost say, that, because there was more than one wheel, he felt bound to spend as
much time in its description, as the putting on of the others would have taken in the actual operation.

'Ἡθ ὃν ἀμφί ὑέχεσιν θῶς βάλε καμπύλα κύκλα, χάλκεα, ὀκτάκυψα, σιδηρεῖς ἄξονι ἀμφίς. τῶν ἦτοι χρυσῆ ὑπὸς ἄφθιτος, ἀντὰρ ὑπέρθεν χάλκες ἐπίσωστρα, προσαρχώτα, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι. πλήμναι δ’ αργυρὸν ἔισε περίδρομοι ἀμφοτέρωθεν. δίφρος δὲ χρυσέουσι καὶ ἀργύρεοισιν ἱμᾶσιν ἐντέταται δοιαὶ δὲ περίδρομοι ἀντυγές ἐισιν. τοῦ δ’ ἔξι ἀργύρεοι ῥυμὸς πέλεν’ ἀντὰρ ἔπ’ ἀκρῇ δὴς χρύσειον καλὸν ἐνγόν, ἐν δὲ λέπαδιν καλ’ ἐβάλε, χρύσεια.

Again, when he would show us how Agamemnon was clad, the king dons each article of his dress, separately, in our presence; his soft undercoat, his great mantle, his beautiful half-boots, and his sword. Now he is ready, and grasps his sceptre. We see the garments, whilst the poet is describing the operation of putting them on; but another would have described the robes themselves, down to the smallest fringe, and we should have seen nothing whatever of the action.

Μαλακὸν δ’ ἐνδυνε χιτώνα, καλὸν, νηγάτευν, περὶ δὲ μέγα βάλετο φάρον. ποσοὶ δ’ ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἔδησατο καλὰ πέδιλα: ἀμφὶ δ’ ἀρ’ ἀμοιοῖς βάλετο ἐίσος ἀργυρόηλον. ἐἴλετο δὲ σκηπτρὸν πατρώιον, ἄφθιτον ἄιεί.

This sceptre is here styled "the paternal," "the imperishable," as, elsewhere, one like it is described

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a Iliad, E. v. 722.  
b Iliad, B ii. 42
merely as χρυσέοις ἕλοις πεπάρμενον, “golden stud-
ded.” But when a closer and more complete picture of this
important sceptre is required, what does Homer do then? In
addition to the golden studs, does he describe the wood, and the
carved head? He might have done so, if he had intended to draw
an heraldic description, from which, in after times, another
sceptre, like it, could be executed. And I
am sure that many a modern poet would have given
us such details, fit for a king at arms, in the confi-
dent belief that he himself had painted the sceptre,
because he had supplied the artist with the materials
for so doing. But what does Homer care how far
he leaves the painter in his rear? Instead of the
appearance, he gives us the history of the sceptre;
first, it is being formed by the labour of Vulcan;
next, it glitters in the hands of Jupiter; now, it
betokens the dignity of Mercury; now, it is the
imperial wand of the royal Pelops; now the shep-
herd’s staff of the peaceful Atreus.

σκῆπτρον, τὸ μὲν Ἡφαιστος κάμε τεῦχων
"Ἡφαιστος μὲν δῶκε Δίι Κρονίωνι ἀνακτὶ.
ἀντὰρ ἀπὸ Ζεὺς δῶκε διακτόρῳ Ἀργείφωντη.
Ἑρμεῖας δὲ ἀνάξ δῶκεν Πέλοπτὶ πληξίππω,
ἀντὰρ ὁ ἀντε Πέλοψ δῶκε Ἀτρεί, ποιμένι λαῶν.
Ἀτρεὺς δὲ θυμόσκων ἐλιπεν πολύαριν Θυέστῃ
ἀντὰρ ὁ ἀντε Θυέστῃ Ἀγαμέμνονι λείπε φορὶνα,
pολλῆσι νήσοις καὶ Ἀργεῖ παντὶ ἀνάσωσιν.

c Iliad, B. ii. 101.
Now I am better acquainted with this sceptre than if a painter were to place it before my eyes, or a second Vulcan give it into my hands. I should not be surprised to find that one of the old commentators of Homer had admired this passage, as the most perfect allegory of the origin, progress, establishment, and final hereditary succession of kingly power among men. I should indeed smile, if I read that Vulcan, who made the sceptre, represented fire, which is indispensable to man's support, and that alleviation of his wants generally, which persuaded the men of early times to submit themselves to the authority of an individual; that the first king, a son of Time (Zeus Kρονίων) was a venerable patriarch; who shared his power with a man remarkable for his eloquence and ability, with a Hermes, (Διακτόρῳ Ἀργειεφόντη) or, entirely delivered it over to him; that, in course of time, the clever orator, as the young state was threatened by foreign enemies, resigned his power into the hands of the bravest warrior (Πέλοπι πληξίππως) ; that the brave warrior, after he had exterminated his foes and assured the safety of the kingdom, artfully contrived to establish his son in his place; who, as a peace-loving ruler, and benevolent shepherd of his people, first rendered them familiar with a life of pleasure and superfluity; at his death, therefore, the way was paved for the richest of his connections (πολύαρνη Θνεστη) to acquire by gifts and bribery, and afterwards secure to his family,
as a purchased possession, that power, which hitherto confidence only had bestowed, and merit had esteemed a burden rather than a dignity; I should smile, I repeat, but I should be strengthened in my esteem for the poet, to whom so much meaning could be lent. All this, however, is a digression from my subject; and I merely view the history of the sceptre, as a device of art, by which the poet causes us to linger over a single object, without entering into a cold description of its parts. Even when Achilles swears by his sceptre to revenge the neglect, with which Agamemnon has treated him, Homer gives us the history of it. We see it green upon the hill; the steel divides it from the stem, strips it of its leaves and bark, and renders it fit to serve the judges of the people, as an emblem of their godlike dignity.

\[\text{It was not so much Homer's desire to describe two sceptres of different material and shape, as to convey to our minds by a clear and comprehensive image that difference of power, of which they were the emblems. The one the work of Vulcan; the other cut}\]

\[d\, \text{Iliad A. i. 234}\]
by some unknown hand upon the hill; the one an ancient possession of a noble house; the other destined for the hand of any, to whom it might chance to fall. The one extended by a monarch over many isles, and the whole of Argos; the other borne by one from the midst of the Greeks, to whom, with many others, the guardianship of the law had been entrusted. This was the real difference, which existed between Agamemnon and Achilles: and which Achilles, in spite of all his blind rage, could not avoid admitting.

But it is not only where he combines such further aims with his descriptions, that Homer disperses the picture of the object over a kind of history of it; he follows the same course, where the picture itself is the only end in view, in order that its parts, which, naturally, are seen beside each other, may, by following upon one another, be seen as naturally in his description, and, as it were, keep pace with the progress of the narrative; *e. g.* he wishes to paint us the bow of Pandarus; a bow of horn, of such and such a length, well polished, and tipped with gold at either end. What does he? Enumerate all these dry details one after the other? Not at all: that might be giving a minute description of such a bow, but could never be called painting it. He begins with the chase of the wild goat, out of whose horns the bow was made. Pandarus himself had laid in wait for and killed it among the rocks; its horns were of an
extraordinary size, and, for that reason, were destined to be turned into a bow. Then comes their manufacture; the artist joins them, polishes them, and tips them. And thus, as I said before, in the poet we see the origin and formation of that, which we only see as a completed object in painting.\(^e\)

\[\text{τόξον \ εὑρον \ ἔξαλων \ αἰγὸς}\\ \text{ἀγρίου, ὃν \ ρά \ ποτ' \ αὐτὸς \ ὑπὸ \ στέρνου \ τυχήσας,}\\ \text{πέτρης \ ἐκβαίνοντα \ δεδεγμένος \ ἐν \ προδοκῆσων}\\ \text{βεβλήκει \ πρὸς \ στήθος. \ ὁ \ δ' \ ὑπτιος \ ἐμπεσε \ πέτρη τοῦ \ κέρα \ ἐκ \ κεφαλῆς \ ἐκκαιδεκάδωρα \ πεφύκειν}\\ \text{καὶ \ τὰ \ μὲν \ ἀσκήσας \ κεραοξὸς \ ἥραρε \ τέκτων,}\\ \text{πᾶν \ δ' \ εὖ \ λευήνας, \ χρυσῆν \ ἐπέθηκε \ κορώνην.}\]

I should become intolerable, if I were to transcribe all the examples of this kind. They will occur, without number, to every one who is familiar with Homer.

\(^e\) Iliad, Δ. iv. 105.
CHAPTER XVII.

But, it will be answered, the signs, which the poet used, viz. language, not only render his description necessarily progressive, but are also arbitrary; and, as arbitrary signs, are certainly capable of representing bodies, as they exist in space. Examples of this are cited from Homer himself; whose shield of Achilles, say they, furnishes us with the most decisive instance, how circumstantially, and yet poetically, a single object may be described by its parts, placed near one another.

I will reply to this two-fold objection. I call it two-fold; because a justly drawn conclusion must stand even without an example; and, on the other hand, an example of Homer would be of great weight with me, even if I did not know any argument by which to justify it.

It is true that, since language is arbitrary, it is quite possible, that by it the parts of a body may be made to follow upon one another just as easily and perfectly, as they stand near one another in Nature. But this is a peculiarity of language and its signs generally, and not in so far forth, as they are most adapted to the aim of Poetry. The poet does not
merely wish to be intelligible; the prose writer indeed
is contented with simply rendering his descriptions
clear and distinct, but the poet has a higher aim.
He must awaken in us conceptions so lively, that,
from the rapidity with which they arise, the same
impression should be made upon our senses, which
the sight of the material objects, that these concep-
tions represent, would produce. In this moment of
illusion, we should cease to be conscious of the in-
struments, by which this effect is obtained,—I mean
words. This is the substance of the above explana-
tion of poetical description or painting. But a poet
should always produce a picture; and we will now
proceed to enquire how far bodies, according to their
parts near one another, are adapted for this painting.

How do we attain to a distinct conception of an
object in space? First, we look at its parts singly;
then at their combination; and, lastly, at the whole.
The different operations are performed by our senses
with such astonishing rapidity, that they appear but
one; and this rapidity is indispensable, if we are to
form an idea of the whole, which is nothing more
than the result of the parts and their combination.
Supposing, therefore, that the poet could lead us, in
the most beautiful order, from one part of the object to
another; supposing that he knew how to make the
combination of these parts ever so clear to us; still
much time would be spent in the process. The eye
takes in at a glance, what he enumerates slowly and
by degrees; and it often happens that we have already forgotten the first traits, before we come to the last; yet from these traits we are to form our idea of the whole. To the eye the parts once seen are continually present; it can run over them time after time, at its will; while the ear, on the contrary, entirely loses those parts it has heard, if they are not retained in the thought. And even if they are thus retained, what trouble and effort it costs us, to renew their whole impression in the same order, and with the same liveliness, as we at first received it; or to pass them at one time under review with but moderate rapidity, in order to attain anything that can be called an idea of the whole!

I will illustrate this position by an example, which is deservedly thought a masterpiece of its kind.¹

"There towers the noble gentian's lofty head,
The lower herd of vulgar herbs above,
A whole flower people 'neath its standard serves,
E'en its blue brother bows and worships it.
The flower's clear gold, in beamed curvature,
Towers on the stem, and crowns its garments grey;
The leaves' smooth white, with deepest green bestreaked,
Gleams with the watery diamond's varied light.
O law most just! that might with grace should wed,
And body fair a fairer soul contain!

¹ Haller's Alps.
Here, like the grey mist, creeps a lowly herb,
Its leaf by nature shaped into a cross;
The lovely flower two golden bills displays,
Borne by a bird of brightest amethyst.
There throws a gleaming leaf, like fingers carved,
Its green reflection on a crystal brook;
A striped star with rays of white surrounds
The flower's soft snow, of faintly purpled tint.
On trodden heath the rose and emerald bloom,
And, purple-clad, the rocks themselves are gay."

These are herbs and flowers, which the learned poet describes with great art, and faithfulness to nature; paints, but paints without illusion. I will not say that any one who had never seen these herbs and flowers could not possibly form an adequate conception of them from his description; for it may be that all poetical descriptions require a previous acquaintance with their object; nor will I deny that, if any one has the advantage of this acquaintance, the poet might awaken in him a more lively idea of some of the parts. The question at issue is, what is the case with respect to the conception of the whole? If this also is to be vivid, no individual prominence must be given to single parts, but the higher light must seem distributed to all; and our imagination must have the power of running over all with the same speed, that it may at once frame out of them that which can be at once seen in nature. Is this the
case here? And if it is not, how can it be said, "that the most faithful delineation of a painter, would prove weak, and obscure, in comparison with this poetical description?" It is far below the expression, which lines and colours upon a surface are capable of producing; and the critic, who bestowed this exaggerated praise upon it, must have contemplated it from an entirely false point of view; he must have looked to the foreign ornaments, which the poet has interwoven with it, to its elevation above vegetable life, and to the development of those inner perfections, for which external beauty serves merely as the shell, more than to this beauty itself, and the degree of liveliness and faithfulness in the representation of it, which the painter and poet can respectively produce. Yet it is the last only that is important here; and any one who would say, that the mere lines,

The flower's clear gold, in beamed curvature,
Towers on the stem, and crowns its garments grey;
The leaves' smooth white, with deepest green bestreaked
Gleams with the watery diamond's varied light.

Any one, I say, who could assert, that these lines, in point of the impression they create, can vie with the imitation of an Huysum, must either have never

b Breitinger's Art of Criticism, Vol. ii. page, 807.
questioned his feelings, or be deliberately prepared to deny them. They are verses that might be very beautiful, recited with the flower before us, but which by themselves express little or nothing. In each word I hear the elaborating poet, but I am very far from seeing the object itself.

Once more, therefore, I do not deny to language generally the power of painting a corporeal whole according to its parts. It can do so, because its signs, although consecutive, are still arbitrary; but I do deny that language, as the means of poetry, possesses this power, because such verbal descriptions are entirely deficient in that illusion, which is the poet's principal aim. And this illusion, I repeat, cannot fail to be wanting, because, in the recomposition of the parts, the coexistence of the body comes into collision with the consecutiveness of language. Though, during the solution of the former into the latter, the division of the whole into its parts certainly relieves us, the final recomposition of these parts into their whole is rendered extremely difficult, and often impossible.

 Everywhere, therefore, where illusion is of no importance, where the writer appeals only to the understanding of his reader, and merely aims at conveying a distinct, and, as far as it is possible, a complete idea, these descriptions of bodies, so justly excluded from poetry, are quite in place; and not only the prose writer, but even the didactic poet, (for where
he is didactic he ceases to be a poet) may make use of them with great advantage. Thus, for instance, in his Georgics, Virgil describes a cow fit for breeding—

Optima torvæ
Forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
Et crurum tenus a mento palæaria pendent,
Tum longo nullus lateri modus: omnia magna,
Pes etiam; et camuris hirtæ sub cornibus aures.
Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,
Aut juga detractans, interdumque aspera cornu,
Et faciem tauro propior, quæque ardua tota,
Et gradiens ima verrit vestigia cauda.

Or a beautiful colt:

Illi ardua cervix,
Argutumque caput, brevis alvus obesaque terga;
Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus &c.

Here it is plain that the poet thought more about the explanation of the different parts, than about the whole. His object is to enumerate the good points of a beautiful colt, or useful cow, in such a manner, that, on meeting with one or more of them, we should be enabled to form a fair judgment of their respective value. But whether or not these good points can be recomposed into an animated picture, is a matter of perfect indifference to him.

*c Georg. lib. iii. 51, and 79.*
With the exception of this use of it, the detailed description of corporeal objects, without the above-mentioned device of Homer for changing what is coexisting in them into what is really successive, has always been acknowledged, by the finest judges, to be mere cold and trifling trash, to which little or no genius can be attributed. When the poetaster, says Horace, can do nothing more, he at once begins to paint a grove, an altar, a brook meandering through pleasant meads, a rapid stream, or a rainbow:

Lucus et ara Dianæ,

Et properantis aquae per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.

Pope, when a man, looked back with great contempt upon the descriptive efforts of his poetic childhood. He expressly desires that he, who would worthily bear the name of poet, should renounce description as early as possible; and declares that a purely descriptive poem is like a banquet consisting of nothing but broths(39). On Von Kleist’s own authority I can assert that he took little pride in his “Spring.” Had he lived longer, he would have thrown it into a totally different form. He intended to methodise it, and reflected upon the means of causing the multitude of images, which he appears to have taken at random, now here, now there, from revivified creation, to arise and follow one another

\[d\] De Art. Poet. 16.
in a natural order before his eyes. He would at the same time have followed the advice, which Marmontel, doubtlessly referring to his eclogues, had bestowed on several German poets. He would have converted a series of images, thinly interspersed with feelings, into a succession of feelings but sparingly interwoven with images(40).
CHAPTER XVIII.

But supposing Homer himself should be found to have fallen into this cold description of material objects?

I venture to hope, that there are few passages, which will justify his being cited as an authority in its favour; and I feel assured that these will prove to be of such a kind as to confirm the rule, from which they appear to be exceptions.

We conclude, then, that succession of time is the department of the poet, as space is that of the painter.

To introduce two necessarily distant points of time into one and the same painting, as Fr. Mazzuoli has the rape of the Sabine women and their subsequent reconciliation of their husbands and relations, or, as Titian has the whole history of the prodigal son, his disorderly life, his misery, and his repentance, is an encroachment upon the sphere of the poet, which good taste could never justify.

To enumerate one by one to the reader, in order to afford him an idea of the whole, several parts or things, which, if they are to produce a whole in nature, I must necessarily take in at one glance, is an encroachment of the poet upon the sphere of the
painter, whereby he squanders much imagination to no purpose.

The connection between painting and poetry may be compared to that of two equitable neighbouring powers, who permit not that the one should presume to take unbecoming freedom within the heart of the dominions of the other, yet on their frontiers practise a mutual forbearance, by which both sides render a peaceful compensation for those slight aggressions, which, in haste or from the force of circumstances, they have found themselves compelled to make on one another's privileges.

In support of this view I will not cite the fact, that in great historical pictures, the single moment is almost always extended; and that perhaps there is scarcely any piece, very rich in figures, in which every one of them is in the same motion and attitude, in which he would have been at the moment of the main action, some being represented in the posture of a little earlier, others in that of a little later period. This freedom the master must rectify by a certain refinement in the arrangement, by bringing his several characters either prominently forwards, or placing them in the back ground, which has the effect of making the part they take in what is passing appear more or less transitory. This, I say, I do not quote in my support, but will merely avail myself of some remarks, which Herr Mengs has made upon Raphael's drapery. "There is a cause," he says, "for all his folds, either
"in their own weight, or in the motion of the limbs. We can often tell from the former, what has been the previous attitude of the latter. Raphael has even sought to give significance to these folds. We can see from them whether a leg or arm, previously to its movement, was in a backward or forward posture; whether a limb had been, or was in the act of being, straightened; or whether it had been straight, and was being contracted." It is indisputable that in this case the artist combines two different moments in one. For, as that part of the drapery, which rested upon the hinder foot, would, unless the material were very thick and entirely unsuitable for painting, immediately follow it in its motion forwards, there is no moment, at which the garment can form any other folds, than those, which the present attitude of the limb requires; and, if it is made to fall in other folds, the limb is represented at the present moment, and the drapery at the one previous to it. Yet who could censure the artist for having presented us with both these moments at once? Who would not sooner praise him for having had the understanding and courage to fall into a slight error for the sake of attaining great perfection of expression?

The poet deserves similar indulgence. His progressive imitation properly permits him to deal with only one side, one property of his material object, at

*Reflections on Beauty and Taste in Painting, p. 69.*
a time. But, when the happy arrangement of his language enables him to do this with a single word, why should he not now and then venture to subjoin a second? Why not, if it requites the trouble, a third, or even a fourth? I have already remarked that in Homer, for example, a ship is only the black ship, or the hollow ship, or the swift ship; at the very most, the well-manned black ship. I wish, however, to be understood as speaking of his style generally; here and there a passage may be found, where he adds the third descriptive epithet. καρποῦλα κύκλα, χάλκια, ὀκτάκυνημα, round, bronze, eight-spoked wheels. Also where the fourth ἄσπιδα πάντοσε ἔσιν, καλὴν, χαλκεῖν, εξῆλατον, "a beautiful, brazen, wrought, all-even shield." Who would censure him for it? who is not rather grateful to him for this little luxuriancy, when he feels what a good effect it may produce in some few suitable passages.

But I will not allow the peculiar justification either of the poet or the painter to rest upon the above-mentioned analogy of two friendly neighbours. A mere analogy proves and justifies nothing. Their real justification is the fact, that in the work of the painter the two different moments border so closely upon one another, that, without hesitating, we count them as one; and that in the poetry the several features, representing the various parts and properties in space, follow one another with such speed and

\[ b \text{ Iliad, E. v. 722.} \quad c \text{ Iliad, M. xii. 294.} \]
condensed brevity, that we fancy that we hear all at once.

In the attainment of this result Homer has been materially aided by the excellence of his language. It not only allows him all possible freedom in the accumulation and combination of adjectives, but its arrangement of these epithets is so happy, that we are relieved from the prejudicial delay of the noun to which they refer. In one or other of these advantages the modern languages fail entirely. Some, which, as the French, for instance, must convert the καμπύλα κύκλα, χάλκεα, οκτάκυκλων into such a periphrasis as, "the round wheels, which were made of brass, and had eight spokes," express the sense, but annihilate the picture; yet, here the picture is everything, and the sense nothing: and the one without the other turns a very lively poet into a most tedious twaddler. This fate has often befallen Homer under the pen of the conscientious Dacier. Our German tongue, on the other hand, though it can replace the epithets by equivalent adjectives quite as short, has not the power of imitating the happy arrangement of the Greek. We say, indeed, the round, brazen, eight-spoked, (die runden ehrnen, acht-speichigten), but Räder drags behind. It is felt at once that three distinct predicates, before we learn the subject, can only produce a weak and confused image. The Greek joins the subject at once to the first predicate, and leaves the others to follow. He
says, "round wheels, brazen, eight-spoked." Thus we know at once what he is speaking of, and become acquainted, conformably with the natural order of thought, first with the thing of which he speaks, and afterwards with its accidents. This advantage our language has not, or, perhaps, I should rather say possesses, but can rarely use without being equivocal. It is all one. For, if we place the adjectives after the substantives, they must stand absolutely; we must say, "round wheels, brazen, eight-spoked," (Runde räder, ehern und achtspeichigt.) Now, in this absolute position, our adjectives are just the same as adverbs; and, if we construe them as such with the next verb that is predicated of the subject, must produce, if not a completely false, a very indirect meaning.

But I am wasting my time on trifles, and appear to have forgotten Homer's shield; that famous picture of the shield of Achilles, in respect of which especially, the Greek poet, in ancient times, was regarded as a master of painting. A shield, at any rate, it will be said, is a single material object, which a poet cannot be allowed to describe according to its parts near one another. And yet Homer, in more than a hundred splendid lines, has described its material, its form, and all the figures which fill its monstrous surface, so circumstantially and closely,

* Dionysius Halicarnassi in Vita Homeri apud Th. Gale in Opusc. Mythol. p. 401
that modern artists have found no difficulty in producing a drawing of it, exactly corresponding in all points.

My reply to this particular objection is, that I have already answered it. Homer does not describe the shield as finished and complete, but, as it is being wrought. Thus, he here also makes use of that knack of art, which I have already commended; by which he changes that, which, in his subject, is co-existent, into what is consecutive, and thereby converts a tedious painting of a body into a vivid picture of an action. We see not the shield itself, but the divine craftsman who executes it. He steps with hammer and tongs before his anvil, and, after he has forged the plates out of the raw material, the figures, which he destines for the ornament of the shield, grow, one after another, out of the bronze, under our eyes, beneath the finer strokes of his hammer. We never lose sight of him, until all is ready; and when it is complete, we feel indeed astonishment at the work, but it is the confident astonishment of an eye witness, who has seen it produced.

This cannot be said of the shield of Æneas in Virgil. The Roman poet either did not here feel the refinement of his pattern, or the objects, which he wished to introduce upon his shield, appeared of such a kind, as not quite to admit of being executed before our eyes. They were prophecies, which it would certainly have been unbecoming for the god to
have uttered in our presence as distinctly, as the poet has afterwards explained them. Prophecies, as such, require a darker language, in which the real names of the persons of futurity, of whom they speak, are out of place; yet, apparently, these real names were all important to the courtier poet(41). But if this defence justifies him, it does not do away with the bad effect, which his deviation from Homer's style here produces. All readers of refined taste will allow that I am right. The preparations, which Vulcan makes for his work, are nearly the same in Virgil as in Homer. But, whilst in Homer not only the preparations for labour, but the labour itself is seen, Virgil, after he has given us a general view of Vulcan and his Cyclops busied together—

Ingentem clypeum informant . . . . . . .

. . . . Alii ventosis follibus auras
Accipiunt, redduntque; aliis stridentia tingunt
Æra lacu; gemit impositis incudibus antrum;
Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt
In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe massam.  

lets the curtain fall at once, and transports us to quite a different scene, whence he gradually conducts us to the valley, in which Venus comes to Æneas with the arms, that have been, in the mean time, completed. She sets them against the trunk of an oak, and, whilst the hero gazes at and admires, feels,

\[\text{Æneid, viii. 447.}\]
and handles them, the description, or rather the painting of the shield begins, and through the constant recurrence of such phrases as, "Illic fecerat," "Nec procul hinc addiderat," "haud procul inde," &c. &c. grows so tedious, that all the poetic ornament, which a Virgil could bestow on it, is required to prevent its becoming intolerable. For this picture represents Æneas as being amused with the mere form, and as not knowing anything about their meaning:

Rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

Nor does Venus speak; although she probably knew just as much of the future destinies of her dear grandchild, as did her pliable husband; the explanation is given by the poet himself, and therefore the action of the poem is at a stand still whilst it lasts. Not one of his characters takes any part in it; nor is the sequel of the plot to be at all affected by what is represented on the shield; the finesse of a courtier, who adorns his subject with every kind of flattering allusion, is transparent in it all, but not the great genius, which relies entirely upon the intrinsic merit of his work, and rejects all external means of rendering it interesting. The shield of Æneas is, in consequence, really an interpolation, solely designed to flatter the national pride of the Roman people. It is a foreign stream turned by the poet into his main river to make the latter more stirring. The shield
of Achilles, on the contrary, is the growth of its own fruitful soil: for a shield was to be made; and, since nothing that is necessary comes from the hand of the divinity without grace also, it must needs have ornament. But the art lay in treating these decorations merely as such, in interweaving them into the main subject, and making it furnish the opportunity of showing them to us: all this could only be accomplished in the style of Homer. Homer makes Vulcan expend his skill upon the shield, that he may produce one which should be worthy of him. Virgil, on the other hand, appears to make him forge the shield for the sake of its decorations, since he considers them of sufficient importance to be described particularly, after the shield has been long completed.
CHAPTER XIX.

The objections, which the elder Scaliger, Perrault, Terasson, and others, have raised against Homer's shield, as well as the replies made to them by Dacier, Boivin, and Pope, are well known. To me these last appear to have committed themselves too far; and, from a confidence in the goodness of their cause, to have maintained opinions incorrect in themselves, and contributing nothing to the justification of the poet.

To meet the main objection, that Homer fills the shield with such a number of figures, that they cannot possibly be contained within its circumference, Boivin undertook to have it drawn, and to point out the required measurement. His idea of dividing the surface into several concentric circles is very ingenious, although the words of the poet do not afford any ground for it, and there are no traces of the ancients having employed such compartments on their shields. I should rather, since Homer calls it σάκος πάντοσε δεδαιλωμένων, "a shield artistically wrought on all sides," obtain a larger surface by calling in the concave side to my assistance; for that the ancients did not leave this side unornamented
is proved from Phidias’ shield of Minerva. But it was not enough that Boivin neglected to avail himself of this advantage: he unnecessarily increased the number of the representations for which he was obliged to find room in a space thus diminished by one half, when he broke up into two or three distinct pictures what the poet manifestly intends for only one. I know very well what was his inducement to do so, but he ought not to have been influenced by it. Instead of labouring to satisfy all the requirements of his opponents, he should have shewn them that their demands were unreasonable.

I shall make myself more clearly comprehended by giving an example. When Homer says of a town—

\[
\text{λαοὶ τ' ἐν ἀγορῇ ἔσαν ἄθροοι ἐνθα δὲ νείκος ὀρώρει} \quad \text{δύο τ' ἀνδρεῖς ἐνείκεσ } \quad \text{ἐνηκα ποιήσ } \quad \text{ἀνδρὸς ἀποφθιμένον } \quad \text{ὁ μὲν ἐν χετο, πάντ' ἀποδόοναί,} \\
\text{ὁ δ' ἀνάνυτο, μηδὲν ἐλέσθαι.} \\
\text{ἀμφότερον ἐπὶ ἴσοτοι πείρασ ἐλέσθαι.} \\
\text{λαοὶ τ' ἀμφοτέρους ἐπήπνυσ } \quad \text{ἀμφὶς ἄρωγοι.} \\
\text{κήρυκες τ' ἀρα λαὸν ἐρήτουν } \quad \text{ὅτ' ἐν γέροντες ἐϊατ' ἐπὶ ἐξεστοίσι λίθοις,} \\
\text{ἐϊρὸ ἐνι κύκλῳ } \quad \text{σκῆπτρα δ' κηρύκων ἐν χέρο, ἐξον ἥεροφῶνων.} \\
\text{τοῦτων ἐπείτ' ἥζωσον, ἀμοίβηδις δείκαζον.} \\
\text{κέτο δ' ἁπ' ἐν μέσσοις δῦν ερυσοῦ τάλαντα.}
\]

a Scuto ejus in quo Amazonum prælium cælavit intumescente ambitu parmæ; ejusdem concava parte deorum et gigantum dimicationem. Plinius, lib. xxxvi. 4. 4.

b Iliad, Σ. xvi. 497.
I do not believe that he intended to draw more than one picture, that of a public trial about the contested payment of an important sum for a manslaughter that had been committed. An artist who wished to execute this subject could not make use of more than one moment of it at once: he would have to choose either the accusation, the examination of witnesses, or the giving judgment, or any other moment, before, after, or between these points, that seemed most suitable to him. This moment he would render as pregnant as possible, and would execute with all the illusion, which constitutes the great superiority of art over poetry in the representation of visible objects. The poet is infinitely surpassed in this respect, and, if he wishes to paint the same object in words without complete failure, he must have recourse to his own peculiar advantages. And these are, the liberty to extend his description over the time, preceding and subsequent to the single instant which is the subject of the picture; and the power of showing us not only what the artist shows us, but also that, which the latter can only leave to our conjecture. Through this liberty and this power alone is the poet enabled to rival the artist. Their works will appear most similar, when their effects are equally lively, not when the one imparts to the soul, through the ear, neither more nor less than the other presents to the eyes. If Boivin had judged the passage of Homer according to this
principle, he would not have divided it into as many pictures, as he thought he perceived distinct periods of time in it. It is true that all Homer's circumstances could not have been combined in a single picture. The accusation and defence, the production of witnesses, the clamours of the crowd, the endeavours of the herald to still the tumult, and the decision of the arbitrator, must follow after one another, and cannot be represented existing beside one another. Still what is not actually contained in the painting is virtually; and the only method of imitating a material picture by words, is that, which combines what is virtually implied in it with what is actually visible, and does not confine itself within the limits of art; within which the poet indeed finds the data for a painting, but from which he can never produce a picture itself.

In the same manner Boivin divides the picture of the beleaguered town into three different paintings. He might just as well have divided it into a dozen parts as three. For when he had once failed to seize upon the spirit of the poet, and had required him to submit to the unities of material painting, he might have found so many transgressions of these unities, that it would have been almost necessary to allot a separate compartment on the shield to every trait of the poet. But, in my opinion, Homer has not drawn more than ten distinct pictures; each of

\[c \text{ Iliad, } \Sigma. \text{ xviii. } 509.\]
which begins with ἐν μὲν ἑτευξε, or ἐν δὲ ποίησε, or ἐν δ' ἑτίθει, or ἐν δὲ ποικίλλει Ἀμφιγυνήεις(42). Where there are not these introductory words, there is no ground for assuming a distinct picture. On the contrary, every picture they enclose must be considered as a single one, if no stronger reasons can be adduced to the contrary, than that they fail in that arbitrary concentration into a single point of time, which, as a poet, he was in no way bound to observe. I should rather say, that, had he maintained and rigidly complied with it, had he abstained from introducing the smallest feature, which could not have been combined with it in a material representation of his picture, in a word, had he so acted, as his critics would have desired him, he would not, it is true, have laid himself open to their censure, but he would not have won the admiration of any man of taste.

Pope approved of the divisions and designs of Boivin; but thought that he had made an extraordinary discovery, when he further argued that each of these sub-divided pictures could be indicated according to the most rigid rules of painting in vogue at the present day. He found contrast, perspective, and the three unitiies, all strictly adhered to in them. He knew quite well that, on the authority of good and trustworthy evidence, painting at the time of the Trojan war was still in its cradle. Homer therefore must either, by virtue of his divine genius, have
paid regard not so much to what painting had accomplished at the time of the war, or in his own day, as to what he foresaw it would be enabled to attain in its highest perfection; or the evidence itself cannot be of so authoritative a nature, as to outweigh the palpable testimony of the skilfully wrought shield. He who will may adopt the former hypothesis; of the last, at least, no one will be persuaded who knows anything more of the history of art, than the mere data of the historians. For the belief that painting in Homer's time was still in its infancy is not only supported by the authority of Pliny and other writers, but is grounded upon the decisive proof, afforded by the works of art enumerated by the ancients, that, many centuries later, art had not advanced much farther, and that the paintings of a Polygnotus, for instance, would be far from able to sustain the test, which Pope believes the pictures in Homer's shield are capable of undergoing. The two large pieces of this master at Delphi, of which Pausanias has left us so minute a description, are plainly devoid of all perspective. It is undeniable that the ancients possessed no knowledge of this branch of art, and what Pope adduces to show that Homer had some idea of it, only proves that his own conceptions as regards it were of the most imperfect nature(43). "That Homer," he says, "was not a stranger to aerial perspective appears in his expressly marking the dis-

\[d\] Phocic. cap. xxv—xxxi.
"tance of object from object: he tells us, for instance, "that the two spies lay a little remote from the other "figures; and that the oak, under which was spread "the banquet of the reapers, stood apart; what he "says of the valley sprinkled all over with cottages "and flocks, appears to be a description of a large "country in perspective. And indeed a general ar- "gument for this may be drawn from the number of "figures on the shield; which could not be all ex- "pressed in their full magnitude; and this is there- "fore a sort of proof that the art of lessening them "according to perspective was known at that time."e Mere observance of the law, derived from optical ex- perience, that a distant object appears less than a neighbouring one, does not constitute perspective in a picture. Perspective requires a single point of view, a definite, natural, horizon; and in this the ancient paintings were wholly deficient. The ground in the pictures of Polygnotus was not horizontal, but was so excessively raised at the back, that the figures, which ought to have stood behind, appeared to be above one another. That this was the general posi- tion of their single figures and groups seems to be shown by the ancient bas-reliefs, where the hindmost figures always stand higher than, and overlook, the foremost; it is therefore natural to assume that it is

employed in Homer's description; and those of his pictures, which, in accordance with this practice, can be combined in a single painting, ought not to be unnecessarily separated. Consequently the twofold scene in the peaceful town, through the streets of which a joyous wedding procession moves, whilst a weighty lawsuit is being decided in the market place, does not necessarily involve two paintings; Homer, certainly, might easily think of them as one, since in his imagination he would look at the whole town from so high a point of view, that he could obtain an uninterrupted view of the streets and market-place at the same time.

It is my opinion that real perspective in painting was discovered, as it were, experimentally, by means of scene painting; and, even when this last had reached perfection, there still remained the far from easy task of applying its rules to a picture painted on a single surface. At any rate, in the paintings of a later period, among the antiquities of Herculaneum, such numerous and manifold offences against perspective are to be found, as would not be pardoned even in a beginner.\

But I will spare myself the trouble of collecting my scattered observations on a question, which I hope to find satisfactorily solved in the history of art promised us by Winkelman.\

\[f\] Reflections on Painting, p. 185.\
\[g\] Written in the year 1763.
CHAPTER XX.

But I return to my old path, if indeed, one who is rambling only for his own pleasure, can be said to have any.

What I have asserted of bodily objects generally is doubly true, when applied to beautiful bodily objects.

Typical beauty arises from the harmonious effect of numerous parts, all of which the sight is capable of comprehending at the same time. It requires therefore, that these parts should lie near each other; and since things, whose parts lie near each other, are the peculiar objects of the plastic arts, these it is, and these only, which can imitate typical beauty.

The poet, since he can only exhibit in succession its component parts, entirely abstains from the description of typical beauty, as beauty. He feels that these parts, ranged one after another, cannot possibly have the effect that they produce, when closely arranged together; that the concentrating glance, which, after their enumeration, we try to cast back upon them, imparts to us no harmonious image; that it surpasses the power of human imagination to represent to oneself what effect such and such a
mouth, nose, and eyes, will produce together, unless we can call to mind, from nature or art, a similar composition of like parts.

And in this respect Homer is the pattern of patterns. He says Nireus was beautiful; Achilles was still more so; Helen was endowed with a godlike beauty. But nowhere does he enter upon a detailed description of these beauties; and yet the whole poem is based upon the loveliness of Helen. How a more modern poet would have dilated upon it!

A certain Constantinus Manasses has attempted to adorn his cold chronicles with a description of Helen. I have to thank him for his attempt. For I really do not know where else I could have extracted an example, from which it would have been so palpably clear how foolish it may prove to venture upon that, which Homer, in his wisdom, has left unattempted. When I read there:

ην ἡ γυνὴ περικαλλὴς, ἐὔσφρυς ἐὐχρονοτάτη,
ἐὐπάρειος, ἐὐπρόσωπος, βοῶτις, χιονόχρους,
ἐλυκοβλέφαρος, ἄβρα χαρίτων γέμου ἅλος,
Δευκοβραχίων, τρυφερά, κάλλος ἀντικρυς ἐμπνουν,
τὸ πρόσωπον καταλευκόν, ἣ παρεῖα ῥοδόχρους,
τὸ πρόσωπον ἑπίχαρι, τὸ βλέφαρον ὀραῖον,
κάλλος ἀνεπιτήδευτον, ἄβαπτιστον, ἀντόχρουν,
ἐβαπτε τὴν λευκότητα ῥοδοχρία πυρινή,
ὡς εἰ τις τον ἐλέφαντα βάψει λαμπρὰ πορφύρα.
δειρὴ μακρὰ, καταλευκός, ὅθεν ἐμυθουργῇ
kukvogenvi tηn euopmoton Elēnēν χρηματίζειν.
I seem to see stones being rolled up a mountain, upon whose summit a magnificent structure is to be raised out of them, but which all, of their own accord, roll down on the other side. What image does this throng of words leave behind it? What was the appearance of Helen? If a thousand persons were to read this description, would not every one of them form a different idea of her?

Still, it is true, the political verses of a monk are not poetry. Let us listen to Ariosto, whilst he describes his charming Alcina:

Di persona era tanto ben formata,
Quanto mai finger san Pittori industri:
Con bionda chioma, lunga ed annodata,
Oro non è, che più risplenda, e lustri.
Spargeasi per la guancia delicata
Misto color di rose e di ligustri.
Di terso avorio era la fronte lieta,
Che lo spazio finia con giusta meta.

Sotto duo negri, e sottilissimi archi
Son duo negri occhi, anzi duo chiari soli,
Pictosi a riguardare, a mover parchi,
Intorno cui par ch’ Amor scherzi, e voli,
E ch’ indi tutta la faretra scarchi,
E che visibilmente i cori involi.
Quindi il naso per mezzo il viso scende,
Che non trova l’invidia ove l’emende.

*Orlando Furioso. Canto. vii. St. 11—15.*
Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,  
La bocca sparsa di natio cinabro;  
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,  
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro;  
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette  
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro;  
Quivi si forma quel suave riso,  
Ch' apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso.

Bianca neve è il bel collo, e'l petto latte:  
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo.  
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,  
Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,  
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.  
Non potria l' altre parti veder Argo:  
Ben si può giudicar che corrisponde,  
A quel ch' appar di fuor, quel che s'asconde.

Mostran le braccia sua misura giusta;  
Et la candida man spesso si vede,  
Lunghetta alquanto, e di larghezza angusta,  
Dove nè nodo appar, nè vena eccede.  
Si vede al fin della persona augusta  
Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piede.  
Gli Angelici sembianti nati in cielo  
Non si ponno celar sotto alcun velo.

Milton, when speaking of the Pandemonium, says,  
"The work some praise, and some the architect."
The praise of the one, therefore, does not always imply the praise of the other. A work of art may deserve all possible approbation, without involving any great acquisition of renown by the artist. On the other hand, an artist may justly demand our admiration, even though his work do not afford us full satisfaction. This principle should never be forgotten, and it will often enable us to reconcile entirely conflicting judgments. This is the case here. Dolce in his dialogues on painting makes Aretino speak in the most exaggerated terms of the stanzas I have just quoted(45). I, on the contrary, have selected it as an instance of painting without picture. We are both in the right. Dolce's admiration is called forth by the knowledge of the beauty of the human form which the poet displays in it; whilst I look merely to the effect which this knowledge, when expressed in words, can produce upon my imaginative powers. Dolce concludes from this knowledge that good poets are no less good painters; and I from this effect, that what is most readily expressed by the painter through lines and colours, is most difficult to be expressed by words. Dolce recommends Ariosto's description to all artists as the most perfect image of a beautiful woman, whilst I hold it up to all poets, as a most instructive warning. It may be that when he says,

Di persona era tanto ben formata,
Quanto mai finger san Pittori industri,
he proves that he thoroughly understood the rules of proportion, as they have been deduced by the study of the most industrious masters from nature and the antiques. It may be, that in the mere words (46),

Spargeasi per la guancia delicata
Misto color di rose e di ligustri.

he shows himself to be a complete master of colouring, a very Titian. We may, from the fact that he only compares the hair of Alcina to gold, but does not call it golden, conclude, with equal significance, that he disapproved of the use of an actually golden tint. We may even, in the descending nose,

Quindi il naso per mezzo il viso scende,

discover the profile of those ancient Greek noses, which were afterwards borrowed from the Grecian artists by the Romans. But what is the use of all this learning and observation to us readers, whose only desire is to believe that we see a beautiful woman, and to feel at that belief some of those soft emotions of the blood, which accompany the actual sight of beauty? If the poet does know by what proportions a beautiful form is produced, does that prove that we know it too? And even if we do know it, does he cause us to see these proportions here? or does he make the difficulty of remember-
ing them in a lively and comprehensible manner in the least degree lighter?

A forehead confined within the proper limits,

. . . . . . . . la fronte,

Che lo spazio finìa con giusta meta;

A nose, in which envy itself finds nothing to improve,

Che non trova l’invidia, ove l’emende;

A hand, somewhat long, and narrow,

Lunghetta alquanto, e di larghezza angusta;

What image do all these general phrases call up? In the mouth of a drawing master, who wished to call the attention of his scholars to the beauties of the classical model, they might mean something; for let his pupils have but one look at his model, and they see the proper limits of the joyous forehead, they see the beautiful contour of the nose, the narrowness of the delicate hand. But in the poet I see nothing, and perceive with vexation the uselessness of my most strenuous efforts to see something.

In this point, in which he can imitate Homer merely by doing nothing, Virgil also has been tolerably happy. His heroine Dido, too, is never anything more than "pulcherrima Dido." When he wishes to be more circumstantial about her, he is so in the description of her rich dress and magnificent appearance—

Tandem progreditur * * * *

Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:
Cui pharetra ex au ro, crines nodantur in aurum, 
Aurea purpurea m subnectit fibula vestem.\(^b\)

If therefore, on this account, any one were to apply to him, what an old artist said to a pupil who had painted a Helen covered with ornaments, "Since you could not paint her beautiful, you have at least made her fine," Virgil would reply, "It was not my fault that I could not paint her beautiful; the blame falls upon the limits of my art; be it my praise to have restrained myself within these limits.

I must not here forget the two songs of Anacreon, in which he analyses for us the beauty of his mistress, and of Bathyllus.\(^c\) The manner of doing it, which he employs, is just what it should be. He imagines that he has a painter before him, who is working under his eye. Thus, says he, paint me the hair; thus the brow, the eyes, the mouth; thus the neck and bosom; thus the hip and hands. What the artist could only put together part by part, the poet could only give directions for part by part. It is not his intention that in these oral directions to the painter we should feel and acknowledge the whole beauty of the beloved object; he himself perceives the incapability of words to express it, and for that very reason summons to his aid the expression of art, the illusion of which he so highly extols, that the whole song appears to be an ode in the praise of art, rather

\(^b\) Aeneid, iv. 136. \(^c\) Od. xxviii. xxix.
than of his mistress. He sees not her image, but herself, and fancies that she is on the point of opening her mouth to speak.

\[ \text{apéxei blepó gar antíν. tάxa, khré, kai lahlíseis.} \]

In his sketch of Bathyllus also the praise of the beautiful boy is so interwoven with that of the art and the artist, that it becomes doubtful in whose especial honour Anacreon composed the song. He combines the most beautiful parts, whose preeminent loveliness was the characteristic of the various pictures from which he takes them. The neck is borrowed from an Adonis, the breast and hands from a Mercury, the thighs from a Pollux, the belly from a Bacchus; and at last he sees the whole of Bathyllus in a finished Apollo of the artist.

\[ \text{metá de prósowpov ἔστω, tón 'Adónidós parēlwv ełefánvivos tráχilos. metamáξion de poíei didýmás te xeiρas Ἕρμον, Poluδévkeos de μήρούς, Διονυσίην de νηδύν. * * * * * * tón 'Apollōnía de toúton kathelów, poíei Bάθυλλων.} \]

Lucian also was too acute to attempt to convey any idea of the beauty of Panthea, otherwise than by a
reference to the most lovely female statues of the old artists.\textsuperscript{d} Yet what is this but an acknowledgment, that language by itself is here without power; that poetry falters and eloquence grows speechless, unless art, in some measure, serve them as an interpreter.

CHAPTER XXI.

But, it will be said, does not poetry lose too much, if we deprive her of all objects of typical beauty? Who would deprive her of them? Because we endeavour to inspire her with a dislike of a single path, in which she indeed hopes to attain such forms, but, in reality, is searching after and wandering among the footsteps of her sister art, without ever reaching the same goal as she: because, I say, we would debar her from such a path as this, do we exclude her from every other, where art in her turn must gaze after her steps with fruitless longings?

Even Homer, who so pointedly abstains from all detailed descriptions of typical beauties, from whom we but just learn by a passing notice that Helen had white arms\(^a\) and beautiful hair;\(^b\) even he, for all this, knew how to convey to us an idea of her beauty, which far exceeds anything that art with this aim is able to accomplish. Let us call to mind the passage where Helen steps into an assembly of the elders of the Trojan people. The venerable elders see her, and say to one another—

\(^a\) Iliad, \(\Gamma\). iii. 121. \(^b\) Iliad, \(\Gamma\). iii. 329.
What can impart a more lively idea of beauty, than that cold old age should confess it to be worthy of that war, which had cost so much blood and so many tears.

What Homer could not describe by its constituent parts, he forces us to acknowledge in its effect. Let the poet paint us the delight, the affection, love, and rapture, which beauty produces, and he has painted beauty itself. Who can image to himself as ugly the beloved object, at whose sight Sappho confesses she is deprived of all sense and thought? Who does not believe that he sees the most perfectly beautiful form, as soon as he sympathises with the feelings, which only such a form can awaken? We believe we enjoy the sight that Ovid enjoyed\(^d\), not because he exhibits to us the beautiful form of his Corinna part by part, but because he does it with that licentious intoxication, by which our longings are so easily aroused.

Again, another means which poetry possesses of rivalling art in the description of typical beauty, is the change of beauty into charm. Charm is beauty in motion, and is, for this very reason, less

\(^{c}\) Iliad, Τ. iii. 156.

\(^{d}\) Ovid. Amor. lib. I. eleg. v. 18.
suitable to the painter than to the poet. The painter can only leave motion to conjecture, while, in fact, his figures are motionless. Consequently, with him, charm becomes grimace. But in poetry it remains what it is, a transitory beauty that we would gladly see repeated. It comes and goes; and since we can generally recall to our minds a movement more easily and vividly than mere forms or colours; charm necessarily, in the same circumstances, produces a stronger effect upon us than beauty. All that is pleasing and stirring in the description of Alcina, is charm. Her eyes make an impression upon us, not because they are black and fiery, but because,

Pictosi a riguardar, a mover parchi,

they look gracefully around her, with a slow movement of the orbs; so that love hovers over them, and empties his whole quiver from them. Her mouth enraptures, not because two rows of choice pearls are enclosed by the native vermilion of her lips; but because here is formed that lovely smile, which in itself already opens a paradise upon earth; because from it proceeds the sound of those friendly words, by which every rude heart is softened. Her bosom charms, less because the images of milk, and ivory, and apples, are called up by its whiteness and delicate shape, than because we see it softly swell and fall, as the waves upon the extreme edge of the
shore, when the zephyr playfully contends with the ocean.

Due pome acerbe, e pur d’avorio fatte,
Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

I am convinced that a few such traits as these, compressed in one or two stanzas, would produce a far higher effect than a long description like Ariosto’s; which extends over forty lines, is full of the cold features of a beautiful form, and is far too learned to affect our feelings.

Anacreon himself chose to fall into the seeming impropriety of requiring an impossibility of the painter, rather than to leave the form of his mistress unenlivened by charm.

\[\tau\nu\varphi\varepsilon\rho\omicron\upsilon\delta^{'}\,\varepsilon\sigma\omega\,\gamma\epsilon\nu\epsilon\iota\omicron\upsilon\]
\[\pi\varphi\iota\,\lambda\nu\gamma\digamma\iota\varphi\,\tau\rho\alpha\chi\epsilon\lambda\omega\]
\[\chi\acute{a}r\acute{i}t\acute{e}\sigma\pi\epsilon\tau\omicron\iota\nu\tau\omicron\pi\acute{a}\sigma\acute{a}i.\]

He bids the artist make all the graces hover around her soft chin, her marble neck! How so? According to the closest interpretation of the words, his command was incapable of being executed in painting. The painter might impart to the chin the most beautiful rounding and the sweetest dimple, Amoris digitulo impressum, (for the \(\varepsilon\sigma\omega\) appears to me to allude to a dimple). He might impart the loveliest carnation to the neck, but further he could
not go. The turnings of this beauteous neck, the play of the muscles, by which that dimple became now more, now less visible, all that is properly charm lay beyond his power. The poet said all his art could say to make beauty palpable to us, in order that, in imitation of him, the painter also should aim at the highest expression of it in his. It is a fresh example of the observation I made above, that the poet, even when speaking of works of art, is not bound to restrain himself in his description within the limits of art.
CHAPTER XXII.

Zeuxis painted a Helen, and had the courage to write below the picture those renowned lines of Homer, in which the enraptured elders confess their sensations. Never have painting and poetry been engaged in another such contest. The victory remained undecided, and both deserved a crown.

For just as the wise poet shewed us the beauty, which he felt he could not paint according to its constituent parts, merely in its effect; so the no less wise painter shewed us that beauty by nothing but those parts, and held it unbecoming for his art to have recourse to any other means of help. His picture consisted of a single, undraped, standing figure of Helen. For it is probable that it was the same that he painted for the people of Cortona.\(^a\)

Let us compare with this, for curiosity's sake, the picture, which Caylus sketches for the modern artist from these lines of Homer. "Helen, covered "with a white veil, appears in the midst of several "old men, Priam among the number, who should "be at once recognisable by the emblems of his

\(^a\) Val. Maximus Lib. iii. cap. 7. Dionysius Halicarnass. Art Rhet. cap. 12. \(\text{περὶ \ οὐ γών έξετᾶσθως.}\)
"royal dignity. The artist must especially exert
"his skill, to make us feel the triumph of beauty in
"the eager glances and expressions of astonished
"admiration, depicted on the countenances of the
"old men. The scene is over one of the gates
"of the town. The back-ground of the painting
"may be lost either in the open sky, or against the
"higher buildings of the town. The first would be
"the boldest, but the one would be as suitable as
"the other."

But let us suppose this picture executed by one
of the first masters of our time, and compare it with
the work of Zeuxis. Which will show the real
triumph of beauty? This last, in which I feel it
itself, or the first, in which I am obliged to gather it
from the grimaces of excited gray-beards? "Turpe
senilis amor!" an expression of eagerness makes the
most venerable face ridiculous, and an old man, who
betrays youthful desires, is even a disgusting object.
This objection cannot be applied to Homer's elders;
for the passion which they feel is but a momentary
spark, which their wisdom at once extinguishes;
and is intended to conduce to the honour of Helen,
but not to put themselves to shame. They confess
their feelings and immediately add—

\[ \text{άλλα καὶ ὡς τοῖς περ ἑδώος', ἐν νησιὶ νεόσῳ,}
\text{μηδὲ ἡμῖν τεκέσι τ' ὁπίσῳ πῆμα λίποιτο.} \]

Without this resolution, they would have been old
fools; which is, in fact, what they appear in Caylus' picture. And to what is it they are directing their eager glances? To a masked, veiled figure. Is that Helen? It is incomprehensible to me how Caylus could here leave her the veil. It is true Homer expressly gives her one:

\[ \text{άντίκα δ' ἀργεννήσι καλυψαμένη ὀδόντιν, ώρμᾶτ' ἐκ θαλάμου.} \]

But it was in order to pass along the streets in it; and, even if the elders do express their admiration before she appears to have taken off or thrown back her veil, it was not the first time they had seen her. Their confession need not, therefore, arise from the present momentary view of her, but they may have often experienced before the feelings, which on this occasion they for the first time acknowledged. In the painting, however, it is nothing of the kind. When I see old men in raptures, I naturally expect to see what it is that has produced them; and I am exceedingly surprised, if, as before said, I perceive nothing but a masked and veiled figure, at which they are fervently gazing. How much of Helen is there in this figure? Her white veil, and part of her well proportioned outline, as far as outline can be visible beneath drapery. But perhaps it was not the intention of the count that her face should be covered, and he merely mentions the veil as a part of her dress. If this is the case, (his words,
Hélène couverte d’un voile blanc, are scarcely capable of such an interpretation,) I find another cause for astonishment. He gives the artist the most careful directions about the expression in the faces of the old men; but upon the beauty in the countenance of Helen he does not condescend to waste a single word. Upon the countenance, I repeat, of a beauty so rare as this, timidly approaching with the glitter of a repentant tear in her eye. What? Is the highest beauty so familiar to our artists that they require no instruction respecting it? Or is expression more than beauty? And in painting, as upon the stage, does the plainest actress already pass for a charming princess, if her prince does but make a passionate declaration of love to her?

In truth the painting of Caylus would bear the same relation to that of Zeuxis, as pantomime does to the most exalted poetry.

Homer was incontestably more industriously studied by the ancients than at present by us. Accordingly, we find many paintings not mentioned by Caylus, which ancient artists had drawn from him. But they appear to have made industrious use only of the hints of the poet at extraordinary beauties; these they painted, and fully felt that it was in these objects alone that they were capable of really rivaling the poet. Besides a Helen, Zeuxis has also painted a Penelope; and the Diana of Apelles re-

sembled Homer’s in the accompanying train of her nymphs. I will take this occasion to mention, that the passage of Pliny, in which this last is spoken of, stands in need of an emendation(47). The ancient artists do not appear to have had any taste for painting actions taken from Homer, simply because they offer a rich composition, distinct contrast, and artistic chiaroscuro; nor could they have indulged such a taste, so long as art restrained itself within the narrow limits of its highest destination. They fed themselves, therefore, upon the spirit of the poet; they filled their imagination with his most exalted features; the flame of his enthusiasm enkindled their own. They saw and felt as he; and so their works bore the stamp of Homer, not as a portrait that of its original, but as a son that of his father; alike, but different. The similarity often lay in one single feature. For the rest the picture and description had nothing in common, except that in the one, as well as in the other, everything harmonised with that one resembling feature.

Besides, since the Homeric masterpieces of poetry were older than any masterpieces of art; since that poet had contemplated nature with an artistic eye before Phidias and Apelles, it is no wonder that the latter found various observations very useful to them already made in Homer, while, as yet, they had had no time to take them from nature herself. These they eagerly seized upon in order to imitate Nature
through Homer. Phidias acknowledged that the lines:

"Η, καὶ κυανέησιν ἔπ' ὁφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων
ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἀρα χαῖται ἐπερρόσαντο ἀνάκτος
κράτος ἀπ' ἀθανάτων μέγαν δ' ἐλέλυξεν "Ολυμπον.

served him as a model for his Olympian Jupiter, and that it was only by their help that he succeeded in producing a godlike countenance, "propemodum ex ipso caelo petitum." If any one takes this to mean anything more than that the imagination of the artist was fired by the exalted image of the poet, and rendered capable of producing equally elevated representations, he seems to me to overlook that which is most essential, and to content himself with drawing a conclusion altogether general, where he has it in his power to draw a particular one, on far more satisfactory grounds. Thus much I allow, that Phidias here confessed that in this passage he first remarked how much expression lay in the eyebrows, "quanta pars animi" shewed itself in them. Perhaps it also incited him to bestow more labour upon the hair, in order, in some measure, to express what Homer calls ambrosial locks; for it is certain that the ancient artists, before the time of Phidias, but little understood the language and meaning of the features, and that they had treated the hair especially

with the greatest neglect. Still, Myron, as Pliny remarks, (48) was censurable in both points; and according to the same authority, Pythagoras Leon- tinus was the first, who distinguished himself by an elegant execution of the hair.\(^d\) What Phidias learnt from the poet, the other artists learnt from Phidias.

I will quote an example of this kind, which has always very much pleased me. I would recal to my readers the observations which Hogarth has made upon the Apollo Belvidere: \(^e\) "These two master-pieces of art, the Apollo and Antinous, are seen together in the same palace at Rome, where the Antinous fills the spectator with admiration only, whilst the Apollo strikes him with surprise, and, as travellers express themselves, with an appearance of something more than human; which they of course are always at a loss to describe; and, this effect, they say, is the more astonishing, as upon examination its disproportion is evident even to a common eye. One of the best sculptors we have in England, who lately went to see them, confirmed to me what has been now said, particularly as to the legs and thighs being too long, and too large for the upper parts. And Andrea Sacchi, one of the great Italian painters, seems to have been of the same opinion, or he would hardly

\(^d\) Plinius, xxxiv. 19. 4. Hic primus nervos et venas expressit; capillumque diligentius.

\(^e\) Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, chap. xi.
have given his Apollo, crowning Pasquiliini the 'musician, the exact proportion of the Antinous, (in "a famous picture of his now in England,) as otherwise it seems to be a direct copy from the Apollo.

"Although in very great works we often see an "inferior part neglected, yet here it cannot be the "case, because in a fine statue, just proportion is "one of its essential beauties; therefore it stands "to reason, that these limbs must have been length- "ened on purpose, otherwise it might easily have "been avoided.

"So that if we examine the beauties of this "figure thoroughly, we may reasonably conclude, "that what has been hitherto thought so unaccount- "ably excellent in its general appearance, hath been "owing to what hath seemed a blemish in a part of "it." All this is very striking; and already Homer, I may add, had felt and indicated, that there is an exalted appearance, which springs merely from this addition of size in the proportions of the feet and thighs; for when Antenor compares the form of Ulysses, with that of Menelaus, he says—

Στάντων μὲν, Μενέλαιος ὑπείρεχεν ἐυρέας ὁμοῦς, ἀμφω δ’ ἐξομένω, γεραρώτερος ἦν Ὀδυσσέας.

"When both stood, Menelaus towered above the "other with his broad shoulders; but when both "sat, Ulysses had the nobler presence." Since,

therefore, he gained when sitting the presence which Menelaus lost in that position, it is easy to determine what proportion the upper parts of each bore to their feet and thighs. The former were of a disproportionate size in Ulysses, the latter in Menelaus.
CHAPTER XXIII.

In beauty, a single unbecoming part may disturb the harmonious effect of many, without the object necessarily becoming ugly; for ugliness too requires several unbecoming parts, all of which we must be able to comprehend at the same view, before we experience sensations the opposite of those which beauty produces.

According to this, therefore, ugliness, in its essence, could be no subject of poetry; yet Homer has painted extreme ugliness in Thersites; and this ugliness is described according to its parts near one another. Why in the case of ugliness did he allow himself a licence from which he had so judiciously abstained in that of beauty? It has been shown that a successive enumeration of its elements will annihilate the effect of the latter; will not a similar cause produce a similar effect in the case of the former?

Undoubtedly it will; but it is in this very fact that the justification of Homer lies. The poet can only take advantage of ugliness, so far as it is reduced in his description into a less repugnant appearance of bodily imperfection; and ceases, as it were, in point of effect, to be ugliness. Thus, what he
cannot make use of by itself, he can as an ingredient for the purpose of producing and strengthening certain mixed sensations, with which he must entertain us in the want of those purely agreeable.

These mixed feelings are the ridiculous and the horrible.

Homer makes Thersites ugly in order to make him ridiculous. He is not made so, however, merely by his ugliness; for ugliness is an imperfection; and a contrast of perfections with imperfections is required to produce the ridiculous.\(^a\) This is the explanation of my friend, to which I might add, that this contrast must not be too sharp and glaring; and that the contrasts, to continue in the language of the artist, must be of such a kind, that they are capable of blending into one another. The wise and virtuous \(\text{Æ}\)sop does not become ridiculous, because the ugliness of Thersites has been attributed to him. (The story of his deformity is an awkward monkish fabrication, which arose from a wish that the \(\gamma\varepsilon\lambda\sigma\iota\nu\) in his moral instructive fables should be illustrated by the deformity in his own person). For a misshapen body, and a beautiful mind are as oil and vinegar; however much you may shake them together, they always remain distinct to the taste. They will not amalgamate and produce a third quality. The body produces annoyance, the soul pleasure; each its own effect. It is only when the deformed body is also

\(^a\) Philosophical Works of Moses Mendelssohn, vol. ii. p. 23.
fragile and sickly, when it impedes the soul in its operations, and is the occasion of prejudicial judgments concerning it, that annoyance and pleasure melt into one another. The new result is not ridicule, but sympathy; and its object, who without this would only have been esteemed, becomes interesting. The misshapen sickly Pope must have been far more interesting to his friends, than the handsome and healthy Wycherly to his. But though it is not through mere ugliness that Thersites is made ridiculous, yet without it he would at once cease to be so. His ugliness, the harmony of this ugliness with his character, the contrast which both form with the idea which he cherishes of his own importance, the harmless effect of his malicious chattering, which mortifies himself only, all combine to produce this result. The last circumstance is the ὑπὸ φθαρτικόν, which Aristotle considers indispensable to the ridiculous; as my friend makes it also a necessary condition that the contrast should not be of great importance, or inspire us with too much interest. For let us only assume that even Thersites paid more dearly than he did for his malicious depreciation of Agamemnon, and atoned for it with his life, instead of a pair of bloody wheals, and we should at once cease to laugh at him. For this horror of a man is still a man, whose annihilation must always appear a greater evil to us, than all his defects and vices. In

b De Poetica, cap. v.
order to experience this, let any one read the account of his end in Quintus Calaber. Achilles is grieved at having slain Penthesilea; the beauty, bathed in her own blood so bravely shed, demands the esteem and compassion of the hero; and esteem and compassion beget love. But the slanderous Thersites imputes this to him as a crime. He grows zealous against the lust which can lead even the most noble of men to madness:

\[ \text{ἡπ' ἀφρονα φωτὰ τίθησι καὶ πνυτῶν περ ἔοντα.} \]

Achilles is angered, and, without adding a word, strikes him so heavily between the cheek and ear, that his teeth and blood and life issue together from his mouth. It is too horrible! The passionate and murderous Achilles becomes more hateful to us than the malicious and snarling Thersites. The shout of applause, which the Greeks raise at this, offends us; We step to the side of Diomede, who already draws his sword, to take vengeance on the murderer of his relation; for we feel that Thersites is our relation too, a man.

But let us suppose that the instigations of Thersites had resulted in a mutiny; that the rebellious people had really embarked in their ships, and treacherously left their leaders behind them; that these leaders had fallen into the hands of a revengeful

\(^c\) Paralipomena, lib. i. 720.
enemy; and that thereupon a divine decree of punish-ishment had wreaked utter destruction on the fleet and people. How would the ugliness of Thersites appear then? If ugliness, when harmless, may be ridiculous; when hurtful it is always horrible. I do not know how I can better illustrate this than by citing a couple of excellent passages from Shakspeare. Edmund, the bastard of the count of Gloucester, in King Lear, is no less a villain than Richard Duke of Gloucester, who paved his path to the throne by the most horrible crimes, and mounted it under the title of Richard the Third. How is it then that the first excites our loathing and horror so much less than the second? When I hear the bastard say,

\[
\text{Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law}\\ 
\text{My services are bound; wherefore should I}\\ 
\text{Stand in the plague of custom; and permit}\\ 
\text{The curiosity of nations to deprive me,}\\ 
\text{For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines}\\ 
\text{Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?}\\ 
\text{When my dimensions are as well compact,}\\ 
\text{My mind as generous, and my shape as true}\\ 
\text{As honest Madam's issue? Why brand they thus}\\ 
\text{With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?}\\ 
\text{Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take}\\ 
\text{More composition and fierce quality,}\\ 
\text{Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,}\\ 
\text{Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,}\\ 
\text{Got 'tween asleep and wake?}
\]

\[d \text{ King Lear, Act i. sc. 2.}\]
I am listening to a devil, but see him in the form of an angel of light. When, on the contrary, I hear the Duke of Gloucester:

But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty;  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity;  
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,—  
I am determined to prove a villain!

I hear a fiend, and I see a fiend; and in a form which a fiend alone could possess.

e King Richard, the Third, Act i. sc. 1.
CHAPTER XXIV.

It is thus that the poet turns ugliness of form to account. We will now inquire what use the artist may be allowed to make of it?

Painting, as an imitative power, can express ugliness; but painting as a fine art refuses to do so; as in the first capacity, all visible objects may be subjects for it; in the second, it is confined to those only by which pleasing sensations are awakened.

But do not even disagreeable sensations become pleasing, when imitated? Not all. An acute critic has already made the following remarks upon aversion. "The representations," he says, "of fear, sorrow, alarm, compassion, &c., can only so far awaken dislike, as we believe the evil to be real. These, therefore, might, through the recollection that it is nothing but an artificial illusion, dissolve into sensations of pleasure. But the disagreeable sensation of disgust follows, owing to the influence which a mere representation, operating on the imagination, exercises over the soul, whether the object be considered real or not.

"What consolation is it to the offended mind, that "art has so grossly betrayed itself to imitation? "Its aversion arose not from the presumption that "the evil was real, but from the mere representation "of it, and that is real. The feeling of disgust "therefore, if felt at all, must be felt in reality, not "in imagination."

All this is equally applicable to ugliness of form. This ugliness offends our sight, contradicts our taste for arrangement and harmony, and awakens disgust, without any reference to the actual existence of the object, in which we perceive it. We may see Thersites either in nature or in a picture; and if the picture should be the least displeasing of the two, this does not result from the ugliness of his form ceasing to be such in imitation, but from our possessing the power of withdrawing attention from this ugliness, and deriving our pleasure exclusively from the art of the painter. But even this pleasure will every moment be interrupted by the reflection, how bad has been the application of the art, and this reflection seldom fails of drawing with it disregard, or contempt, for the artist.

Aristotle adduces another cause,\(^b\) why objects which we view with displeasure in nature, may impart enjoyment even when most faithfully represented, viz. the general thirst for knowledge among men. We are pleased when we can learn from the imitation,

\(^b\) De Poetica. cap. iv.
what each thing is, or when we can conclude from it ὅτι δῶτος ἐκεῖνος that it represents an object which we remember to have seen before; but no inference can be drawn from this in favour of ugliness in imitation. The pleasure which arises from the satisfaction of our thirst for knowledge is momentary, and merely accidental to the object which affords it; while the feeling of annoyance, which accompanies the sight of ugliness is permanent, and essential to the object which awakes it. How then can this last be counterbalanced by the first? Still less can the trifling degree of pleasurable interest, afforded by the observation of the similitude, overcome its displeasing effect. The more closely I compare the ugly picture with the ugly original, the more I expose myself to this effect, so that the pleasure of comparison presently vanishes, and nothing remains but the disagreeable impression of a double ugliness. To judge from the examples which Aristotle gives us, it appears that he had no intention of classing simple ugliness of form among those displeasing objects, which are capable of affording pleasure when imitated. These examples are wild beasts and corpses. Wild beasts awaken terror, although they are not ugly; and it is this terror, and not their ugliness, which by imitation is resolved into pleasurable sensations. So too it is with corpses. It is the acuter feelings of pity, and the terrible thought of our future annihilation, that render a corpse a repulsive object to us in
nature; but in the imitation, this pity loses its most painful part, through our consciousness of illusion; and an addition of soothing circumstances may either entirely withdraw our thoughts from this fatal recollection, or unite itself so inseparably with it, that we believe we can perceive therein more to look forward to with desire, than to shrink from with horror.

Ugliness of form, then, cannot in itself be a subject for painting, as a fine art; for the feelings, which it arouses, are not only displeasing, but are not even of that class in which the disagreeable, when imitated, is changed into the pleasurable. Still it remains a question, whether, as an ingredient for strengthening other sensations, it may not be serviceable to art as well as to poetry?

May painting, to attain the ridiculous and the horrible, make use of ugly forms?

I will not venture to answer directly in the negative. It is undeniable that harmless ugliness can be made ridiculous in painting as well as in poetry; especially if an affected assumption of charm and beauty is combined with it; but it is just as indisputable, that harmful ugliness excites the same horror in painting as in nature; and that the ridiculous and the horrible, both of which are, in themselves, mixed sensations, attain by imitation, the former a higher degree of attraction, the latter of offensiveness.
I must, however, call attention to the fact that, in spite of this, painting and poetry do not stand in precisely the same position. In poetry, as I observed, ugliness of form, through its parts being changed from coexisting into successive, almost entirely loses its repulsive effect; in this point of view therefore ceasing, as it were, to be ugliness, it can therefore, the more cordially combine with other appearances, to produce a new and peculiar effect. In painting, on the contrary, ugliness exerts all its powers at once, and affects us but little less deeply than in nature. Harmless ugliness, consequently, cannot long remain ridiculous; the unpleasant sensation gains the upper hand, and what at first was comic becomes in the course of time simply repulsive. It is just the same with hurtful ugliness; the horrible disappears by degrees, and the disproportion is left behind alone and unchangeable.

On these considerations, Count Caylus was perfectly right in omitting the episode of Thersites in his series of Homeric paintings, but does it therefore follow that we should be justified in wishing that it had been altogether left out of the poem? I am sorry to find that a scholar of, otherwise, just and refined taste, is of this opinion; but I reserve for another opportunity the fuller explanation of my views upon this point.

* Klotzii Epistolae Homericæ, p. 33.
CHAPTER XXV.

The second distinction, which the critic I have just quoted draws between disgust and the other disagreeable passions of the soul, is also shown by the displeasure, which ugliness of form excites in us.

"Other disagreeable passions, he says," may, even in nature, setting aside imitation, find frequent opportunities of flattering the mind; because they never excite pure aversion, but always temper their bitterness with gratification. Our fear is seldom deprived of all hope. Terror animates all our powers to provide us with an escape from the danger: anger is commingled with the desire of revenge, and sorrow with the soothing recollection of former happiness; while compassion is inseparable from the tender feelings of love and affection. The soul has the power of dwelling at one time upon the pleasing, at another upon the repulsive parts of a passion, and of creating for itself a mixture of pleasure and sorrow, which is far more seductive than the purest gratification. It requires but little attention to the workings of our own mind, to have observed this times without number.

a Klotzii Epistolæ Homericæ, p. 103.
"Whence comes it else, that to the angry man, his anger, and to the sorrowing his sorrow, are dearer than all the cheerful representations, with which we vainly think to calm him? But it is very different in the case of disgust and the feelings allied to it. In these the soul recognises no admixture of enjoyment. Dissatisfaction gains the upper hand, and it is impossible to think of any situation, either in nature or in imitation, in which the mind would not recoil from the representation of them."

Perfectly true; but since the critic himself acknowledges that there are sensations allied to disgust, which likewise can produce nothing but annoyance; what, I ask, can be more closely allied to it, than the perception of ugliness in form? This too in nature is without the smallest admixture of pleasure; and since it is equally incapable of admitting any through imitation, it is likewise impossible to conceive any condition of it, in which the mind would not recoil from it with disgust.

This repugnance, if I have investigated my own feelings with sufficient care, is altogether of the nature of disgust. The sensation, which is excited by ugliness of form, is disgust, though only a low degree of it. This, I allow, is at variance with another remark of the critic, from which it would appear that he considers that only the less acute of our senses, taste, smell, and touch, are exposed to disgust.
"The two first," he says, "through an excessive sweetness; and the last, through the oversoftness of any matter which does not afford sufficient resistance to the nerves which touch it. These objects then become intolerable to the sight also, but only through the association of ideas, and our recollection of the repugnance, which our taste, smell, and feeling experienced at them; for, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as an object of disgust to the sight." Still, it appears to me, that instances of this last might be named. A liver spot in the face, a hare-lip, a flattened nose with prominent nostrils, an entire want of eyebrows, are uglinesses, which are repugnant neither to the smell, or taste, or touch; yet, it is certain that there is a sensation experienced at them, which approaches much more closely to disgust, than any which is produced by other deformities of body, such as a crooked foot, or hump-back; and the more delicate the temperament, the more certainly will those sensations, which precede nausea be felt at the sight of them; these, however, quickly subside, and it is rarely that this last effect follows; the reason for which may be found in this alone, that, being objects of sight, sight in them, and at the same time with them, perceives a multitude of realities, through whose agreeable representations the disagreeable one is so weakened and obscured, that it can rarely produce any traceable influence upon the body. Our less
acute senses, on the contrary, the taste, smell, and touch, cannot observe such realities, though they are affected with what is repulsive; this last, consequently, is left to work alone, and in its full strength, and is naturally therefore accompanied by a far more violent bodily effect.

In every other respect, the disgusting can be imitated in the same degree, as to imitation, as the ugly. But since its unpleasant effects are more violent, it is in itself still less capable than the latter of becoming a subject either of poetry or painting. Yet, as it too is greatly softened by being expressed in words, I can assert with confidence, that poets have employed disgusting traits as an ingredient to produce the same mixed sensations, which he has so successfully strengthened by the use of ugliness.

The disgusting can increase the ridiculous; and representations of propriety and dignity may be rendered laughable by being placed in close contrast with it. Numerous examples of this may be found in Aristophanes. The first that occurs to me is the weasel, which interrupted the good Socrates in his astronomical contemplations.\(^b\)

\(^b\) Nubes. 170.
We have only to suppose that what fell into his open mouth was not disgusting, and the ridiculous disappears altogether. Some very comic traits of this kind are to be found in the Hottentot history of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha, which appeared in the "Connoisseur," an English weekly periodical, abounding in humour, and ascribed to Lord Chesterfield. We all know how dirty the Hottentots are, and how many things are esteemed beautiful, becoming, and holy, among them, which excite nothing but disgust and loathing in us. Let us picture to ourselves the cartilage of the nose flattened, breasts flaccidly descending to the navel, the whole body stained with a colouring of goat's fat and soot, and glistening in the sun; the hair dripping with grease, the feet and arms entwined with fresh entrails. Let us think of all this, I say, as the object of a fervent, venerating, tender love; let us hear the passion expressed in the noble language of seriousness and admiration, and refrain from laughing, if we can(49).

But with the terrible the disgusting seems capable of being associated more closely still. What we call the horrible is nothing more than the terrible rendered disgusting. Longinus\textsuperscript{c} indeed is offended with the "Τῆς ἐκ μὲν πινῶν μύξαι ῥέον, in Hesiod's\textsuperscript{d} picture of Sorrow; not so much, I think, because it

\textsuperscript{c} Περὶ Υψοῦς, τιμημα ἢ, p. 15. Edit. T. Fabri.

\textsuperscript{d} Scut. Hercul. 266.
is a disgusting trait, as because it is one simply so, and does not, in any way, contribute to the terrible; for he appears to raise no objections against the long nails, projecting beyond the fingers, (μακροὶ δ' οὖν χεῖρεσσιν ὑπῆραν); and yet, long nails are at the least as disgusting as the former feature; but they are also terrible; for it is they which tear the cheeks, till the blood streams from them to the ground:

.................. ἐκ δὲ παρείων
αἵμ' ἀπελείβετ' ἔραξε..................

The other feature, on the contrary, is simply disgusting. I also should advise a closed mouth for sorrow. Let the reader turn to the description of the desolate cave of the unfortunate Philoctetes in Sophocles. None of the necessaries and conveniences of life are to be seen, except a bed of trampled dry leaves, a shapeless wooden bowl, and the means of lighting a fire, the whole wealth of the sick and deserted hero. How does the poet complete this sorrowful and fearful picture? He adds a touch of disgust.

NE. ὁρῶ κενὴν οἰκησιν ἀνθρώπων δίχα.
ΟΔ. οὐδ' ἔνδον οἰκοποιῶς ἐστὶ τις τροφῆς;
NE. στείπτη γε φυλλᾶς ώς ἐναυλίζοντι τῷ.
ΟΔ. τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔρημα, κούδεν ἐσθ' ὑπόστεγον;
NE. ἀντόξυλον γ' ἐκπομα, παιλουργὸν τινὸς
tεχνῆματ' ἀνδρὸς, καὶ πυρεῖ' ὀρῶν τάδε.

e Philoct. 31.
So too in Homer: Hector, when dragged along, his face disfigured with blood and dust, and his hair matted,

Squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crines,
(as Virgil expresses it) becomes a disgusting object, but for that very reason more horrible and moving. Who can think of the punishment of Marsyas, in Ovid, without a sensation of disgust?

Clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus:
Nec quidquam nisi vulnus erat; cruor undique manat:
Detectique patent nervi: trepidæque sine ulla
Pelle micant venæ: salientia viscera possis,
Et perlucentes numerare in pectore fibras.

We all feel however that the disgusting is here in its proper place. It renders the terrible horrible; and the horrible is not altogether displeasing even in nature, if our compassion is interested in it: how much less then in imitation? I do not wish to multiply instances; yet I must observe that there is one species of the horrible to which the poet has hardly any other means of access than the disgusting. It is the horrors of hunger. Even in common life we can

\[ \text{Æneid, lib. ii. 277.} \]
\[ \text{Metamorph. vi. 397.} \]
only express the extreme necessity of starvation by an enumeration of all the innutritious, unwholesome, and, particularly, disgusting things, with which the stomach must needs be satisfied; since imitation cannot excite in us any actual sensation of hunger, it takes refuge in another disagreeable feeling, which in the case of the most painful cravings we acknowledge to be the lighter evil. This sensation it seeks to awaken in us, that we may conclude, from our aversion to it, how strong that aversion must be, under the influence of which we are glad to make the loathsome of no account. Ovid says of the Oread, whom Ceres sent to meet Famine—

Hanc (Famem) procul ut vidit * * *
* refert mandata deæ; paulumque morata,
Quanquam aberat longe, quamquam modo venerat illuc,
Visa tamen sensisse famem.

This is an unnatural exaggeration. The sight of a famishing person, even though it be Famine herself, does not possess this contagious power; pity, and horror, and disgust, it might awaken, but not hunger. Ovid has not been sparing of horror in his picture of Fames; and in his description of Erisicthon's starvation, as well as in that of Callimachus, the disgusting traits are the strongest. After Erisicthon has consumed everything, and has not spared even the

h Metamorph. viii. 809.  

i Hym. in Cererem. 111.
sacrificial cow which his mother had reared for Vesta, Callimachus represents him as falling upon the horses and cats, and begging in the streets for the fragments and filthy relics from strangers' tables:

καὶ τὰν βῶν ἐφαγεν, τὰν Ἐστία ἔτρεψε μάτηρ, καὶ τὸν ἀεθλοφόρον καὶ τὸν πολεμήμον ἵππον, καὶ τὸν αὐλουρον, τὰν ἔτρεψε θήρια μικκά— καὶ τὸθ’ ὁ τῶ βασιλῆς ἐν τριώδουσι καθήστο ἀυτίζον ἀκόλως τε καὶ ἕκβολα λύματα δαιτός.

And Ovid makes him, in his extremity, fix his teeth in his limbs, that from his own body he might obtain nourishment for itself:

Vis tamen illa mali postquam consumpscrat omnem Materiam.
Ipse suos artus lacero divellere morsu Cœpit; et infelix minuendo corpus alebat.

The only reason that the harpies were represented as so noisome and disgusting, was that the hunger caused by their carrying off the provisions might appear more horrible. Let us listen to the complaint of Phineus, in Apollonius:?

τυθὸν δ’ ἦν ἄρα δὴ ποτ’ ἐδητύνος ἄμμι λιπωσί, πνεὶ τόδε μυδαλέουν τε καὶ ὁν τλητὸν μένος ὀδημῆς. ὁν κε τις οὐδὲ μίνυνθα βρότων ἀνυχοιτο πελάσσας, ὀντ’ ει ὁ αὐτάμαντος ἐληλαμένου κέαρ ἐη. ἀλλὰ με τικρὴ δητά κε δαιτός ἐπίσχει ἀνάγκη μίμνειν, καὶ μίμνουτα κακῆ εν γαστέρι θέσθαι.

Argonaut. lib. ii. 228.
I should be glad to justify from this point of view the disgusting introduction of the harpies in Virgil; but the hunger there spoken of is not an actual and present famine which they occasion, but only an impending one which they foretell; and, to crown all, the whole prophecy finds its fulfilment in a mere verbal equivocation. Dante too not only prepares us for the starvation of Ugolino, by placing him and his former persecutors in the most loathsome and horrible situation in hell; but also in the account of the starvation itself mingles some disgusting features; as, to take the instance which is especially startling, where the son offers himself to his father as food. In the note I quote a passage from a play of Beaumont and Fletcher, which might serve instead of all other examples, did I not feel obliged to acknowledge that it is somewhat exaggerated. (50).

I now come to disgusting objects in painting. Even if it were altogether indisputable, that there is strictly speaking no such thing as an object disgusting to the sight, which painting, as a fine art, would naturally renounce, it would still be compelled to avoid disgusting objects generally, because the association of ideas renders them disgusting to the sight, as well as to the other senses. Pordenone, in a painting of the burial of Christ, represents one of the bystanders as compressing his nose. Richardson\(^1\) disapproves of this upon the ground that Christ had

\(^1\) Richardson de la Peinture. T. i. p. 74.
not yet been dead long enough for his body to have passed into corruption. At the resurrection of Lazarus, on the contrary, he is of opinion that an artist might be permitted to draw one of the spectators in this attitude, because history expressly affirms that his body already stank. To me such a representation would there also be intolerable, because it is not only actual stench, but the very idea of it, that awakens disgust. We avoid stinking objects, even though our sense of smell may be for a time destroyed. But it will be replied, painting requires the disgusting, not for its own sake, but, as poetry, to strengthen thereby the ridiculous and the horrible. At its peril! All my observations in the case of ugliness are of still greater force in that of the disgusting. It loses incomparably less of its effect in an imitation which appeals to the eyes, than in one which appeals to the ears. In the former, therefore, it cannot become so closely mixed with the constituent parts of the ridiculous and the horrible as in the latter; as soon as our first surprise is over, and our first eager look satisfied, it again becomes altogether distinct, and stands before us in its original and unmodified form.
CHAPTER XXVI.

Winkelmann’s "History of Ancient Art" has appeared, and I cannot venture a step further before I have read it. To refine upon art from merely general ideas, may mislead us into the adoption of whimsical theories, which sooner or later we find, to our shame, are contradicted in the works of art. The ancients also well knew the ties by which painting and poetry are bound together, and it will be found that they have never drawn them more tightly than was conducive to the advantage of each. What their artists did will teach me what artists generally should do, and where such a man as Winkelmann bears the torch of history before, speculation need not hesitate to follow.

People generally dip into an important work before they commence seriously reading it. My chief curiosity was to learn the opinion of the author upon the Laocoon, not upon the art displayed in its execution, for with regard to that he has already explained himself elsewhere; but upon its antiquity. Whose side does he take? Theirs, to whom Virgil appears to have had the group before his eyes? or theirs, who believe that the artists took the poet’s description as their model?
My taste is much gratified to find that he does not even allude to the possibility of imitation having taken place either on the one side or the other. Where is the absolute necessity for it? It is not, after all, impossible that the similarities between the poetical description and the work of art, to which I have called attention above, may be accidental, and not designed; and that, so far from one having served as the model of the other, the two were not even executed after the same. Nevertheless, had he been dazzled by the brilliancy of this idea of imitation, it is plain that he would have declared himself in favour of the first supposition; for he assumes that the Laocoon is the production of an age, when art among the Greeks had reached the highest summit of perfection; i.e. the age of Alexander the Great.

"That good destiny," he says, "which watched over art, even at its destruction, has preserved for the admiration of the whole world a work of this period, as a proof of the reality of that excellence, ascribed by history to the numberless masterpieces that have disappeared. Laocoon, together with his two sons, executed by Agesander, Apollodorus(51), and Athenodorus, of Rhodes, belongs in all probability to this time; although it is impossible to determine its age precisely, or to give, as some have done, the exact Olympiad, in which these artists flourished."

a History of Art, p. 347.
In a note he adds, "Pliny does not mention the "age in which Agesander and his assistants at his "work lived; but Maffei in his explanation of "ancient statues pretends to know that these artists "flourished in the 88th Olympiad; and Richardson "and others have copied this statement, in reliance "on his authority. The former has, I think, mis-"taken an Athenodorus among the pupils of Polycle-"tus for one of the artists in question, and, since "Polycletus flourished in the eighty-seventh, he has "placed his assumed scholar an Olympiad later: "Maffei could have had no other grounds."

He certainly could not have had any other. But why is Winkelmann satisfied with merely quoting this argument of Maffei? Does it contradict itself? Not at all! Although it were corroborated by no other evidence, it would of itself constitute a slight probability, unless there is some evidence to prove that it is impossible that Athenodorus the pupil of Polycletus, and Athenodorus the associate of Agesander, were one and the same persons. Fortunately this can be shewn, and that too by their different countries. The first Athenodorus came, according to the express testimony of Pausanias, from Clitor in Arcadia; while the second, on the authority of Pliny, was a native of Rhodes.

Winkelmann can have had no object for wishing

that Maffei's assertion should not be incontrovertibly disproved by the production of this circumstance. It must rather be, that the grounds, which, with his undeniable insight, he derived from the art displayed in the execution of the group, appeared to him of such importance, that it mattered little whether the opinion of Maffei still retained some probability or not. He recognises without doubt in the Laocoon too many of those "argutiae" which were peculiar to Lysippus, and with which he was the first to enrich art, to conceive it possible that it should be the production of an age preceding him.

But supposing it proved that the Laocoon cannot be of greater antiquity than the age of Lysippus, does it necessarily follow that it must belong to that period, or the next, or that it is impossible it should be the work of a far later age? To pass over the time preceding the establishment of the Roman monarchy, during which art in Greece now lifted, and now drooped its head; why may not the Laocoon have been the happy fruit of that rivalry, which the lavish magnificence of the first Cæsars must have enkindled among the artists, and Agesander and his helpmates have been contemporaries of a Strongylion, an Archesilaus, a Pasiteles, a Posidonius, or a Diogenes? Were not some of the works of these masters valued as highly as any that art ever produced? Let us suppose that pieces, unquestionably theirs, were

\[\text{Plinius, lib. xxxiv. sect. 19. 6.}\]
still extant, but that the antiquity of their authors was unknown, and could only be inferred from the art displayed in their execution; would not an inspiration almost divine be required to guard the critic against a belief that he ought to attribute them also to that age, which alone Winkelmann deems capable of having produced the Laocoon?

It is true that Pliny does not expressly state the time, at which the artists of the Laocoon flourished. Still, if I were to draw any inference from the connection of the whole passage, as to whether he intended to rank them among the ancient or modern artists, I confess that the probability seems to me to be in favour of the latter supposition; but let the reader judge for himself.

After Pliny has spoken, somewhat at length, of the most ancient and greatest masters in sculpture, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Scopas; and has afterwards given, without any chronological order, the names of the rest, and especially of those, any of whose works were still extant at Rome, he continues as follows.⁶ "Nee multo plurium fama est, quorum-dam claritati in operibus eximiis obstante numero "artificium, quoniam nec unus occupat gloriam, nec "plures pariter nuncupari possunt, sicut in Laocoonte, "qui est in Titi imperatoris domo, opus omnibus et "picturæ et statuarìæ artis præponendum. Ex uno "lapide cum et liberos draconumque mirabiles

⁶ Lib. xxxvi. 4. 11.
nexus de consiliis sententiae fecere summi artifices, Agesander et Polydorus et Athenodorus Rhodii. Similiter Palatinas domus Cæsarum replevere probatissimis signis Craterus cum Pythodoro, Polydectes cum Hermolaus, Pythodorus alius cum Artemone, et singularis Aphrodisius Trallianus. Agrippæ Pantheon decoravit Diogenes Atheniensis; et Caryatides in columnis templi ejus probantur inter paucà operum: sicut in fastigio posita signa, sed propter altitudinem loci minus celebrata."

Of all the artists mentioned in this passage, Diogenes of Athens is the only one, whose era is incontestably determined. He decorated the Pantheon of Agrippa; and must therefore have lived during the reign of Augustus. Still, if we weigh the words of Pliny a little more closely, I think we shall find that the age of Craterus and Pythodorus, of Polydectes and Hermolaus, of the second Pythodorus and Artemon, as well as of Aphrodisius of Tralle, are just as unquestionably settled. He says of them, "Palatinas domus Cæsarum replevere probatissimis signis." Now I ask, is it possible this should only mean that the palaces of the Cæsars were filled with their masterpieces; in the sense, namely, that the Cæsars had had them collected everywhere, transported to Rome, and placed in their palaces? Certainly not. It implies that they expressly executed their statues for them, and that they flourished during their time. That these were later artists, whose
labours were exclusively confined to Italy, may be clearly inferred from the fact that we find no mention of them elsewhere. Had they laboured in Greece in early times, Pausanias would have seen one or other of their works, and have handed the memory of them down to us. A Pythodorus, to be sure, does occur in him,⁶ but Hardouin is quite wrong in taking him for the same as that mentioned in the above quoted passage of Pliny; for Pausanias calls one of his pieces, a statue of Juno which he saw at Coronæa in Bootia, ἀγαλμα ἀρχαῖον, an epithet he only applies to the works of those masters, who had flourished in the more ancient and ruder days of art, long before the age of Phidias and Praxiteles. With works of this kind we may be quite sure the Caesars did not decorate their palaces. Still less attention can be paid to another conjecture of Hardouin, that Artemon is perhaps the painter of the same name, whom Pliny mentions in another place. Correspondence of names is not a probability sufficiently strong to authorize us, on its account, in doing violence to the natural interpretation of an uncorrupted passage.

According to this, there is no doubt that Craterus Pythodorus, Polydectes, Hermolaus, &c., lived under the Caesars, whose palaces they filled with the most approved statues; and it seems to me, that no other age can be reasonably attributed to those ar-

tists, from whom Pliny passes on to them by a "similiter." Now these are the authors of the Laocoon. Let my reader only reflect, supposing Agesander Polydectes and Athenodorus were as old masters as Winkelmann believes them to be, how unnatural it would appear for an author, in whom accuracy of expression is of considerable importance, when he is forced to pass abruptly from them to the most modern artists, to make this transition by means of an, "In like manner."

Still it will be answered that this "similiter" does not refer to a connection in respect of age, but to another quality, which these artists, so different in point of antiquity, possessed in common. Pliny, it will be said, is speaking of those artists, who executed works together, and on this account remained less celebrated than they deserved to be. For since no one can lay an undivided claim to the honour of a work executed in common, and always to mention by name every one who took part in it would have been too tedious: (quoniam nec unus occupat gloriam, nec plures pariter nuncupari possunt) their united names became neglected. This was the lot of the authors of the Laocoon, and of so many other artists, whom the Cæsars employed in the decoration of their palaces.

I grant all this; but still the probability that Pliny is only speaking of the modern artists, who laboured in conjunction, is very great. For if he
were alluding to the more ancient, why did he only mention the authors of Laocoon? Why not others also? Onatas and Kalliteles? Timokles and Timarchides? or the sons of this Timarchides: there was in Rome at the time a Jupiter, the joint production of these last. Winkelmann himself says, that a long list might be given of ancient works, which had more than one father; and would Pliny have only recollected Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, if he had not expressly confined himself to the latest times?

If the probability of a supposition increases in proportion to the number of incomprehensible circumstances, which are explained by it, the assumption that the sculptors of Laocoon flourished under the first Cæsars, is in a very high degree confirmed; for if they had laboured in Greece at the period to which Winkelmann attributes them; if the Laocoon itself had ever been in that country; the silence, observed by the Greeks upon such a work, (opere omnibus et pictureæ et statuarìæ artis præponendo) would be a just ground for extreme astonishment. It would surprise us, that such great masters should have executed nothing else, or that Pausanias had the misfortune to see as little of the rest of their works in Greece, as he did of the Laocoon. In Rome, on the contrary, the great masterpiece might

\[ f \text{ Plinius xxxvi. 4, 10.} \]
\[ g \text{ History of Art, vol. ii. p. 331.} \]
long remain in obscurity, and even if it were executed in the time of Augustus, there would be nothing wonderful in Pliny's having been the first and only man to mention it. Let us only call to mind the expressions he uses with reference to a statue of Venus by Scopas,\(^h\) which stood at Rome, in a temple of Mars; * * * * "quemcumque alium locum nobilitatura. Romæ quidem magni-tudo operum eam obliterat, æ magni officiorum negotiorumque acervi omnes a contemplatione talium abducunt: quoniam otiosorum et in magno loci silentio apta admiratio talis est."

Those who are desirous of recognising in the group of the Laocoon an imitation of Virgil's description will accept the remarks I have made hitherto with pleasure. Another conjecture occurs to me, which I also hope will not call forth their serious disapproval. Perhaps they may think that it was Asinius Pollio who had the poet's description executed by Greek artists. Pollio was a particular friend of Virgil, outlived him, and appears even to have composed a work upon the Æneid; for where could the isolated remarks upon this poem, which Servius quotes from him(52), have found a place so easily, as in a work devoted to it? At the same time he was an amateur and connoisseur of art, possessed a very rich collection of the most excellent antique pieces, and commissioned the artists of his day to

\(^h\) Plinius, xxxvi. 4. 8.
execute new ones for him. Besides so bold a group as the Laocoon was admirably suited to the taste, which he displayed in his selection;¹ "ut fuit acris vehementiae sic quoque spectari monumenta sua voluit." Still, as the cabinet of Pollio at the time of Pliny, when the Laocoon stood in the palace of Titus, was not at all broken up, and appears to have had a place especially allotted to it, this supposition loses a good deal of its probability. Yet after all I do not see why Titus himself should not have done what we are so anxious to ascribe to Pollio.

¹ Plinius, xxxvi. 4. 10.
CHAPTER XXVII.

I am confirmed in my opinion, that the sculptors of the Laocoon flourished under the first Cæsars, or at any rate cannot be of such antiquity as Winkelmann believes, by a piece of information which he himself has been the first to make known. It is this:

"At Nettuno, formerly Antium, Cardinal Alexander Albani, in the year 1717, discovered in a great vault, which had been buried beneath the sea, a vase of greyish black marble, now called bigio, in which the group of the Laocoon was inlaid; upon it was the following inscription:

"ΑΘΑΝΟΔΩΡΟΣ ΑΓΗΣΑΝΔΡΟΥ 
ΡΟΔΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ.

"Athanodorus, the son of Agesander, of Rhodes, made it. We gather from this inscription, that father and son executed the Laocoon, and probably Apollodorus, (Polydorus) was also a son of Agesander; for there can be no doubt that this Athanodorus is identical with the one mentioned by Pliny. This inscription further proves that

\(^{a}\) History of Art, vol. ii. page 347.
"other works of art, besides the three Pliny names, "have been found, on which the artists have in-
"scribed the word made in the perfect and definite "tense, ἔποιησε, fecit; where he informs us that all "the rest out of modesty expressed it in the "indefinite, ἔποιεῖ, faciebat."

Winkelmann will find few to gainsay his assertion, that the Athanodorus in this inscription can be no other than the Athenodorus mentioned by Pliny as one of the sculptors of the Laocoon. Athanodorus and Athenodorus are doubtless the same name; for the Rhodians spoke the Doric dialect. But upon the other conclusions, which Winkelmann draws from this inscription, I must beg leave to offer a few remarks.

His first inference that Athenodorus was a son of Agesander, may pass. It is very probable, but not indisputable; for it is well known that many ancient artists abandoned the name of their father, and adopted that of their master. At least what Pliny says of the brothers Apollonius and Tauriscus hardly admits of any other interpretation.\(^b\)

But how! Does this inscription really contradict the assertion of Pliny, that only three works of art were to be found on which the artists had acknowledged their productions in a completed tense, (by ἔποιησε, instead of ἔποιεῖ) \(^?\) This inscription indeed! Why should we first learn from this inscription

\(^b\) Lib. xxxvi. 4. 10.
what we might have long ago learnt from many others? Had not κλεομενης ἐποίησε been already found upon the statue of Germanicus? Ἀρχέλαος ἐποίησε upon the so-called deification of Homer? And Σαλπιων ἐποίησε upon the famous vase at Caieta?(53).

Winkelmann can truly say, "who knows this better than I?" But will he also add? "So much "the worse for Pliny; the oftener his assertion is "contradicted, the more undeniably it is refuted."

Not at all. What if Winkelmann makes Pliny say more than he really does? If therefore the examples I adduced refute not the assertion of Pliny, but the addition which Winkelmann has made to it? Now this is really the case. I must quote the whole passage. Pliny, in his dedication to Titus, wishes to speak of his work with the modesty of a man, who himself best knows how far it falls short of perfection. He discovers a remarkable example of such modesty among the Greeks, in the boastful promises of whose title pages, (inscriptiones, propter quas vadimonium deserii possit) he has for a short while found entertainment; and goes on to say: "Et ne in totum videar Græcos insectari, ex illis nos "velim intelligi pingendi fingendique conditoribus, "quos in libellis his invenies, absoluta opera, et illa "quoque quæ mirando non satiamur, pendentii titulo "inscripsisse: ut APELLES FACIEBAT, aut POLY-

\(^c\) Lib. i.
"CLETUS: tanquam inchoata semper arte et imperfecta: ut contra judiciorum varietates superesset artifici regressus ad veniam, velut emendaturo quidquid desideraretur, si non esset interceptus. Quare plenum verecundiae illud est, quod omnia opera tanquam novissima inscripsere, et tanquam singulis fato adempti. Tria, non amplius, ut opinor, absolute traduntur inscripta, ILLE FECIT, quæ suis locis reddam: quo apparuit, summam artis securitatem auctori placuisse, et ob id magna invidia fuere omnia ea." I beg the reader to pay attention to Pliny's expression, "pingendi fingendi-que conditoribus." Pliny does not say that the custom of acknowledging their productions in the imperfect tense was universal among artists, or that all in every age had observed it; he expressly states that only the earliest masters, the creators of the plastic arts, pingendi fingendiisque conditores, Apelles, Polycletus, and their contemporaries, had made use of this modest conceit; and since he only names these, he intimates quietly, but distinctly enough, that their successors, especially in later times, expressed greater confidence in themselves.

But if we allow this, as I think every one must, the inscription of one of the three artists of Laocoön, which has been discovered may be perfectly correct, without involving any untruth in Pliny's assertion that only three works were extant, in the inscriptions on which their authors made use of a perfect tense,
i.e. among the ancient works of the periods of Apelles, Polycleitus, Nicias or Lysippus. But if so, the statement which Winkelmann maintains, that Athenodorus and his fellow sculptors were contemporaries of Apelles and Lysippus must be incorrect. At this conclusion we are compelled to arrive; for if it is true that among the works of the ancient artists, of Apelles, and Polycleitus, and the rest of this class, only three were to be found, in the inscriptions on which a perfect tense was used; if again it is true that Pliny himself has mentioned these three works by name(54); it necessarily follows that Athenadorus, to whom neither of these three pieces is attributed, and who yet uses a perfect tense in the inscription on his work, could not have belonged to these ancient artists. He could not have been a contemporary of Apelles or Lysippus, but must have lived at a later period.

In short, I believe it may be admitted as a very safe criterion, that all artists who have made use of the ἐποίησε flourished long after the time of Alexander the Great, shortly before, or under, the Caesars. Of Cleomenes it is indisputable; of Archelaus it is highly probable; and of Salpion the contrary at any rate cannot in any way be proved. The same may be said of the rest, without excepting Athenodorus.

Winkelmann himself may act as judge in this question, but I protest in anticipation against the
converse of my position. If all the artists who have made use of ἔποιησε belonged to a late period, it does not follow that all who used ἔποιει belonged to an early one. Even among the later artists there may have been some who really felt this modesty so becoming to a great man, and more still who affected it.
CHAPTER XXVIII.

Next to the Laocoon, I was most curious to see what Winkelmann would say of the so-called Borghese gladiator. I believe that I have made a discovery about this statue, to which I attach all the importance we usually attribute to such discoveries.

I was afraid that Winkelmann might have anticipated me. I do not however find any intimation of it in his work; and if anything could render me distrustful of the correctness of my conjectures, it would be the fact that my fears are not realised.

"Some," says Winkelmann, "take this to be the statue of a discobolus, i.e. of one who is throwing a discus, or round plate of metal; and this was the opinion expressed by the celebrated Von Stosch, in a letter to me, but formed, I think, without sufficient consideration of the attitude in which such a figure would stand. For a man, who is just going to throw, draws his body backwards, and lets the whole of his weight fall upon his right leg, while the left remains idle; but here it is just the reverse; the whole frame is thrown forwards, and leans upon the left leg, whilst the right is extended backwards.

as far as it can be. The right arm is new, and a piece of a lance has been placed in its hand; on the left arm may be seen the strap of the shield which he bore. If they are closely observed, it will be found that the head and the eyes are directed upwards, and that the figure appears to be guarding with the shield against something which threatens it from above; and so this statue might with more justice be taken to represent a soldier who had especially distinguished himself in a situation of danger. It is probable that among the Greeks a statue was never erected in honour of a gladiator at the public shows; and, besides, this work seems older than the introduction of such spectacles into Greece.

No decision can be juster. This statue is no more that of a gladiator than of a discobolus; it really represents a warrior, who in such a posture distinguished himself at some perilous crisis. But since Winkelmann divined this so happily, how came he to stop short at that period? How was it that the warrior did not occur to his mind, who in precisely this posture averted the overthrow of an entire army, and to whom his grateful country had a statue erected in a similar attitude?

In a word, the statue is Chabrias.

This is proved by the following passage from Nepos' life of this general.\(^b\) "Hic quoque in summis

\(^b\) Cap. i.
habitus est ducibus; resque multas memoria dignas gessit. Sed ex his elucet maxime, inventum ejus in prœlio, quod apud Thebas fecit quum Bœotiis subsidio venisset. Namque in eo victorìæ fidente summo duce Agesilao, fugatis jam ab eo conduc-
titiis catervis, reliquam phalangem loco vetuit cedere, obnixoque genu scuto, projectaque hasta impetum excipere hostium docuit. Id novum Agesilaus con-
tuens, progresdi non est ausus, suosque jam incurrer-
tes tuba revocavit. Hoc usque eo tota Graecia fama celebratum est, ut illo statu Chabrias sibi statuam fieri voluerit quæ publice ei ab Atheniensibus in foro constituta est. Ex quo factum est, ut postea ath-
leteæ, ceterique artifices his statibus in statuis ponen-
dis uterentur, in quibus victoriam essent aedepi.”

I know the reader will pause an instant before he bestows his applause, but I hope it will only be for an instant. The attitude of Chabrias does not appear to have been precisely the same as that of the Borghese statue. The lance thrown forwards, (projecta hasta) is common to both; but commentators explain “obnixo genu scuto” by “obnixo in seutum”—“ob-
firmato genu ad scutum:” Chabrias shewed his men how to lean with their knees against their shields, and await the enemy behind them; the statue, on the contrary, raises its shield on high. But is it not pos-
sible that the commentators may be wrong? Is it not possible that the words “obnixo genu scuto,” ought not to be connected, but that “obnixo genu,”
and "scuto" should be taken separately, or the last read with the following words, "projectaque hasta?" If we only insert a single comma the correspondence between the statue and description is complete. The statue is that of a soldier, "qui obnixo genu, (55) seuto projectaque hasta impetum hostis excipit." It represents Chabrias' action; and is the statue of Chabrias. That the comma is really wanting is proved by the que affixed to the projecta, which is superfluous if "obnixo genu scuto," are connected; and in fact some editions have omitted it on that account.

The form of the characters in the artist's inscription upon the statue coincides exactly with the great antiquity which, under this supposition, must be accorded to the statue; and indeed Winkelmann has himself inferred from them that it is the most ancient of the statues now in Rome, on which the masters have recorded their names. I leave it to his acute glance to determine whether he observes anything in its style which is in contradiction to my opinion. Should he honour my suggestion with his approval, I shall flatter myself that I have produced a better instance how happily the classical authors may be illustrated by the ancient works of art, and these last in their turn by the first, than can be found in the whole folio of Spence.
CHAPTER XXIX.

With all the boundless reading, and most extensive and refined knowledge of art which Winckelmann has applied to his task, he has worked in the noble confidence of the ancient artists, who expended all their industry upon the main object, and either executed the parts of less importance with, as it were, intentional negligence, or left them to the hands of any chance artist.

It is no small merit, to have only fallen into faults that any one might have avoided; faults which are seen at the first cursory reading; and which if I notice at all it is only to remind certain people, who think that they alone have eyes, that they are not worth remarking.

Already, in his writings upon the imitation of Grecian Works of Art, Winckelmann has been several times misled by Junius. Junius is a very insidious author. His whole work is a cento, and though he always uses the words of the ancients, he is constantly applying passages to painting, which in their original context bear no reference whatever to it. When e. g. Winckelmann desires to teach us that perfection can no more be reached by the mere imi-
tation of nature in art, than it can in poetry, and that the painter as well as poet must prefer the impossible, which is probable, to the merely possible: he adds, "the possibility and truth, which Longinus requires "of a painter, as opposed to the incredible in poetry, "is perfectly consistent with it." But this addition had much better have been omitted; for it exhibits a seeming contradiction in the two greatest critics on art, which is altogether without foundation. It is not true that Longinus ever said anything of the kind. He makes a somewhat similar remark upon eloquence and the art of poetry, but in no way upon poetry and painting. "Ως δὲ ἑτερὸν τι ἡ ῥητορικὴ φαντασία θεωλεται, καὶ ἑτερον ἡ παρὰ ποιηταῖς, ὥστε ἀν λάθοι σε, he writes to his friend Terentian; 'Ον μὴν ἄλλα τὰ μὲν παρὰ τοῖς ποιηταῖς μυθικωτέραν ἔχει τὴν ὑπερ- ἐκπτωσιν, καὶ παντῆ τὸ πιστὸν ὑπεραίρουσαν τῆς ἒ ῥητορικῆς φαντασίας, κάλλιστον ἀεὶ τὸ ἐμπρακτον καὶ ἐναληθές. Only Junius substitutes painting for oratory: and it was in him and not in Longinus that Winkelmann read, "Præsertim cum poeticæ "phantasiae finis sit ἐκπληξις, pictoriae vero, ἐναργεία, "καὶ τὰ μὲν παρὰ τοῖς ποιηταῖς, ut loquitur idem "Longinus." True, they are Longinus' words, but not Longinus' meaning.

The same must have been the case with the following observation: "All actions," he says, 

a περὶ Υψους, τμημα 16'. Edit. T. Fabri, p. 36—39.
c On the Imitation of Greek Works, p. 23.
"and attitudes of Greek figures, which are not marked by the character of wisdom, but are too vehement and wild, fell into a fault, which the ancient artists called parenthyrsus." The ancient artists? That can only be proved out of Junius; for parenthyrsus was a technical term in rhetoric, and perhaps, as the passage in Longinus appears to intimate, used only by Theodorus. Τούτω παρακεῖται τρίτον τι κακίας εἴδος ἐν τοῖς παθητικοῖς, ὀπερ ὁ Θεόδωρος παρένθυρσον ἐκάλει· ἔστι δὲ πάθος ἅκαρον καὶ κενόν, ἐνθα μὴ δεῖ πάθος· ἡ ἀμετρόν ἐνθα μετρίου δεῖ. I even doubt whether generally this word can be transferred to painting. For in eloquence and poetry there is a pathos which may be carried to its extreme point, without becoming παρένθυρσός. It is the deepest pathos out of place that is parenthyrsus; while in the painting extreme pathos is always parenthyrsus, even if it can be perfectly justified by the circumstances of the person who expresses it.

According to all appearance therefore the various inaccuracies in the history of art have arisen merely from Winkelmann having in haste consulted Junius instead of the originals, e.g. when he is proving by examples that among the Greeks all excellence in every art and craft was especially valued, and that the best artizan even in the most trifling manufactures might succeed in immortalizing his name.

\[\text{d} \text{Tμημα, B.}\]
He quotes the following instance among others: «We know the name of the maker of a particularly accurate balance, or pair of scales: it is Parthenius.” Winkelmann can only have read the words of Juvenal to which he is here referring, “Lances Parthenio factas,” in the list of Junius; for if he had referred to Juvenal himself, he would not have been misled by the equivocal meaning of the word “lanx,” but would have seen at once that the poet was speaking not of a balance and scales, but of plates and dishes. Juvenal is praising Catullus because in a perilous storm at sea he had thrown all his valuable baggage overboard, in order that he and the ship might not go down together. These valuables he describes, and says:

Ille nec argentum dubitabat mittere, lances
Parthenio factas, urnæ cratera capacem
Et dignum sitiente Pholo, vel conjuge Tusci.
Adde et bascaudas et mille escaria, multum
Cælati, biberet quo callidus emptor Olynthi.

What can lances mean here, joined as it is with goblets and urns, but “plates and dishes?” and all Juvenal intends to say is, that Catullus threw overboard his whole service of plate, among which were some embossed dishes of the workmanship of Parthenius. “Parthenius coælatoris nomen,” says an old scholiast. But when Grangäus in his commentary  

<sup>6</sup> History of Art, i. p. 136.
adds to this name, "sculptor, de quo Plinius," he must have written at hap hazard; for Pliny does not mention any artist of this name.

"Even," continues Winkelmann, "the name of "the saddler, as we should call him, who made Ajax's "leather shield has been preserved." But he cannot have derived this statement from the authority to which he refers his reader, viz. from Herodotus' life of Homer. Certainly two lines of the Iliad are there quoted, in which the poet applies the name of Tychius to this worker in leather; but it is expressly stated that properly a leather worker of Homer's acquaintance was so called, and that his name was inserted as a proof of friendship and gratitude.

This quotation favours a position therefore exactly opposite to that which Winkelmann intended to confirm. The name of the saddler who made Ajax's shield was in Homer's time already so entirely forgotten that the poet used the license of substituting a completely strange name in its stead.

Various other trifling faults are mere errors of

memory, or refer to subjects which he only introduces cursorily as illustrations. *e. g.*

It was Hercules, and not Bacchus that Parrhasius boasted had appeared to him in a vision in the same form in which he had painted him.\(^g\)

Tauriscus was not a native of Rhodes but of Tralles in Lydia.\(^h\)

The Antigone was not the first of Sophocles' tragedies\(^{56}\).

But I must desist, lest I should seem to be multiplying such trifles. For censure it could not be taken; but to those who know my high esteem for Winkelmann it might appear trifling.


NOTES TO THE LAOCOON.
NOTES TO THE LAOCOON.

Note (1) page 8.

Antiochus (Antholog. lib. ii. cap. 4). Hardouin, in his commentary on Pliny (lib. xxxv. sect. 36.) attributes this epigram to a certain Piso; but no such name is to be found in the catalogue of Greek epigrammatists.

Note (2) p. 9.

It is for this reason that Aristotle forbids his pictures to be shown to young people, viz., that their imaginations may be preserved from any acquaintance with ugly forms, (Polit. lib. viii. cap 5) Boden proposes to read Pausanias, instead of Pauson, in this passage, because he is well known to have painted licentious pictures; (de umbra poetica, Comment. i. p. 13.) as though a philosophical lawgiver were required to teach us, that such voluptuous allurements were to be kept out of the reach of young people. Had he but referred to the well known passage in the Poetics, (cap 11), he would never have put forward his hypothesis. Some commentators (e.g. Küm in Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. iv. cap. 3.) maintain that the distinction which Aristotle there draws between Polygnotus, Dionysius, and Pauson, consisted in Polygnotus having painted gods and heroes, whilst Dionysius painted men, and Pauson beasts. They all, however, painted the human figure; and Pauson’s having once painted a horse does not prove that he was an animal painter, as Boden supposes him to have been. Their rank was decided by the degrees of beauty with which they endowed their human forms. Dionysius could paint nothing but men, and was called, par excellence as it were, the “Anthropographus,” or “Man-painter,” because he copied nature too slavishly, and was unable to rise to the ideal; while to have painted gods and heroes under meaner influences than this, would have been a profanity.
NOTES.

Note (3) p. 11.

It is an error to suppose that the serpent was exclusively the symbol of the healing deities. Justin Martyr (Apolog, ii, p. 55, Edit. Sylburgi) says expressly:—παρὰ παντὶ τῶν νομίζομένων παρ' υμῖν θεῶν, ὃνις σύμβολον μέγα καὶ μυστήριον ἀναγράφε-ταί: and it would be easy to quote a whole series of monuments, where the serpent accompanies deities who had no connection whatever with the healing art.

Note (4) p. 12.

Though we were to review all the works of Art mentioned by Pliny, Pausanias, and others, or search among the ancient statues, bas reliefs, and paintings still extant, we should nowhere find a fury. I except such figures as belong to the language of symbols, rather than to Art, and are principally to be found upon coins. Meantime Spence, since he was determined to discover furies, would have done much better if he had borrowed them from the coins, (Seguini Numis, p. 178. Spanheim de Præst. Numism. Dissert. xiii. p. 639. Les Cæsars de Julien, par Spanheim, p. 48.) than he has in introducing them by an ingenious idea into a work, in which there is certainly no trace of them. He says in his Polymetis, (Dial. xvi. p. 272), "Though furies are very uncommon in the works of the ancient artists, yet there is one subject in which they are generally introduced by them. What I mean is the death of Meleager; in the relievos of which they are often represented, as encouraging, or urging Althæa, to burn the fatal brand; on which the life of her only son depended. Even a woman's resentment, you see, could not go so far, without a little help of the devil. In a copy of one of these relievos, published in the Admiranda, there are two women standing by the altar with Althæa, who are probably meant for furies in the original; (for who but furies would assist at such a sacrifice?) though the copy scarce represents them horrid enough for that character: but what is most to be observed in that piece is a round, or medallion, about the midst of it, with the evident head of a fury upon it. This might be what Althæa addressed her prayers to, whenever she wished ill to her neighbours; or whenever she was going to do any very evil action. Ovid introduces her as invoking the furies on this occasion, in particular; and makes her give more than one reason for her doing so." (Metamorph. viii. 479). By such tortuous logic as this anything might be proved. Who else but the furies, asks Spence, would have been present at
such an action? I answer, the maidservant of Althæa, who had to
light and keep up the fire. Ovid says, (Metamorph. viii. 460),

Protulit hunc (stipitem) genetrix, tædasque in fragmina poni
Imperat, et positis inimicos admovet ignes.

Both persons, in fact, have in their hands such "tædas," or long
pieces of resinous fir as the ancients used for torches, and one
of them has just broken one of these pieces of fir, as her attitude
proves. I am as far from recognising a fury on the disk near the
middle of the work. It is a face which expresses violent pain; and
without doubt is meant to be the head of Meleager himself. (Meta-
morph. viii. 515),

Inscius atque absens flamma Meleagros in illa
Uritur; et cæcis torreri viscera sentit
Ignibus et magnos superat virtute dolores.

The Artist used it as a means of transition into the subsequent scene
of the same story, which directly after exhibits Meleager as dying.
The figures, which Spence considers furies, Montfaucon takes to be
Parcae, (Antiq. Exp. Vol. i. p. 162) except the head upon the disk,
which he also decides to be a fury. Even Bellori (Admiranda, Tab. 77)
leaves it undecided whether they are Parcae, or furies. An "or,"
which is sufficient evidence that they are neither the one nor the
other. The rest of Montfaucon's explanation is also deficient in
accuracy. The female figure, who is leaning upon her elbows against
the bed, should have been called Cassandra, and not Atalanta.
Atalanta is the one, who is sitting in a mournful attitude with her
back turned towards the bed. The Artist has shown great intelligence
in separating her from the family, inasmuch as she was only the
mistress and not the wife of Meleager, and her sorrow therefore at
a misfortune of which she had been the innocent cause could only
have exasperated his relations.

Note (5) p. 15.

He thus specifies the degrees of sorrow actually expressed by
Timanthes. Calchantem tristem, maestum Ulyssæm, clamantem
Ajacem, lamentantium Menelæum. The shrieking Ajax could not
but have been an ugly figure; and since neither Cicero nor Quintilian
mention it in their descriptions of this painting, I am the more in-
clined to believe it an addition originating only in Valerius' desire of
enriching the picture.
Eundem, (namely Myro,) we read in Pliny, (lib. xxxiv. sect. 19. 4) vicit et (Pythagoras) Leontinus, qui fecit stadiodromon Astylon, qui Olympiae ostendidit: et Libyn puerum tenentem tabulam, eodem loco, et mala ferentem nudum. Syracusis autem claudicantem; cujus ulceris dolorem sentire etiam spectantes videntur. Let us consider the last sentence a little more closely. Manifestly some one is spoken of, who is known by all on account of a painful ulcer. Cujus ulceris, &c. This "cujus" might refer to "claudicantem," and this "claudicantem" might possibly agree with a "puerum," supplied from the foregoing clause. No one, however, had more right to be celebrated on account of such an ulcer than Philoctetes. I therefore read "Philoctetem" instead of "claudicantem," or at least consider that the former of the two words has slipped out of the manuscripts, owing to its resemblance to the latter; and that the proper reading would be "Philoctetem claudicantem." Sophocles speaks of his "οτιβον κατ' ἀναγκαν ἔρπευν: and he must have limped, since he could not set his diseased foot firmly to the ground.


When the Chorus views the misery of Philoctetes in this combination, it appears to be deeply moved by the consideration of his helpless isolation. We hear the sociable Greek in every word they utter. About one of these passages I entertain, however, some doubts; it is the following, (v. 691. 695. Dind):

"Ἰν' αὐτὸς ἦν πρόσοουρος, ὥσκ ἔχων βάσιν,
οὐδὲ τιν' ἐγχώρων,
κακογείτονα παρ' ὧν στόνου ἀντίτυπον
βαρυβρῶτ' ἀποκλαύ—
σειεν ἀιματηρόν.

The common translation of Winshem renders it thus:

Ventis expositus et pedibus captus
Nullum cohabitatorem
Nec vicinum ulla malum habens, apud quem
gemitum mutuum
Gravemque ac cruentum
Ederet.
The translation of Thomas Johnson only differs from the foregoing verbally:

Ubi ipse ventis erat expositus, firmum gradum non habens,
Nec quenquam indigenarum,
Nec malum vicinum, apud quem ploraret
Vehementer edacem
Sanguineum morbum, mutuo gemitu.

One would fancy that he had borrowed this variation of words from the translation of Thomas Naogeorgus. In his work, (which is very scarce, and seems to have been known to Fabricius only through Operin's Catalogue), he thus renders the passage in question:

Ubi expositus fuit
Ventis ipse, gradum firmum haud habens,
Nec quenquam indigenam, nec vel malum
Vicinum, ploraret apud quem
Vehementer edacem atque cruentum
Morbum mutuo.

If these translations are right, the praise which the chorus bestows upon the society of our fellow men is the strongest that can be imagined. The miserable one has no one with him; he knows of no friendly neighbour; he would have felt too happy had he been blessed with even a bad man for a neighbour! Thomson, perhaps, had this passage in his thoughts, when he represented Melisander, who likewise had been exposed in a desert island by villains, as saying:

Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad isles,
Where never human foot had marked the shore,
These ruffians left me,—yet, believe me, Arcas,
Such is the rooted love we bear mankind,
All ruffians as they were, I never heard
A sound so dismal as their parting oars.

He also preferred the society of villains to none at all. A great and excellent meaning, if it were only certain that it was the one which Sophocles intended to convey; but I must unwillingly confess that I cannot extract any sense of the kind from him. It may be that I would rather see with the eyes of the old scholiast, who paraphrases the passage as follows, than with my own:

'Ὁυ μούνον ὄπ' ου καλὸν ὄυκ ἐιχὲ τινα τῶν ἐγχώριων γείτονα, ἀλλὰ οὐδὲ κακὸν, παρ' οὐ ἀμοιβαίον λόγον στενάζων ἄκούσειε.
This interpretation has been followed by Brumoy, and by our latest German translator, as well as by those mentioned above. The first says, “sans société, meme importune;” the second, “yeder Gesellschaft, auch der beschwerlichsten beraubet.” Deprived of all society, even the most troublesome. My reasons for differing from them are the following. In the first place it is plain that if kakoyeitona is separated from tiv’ ἐγχώρων, and constitutes a distinct clause, the particle ὅυδε must necessarily be repeated before it. Since it is not, kakoyeitona must clearly be taken with tiva, and the comma after ἐγχώρων must be omitted. This comma has crept in in consequence of the translation, for I actually find that several simply Greek editions, (e.g. one in 8vo. published at Wittenberg, 1585, which was altogether unknown to Fabricius) are without it, and place the first comma after kakoyeitona. In the second place, can he be justly said to be a bad neighbour, from whom we have reason to expect the στόνον ἀντίτυπον ἀμοιβαίον, as explained by the scholiast? It is the office of a friend to share our sighs, but not of a foe. In short, the word kakoyeitona has been misunderstood. It has been rendered as if it were compounded of the adjective kakós, whereas it is compounded of the substantive τὸ κακὸν. It has thus been translated “a bad neighbour,” whilst the real meaning is “a neighbour in misfortune.” In the same manner kakóμαντις does not signify a “bad,” i.e. a “false, untrue prophet,” but a “prophet of evil;” nor kakóτεχνος a “bad, unskilful artist,” but one who used bad arts. By a companion in misfortune the poet intends either “one who is visited with the same calamities as ourselves,” or “one who, through friendship, shares them with us;” the whole sentence ὅυδ’ ἔχων τιν’ ἐγχώρων kakoyeitona, therefore, should be translated, “neque quenquam indigenarum mali socium habens.” Thomas Franklin, the last English translator of Sophocles is evidently of my opinion, since he translates kakoyeitona not by “bad neighbour,” but by “fellow mourner,”—

Exposed to the inclement skies,
Deserted and forlorn he lies,
No friend nor fellow mourner there,
To sooth his sorrow and divide his care.

Note (8) p. 29.

The Translator hopes that the following additional quotation from Adam Smith will not be unacceptable to the reader:
"In some of the Greek tragedies there is an attempt to excite compassion, by the representation of the agencies of bodily pain. Philoctetes cries out and faints from the extremities of his sufferings. Hippolytus and Hercules are both introduced as expiring under the severest tortures, which, it seems, even the fortitude of Hercules was incapable of supporting. In all these cases, however, it is not the pain, which interests us, but some other circumstance. It is not the sore foot, but the solitude, of Philoctetes which affects us, and diffuses over that charming tragedy that romantic wildness, which is so agreeable to the imagination. The agonies of Hercules and Hippolytus are interesting only because we foresee that death is to be the consequence. If those heroes were to recover, we should think the representation of their sufferings perfectly ridiculous. What a tragedy that would be, of which the distress consisted in a colic! Yet no pain is more exquisite. These attempts to excite compassion by the representation of bodily pain, may be regarded as among the greatest breaches of decorum, of which the Greek theatre has set the example."—(The Theory of Moral Sentiments, vol. i. p. 63, London, 1790.)

Note (9) p. 36.


Note (10) p. 36.


Note (11) p. 39.

I do not forget that the picture, on which Eumolpus expatiates in Petronius, might be cited on the opposite side of the question. It represented the destruction of Troy, and particularly the story of Laocoon, under precisely the same circumstances which Virgil has recounted: and since it stood in the same gallery at Naples, in which were some other ancient pictures by Zeuxis, Protogenes, and Apelles, it also may reasonably be supposed to have been an old Greek painting. Only I must be permitted to suggest that a novel writer is no historian. This gallery, this picture, this Eumolpus, seem never to have existed anywhere, save in the imagination of Petronius. Nothing betrays the entire fiction more plainly than the manifest traces of an almost schoolboy imitation of Virgil's description. It is worth while instituting the comparison. The following passage is from Virgil, (Æneid. 11. 190)—

Hic aliud magus miseris multoque tremendum
Objicitur magis, atque improvida pectora turbat.
Laocoon, duxit Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
Sollemnis taurum ingenti mactabat ad aras.
Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
Horresco referens—immensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago, pariterque ad litora tendunt;
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta jubæque
Sanguineœ superant undas, pars cetera pontum
Pone legit, sinuatque immensa volumine terga.
Fit sonitus, spumante salo. Jamque arva tenebant,
Ardentesque oculos sucti sanguine et igni
Sibila lambabat linguis vibrantibus ora,
Diffugimus visu exsangues: illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt. Et primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus;
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem et tela ferentem
Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
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Tergra dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
Ile simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno,
Clamoses simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;
Qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim.

Eumolpus' version is not very different; for we may say of him, as of all other improvisatori, that they are at least as much indebted to their memory for their verses, as to their imagination:

Ecce alia monstra. Celsa qua Tenedos mare
Dorso repellit, tumida consurgunt freta,
Undaque resultat scissa tranquillo minor.
Qualis silenti nocte remorum sonus
Longe refertur, cum premunt classes mare,
Pulsumque marmor abiete imposita gemit.
Respicimus, angues orbibus geminis serunt
Ad saxa fluctus: tumida quorum pectora
Rates ut altae, lateribus spumas agunt:
Dat cauda sonitum; libere ponto jubae
Curscant luminibus, fulmineum jubar
Incendit æquor, sibilisque undae tremunt.
Stupuere mentes. Infulis stabant sacri
Phrygioque cultu gemina nati pignora
Laocoonte, quos repente tergoribus ligant
Angues corusci: parvulas illi manus
Ad ora referunt: neuter auxilio sibi,
Uterque fratri transtulit pias vices,
Morsque ipsa miseròs mutuo perdit metu.
Accumulat ecce liberum funus pares,
Infirmiss auxiliator: invadunt virum
Jam morte pasti, membrastructure ad terræ trahunt
Jacet sacerdos inter aras victima.

The principal features in both passages are the same, and different ideas are expressed in similar words. But these are trifles which strike the eye at once; there are other signs of imitation which, though less palpable, are no less certain. If the imitator is a man who has any confidence in himself, he rarely imitates without attempting to beautify; and if this endeavour is, in his opinion, successful, he, fox like, sweeps out the footsteps which might betray the path: by which he had come with his brush. But even this vain desire to beautify, and this caution taken to appear original, discover him; for the beau-
tifying results in exaggeration and unnatural refinement: Virgil says "sanguineæ jubæ:;" Petronius, "liberæ jubæ luminibus coruscant." Virgil has "ardentes oculos suffecti sanguine et igni;" Petronius, "fulmineum jubar incendit æquor;" Virgil, "fit sonitus spumante salo;" Petronius, "sibilis undae tremunt." Thus the plagiarist always passes from the great to the monstrous, and from the marvellous to the impossible. The description of the boys being encircled by the serpent-folds is in Virgil a parergon, drawn by a few expressive strokes, which tell only of their helplessness and distress. Petronius turns this sketch into a finished picture, and makes the two boys a pair of heroic souls:

Neuter auxilio sibi
Uterque fratri transtulit pias vices
Morsque ipse miserum perdit metu.

Such self-denial is not expected from either children or men. How much better the Greek understood nature (Quintus Calaber xii. 459) when he makes even the mothers forget their children at the appearance of the horrible serpents; so completely were the efforts of all turned towards their own preservation:

*... "ένθα γυναῖκες
"Οιμωζούν, καὶ ποὺ τις ἕων ἐπηλήσατο τέκνων,
'Αυτῇ ἀλευομένη στυγερῶν μόρων."

Another device for hiding their imitation, very common among plagiarists, is that of changing the shadows in the original into lights in the copy, and on the other hand throwing the lights into the back ground. Virgil takes some pains to render the size of the serpents palpable, because it is on this immense size that the probability of the following scene depends; the noise they cause is but a subordinate idea, intended to beget a more vivid conception of it. Petronius, on the contrary, converts this subordinate idea into a prominent feature, describes the noise with great prolixity, and forgets the size so completely that we are almost left to infer it from the sound. It is difficult to believe that he could have fallen into this impropriety, if he had drawn his description from imagination solely, and had had no pattern before him, from which he borrowed his design, though anxious at the same time to conceal his plagiarism. Indeed we may hold it to be a rule that every poetical picture, which is overladen in its less important features—while deficient in its weightier, is an unsuccessful imitation; nor can the conclusion be affected by its possessing lighter beauties, or our being unacquainted with the original.
Note (12) p. 40.

Suppl. aux Antiq. Expl. T. i. p. 243. Il y a quelque petite difference entre ce que dit Virgile, et ce que le marbre represente. Il semble, selon ce que dit le poete, que les serpens quitterent les deux enfans pour venir entortiller le pere, au lieu que dans ce marbre ils lient en meme tems les enfans et leur pere.

Note (13) p. 40.

Donatus ad v. 227. lib. ii. Æneid. Mirandum non est, clypeo et simulacri vestigiis tegi potuisse, quos supra et longos et validos dixit, et multiplici ambitu circumdedisse Laocoontis corpus ac liberorum, et fuisse superfluam partem. It appears to me in regard to this passage, that either the non at the beginning of the sentence must be omitted, or else that a dependent clause is wanting at the end. For since the serpents were of such an extraordinary size, it is certainly to be wondered that they could hide themselves under the shield of the goddess; unless the shield were itself very large, and belonged to a colossal statue. The confirmation of this supposition was doubtless contained in the missing consequent clause, or the non had no meaning.

Note (14) p. 42.

This plate is to be found in the splendid large folio edition of Dryden's Virgil, published in London 1697. And even in this picture the serpents are only coiled once round the body, and scarcely at all round the neck. If so mediocre an artist require any further justification, the only plea that can be urged in his favour is, that prints are intended to serve merely as illustrations of the text, and put forward no pretensions to being considered independent works of art.

Note (15) p. 44, line 1.

This is the judgment of De Piles himself in his notes to Du Fresnoy, v. 210. Remarquez s'il vous plait, que les draperies tendres et legeres, n' etant donnees qu' au sexe feminin, les anciens sculpteurs ont evite' autant qu' ils ont pu d' habiller les figures d' hommes; parce qu' ils ont pense, comme nous avons deja dit, qu' en sculpture on ne pouvait imiter les etoffes et que les gros plis faisoient un mauvais effet. Il y a presque autant d' exemples de cette verite, qu' il y a parmi les
antiques de figures d'hommes nus. Je rapporterai seulement celui du Laocoon, lequel selon la vraisemblance devroit être vetu. En effet, quelle apparence y a t'il qu'un fils de Roi, qu'un pretre d' Apollon se trouvât tout nud dans la ceremonie actuelle d'un sacrifice; car les serpens passèrent de l' isle de Tenedos au rivage de Troye, et surprirent Laocoon et ses fils dans le tems meme qu'il sacrifioit à Neptune sur le bord de la mer, comme le marque Virgile dans le second livre de son Æneide. Cependant les Artistes, qui sont les auteurs de ce bel ouvrage ont bien vû, qu'ils ne pouvoient pas leur donner de vetemens convenables à leur qualite, sans faire comme un amas de pierres, dont la masse ressemblerait a un rocher, au lieu des trois admirables figures, qui ont été et qui sont toujours l' admiration des siecles. C'est pour cela que de deux inconvéniens ils ont jugé celui des draperies beaucoup plus facheux, que celui d' aller contre la verité méme.

Note (16) p. 46.

Maffei, Richardson, and more lately still Herr von Hagedorn. (Betrachtungen über die Mahlerey, S. 37. Richardson, Traité de la Peinture, Tome iii. p. 513,) De Fontaines scarcely deserves to be added to this list. He maintains certainly in the notes to his translation of Virgil, that the poet had the group in his mind; but he is ignorant enough to assert that it is the work of Phidias.

Note (17) p. 48.

I cannot refer to anything more decisive, in this respect, than the poem of Sadolet. It is worthy of an ancient poet, and since it may well serve the purpose of an engraving, I venture upon inserting it whole.

DE LAOCOONTIS STATUA JACOBI SADOLETI CARMEN.

Ecce alto terræ e cumulo, ingentisque ruinæ
Visceribus, iterum reducem longinquæ reduxit
Laocoonta dies. Aulis regalibus olim
Qui stetit, atque tuos ornabat, Tite, penates.
Divinæ simulacrum artis, nec docta vetustas
Nobilius spectabat opus, nunc celsa revisit
Exemptum tenebris redivivæ mæria Romæ.
Quid primum summumve loquar? miserumne parentem
Et prolem geminam? an sinuatos flexibus angues
Terribili aspectu? caudasque irasque draconum
Vulneraque et veros, saxo moriente, dolores?
Horret ad hæc animus, mutaque ab imagine pulsat
Pectora non parvo pietas commixta tremori.
Prolixum bini spiris glomerantur in orbem
Ardentes colubri, et sinuosis orbibus errant,
Ternaque multiplici constringunt corpora nexu.
Vix oculi suffrerre valent, crudele tuendo
Exitium, casusque feros: micat alter, et ipsum
Laocoonta petit, totumque infraque supraque
Implicat et rabido tandem ferit ilia morsum.
Connexum refugit corpus, torquentia sese
Membra, latusque retro sinuatum a vulnere cernas.
Ille dolore acri, et laniatu impulsus acerbo,
Dat gemitum ingentem, crudosque evellere dentes
Connixus, lavam impatients ad terga Chelydri
Objicit: intendunt nervi, collectaque ab omni
Corpore vis frustra summis conatibus instat.
Ferre nequit rabiem, et de vulnere murmure anhelum est.
At serpens lapsu crebro redeunte subinтрат
Lubriceus, intortoque ligat genua infima nodo.
Absistunt suræ, spirisque prementibus arcutum
Crus tumet, obsepto turgente vitalia pulsu,
Liventessque atro distendunt sanguine venas.
Nec minus in natos eadem vis essera saevis
Implexuque angit rapido, miserandaque membra
Dilacerat; jamque alterius depasta cruentum
Pectus, suprema genitorem voce cientis,
Circumjectu orbis, validique volumine fulcit.
Alter adduc nullo violatus corpora morus,
Dum parat adducta caudam divellere planta,
Horret ad aspectum miseri patris, æaret in illo,
Et jam jam ingentes fletus, lachrymasque cadentes
Anceps in dubio retinet timor. Ergo perenni
Qui tantum statuistis opus jam laude nitentes,
Artifices magni (quanquam et melioribus actis
Quæritur æternum nomen, multoque licebat
Clarius ingenium venturae tradere famæ)
Attamen ad laudem quæcunque oblata facultas
Egregium hanc rapere, et summa ad fastigia niti.
Vos rigidum lapidem vivis animare figuris
Eximii, et vivos spiranti in marmore sensus
Inserere, aspicimus motumque iramque dolorenque,
Et pene audimus gemitus: vos extulit olim
Clara Rhodos, vestæ jacuerunt artis honores
Tempore ab immenso, quos rursum in luce secunda
Roma videt, celebratque frequent: operisque vetusti
Gratia parta recens. Quanto praestantius ergo est
Ingenio, aut quovis extendere fata labore,
Quam fastus et opes et inanem extendere luxum.

(V. Leodegarii a Quercu Farrago Poematum, T. ii. p. 63.) Gruter also has inserted this poem, together with some others of Sadolet’s, in his well known collection. (Delic. Poet. Italorum, Parte alt. p. 582.) His version however is very inaccurate; e. g. for bini, v. 14, he reads vivi: for errant, v. 15, oram, &c.

Note (18) p. 49.

De la Peinture, Tome iii. p. 516. C’est l’horreur que les Troïens ont conçue contre Laocoon, qui eût été nécessaire à Virgile pour la conduite de son Poème; et cela le mène à cette description patétique de la destruction de la patrie de son héros. Aussi Virgile n’avoit garde de diviser l’attention sur la dernière nuit, pour une grande ville entière, par la peinture d’un petit malheur d’un Particulier.

Note (19) p. 56.

I say, “may be;” but the chances are ten to one that it is not so. Juvenal is speaking of the early times of the republick, when its citizens were still unacquainted with splendour and luxury, and the soldier employed the gold and silver, of which he had despoiled his foe, only for the decoration of his horse-trappings and arms. (Sat. xi. 100—107.)

Tunc rudis et Graias mirari nescius artes
Urbibus eversis prædarum in parte reperta
Magnorum articum frangebat pocula miles,
Ut phaleris ganderet equus, cælataque cassis
Romuleæ simulacra fææ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hasta,
Pendentisque Dei perituro ostenderet hosti.

The soldier broke up costly cups the masterpieces of great artists, that he might have a she wolf and a little Romulus and Remus wherewith to adorn his helmet, made out of the metal. All is intelligible up to the last two lines, where the poet goes on to describe a
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figure of this kind, wrought upon the helmets of the old soldiers. It is easy to see that this figure is intended for Mars; the question is, what is the meaning of the epithet *pendentis*, which he applies to him. Rigaltius discovered a gloss which explained it by “quasi ad ictum se inclinantis.” Lubinus is of opinion that the figure was upon the shield, and that as the shield was suspended from the arm the poet may on this account have applied the epithet “suspended” to the figure. But this is in opposition to the construction: for the subject to *ostenderet* is not *miles* but *cassis*. Britannicus observes, “everything that stands high in the air may be said to be pendent, and therefore this figure either above or upon the helmet may be so called.” Others wish to read *perdendis* instead of *pendentis*, in order to create an antithesis, which however they alone can detect. Let us see what is Addison’s opinion about this disputed point. The commentators, he says, are all in error. “The true meaning of the “words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not “a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their “republick, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romu- “lus, who was begot by the God of War, and suckled by a Wolf. “The figure of the god was made as if descending upon the priestess “Ilia, or as others call her Rhea Silvia.................. As he was “represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air “over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is ex- “tremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique basso relievo “(in Bellorio), that made me first think of this interpretation, I have “since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of “ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus “Pius.” (Addison’s Travels, Rome, Tonson’s Edition, 1745, page 153). Since Spence thinks this discovery of Addison such an extraor- dinarily happy one, as to quote it as a pattern of its kind and a very strong example of the use which may be made of the works of the old Artists in illustrating the Roman classic poets, I cannot refrain from entering into a somewhat closer examination of this explanation. (Polymetis, Dial. vii. p. 77.) Now firstly I must observe that it is not probable that the mere sight of the bas relief and the coins would have recalled the passage in Juvenal to Addison’s memory, had he not at the same time recollected that in the old scholiast who reads *venientis* instead of *fulgentis* in the last line but one he had seen the gloss: “Martis ad Iliam venientis ut concumberet.” If however we reject the reading of the scholiast and adopt the same as Addison himself, there is nothing to lead to the supposition that the poet had Rhea in his mind. It would manifestly be a hysteronproteron for him to speak of the wolf and the twins, and afterwards mention
for the first time the event to which they were indebted for their existence. "Rhea is not yet a mother, and the children are already lying under the rocks,"—such would be the language of the poet. Again, would a representation of the moment of the most enervating enjoyment be altogether a suitable device for the helmet of a Roman soldier? It is true the soldier was proud of the divine origin of his founder; but that would have been sufficiently testified by the she wolf and the infants; and it by no means follows that he would have wished to exhibit Mars in the conception of an action, in which he completely ceases to be the terrible Mars. It is no reason that, because the surprise of Rhea is found represented on ever so many old marbles and coins, it was also adapted for a piece of armour. Besides, where are the marble and the coins, on which Addison discovered it, and where did he see Mars in this hovering attitude? The ancient bas-relief to which he appeals ought to be found in Bellorio: but we search through the Admiranda, a collection of the finest antique bas-reliefs, for it in vain. I cannot find it, nor can Spence have found it either there or elsewhere, as he makes no allusion to it whatever. All therefore depends upon the coin. Let us look at this then in Addison's own work. There is a Rhea in a reclining posture, and as the die-cutter had no room to draw the figure of Mars on the same ground with her, he has placed him a little higher. This is all. Beyond this there is not the slightest appearance of hovering. It is true that in the engraving which Spence gives of it, this hovering attitude is very strongly expressed; the upper part of the body is thrown considerably forwards. It is plain that the figure is not standing; and, since it cannot be falling, it must needs be hovering. Spence says that he himself is in possession of this coin. It would be harsh to call a man's integrity into question, even concerning a trifle. But a prejudice once adopted exercises an influence even upon our eyes; besides he may have permitted his artist to strengthen the expression which he fancied he himself discovered upon the coin, that his reader might feel as little doubt upon the subject as himself. There is no doubt, at any rate, that Spence and Addison both refer to the same coin, and that this being the case the latter has either greatly disfigured, or the former greatly beautified it. I have yet another objection to urge against this assumed hovering attitude of Mars; viz: that a body hovering without any visible cause by which the effect of its gravity is counteracted is an incongruity of which no instance is to be found among the ancient works of art. It is not even permitted in modern painting; but if a body is suspended in the air, it must either have wings, or must appear to rest upon something though it be only a cloud. When Homer represents Thetis as ascending from the beach to Olympus on foot,
Count Caylus displays too just a comprehension of the necessities of art, to permit the goddess to step through the air so freely. She is to take her way upon a cloud (Tableaux tirés de l'Iliade, p. 91); for the same reason he, on another occasion, places her in a chariot, though the poet’s description expressly contradicts him. How indeed could it be otherwise? Although the poet teaches us to image to ourselves the gods clothed in the human form, he is far from entertaining any idea of gross and heavy matter, and animates their human forms with a power which exempts them from our laws of motion. But what distinction could painting draw between the bodily figure of a god and of a man, which would be sufficiently striking to prevent our eyes from being offended at seeing two completely different principles of motion, gravity, and equilibrium, observed in their treatment? Conventional signs are the artist’s only resource; and in reality a pair of wings and a cloud are nothing else. But of this more in another place. For the present it is sufficient to require from the advocates of Addison’s opinion, that they should show us a figure upon any other monument of antiquity, suspended as freely and absolutely in the air, as the Mars on Addison’s coin is supposed to be. It is not likely that this Mars was the only specimen of its kind; or that tradition had transmitted any circumstance, which rendered this hovering attitude indispensable in this particular instance. Not the slightest trace of such an idea can be found in Ovid, (Fast. lib. i.) Nay more, such a circumstance cannot be reconciled with the other extant ancient works of art, which represent the same story, and in which Mars is manifestly not hovering but walking. Let us turn to the bas-relief in Montfaucon, (Suppl. Tom. i. p. 183), the original of which, if I am not mistaken, is at Rome in the Mellini palace. Rhea is lying asleep under a tree, while Mars is approaching her with stealthy footsteps and his right hand stretched backwards with that significant movement, by which we beckon to those behind us either to stand still or to follow quietly. His posture here is precisely the same as upon the coin, except that on the coin the lance is placed in the right hand, but upon the bas-relief in the left. So many celebrated statues and bas-reliefs are found copied upon coins, that it was probably the case here. As for the difference between the two, the die-cutter did not appreciate the expression contained in the backward motion of the hand, and therefore thought it better to fill it with the lance. If all this is taken together, how little probability does Addison’s hypothesis still retain; scarcely more indeed than bare possibility. Yet where are we to look for a better explanation, if this is worth
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nothing? It may be that there is a better among those, which Addison rejected. But if not what then? The passage of the poet is corrupt; let it remain so. Remain so it will, though twenty new explanations of it should be proposed. Such as the following, for instance: that pendens should be taken in its figurative sense, as equivalent to "uncertain, irresolute, undecided;" Mars pendens would, in that case, convey the same meaning as Mars incertus, or "Mars communis." "Dii communes sunt," says Servius, (ad. v. 118. lib. xii. Æneid,) Mars, Bellona, Victoria, quia hi in bello utrique parti favere possunt, and the whole line:

Pendentisque Dei (effigiem) perituro ostenderet hosti

would then mean, that the old Roman soldier was wont to bear the image of the god, the protector of his foe as well as of himself, under the very eyes of his enemy, who was none the less destined to fall by his hand. A very fine idea, attributing the victories of the ancient Romans to their own bravery, rather than to the partial assistance of their progenitor. For all that "non liquet."

Note."(20) p. 57."

"'Till I got acquainted with these Auræ,(or Sylphs) I found myself always at a loss in reading the known story of Cephalus and Procris, in Ovid. I could never imagine how Cephalus' crying out, Aura venias, (though in ever so languishing a manner) could give anybody a suspicion of his being false to Procris. As I had been always used to think that Aura signified only the air in general, or a gentle breeze in particular, I thought Procris' jealousy less founded, than the most extravagant jealousies generally are: but when I had once found that Aura might signify a very handsome young lady as well as the air, the case was entirely altered; and the story seemed to go on in a very reasonable manner." I am not going to recall in my note the approbation which I have bestowed in my text upon this discovery, on which Spence evidently plumes himself. But I cannot omit observing that the passage of the poet would be quite natural and comprehensible without it. All that was required to be known was, that among the ancients Aura was not an unusual name for ladies. e. g. It is the name of a nymph, in Nonnus, (Dionys. lib. xlviii.) one of the attendants of Diana, who, because she boasted that her beauty was more manly than that of the goddess, was as a punishment given up to the embraces of Bacchus.

* Forbiger explains communes, by "by which both sides were going to swear."
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Note (21) p. 57.

Juvenalis Satyræ, viii. 52—55.

Nil nisi Cecropides; truncoque simillimus Hermæ:
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

If Spence had included the Greek authors in his plan, an old fable of Ἐsope might possibly have occurred to him, on which the form of one of these pillars of Hermes throws a light still more beautiful, and more indispensable to the proper understanding of its meaning. "Hermes," Ἐsope tells us, "was desirous to learn in what estimation he was held among men. He concealed his divinity, and entered a sculptor's; here he saw a figure of Jupiter, and asked the "artist its price. 'A drachma,' was the reply. Mercury smiled;
"'And this Juno?' he continued. 'About the same!' was the "answer. Meantime he had espied an image of himself, and was thus "cogitating: 'I am the messenger of the gods; I am the author of "all gain; men must needs value me highly;' 'and this god here,' he "went on, pointing to the figure of himself, 'what may be its price?"
"'O, if you will buy the other two I will throw that into the bargain.'" Mercury's vanity received a check. The sculptor, however, did not know him, and could not therefore have had any design of wounding his self-love; but there must have been something in the nature of the statues, which made the last of such little value that the artist was willing to give it in with the others. The lower rank of the god could not have been the reason, for the artist values his productions according to the skill, the industry, and the labour expended upon them, and not according to the rank and estimation in which the beings whom they represent are held. It is clear that an image of Mercury, if it was to cost less than one of Jupiter or Juno, must have required less skill and industry in its execution. Such was really the case; the statues of Jupiter and Juno were full figures of these divinities; the statue of Mercury was a simple square pillar with his bust at the top of it. No wonder then the artist could afford to give it in to the purchaser of the other two. Mercury overlooked this circumstance, because his thoughts were wholly employed in the consideration of his seeming pre-eminent services; his chagrin, therefore was as natural as deserved. It would be vain to search the commentators, translators, or imitators of Ἐsope, for any traces of this explanation; whilst I could quote a whole series, if it were worth the trouble, who have understood the fable literally, that is, have not understood it at
They have either not felt the incongruity which arises from all the images being supposed to be of the same kind at all, or they have pushed it too far. The price, which the artist asks for his Jupiter, is also difficult to understand; for a potter could hardly make a doll for the money. A drachma, therefore, must be taken generally, as equivalent to any very low price.—(Fab. Æsop, 90).

Note (22) p. 58.

Lucretius, d. R. N. Lib. v. 736—747.

It ver et Venus, et Veneris prænuntius ante
Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus, vestigia propter
Flora quibus mater præspargens ante viai
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet.
Inde loci sequitur Calor aridus, et comes una
Pulverulenta Ceres, et Etesia flagra Aquilonum.
Inde Autumnus adit: graditur simul Evius Evan:
Inde aliae tempestates, ventique sequuntur,
Altitonans Volturnus et Auster fulmine pollens.
Tandem Bruma nives adfert, pigrumque rigorem
Reddit, Hyems sequitur, crepitans ac dentibus Algus.

Spence pronounces this to be one of the most beautiful passages in the whole of Lucretius. At least it is one of those on which he considers his reputation as a poet is to be grounded. Yet surely he greatly diminishes this honour, or rather deprives him of it altogether, when he says that the description was borrowed from some ancient procession of the deities of the several seasons; and why? "Such processions," he says, "of their deities in general, were as common among the Romans of old, as those in the honour of the saints are in the same country to this day. All the expressions used by Lucretius here come in very aptly, if applied to a procession." Excellent reasons! But how much might be said against the last! The epithets which the poet bestows upon the personified abstractions, "Calor aridus—Ceres pulverulenta,—Volturnus altitonans,—fulmine pollens Auster,—Algus dentibus crepitans,"—prove at once that they derive their being from him, and not from the artist, who would have attributed totally different characteristics to them. Spence appears, moreover, to be indebted for this idea of a procession to Abraham Preigern, who, in his note upon these lines, says, "Ordo est quasi pompæ cujusdam, Ver et Venus, Zephyrus et Flora," &c. But Spence should have been satisfied to stop here. To say "The poet makes the seasons pass
by as it were in a procession," is all very well; but to say he borrowed the idea of making them thus pass before us from a procession shews great want of taste.

Note (23) p. 67.


Serta patri, juvenisque comam vestesque Lyaei
Induit, et medium currus locat: eraque circum
Tympanaque et plenas tacita formidine cistas.
Ipsa sinus hederisque ligat famularibus artus:
Pampinecamque quatit ventosus ictibus hastam,
Respiciens: teneat virides velatus habenas
Ut pater, et nivea tumeant ut cornua mitra,
Et sacer ut Bacchum referat scyphus.

The word *tumeant*, in the last line but one, seems to indicate that the horns of Bacchus were not quite so small as Spence imagines.

Note (24) p. 68.

The so called Bacchus in the gardens of the Medici at Rome (Montfaucon Suppl. Aux Antiq. i. 254) has little horns just sprouting from his forehead. But there are some connoisseurs, who, for that very reason, think it would be more properly considered a faun. In fact such natural horns are a degradation of the human form, and can only become beings who are esteemed a kind of link between man and brute. Besides the attitude, the longing look with which he eyes the grapes held over him is more suited to one of his attendants than to the god himself. I here recollect what Clemens Alexandrinus says of Alexander the Great; (Protrept p. 48, Edit. Pott.)

Εβούλετο δὲ καὶ Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀμμωνος νῦν εἶναι δόκειν, καὶ κεράσφορος ἀναπλάττεσθαι πρὸς τῶν ἀγαλματο ποιῶν, τὸ καλὸν ἀνθρωπὸν ὑβρίσαι σπεύδων κέρατι.

It was Alexander's express wish that the sculptor should represent him with horns: he was quite content that the human beauty of his form should be degraded by them, provided he should be believed to have sprung from a divine origin.

Note (25) p. 69.

When I asserted above that the ancient artists had never executed a fury, it had not escaped me that the furies had more than one temple, in which there certainly must have been statues. In that at
Cerynea, Pausanias found some of wood, which were neither large, nor in any other respect worthy of remark: but it seemed that art, forbidden to exhibit its powers in the statues of the goddesses, displayed them in those of their priestesses; which stood in the vestibule of the temple, and were most beautifully executed in stone; (Pausanias Achaic. xxv. p. 587, Edit. Kuhn). Neither had I forgotten that it is supposed that their heads may be seen upon an abraxas made known by Chifletius, and upon a lamp in Lictet; (Dissertat. sur les Furies par Bannier, Memoires de l’Academie des Inscriptions, T. V. p. 48.) Nor was that urn of Etruscan workmanship unknown to me, upon which Orestes and Pylades are drawn attacked by furies with torches. I spoke however of works of art only, from which I believe that all these pieces may be excluded; and even if the case of the last-mentioned work is more doubtful than that of the others, yet when considered from another point of view, it serves to corroborate my opinion rather than contradict it. For though beauty was not, generally speaking, the aim of Etruscan artists, yet even here the furies are not denoted by their horrible features so much as by the treatment of them, and the attributes by which they are distinguished. Indeed so mild is their expression, while they thrust their torches into the very eyes of Pylades and Orestes, that they appear as if they only wished to frighten them in jest. We can only infer how terrible they appeared to the two friends from their terror, but in no way from the figures of the Furies themselves. They are therefore Furies, and yet, as it were, not. They perform the office of Furies, yet not with that representation of anger and rage, which we are accustomed to associate with the name: not with a brow, which, as Catullus says, “expirantis preportat pectoris iras.” But lately Winkelmann thought he had discovered a Fury, with dishevelled dress and hair and a dagger in her hand, upon a cornelian in the cabinet of Herr Stoss; (Library of the Fine Arts, vol. v. p. 30). Hagedorn advises artists, on the strength of this, to introduce Furies into their pictures; (Betrachtungen über die Mahlercy, p. 222.) Winkelmann himself however has since thrown doubts upon this discovery, because he cannot find any grounds for believing that among the ancients the Furies were ever armed with daggers instead of torches; (Descript. des Pierres gravées, p. 84.) Doubtlessly, therefore, he does not consider the figures upon the coins of the towns Lyrba and Massaura, which Spanheim pronounced Furies, as such, (Les Cæsars de Julien, p. 44); but as an Hecate triformis: for otherwise a fury might here also be seen bearing a dagger in either hand; and it is curious that this too appears with her hair uncovered and dishevelled, whereas in other cases Furies are covered with a veil. But supposing Winkelmann’s first
conjecture to be right; still, in this stone and the Etruscan vase alike, the features are so small that they can hardly be recognized. Besides carved stones generally, on account of their use as seals, may be considered as belonging to symbolical language; and the figures upon them were probably designed according to the caprice of the owner, and were not the spontaneous productions of the artist.

**Note (26) page 70.**

*Fasti.* lib. vi. v. 295—98.

Esse diu stultus Vestæ simulacra putavi:
Mox didici curvo nulla subesse tholo.
Ignis inextinctus templo calcatur in illo;
Effigiem nullam Vesta, nec ignis, habet.

Ovid is speaking only of the worship of Vesta at Rome, and of the temple, which Numa had there built her, of which he says shortly before (v. 259):

Regis opus placidi, quo non metuentius ullum
Numinis ingenium terra Sabina tulit.

**Note (27) p. 70.**

*Fasti.* lib. iii. v. 45, 46.

Sylvia fit mater; Vestæ simulacra feruntur
Virgineas oculis opposuisse manus.

It is thus that Spence should have compared Ovid’s different statements. The poet speaks of different periods: in the last passage, of the age preceding Numa; in the first, of a time subsequent to him. During the former she was worshipped in Italy under a personal representation, as she had been in Troy, from whence Æneas had introduced her services along with her divinity.

. . . . Manibus vittas, Vestamque potentem,
Æternumque adytum effert penetralibus ignem:

says Virgil of the spirit of Hector, after it has counselled Æneas to take flight. Here a distinction is expressly drawn between the eternal
fire and Vesta, or her statue. Spence cannot have studied the Latin poets with sufficient attention for his purpose, since this passage has escaped him.

Note (28) p. 71.

Plinius xxxvi. 4, 7. Edit. Tauch. “Scopas fecit Vestam sedentem laudatam in Servilianis hortis.” Lipsius must have had this passage in his mind when he wrote, (de Vesta, cap. 3): Plinius Vestam sedentem effingi solitam ostendit, a stabilitate: but he had no right to assume that, what Pliny said of a particular piece of Scopas was a characteristic universally adopted in the goddess’ statues. He himself remarks that on the coins Vesta appears standing as often as sitting: by this observation, however, he corrects not Pliny, but his own mistaken imagination.

Note (29) p. 71.


Τὴν γῆν λέγουσιν 'Εστίαν, καὶ πλάττουσιν ἀντῆν γυναίκα, τύμπανον βαστάζουσαν, ἑπειδὴ τοὺς ἀνέμους ἡ γῆ ὑφ' ἑαυτῆν συγκλείει. Suidas, either on Codinus’ authority, or perhaps drawing from a common source with him, says the same in his account of the word, ἔστία. “The earth is represented under the name of Vesta as a woman carrying a tympanum, in which she is supposed to hold the winds confined.” The reason given is somewhat absurd, it would have been more plausible to have said that the tympanum was one of her attributes because the ancients believed that she resembled it in shape; σχῆμα ἀντῆς τυμπανοειδές εἶναι. (Plutarchus de placitis Philos. cap. 10. id. de facie in orbe Lunæ). Only it is possible enough that Codinus may have been mistaken in the figure, or in the name, or in both. Perhaps he knew no better name to give to what he saw in Vesta’s hand than “tympanum;” or heard it called a tympanum, and it never struck him that a tympanum could be anything else than the instrument which we call a kettle-drum. Tympana, however, were also a kind of wheel:

Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris Agricolæ. (Virgilius Georgic. lib. ii. 444.) The symbol, which we see in the hands of the Vesta of Fabretti (ad Tabulam Iliadis. p. 334), seems to me to be very like such a wheel, though this scholar takes it for a handmill.
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Note (30) p. 76.

In the picture which Horace draws of Necessity, and which is perhaps the richest in attributes, that can be found among the poets. (Lib. i. Od. 35.)

Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas;
Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
Gestans abenea; nec severus
Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

Whether we take the nails, the clamps, the molten lead, for means of giving strength, or for instruments of punishment; they must alike be considered as belonging to the class of poetical rather than allegorical attributes; yet there are too many of them even when considered as such; and the passage is one of the coldest in Horace, Sanadon says; J'ose dire que ce tableau pris dans le detail serait plus beau fur la toile que dans une ode heroique. Je ne puis souflir cet attirail patibulaire de clous, de coins, de crocs, et de plomb fondu. J'ai cru en devoir decharger la traduction en substituant les idees generales aux idees singulieres. C'est dommage que le Poet ait eu besoin de ce correctif. Sanadon's feeling was just and refined, but his justification of it is based upon false grounds. The passage is unpleasing, not because the attributes, made use of, are an attirail patibulaire, (for he had the option of adopting the other interpretation, and thus changing the instruments of execution into the firmest cements employed in building) but because they are peculiarly addressed to the eyes; and, if we attempt to acquire by the ear conceptions which would be naturally conveyed through the eyes, a greater effort is required, while the ideas themselves are incapable of the same distinctness. The continuation of the above quoted stanza in Horace moreover reminds me of a few mistakes of Spence, which do not create the most favourable impression of the accuracy with which he has weighed the passages he has cited from the ancient poets. He is speaking of the figure, under which the Romans worshipped Faith or Honesty, (Dial. x. p. 145). "The Romans called her 'Fides;' and "when they called her 'Sola Fides,' seem to mean the same as we do "by the words, downright honesty. She is represented with an erect, "open air; and with nothing but a thin robe on, so fine that one "might see through it. Horace therefore calls her thin-dressed, in "one of his odes; and transparent in another." In this short passage there are not less than three gross mistakes. Firstly, it is false that solu was a peculiar epithet applied by the Romans to the goddess Fides.
In both the passages of Livy, which he quotes to prove this, (Lib. i. 21, Lib. ii. 3), it signifies nothing further than usual, viz. "the exclusion of everything else." In the first passage the *soli* even appears suspicious to the critics, and is supposed to have crept into the text through a fault of transcription occasioned by the *solenne*, which stands next it. In the second quotation Livy is speaking not of Fides, but of Innocentia. Secondly, it is stated that in one of his odes, (viz. the one above mentioned, Lib. i. 35), Horace has bestowed upon Fides the epithet "thin-dressed."

Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno.

It is true that *rarus* does also mean thin; but here it simply signifies "rare," *i.e.* "what is seldom met with," and is applied to Fides herself, and not to her dress. Spence would have been right, had the poet said, "Fides raro velata panno." Thirdly, Horace is said in another passage to call Faith or Integrity "transparent," and to mean the same as when we say, (in our professions of fidelity and honesty) "I wish you could see into my breast," or "I wish that you could see through me." This passage is the following line of the eighteenth ode of the first book:

Arcanique Fides prodiga, pellucidior vitro.

How could any one so suffer himself to be misled by a mere word? The *Fides arcani prodiga*, here spoken of, is not Faithfulness, but Faithlessness. It is this last that Horace speaks of as being "as transparent as glass," because she exposes to every gaze the secrets that have been entrusted to her.

Note (31) p. 77.

Apollo delivers the body of Sarpedon purified and embalmed to Death and Sleep, to carry to his father land, (II. II. 681).

Πέμπε δέ μων πομπονίων ἄμα κρατπονόι φέρεσθαι, Ἡμνω καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάσσιν.

Caylus recommends this idea to the painter, but adds; *Il est facheux, qu’ Homere ne nous ait rien laissé sur les attributs qu’on donnait de son temps au Sommeil; nous ne connaissons, pour caracteriser ce Dieu, que son action meme, et nous le couronnons de pavots. Ces idees sont modernes; la premiere est d’un mediocre service, mais*
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elle ne peut être employée dans le cas present, ou même les fleurs me paroissent déplacées, sur tout pour une figure qui groupe avec la mort. (Tableaux tires de l'Iliade, de l'Odyssèe d'Homere et de l'Eneide de Virgile, avec des observations générales sur le Costume ; a Paris, 1757—58.) This is requiring of Homer one of those trifling ornaments, which are most strongly opposed to the grandeur of his style. The most ingenious attributes he could have bestowed on Sleep would not have characterised him nearly so perfectly, would not have called up in us nearly so lively an idea of him, as does the single trait by which he represents him as the twin brother of Death. Let the artist but express this and he may dispense with all attributes. The ancient artists have, in fact, represented Death and Sleep with that resemblance between the two, which is naturally expected in twins. On a chest of cedar wood in the temple Juno at Elis they were carved as two boys, sleeping in the arms of night. Only the one was white, while the other was black: the one slept, the other appeared to sleep; both had their feet crossed; for I prefer to translate the words of Pausanias (Eliac. cap. xviii),

ἀμφοτέρους διεστραμμένους τοὺς πόδας,

by this, rather than by "with crooked feet," or as Gedoyn has rendered it in his language, "les pieds contrefaits." What expression would crooked feet have here? But to lie with the feet crossed is the ordinary posture of sleepers, and is exactly the attitude of Sleep in Maffei, (Raccol. Pl. 151). Modern artists have entirely abandoned the resemblance, which the ancients maintained between Sleep and Death; and it has become their general custom to represent Death as a skeleton, or at the most as a skeleton clothed with skin. Caylus' first duty was to advise the artist whether to follow the ancient or modern custom in his representation of Death. Yet he appears to declare himself in favour of the modern, since he speaks of Death as a figure, near which another crowned with flowers could not well be grouped. But had he considered how unsuited the modern idea of Death would have been to an Homeric picture? And is it possible that its repulsiveness should not have forced itself upon him? I cannot persuade myself that the little figure in brass, in the ducal gallery at Florence, which represents Death as a skeleton sitting on the ground, and resting one of its arms on a long urn, (Spence's Polymetis Tab. xii), is really an antique. At any rate it cannot represent death generally, because the ancients represented him differently. Even their poets have never drawn him under so repulsive a form.
Richardson mentions this piece, when he wishes to illustrate the rule, that in a painting nothing, however excellent in itself, should be allowed to distract the attention of the spectator from the principal figure. "Protogenes, he says, had introduced a partridge in "to his famous painting of Ialysus, and had delineated it with so "much skill that it seemed to be alive, and was the admiration of "all Greece. Since, however, he saw that it attracted all eyes, to "the prejudice of the main figure in the piece, he completely effaced "it." (Traité de la Peinture, T i. p. 46.) Richardson is mistaken. This partridge was not in the Ialysus, but in another painting of Protogenes, which was called the Wearied Satyr, Σατυρός ανα-παυμένος. I should scarcely have noticed this error, which has arisen from a passage of Pliny being misunderstood, had not I found the same mistake in Meursius: In cadem tabula, scilicet in qua Ialysus, Satyrus erat, quem dicebant Anapauomenon, tibias te- nens. (Rhodi. lib i. cap. iv. p. 38.) Something of the kind is found in Winkelmann also (On the Imitation of the Greek pieces in Paint- ing and Sculpture, p. 56.) Strabo is the only authority, on which this story of the partridge rests, and he expressly distinguishes be- tween the picture of Ialysus and that of the Satyr leaning against a pillar, upon which the partridge sat; (Lib. xiv. p. 750, Edit. Xyl). Meursius, Richardson, and Winkelmann, have all misunderstood the passage of Pliny, because they paid no attention to the fact, that two distinct pictures are spoken of; one, on account of which De- metrius did not conquer a town, because he would not assault the place where it was; another, which Protogenes painted during this siege. The first was the Ialysus, the second the Satyr.

Quintus Calaber has imitated this invisible contest of the gods with the manifest intention of improving upon his model. The grammarian, for instance, seems to have found it incomprehensible, that a god should be struck to the ground with a stone. Accord- ingly, though he represents the gods as hurling against one another great masses of rock, torn from Mount Ida, these rocks are shivered against the limbs of the gods, and scattered, as sand, around them.

οί δὲ κολώνας
χερσιν ὑπορρηξάντες ἀπ' οὐδεσ Ἰδαιοι
βάλλον ἐπ' ἄλληλους· οἱ δὲ ψαμάθοι τοίμοιαι
μεῖα διεσκίωντο θέων περὶ δ' ἀσχετα γυῖα
ῥηγνύμενα διὰ τυθα
An artificial refinement, which is the destruction of the main subject. It heightens our conceptions of the bodies of the gods, but makes the weapons which they employ against one another ridiculous. When gods hurl stones at one another, if these stones are not capable of injuring gods, nothing is presented to our imagination but a troop of mischievous boys, pelting one another with lumps of earth. Here therefore, as ever, Homer proves the wisest, and all the censure, with which cold critics have assailed him, all the rivalry in which lesser geniuses have engaged with him, serve only to set his wisdom in its happiest light. I do not deny that Quintus' description contains some excellent and entirely original features; but they are such as become the stormy fire of a modern poet rather than the modest greatness of Homer. The cry of the gods, for instance, the sound of which ascends to the heights of heaven and pierces to the lowest depths of the earth, which shakes vehemently the mountain, and the town, and the fleet, but is not heard of men, seems to me a very significant stroke. The cry was so loud, that the diminutive organs of human hearing were incapable of receiving it.

Note (34) p. 87.

No one, who has even cursorily read Homer, will question this assertion, as far as regards strength and speed. It may be, however, that all have not alike remarked the example, from which it is clear that the poet also attributed to his divinities a size of body, which far surpasses all human dimensions. The proofs I bring of this (in addition to the passage, quoted above, where Mars is described as covering seven hides of land) are the helmet of Minerva,

(κυνέην ἐκατόν πόλεων προδέσσ' ἀραρυναν, Iliad E. v. 744),

which was large enough to cover as many troops, as a hundred cities could bring into the field; the stride of Neptune (Iliad N. xiii. 20); and the passage, in the description of the shield, which I consider the most conclusive proof of all, where Mars and Minerva head the troops of the beleaguered town; (Iliad Σ, 516.)

. . Ἡρχε δ' ἀρα σφιν'Δρης καὶ Πάλλας Ἀθηνη, ἀμφω χρυσεῖω, χρύσεια δὲ ἐματα ἔσθην, καλῶ καὶ μεγάλω σὺν τέχνεσιν, ὡς τε θεῶ περ, ἀμφὶς ἀριζηλω' λαοὶ δ' υπολίζονες ἦσαν.

Even the commentators on Homer have not been sufficiently careful to bear in mind the extraordinary dimensions, here attributed to the
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gods; as may be gathered from the modifications which they seem to feel they are bound to introduce into their remarks upon the size of Minerva’s helmet; (v. the notes on the above-quoted passage in the edition of Clarke and Ernesti). But the loss of the sublime, which we incur by never thinking of the Homeric deities except as the beings of ordinary size which they are generally represented on canvass, is beyond all computation. Painting, it is true, cannot be allowed to represent the gods as of this extraordinary size, but sculpture may in a certain measure; and I am convinced that the ancient masters are indebted to Homer both for the forms of their gods generally, and also for that colossal size, which they sometimes bestow upon them in their statues; (Herodot. lib. ii. p. 130, Edit. Wessel.) I reserve for another place some especial remarks upon the colossal, as well as the reasons I assign for its producing so powerful an effect in sculpture, but none at all on canvass.

Note (35) p. 90.

It is true that Homer’s divinities sometimes conceal themselves in a cloud, but it is only when they wish to escape the observation of their fellow-deities: e.g. Iliad Ξ. xiv. 282, where Juno and Sleep ἡ έρα ἐσωαμένω, go together to Mount Ida: the cunning goddess had every reason for concealing herself from Venus, from whom she had borrowed her girdle, on pretext of making a very different expedition. In the same book (v. 343) a golden cloud is required for the concealment of the love-intoxicated Jupiter, that he may put an end to the chaste reluctance of his spouse.

πῶς κ’ ἐοι, ἐλ τις νὼ θεῶν αἰεγενετάων
ἐνδοντ’ ἀθρήσειε ἕ... ἔπειροι ἐν θεῶν

Juno was not afraid of being seen by men but by gods. And because Homer, some lines after, makes Jupiter say:

"Ἡρη, μήτε θεῶν τόγε δείδηθι, μήτε τιν' ἀνδρῶν,
ὀψεσθαι τοῖον τοί εγώ νέφος ἀμφικαλύψω
χρύσεοιν.

It does not follow that this cloud would have been required merely to conceal them from the eyes of men. All he meant to say was, that, protected by it, his wife would be as invisible to the eyes of the gods, as she always was to those of men. So also when Minerva puts Pluto’s helmet upon her head, which had the same effect as enveloping herself
in a 'cloud, she does it, not that she may be hidden from the Trojans, who either did not behold her at all, or else under the form of Sthenelus, but simply that she may not be recognised by Mars.

Note (36) p. 96.

Tableaux tirés de l'Iliade, Avert. p. 5. On est toujours convenu, que plus un poème fournissait d’images et d’actions, plus il avait de superiorité en Poésie. Cette reflexion m’avait conduit à penser que le calcul des différents Tableaux, qu’offrent les Poèmes, pouvait servir à comparer le merite respectif des Poèmes et des Poètes. Le nombre et le genre des Tableaux que presentent ces grands ouvrages, auraient été une especie de pierre de touche, ou plutôt une balance certaine du merite de ces poèmes et du genie de leurs auteurs.

Note (37) p. 97.

What we call poetical pictures were, as the reader of Longinus will recollect, called phantasía, by the ancients. And what we call illusion, viz. that part of this picture which produces deception, was by them named enargia. For this reason it was said by some one, as Plutarch mentions (Erot. T. ii. p. 1351, Edit. Henr. Steph.) that poetical phantasía were, on account of their enargia, dreams of a waking person;

strictly:

'Αι ποιητικαὶ φαντασίαι διὰ τὴν ἐνάργειαν ἐγρηγοροτῶν ἐνύπνια ἔσον.

I much wish that modern treatises on art had made use of this nomenclature, and had entirely abstained from employing the word picture. We should thus have been spared a number of half-true rules, which principally rest upon the coincidence of an arbitrary term. Poetical phantasía would not have been so readily confined within the limits of material painting; but as soon as the term poetical picture was introduced, the foundation of the error was laid.

Note (38) p. 99.

Iliad Δ, iv. 105.

'Αυτίκ’ ἐσύλα τόξον ἐξεῖσον . . . . καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν κατέθηκε ταυνυσάμενος, προῦτα γαῖῃ ἀγκλίνας. . . . . . .
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ἀντὰρ ὁ σύλα πώμα φαρέτρης, ἐκ δ' ἐλετ' ἰὸν ἀβλῆτα, πτερόεντα, μελανῶν ἔρμ' ὀδυνᾶων·

άνια δ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ κατεκόσμει πικρόν οἰστών.

ἔλκε δ' ὁμοὶ γλυφίδας τε λαβῶν, καὶ νεῦρα βόεια·

νευρῆν μὲν μαζῷ πέλασε, τὸξῷ δὲ σίδηρον.

ἀντὰρ ἐπειδὴ κυκλοτερὲς μέγα τόξον ἔτεμεν,

λίγες βιὸς, νευρῇ δὲ μέγ' ἰαχεν, ἀλτὸ δ' οἴστος

ὀξυβελῆς, καθ' ὀμιλον εὐπτεσθαί μενεαίων.

Note (39) p. 108.

PROLOGUE to the Satires, v. 340.

That not in Fancy’s maze he wander’d long
But stoop’d to Truth, and moraliz’d his song.

Ibid. v. 147.

Who could take offence,

While pure Description held the place of Sense?

Warburton’s remarks upon this last passage may be considered as an authentic explanation of the poet himself. “He uses Pure “equivocally, to signify either chaste or empty; and has given in this “line what he esteemed the true character of descriptive poetry, as “it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast “made up of sauces. The use of a picturesque imagination is to “brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in des-“cription, is like children’s delighting in a prism for the sake of its “gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully disposed, “might be made to represent and illustrate the noblest objects in na-“ture.” Both poet and commentator, it is true, look at the question “from a moral, rather than an artistic point of view. So much the better: it only proves that description in poetry appears equally valueless, from whichever side it is viewed.

Note (40) p. 119.

Poétique Francoise, T. ii. p. 501. J’ecrivois ces reflexions avant que les essais des Allemands dans ce genre (l’Eglogue) fussent connus parmi nous. Ils ont exécuté ce qui j’avais conçu; et s’ils parviennent à donner plus au moral et moins au detail des peintures physiques, ils excelleron dans ce genre, plus riche, plus vaste, plus second, et infini-ment plus naturel et plus moral que celui de la galanterie champetre.
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Note (41) p. 127.

I see that Servius adduces another argument in Virgil's justification: for Servius also has remarked the difference that exists between Virgil's shield and Homer's. "Sane interest inter hunc et Homeri 'clypeum; ilic enim singula dum funt narratur; hie vero perfecto "opere noscuntur; nam et hic arma prius accipit Aeneas, quam spec-
"taret; ibi postquam omnia narrata sunt, sic a Thetide deferuntur ad "Achillem." (Ad. v. 625. lib. viii. Aeneid.) Because, in Servius' opinion, not only the unimportant events, which the poet mentions, but
... genus omne future

Stirpis ab Ascanio, pugnataque in ordine bella,

were wrought upon the shield of Aeneas. It would not then have been possible for the whole series of posterity to have been mentioned individually, and for the wars they fought to have been related in chronological order by the poet, as quickly as they would have been executed on the shield by Vulcan. This seems to be the meaning of the somewhat obscure passage in Servius: "Opportune ergo Virgilius, quia non vi-
"detur simul et narrationis celeritas potuisse connecti, et opus tam "velociter expedire, ut ad verbam posset occurrere." As Virgil could only bring forward a small part of the non enarrabile tex-
tum Clypei, so also he could not even describe that part, whilst Vulcan was forging it; but was forced to be silent until all was ready. I wish, for Virgil's sake, that Servius' reasoning was altogether without foundation: my defence is far more creditable for him. What necess-
ity was there for his introducing the whole of Roman history into his shield? In but a few pictures Homer made his shield an epitome of everything that happens in the world. One would be almost led to think that Virgil, though he despaired of surpassing Homer in the execution of his shield, and in his choice of subjects for it, hoped at least to exceed him in the number of his subjects. And this would truly have been the conduct of a child.

Note (42) p. 134.

The first picture commences at line 483, and finishes at line 489. The second lasts from 490—500; the third from 510—540; the fourth from 541—549; the fifth from 550—560; the sixth from 561—572; the seventh from 573—586; the eighth from 587—589; the ninth from 590—605; and the tenth from 606—608. The third picture is the only one that has not the introductory words quoted in the text; but from the words at the commencement of the second,

ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις,
and from the circumstances of the case itself, it is plain that two pictures are intended.

Note (43) p. 135.

That I have just grounds for all that I have said of Pope is proved by the beginning of the passage I am about to quote from him. "That Homer was no stranger to aerial perspective, appears in his ex-
"pressly marking the distance from object to object; he tells us, &c." I repeat, Pope has here made an entirely false use of the term aerial perspective (perspective aerienne); for it has nothing to do with the lessening of size in proportion to distance, but merely expresses the change and increasing faintness of colour, according to the condition of the air, or medium through which it is viewed. Any one who could commit such a blunder as this must necessarily have been ignorant of the whole matter.

Note (44) p. 139.

Constantinus Manasses Compend. Chron. p. 20, Edit. Venet. Dacier was well pleased with the whole of this portrait by Manasses, except the tautology: De Helenæ pulchritudine omnium optime Constantinus Manasses, nisi in eo tautologiam reprehendas, (Ad Dycitin Cretensem, lib. i. cap. 3. p. 5). She also quotes, according to Mezeriac, (comment. sur les Epitres d'Ovide, T. i. p. 361) the descriptions, which Dares, Phrygus and Cedrenus give of the beauty of Helen. In the first there occurs a trait which sounds rather curious. Dares pointedly says of Helen that she had a mole between her eyebrows: notam inter duo supercilia habentem. Surely that was no beauty! I wish that Dacier had given her opinion upon it. My own belief is that the word nota is here corrupt, and that Dares is speaking of what the Greeks used to call μεσόφρυνον, and the Latins glabella. The eyebrows of Helen, he means to say, did not meet, but were slightly separated. The ancients were divided in their taste upon this point. Some admired a space between the eyebrows, some not, (Junius de Pictura Vet. lib. iii. cap. 9. p. 245). Anacreon held a middle course; the eyebrows of his beloved maiden were neither strikingly divided, nor did they run completely into each other. They died away gently into a single point. He says to the artist, who is painting her (Od. 28.):

τὸ μεσόφρυνον δὲ μὴ μοι διάκοπτε, μὴτε μίσγε.
ἐχέτω δ', ὡπὼς ἐκείη,
τὶ λειληθότος σύνοφρυν
βλεφάρων ἵτων κελαινήν.
This is Pauw's reading, but the ordinary one admits of the same sense being put upon it, which has been rightly given by Henr. Stephano:

Supercilii nigrantes
Discrimina nec arcus
Confundito nec illos:
Sed junge sic ut ancesp
Divortium relinquas,
Quale esse cernis ipsi.

If then I have hit upon Dares' meaning, what word must be substituted for notam? Perhaps moram. At any rate it is certain that mora means not only the lapse of time before the occurrence of any event, but also the impediment, the space, which separates one thing from another.

Ego inquieta montium jaceam mora,

is the wish of the raving Hercules in Seneca, (v. 1215) which passage Gronovius has well explained as follows: "Optat se medium jacepe "inter duas Symplegades, illaram velut moram, impedimentum, "obicem; qui eas moretur, vetet aut satis arcte conjungi, aut rursus "distrahi." The same poet uses the phrase lacertorum moræ, as "equivalent to junctura," (Schröderus, ad. v. 762. Thyest.)

Note (45) p. 142.


Note (46) p. 143.

(Ibid.) Ecco, che, quanto alla proportione, l'ingeniosissimo Ariosto assegna la migliore, che sappiano formar le mani de' più eccellenti Pittori, usando questa voce industri, per dinotar la diligenza, che con-
viene al buono artéfice.

(Ibid. p. 182.) Qui l'Ariosto colorisce, e in questo suo colorire di-
mostra essere un Titiano.

(Ibid. p. 189.) Poteva l'Ariosto nella guisa, che ha detto chioma
bionda, dir chioma d'oro: ma gli parve forse, che havrebbe havuto
troppo del poetico. Da che si può ritrar, che 'l Pittore dee imitar l'oro,
è non metterlo (come fanno i Miniatori) nelle sue Pitture, in modo,
che si possa dire, que capelli non sono d’oro, ma par che risplendano, come l’oro. Dolce’s subsequent quotation from Athenæus is only remarkable for its inaccuracy. I will speak of it at another time. (Ibid. p. 182.) Il naso, che discende già, havendo peraventura la considerazione a quelle forme dé nasi, che si veggono ne’ ritratti delle belle Romane antiche.

Note (47) p. 157.

Pliny says of Apelles, (Lib. xxxv. sect. 36, 17), Fecit et Dianam sacrificantium virginum choro mixtam; quibus vicisse Homeri versus videtur id ipsum descriptentis. Nothing can be more true than this praise. A beautiful goddess, surrounded by beautiful nymphs and taller than them by the whole of her majestic forehead, is indeed a subject fitter for painting than for poetry. The word sacrificantium however is, in my opinion, very suspicious. What part could the goddess take among sacrificing virgins? Is this the occupation of the companions of Diana in Homer? Not at all; they roam with her over hill and through forest; they hunt, sport, and dance; (Odys. Z. vi. 102),

Pliny therefore must have written, not sacrificantium, but venantium, or something like it; perhaps sylvis vagantium, to which amendment the number of the letters which have been changed would pretty nearly correspond: saltantium would answer most closely to the word, παίζοντι, which is used by Homer. Virgil, moreover, in his imitation of this passage, speaks of Diana as dancing with her nymphs; (Æneid i. 497),

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros . . . . . .

Spence’s ideas on this passage are curious, (Polymetis, Dial. viii. p. 102) : “This Diana, he says, both in the picture and in the descriptions, was “the Diana Venatrix, though she was not represented either by Virgil, “or Apelles, or Homer, as hunting with her nymphs; but as employed “with them in that sort of dances, which of old were regarded as very “solemn acts of devotion.” In a note he adds : “The expression of “παιζειν, used by Homer on this occasion, is scarce proper for hunt-
ing; as that of *choros exercere*, in Virgil, should be understood of "the religious dances of old, because dancing, in the old Roman idea "of it, was indecent even for men, in public; unless it were the sort "of dances used in honour of Mars, or Bacchus, or some other of "their gods." Spence speaks of those festive dances which were reckoned by the ancients in the number of their religious ceremonies. And it is in this sense that he thinks the word *sacificarre* is used by Pliny: "It is in consequence of this that Pliny, in speaking of Diana's "nymphs on this very occasion, uses the word, *sacificarre* of them; "which quite determines these dances of theirs to have been of the re- "ligious kind." He forgets that in Virgil Diana herself joins in the dance: *exercet Diana choros*. If then this dance was a religious ser- "vice, in whose honour did Diana dance? in her own, or in that of another divinity? Either supposition is ridiculous. And even if the ancient Romans considered that no man of character could engage in a dance with any regard to propriety, it does not follow that their poets were obliged to transfer this seriousness to the manners of the gods, whose mode of life had been already described and settled by the Greek poets in a very different manner. When Horace says of Venus, (Od. iv. lib. 1),

``
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus; imminente luna:
Junctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede . . . .
``

Is he here also speaking of a holy religious dance? But I am wasting too many words upon such a trifle.

Note (43) p. 159.

Plinius, lib. xxxiv. sect. 19. 3. Ipsetam corporum tenus curiosus, animi sensus non expressisse videtur, capillum quoque et pubem non emendatius fecisse, quam rudis antiquitas instituisset.

Note (49) p. 177.

The Connoisseur, Vol. i. No. 21. It is entitled "A description of the beauty of Knoonnquaia." "He was struck with the glossy hue of "her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black "hogs of Hessaqua; he was ravished with the prest gristle of her "nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of "her breasts, which descended to her navel." And what does art con- "tribute to set so much beauty in its most advantageous light? "She "made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with soot, with which she
“anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun; her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of Buchu: her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars: she sprinkled her limbs with wood-ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of Stinkbingsem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of an heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid.

Note (50) p. 182.

The Sea Voyage, Act. iii. sc. 1. A French pirate is driven with his ship upon a desert island. Avarice and envy produce a quarrel among his crew. This affords some poor wretches, who had been exposed for some time to the utmost distress upon the island, an opportunity of putting out to sea in the pirates’ vessel. These last are thus suddenly deprived of all the necessities of life, and have no prospect before them but a cruel death. One of them expresses his hunger and despair to his fellow as follows:

LAMURE. Oh, what a tempest have I in my stomach! How my guts cry out! My wounds ake, Would they would bleed again, that I might get Something to quench my thirst.

FRANVILLE. O Lamure, the happiness my dogs had When I kept house at home! They had a storehouse, A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts, Happy crusts. Oh, how this sharp hunger pinches me!

LAMURE. How now, what news?

MORILLAR. Hast any meat yet?

FRANVILLE. Not a bit that I can see; Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard To gnaw: I ha’ got some mud, it we will eat with spoons, Very good thick mud; but it stinks damnable; There’s old rotten trunks of trees too, But not a leaf nor blossom in all the island.

LAMURE. How it looks!

MORILLAR. It stinks too.

LAMURE. It may be poison.
NOTES.

Franville. Let it be anything, So I can get it down. Why man, Poison's a princely dish.

Morillar. Hast thou no bisket? No crumbs left in thy pocket? Here is my doublet, Give me but three small crumbs.

Franville. Not for three kingdoms, If I were master of 'em. Oh Lamure, But one poor joint of mutton, we ha' scorned, man.

Lamure. Thou speak'st of Paradise; Or but the snuffs of those healths, We have lewdly at midnight flung away.

Morillar. Ah! but to lick the glasses.

But this is nothing to the next scene, when the ship's surgeon enters.

Franville. Here comes the surgeon. What hast thou discovered? Smile, smile, and comfort us.

Surgeon. I am expiring, Smile they that can. I can find nothing, gentlemen; Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle; Oh that I had my boxes and my lints now, My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature, What dainty dishes could I make of 'em.

Morillar. Hast ne'er an old suppository?

Surgeon. Oh would I had, Sir.

Lamure. Or but the paper where such a cordial, Potion, or pills, hath been entomb'd.

Franville. Or the blest bladder, where a cooling-glister. Morillar. Hast thou no searcloths left?

Nor any old poultesses?

Franville. We care not to what it hath been ministered.

Surgeon. Sure I have none of these dainties, gentlemen.

Franville. Where's the great wen Thou cut'st from Hugh the sailor's shoulder? That would serve now for a most princely banquet.

Surgeon. Ay, if we had it, gentlemen. I flung it overboard, slave that I was.

Lamure. A most improvident villain.
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Note (51) p. 185.

Not Apollodorus, but Polydorus. Pliny is the only author who mentions this artist, and I do not know that there is any difference in the manuscripts, as regards this name. Had it been so, Harduin would certainly have noticed it. Polydorus too is the reading in all the old editions. Winkelmann, therefore, must have here committed a trifling error in transcription.

Note (52) p. 193.

Aeneid, lib. ii. v. 7, and more particularly lib. xi. 183. Such a work therefore might be safely added to the catalogue of this man’s lost writings.

Note (53) p. 197.

The list of inscriptions on ancient works of art, in Mar. Gudius. (ad Phaedri fab. v. lib. 1), should be referred to, and Gronovius’ correction of this passage (Præf. ad Tom. ix. Thesauri Antiq. Græc.) be at the same time consulted.

Note (54) p. 199.

At least he expressly promises to do it: quae suis locis reddam. If, however, he has not entirely forgotten it, he has only mentioned it in passing, and not in the way he might naturally have been expected to do after such a pledge. When he writes, (Lib. xxxv. sect. 39), “Lysippus quoque Aeginæ picture suæ inscrisit, évēkauσeν: “quod profecto non fecisset, nisi encaustica inventa;” it is manifest that he here adduces the word évēkauσeν as a proof of a very different fact. Had he, as Harduin supposes, mentioned it as also being one of those works, upon which the inscription was written in the aorist, he would not have failed to call the attention of the reader to it. Harduin thinks he discovers the other two works of this kind, in the following passage: Idem (Divus Augustus) in Curia quoque, quam in Comitio consecrabat, duas tabulas impressit parieti: Nemeam sedentem supra leonem, palmigeram ipsam, adstante cum baculo sene, cuius supra capit tabula bigae dependet. Nicias scripsit se inussisse: tali enim usus est verbo. Alterius tabulæ admiratio est, puberem filium seni patri similem esse, salva ætatis differentia, supervolante aquila draconem complexa. Philochares hoc suum opus esse testatus est, (Lib. xxxv. sect. 10). Here two different pictures are described, which Augustus put up in his newly built senate house. The first was by Nicias; the second by Philochares. What is said of Philochares is plain enough; but about Nicias there are some difficulties. Nemea was represented seated upon a lion, with a palm branch in her hand; an old man with a staff in his hand stood near her; cuius supra caput
tabula bigæ dependet. What does this mean? Above whose head there hung a tablet, upon which a two-horse chariot was painted? Yet this is the only sense which can be put upon the words. Thus another smaller picture was hung upon the main picture; and both of them were by Nicias. This is clearly the construction which Harduin puts upon Pliny's words. How else are two pictures to be found, since one is expressly ascribed to Philochares? "Inscripsit Nicias "igitur geminæ huic tabulae suum nomen in hunc modum: O NIKIAΣ " ENEKAYΣEN : atque adeo e tribus operibus, quæ absoluteuisse "inscripta, ILLE FECIT, indicavit Praefatio ad Titum, duo hæc sunt "Nicias." I might, however, put the following question to Harduin: Supposing Nicias had actually used the imperfect, and not the aorist, and Pliny had only wished to remark that the artist had employed evkaleiv instead of γραφειν, would not the idiom of his language still have compelled him to say, Nicias scripsit se inussisse? But I will not insist upon this: it may really have been Pliny's intention to record here one of the works in question. But who would be convinced about the two pictures, one of which hung over the other? I, at least, never could. The words, cujus supra caput tabula bigæ dependet, must therefore be corrupt. Tabula bigæ, "A painting of a two-horse chariot," does not sound like Pliny's Latin, even allowing that he might have used bigæ in the singular. And what kind of two-horse chariot was it likely to be? Perhaps it was of the kind used in the Nemean games, and thus the less picture would, in respect to its subject, be connected with the principal one. But this supposition will not stand; for four horses, not two, were driven in the chariots at the Nemean games, (Schmidius in ProÌ. ad Nemeonicas, p. 2). It once occurred to me that Pliny might have written the Greek word πτυχίον instead of bigæ, and that the transcribers did not understand it. For we know, from a passage in Antigones Carystius, quoted by Zenobius, (conf. Gronovius T. ix. Antiquit. Græc. Praef. p. 7), that the ancient artists did not always inscribe their names upon their works themselves, but sometimes upon a tablet affixed to the picture or statue. Such a tablet was called πτυχίον. This Greek word was perhaps explained by the gloss tabula, tabella; and tabula thus came to be inserted in the text. Bigæ arose out of πτυχίον, and thus the reading tabula bigæ may be accounted for. Nothing can agree better with what follows than πτυχίον, for the subsequent sentence contains what was inscribed upon it. The whole passage would stand thus: cujus supra caput πτυχίον dependet, quo Nicias scripsit se inussisse. Still I acknowledge that this correction is a little bold. But we are not obliged to correct every passage that we can prove to be corrupt. I am contented with having performed the latter task, and leave the
former to an abler hand. But to return to the point in question. If Pliny only mentions one painting of Nicias, upon which the inscription was in the aorist, and the second of this kind was that of Lysippus mentioned above, where the third is to be found I know not. Even if I could find it mentioned in any other author than Pliny, I should feel no difficulty. It ought however to be found in Pliny, and there, I repeat, it is not.

Note (55) p. 204.

Statius uses obnixa pectora, with the same meaning, (Thebaid, lib. vi. 863).

... rumpunt obnixa furentes Pectora.

Which the old commentator of Barths explains by "summa vi contra nitentia." Ovid also uses obnixa fronte, when speaking of the "scarus" endeavouring to force its way through the fish-trap, not with its head, but with its tail.

Non audet radiis obnixa occurrere fronte.


History of Art, vol. ii. p. 328. "His first tragedy was acted in the third year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad." The date is nearly correct, but Winkelmann is mistaken in saying that the Antigone was this first tragedy. Samuel Petit, whom he quotes in a note, is far from making this statement; but expressly places the exhibition of the Antigone in the third year of the eighty-fourth Olympiad. Sophocles, in the following year, accompanied Pericles to Samos; and the date of this expedition can be fixed accurately. I shew in my life of Sophocles, by comparing a passage of the elder Pliny with the year, that the first tragedy of this poet was, in all probability, the Triptolemus. Pliny is speaking (Lib. xviii. sec. 12.) of the different qualities of corn in different countries; and concludes: "Hæ fuere sententiae, Alexandro Magno regnante, cum clarissima fuit Graecia, atque in toto terrarum orbe potentissima; ita tamen ut ante mortem ejus annis fere C X L V. Sophocles poeta in fabula Triptolemo frumentum Italicum ante cuncta laudaverit, ad verbum translata sententia:

Et fortunatam Italian frumento canere candido."

It is true that the first tragedy of Sophocles is not expressly spoken of here; but it proves that its date, which Plutarch and the Scholiast, and the Arundelian marbles all agree in placing in the seventy-seventh Olympiad, coincides so closely with the year, which Pliny assigns to the publication of the Triptolemus, that this last must be allowed to have been the first tragedy of Sophocles. The calculation is fairly made out.
Alexander died in the hundred and fourteenth Olympiad; a hundred and forty-five years are equivalent to thirty-six Olympiads and a year; if this number be subtracted from the total, there remain seventy-seven. Sophocles' Triptolemus therefore was published in the seventy-seventh Olympiad; in the same Olympiad, and even, as I have proved, in the last year of it, his first tragedy was acted. The conclusion is obvious: they were one and the same tragedy. I prove, at the same time therefore that Petit might have spared himself the trouble of writing the whole half of the chapter in his Miscellanea (Lib. iii. cap. xviii.) which Winkelmann has quoted. It is unnecessary in the passage in Pliny, which he there wishes to amend, to change the name of the archon Aphesion into Demotion, or ἀναγάφιος. He had only to pass from the third year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad into the fourth, and he would have found, that the archon of this year is as often, if not oftener, called Aphesion by ancient authors, as he is Phædon. He is called Phædon by Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassus, and by the anonymous author of the table of the Olympiads. He is called Aphesion, on the other hand, on the Arundelian marbles, by Apollodorus, and by Diogenes Laertius who is quoting this latter. Plutarch speaks of him under both names: in the life of Theseus he calls him Phædon, in that of Cimon, Aphesion. The conjecture of Palmerius is therefore rendered probable: "Aphesionem et Phædon-[em Archontas fuisse eponymos; scilicet, uno in magistratu mortuo, "suffectus fuit alter." (Exercit. p. 452.) Winkelmann, as I opportunely recollect, has allowed another error concerning Sophocles to creep into his first work on the imitation of Grecian works of art, (p. 8). "The most beautiful young people danced unclad upon the "stage, and Sophocles, the great Sophocles, was the first who ex- "hibited this spectacle to his fellow-citizens." Sophocles never danced unclad upon the stage. He did dance around the trophies after the "victory at Salamis. According to some authors, he was naked when he did so; but according to others, he was clothed, (Athen. lib. i. p. m. 20.) It is certain that Sophocles was one of the boys, who were carried over to Salamis for security; and it was upon this island that it was the pleasure of the tragic muse to assemble her three favorites in a gradation, that foreshadowed their different courses. The bold Ἀeschylus contributed to the victory; the young Sophocles danced around the trophies; and Euripides was born upon that fortunate isle on the very day of the victory.

THE END.