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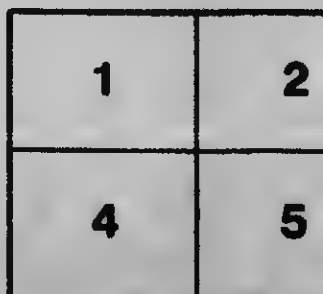
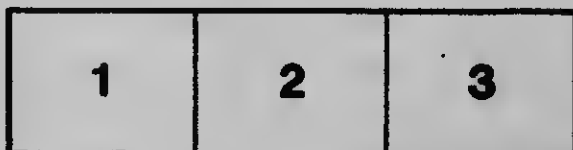
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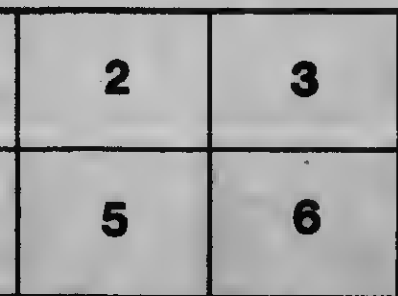
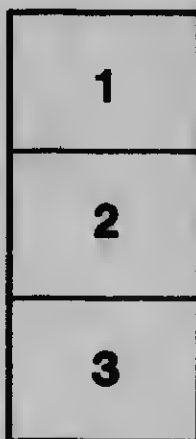
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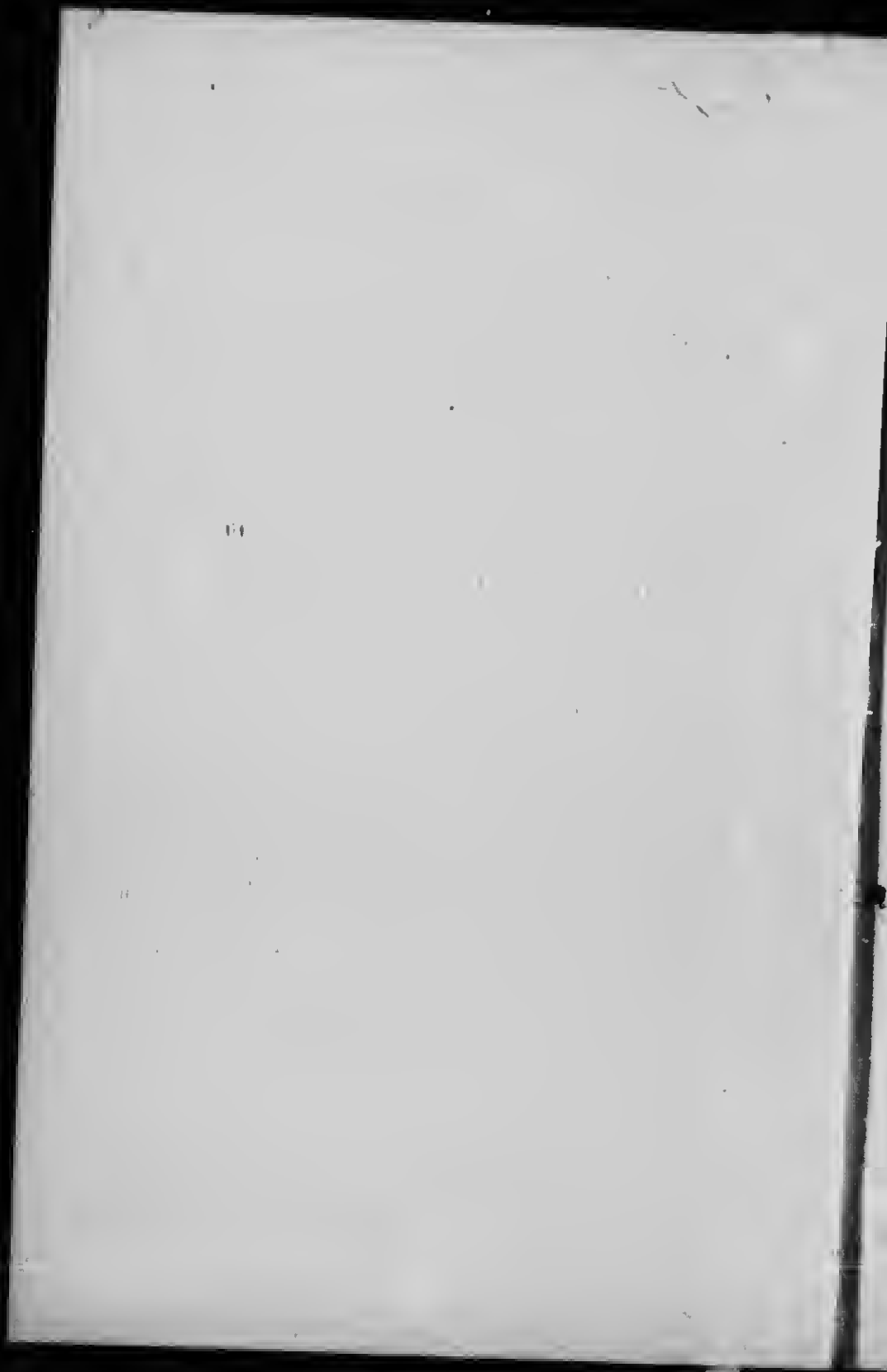


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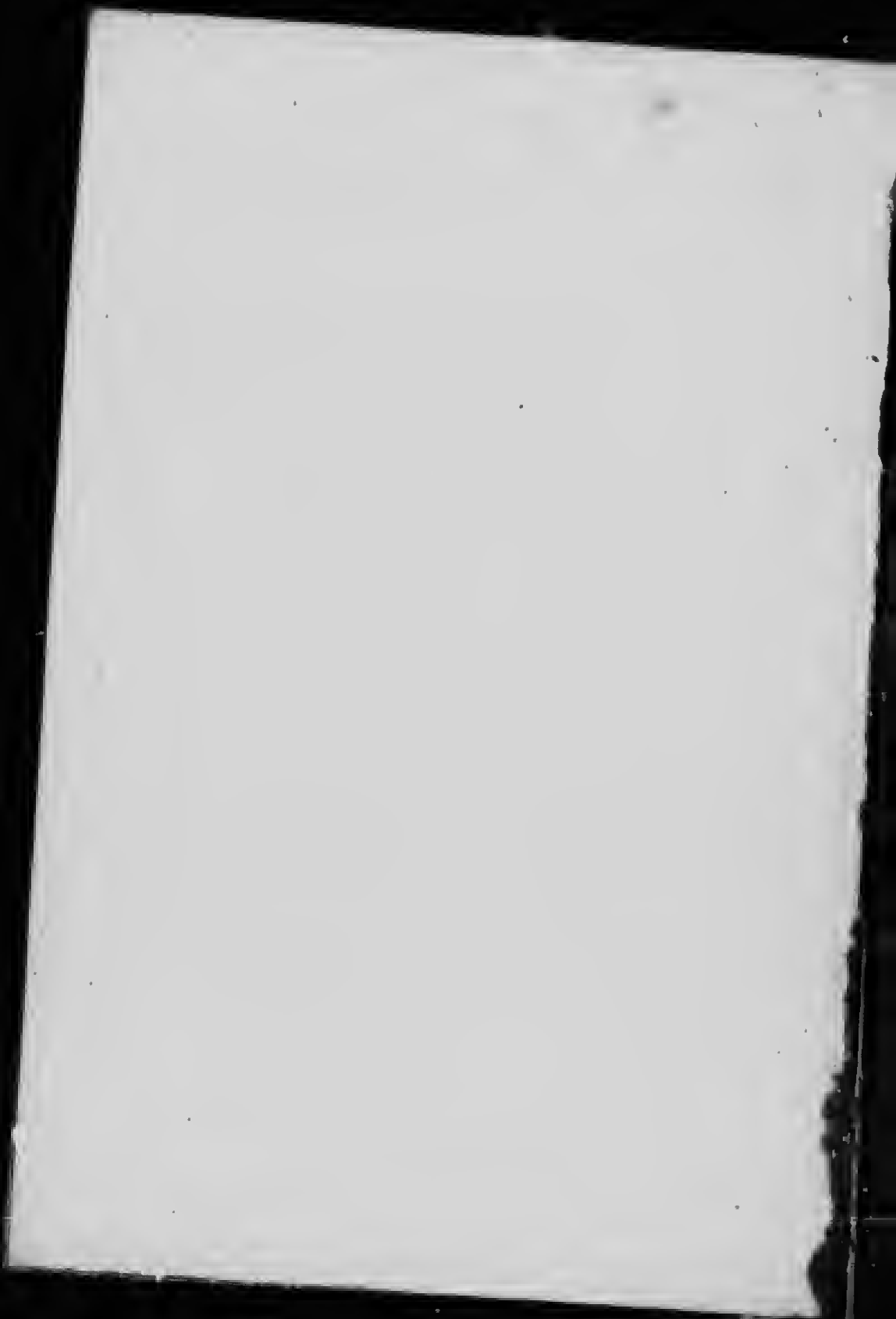






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REYNOLDS**







*Viscountess Croshie*  
*After Sir Joshua Reynolds*

BY PERMISSION OF LORD GLENCONNER

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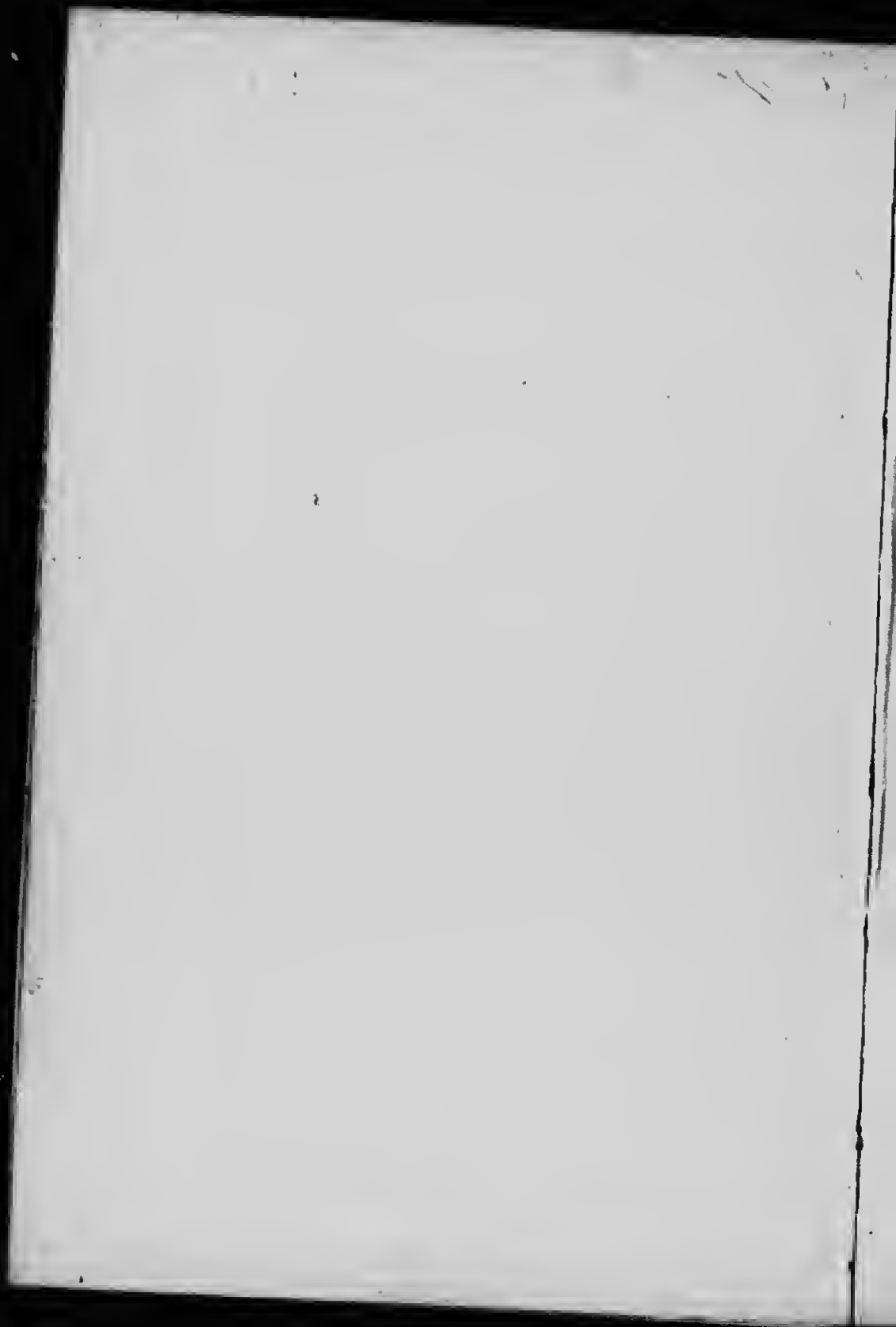
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## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
PREFATORY NOTE . . . . .	9
REYNOLDS' GREATNESS . . . . .	11
REYNOLDS' CHARACTER . . . . .	17
REYNOLDS' BEST WORK . . . . .	21
REYNOLDS AS A COLOURIST . . . . .	27
REYNOLDS' THEORY OF WORK . . . . .	33
REYNOLDS' WORK AS OPPOSED TO HIS WORDS . . . . .	39
REYNOLDS' LIMITATIONS IN SUBJECT . . . . .	45
REYNOLDS' DETAIL . . . . .	55
REYNOLDS' EXQUISITE TOUCH . . . . .	59
REYNOLDS AS THE MASTER OF ENGLISH PORTRAITURE . . . . .	65





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VISCOUNTESS CROSBIE	.		<i>Frontispiece</i>
			<i>Page</i>
AGE OF INNOCENCE.	.	.	22
LAVINIA BINGHAM	.	.	34
FORTUNE TELLER	.	.	50
HOLY FAMILY	.	.	60



PREFATORY  
NOTE

**JOSHUA REYNOLDS**, born 1723, was the son of a Devonshire clergyman; and his early aptitude for art was fostered and encouraged so far as might be under narrow means and provincial circumstances. He was placed in London to study with the portrait painter Hudson; but his pupilage lasted only two years. His real art-training may be said to date from his visit to Italy in 1749-52: after which, a man who had found his footing, he returned to London, and, for some forty years of unremitting industry, possessed all the fame, the fortune, the friendship, and the artistic progress, which can be summed up in the one word success. He was elected the first President of the newly-instituted Royal Academy, and knighted by George III. Perhaps no painter has ever led a smoother, sunnier, and more virtuous life; endeared to all men by his natural modesty and

## 10 MASTER PAINTERS

amiability, and endeavouring to maintain a very high ideal of art. Within three years of his death (which occurred in 1792, at the age of sixty-eight) blindness of one eye affected the powers of Reynolds; but beyond this no trouble dimmed his bright career. As a colourist, he ranks amongst the few supreme,—as a portrait-painter, he remains unsurpassed. The peculiar sweetness of his character seems to emanate, in loftiness, colour, light, and exquisite tenderness, from all the work of Reynolds; of whom it may be said: “He was a man, take him for all in all; we shall not look upon his like again.”

**REYNOLDS'  
GREATNESS**

## 12 MASTER PAINTERS

. . . The greatest of English painters: one also, than whom there is indeed no greater, among those of any nation, or any time,—our own gentle Reynolds.


There is no debate that Sir Joshua is the greatest figure-painter whom England has produced,—Gainsborough being sketchy and monotonous\* in comparison, and the rest virtually out of court.

You find from the earliest times, in Greece and Italy, a multitude of artists gradually perfecting the knowledge and representation of the human body, glorified by the exercises of war. And you have, north of Greece and Italy, innumerable and incorrigibly savage

---

\*“How *various* the fellow is!” Gainsborough himself, jealous of Sir Joshua at the ‘private view.’

nations, representing, with rude and irregular efforts, on huge stones, and ice-borne boulders, on cave-bones and forest-stocks and logs, with any manner of innocent tinting or scratching possible to them, sometimes beasts, sometimes hobgoblins — sometimes, heaven only knows what ; but never attaining any skill in figure-drawing, until, whether invading or invaded, Greece and Italy teach them what a human being is like ; and with that help they dream and blunder on through the centuries, achieving many fantastic and amusing things, more especially the art of rhyming, whereby they usually express their notion of things far better than by painting. Nevertheless, in due course we get a Holbein out of them ; and, in the end, for best product hitherto, Sir Joshua, and the supremely Gothic Gainsborough.



## 14 MASTER PAINTERS

I am inclined to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter on individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper ; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness ;—that in a northern climate, and with gray, and white, and black, as the principal colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the

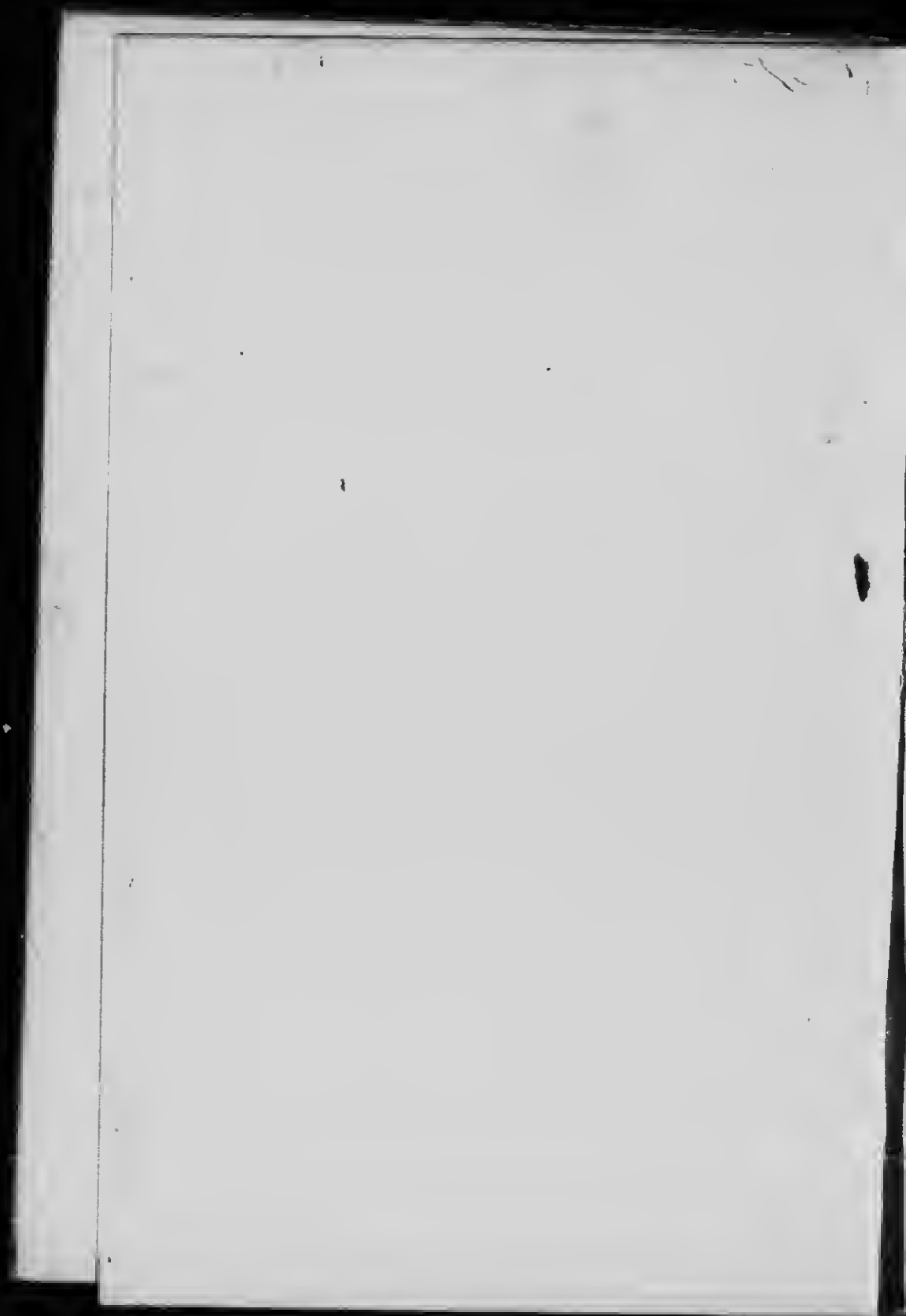


Venetians;—and that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.



In England you may take Sir Joshua and Gainsborough for not only the topmost, but the hitherto total, representatives; total, that is to say, out of the reach of landscape, and above that of satire and caricature. All that the rest can do partially, they can do perfectly. They do it not only perfectly, but nationally; they are at once the greatest, and the Englishest, of all our school.





REYNOLDS'  
CH. ^ RACTER

**G**REAT courage and self-command may, to a certain extent, give power of painting without the true calmness underneath; but never of doing first-rate work. There is sufficient evidence of this, in even what we know of great men, though of the greatest, we nearly always know the least (and that necessarily; they being very silent, and not much given to setting themselves forth to questioners; apt to be contemptuously reserved, no less than unselfishly). But in such writings and sayings as we possess of theirs, we may trace a quite curious gentleness and serene courtesy. Rubens' letters are almost ludicrous in their unhurried politeness. Reynolds, swiftest of painters, was gentlest of companions.



Now, do you recollect the evidence respecting the character of this man,—the two points of bright peculiar evid-

ence given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith? Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds' attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, that he hated nobody:—"Reynolds," he said, "You hate no one living; I like a good hater!" Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith's "Retaliation." You recollect how in that poem he describes the various persons who met at one of their dinners at St. James's Coffee-house, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds quoted—

"He shifted his trumpet," &c.;—

less often, or at least less attentively, the preceding ones, far more important—

"Still born to improve us in every part—  
His pencil our faces, his *manners our heart*;"

20 MASTER PAINTERS

and never, the most characteristic touch  
of all, near the beginning—

“Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the  
plains ;

O Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;  
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,  
That Rich is anchovy, and Reynolds is *lamb*.”



Observe, I do not say in the least  
that in order to be a good painter you  
must be a good man ; but I do say  
that in order to be a good natural  
painter there must be strong elements  
of good in the mind, however warped  
by other parts of the character. There  
are hundreds of other gifts of painting  
which are not at all involved with  
moral conditions, but this one, the  
perception of nature, is never given  
but under certain moral conditions.

REYNOLDS'  
BEST WORK

TAKE, as types of the best work ever laid on British canvas,—types which I am sure you will without demur accept,—Sir Joshua's Age of Innocence, and Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens.



We have to remember on the other hand that . . . there is probably some strange weakness in the painter, and some fatal error in the age, when, in thinking over the examples of their greatest work, for some type of culminating loveliness or veracity, we remember no expression either of religion or heroism, and instead of reverently naming a Madonna di San Sisto, can only whisper modestly, "Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens."



All great art is the work of the whole living creature, body and soul, and chiefly of the soul . . . the painter





*Age of Innocence*  
*After Sir Joshua Reynolds*

is not to cast the entire treasure of his human nature into his labour, merely to please a part of the beholder, not merely to delight his sense, not merely to amuse his fancy, not merely to beguile him into emotion, not merely to lead him into thought, but to do *all* this.



So then, whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate need of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.





REYNOLDS  
AS A COLOURIST

**T**O colour perfectly is the rarest and most precious (technical) power an artist can possess. There have been only seven supreme colourists among the true painters whose works exist, namely, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Corregio, Reynolds, and Turner.

Colour is the purifying or sanctifying element of material beauty. If so, how less important than form? Because, on form depends existence; on colour, only purity. Under the Levitical law, neither scarlet nor hyssop could purify the deformed. So, under all natural law, there must be rightly shaped members first; then sanctifying colour and fire in them.

Nevertheless, there are several great difficulties and oppositions of aspect in this matter, which I must try to

reconcile now clearly and finally. As colour is the type of Love, it resembles it in all its modes of operation; and in practical work of human hands, it sustains changes of worthiness precisely like those of human sexual love. That love, when true, faithful, well-fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life: without it, the soul cannot reach its fullest height or holiness. But if shallow, faithless, misdirected, it is also one of the strongest corrupting and degrading elements of life. Between these base and lofty states of Love are the loveless states; some cold and horrible; others chaste, childish, or ascetic, bearing to careless thinkers the semblance of purity higher than that of Love.



So it is with the type of Love—colour. Followed rashly, coarsely, untruly, for the mere pleasure of it, with no reverence, it becomes a temptation,



## 30 MASTER PAINTERS

and leads to corruption. Followed faithfully, with intense but reverent passion, it is the holiest of all aspects of material things. Between these two modes of pursuing it, come two modes of refusing it—one, dark and sensual; the other, statuesque and grave, having great aspect of nobleness.



Therefore, also, as long as you are working with form only, you may amuse yourself with fancies; but colour is sacred—in that you must keep to facts. Hence the apparent anomaly that the only schools of colour are the schools of Realism. The men who care for form only, may drift about in dreams of Spiritualism; but a colourist must keep to substance. The greater his power in colour enchantment, the more stern and constant will be his common sense. Fuseli may wander wildly among grey spectra, but Reynolds and Gainsborough

REYNOLDS

31

must stay in broad daylight, with pure  
humanity.





REYNOLDS'  
THEORY OF WORK

**V**ELASQUEZ had exactly the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that Reynolds had, . . . who, of all men, except Velasquez, seems to have painted with the greatest ease. . . . The testimony of Reynolds to Velasquez is very striking. I take it from some fragments which have just been published by Mr. William Cotton—precious fragments—of Reynolds' diaries. . . . "What *we* are all," said Reynolds, "attempting to do with great labour, *Velasquez does at once.*" Just think what is implied when a man of the enormous power and facility that Reynolds had, says he was "trying to do with great labour" what Velasquez "did at once."

◆     ◆     ◆     ◆     ◆

So far as we can trace the connection of their powers with the moral character of their lives, we shall find



*Lavinia Bingham—Countess Spencer*  
*After Sir Joshua Reynolds*

BY PERMISSION OF EARL SPENCER

that the best art is the work of good, but of not distinctively religious men, who, at least, are conscious of no inspiration, and often so unconscious of their superiority to others, that one of the greatest of them, Reynolds, deceived by his modesty, has asserted that "all things are possible to well-directed labour."

Strictly speaking, what people call inferior painters are in general *no* painters. Artists are divided by an impassable gulf into the men who can paint, and who cannot. The men who can paint often fall short of what they should have done;—are repressed, or defeated, or otherwise rendered inferior one to another: still there is an everlasting barrier between them and the men who cannot paint—who can only in various popular ways pretend to paint. And if once you know the difference, there is always some good to be got by looking at a real painter—seldom anything but mischief to be

38 MASTER PAINTERS

got out of a false one; but do not suppose that real painters are common. I do not speak of living men; but among those who labour no more, in this England of ours, since it first had a school, we have had only five real painters;—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, and Turner.



REYNOLD'S WORK  
AS OPPOSED  
TO HIS WORDS

**A**N artist may be unconscious of the principles of his own work, and he may be led by instinct to *do* all that is right, while he is misled by false logic to say *all* that is wrong. Nearly every word that Reynolds wrote was contrary to his own practice ; he seems to have been born to teach all error by his precept, and all excellence by his example ; he enforced with his lips generalization and idealism, while with his pencil he was tracing the patterns of the dresses of the belles of his day ; he exhorted his pupils to attend only to the invariable, while he himself was occupied in distinguishing every variation of womanly temper ; and he denied the existence of the beautiful, at the same instant that he arrested it as it passed, and perpetuated it for ever.

♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

Much evil has been done to art by the remarks of historical painters on



landscape. . . . Hence the frequent advice given by Reynolds and others, to neglect *specific* form in landscape, and treat its materials in large masses, aiming only at general truths,—the flexibility of foliage, but not its kind; the rigidity of rock, but not its mineral character. . . . In the eleventh lecture of Sir J. Reynolds, we are told that “the landscape painter works not for the virtuoso or the naturalist, but for the general observer of life and nature.” This is true, in precisely the same sense that the sculptor does not work for the anatomist, but for the common observer of life and nature. Yet the sculptor is not, for this reason, permitted to be wanting either in knowledge or expression of anatomical detail; and the more refined that expression can be rendered, the more perfect is his work. That which, to the anatomist, is the end,—is, to the sculptor, the means. The former desires details, for their own sake; the

latter, that by means of them, he may kindle his work with life, and stamp it with beauty. And so in landscape ;— botanical or geological details are not to be given as matter of curiosity or subject of search, but as the ultimate elements of every species of expression and order of loveliness.

◆     ◆     ◆     ◆     ◆

In his observations on the foreground of the St. Pietro Martire, Sir Joshua advances, as matter of praise, that the plants are discriminated “just as much as was necessary for variety, and no more.” . . .

It appears then, not only from natural principles, but from the highest of all authority, that thorough knowledge of the lowest details is necessary and full expression of them right, even in the highest class of historical painting ; that it will not take away from, nor interfere with, the interest of the figures ; but, rightly managed,

must add to and elucidate it; and, if further proof be wanting, I would desire the reader to compare the background of Sir Joshua's "Holy Family," in the National Gallery, with that of Nicolo Poussin's "Nursing of Jupiter," in the Dulwich Gallery. The first, owing to the utter neglect of all botanical detail, has lost every atom of ideal character, and reminds us of nothing but an English fashionable flower garden;—the formal pedestal adding considerably to the effect. Poussin's, in which every vine leaf is drawn with consummate skill and untiring diligence, produces not only a tree group of the most perfect grace and beauty, but one which, in its pure and simple truth, belongs to every age of nature, and adapts itself to the history of all time.



A few strokes of the pencil, or dashes of colour, will be enough to

## 44 MASTER PAINTERS

enable the imagination to conceive a tree, and in those strokes Sir Joshua Reynolds would have rested, and would have suffered the imagination to paint what more it liked for itself, and grow oaks, or olives, or apples, out of the few dashes of colour, at its leisure.



It may still happen that the man whose work is thus partially erroneous is greater far than others who have fewer faults. Gainsborough's and Reynolds' wrongs are more charming than almost anybody else's right.



REYNOLD'S  
LIMITATIONS  
IN SUBJECT

**S**IR JOSHUA, who painted Madonnas but seldom. Who perhaps, if truth must be told, painted them never: for surely this dearest pet of an English girl, with the little curl of lovely hair under her ear, is *not* one.

Why did not Sir Joshua—or could not—or would not Sir Joshua—paint Madonnas? neither he, nor his great rival-friend Gainsborough? Both of them painters of women, such as since Giorgione and Correggio had not been: both painters of men, such as had not been since Titian. How is it that these English friends can so brightly paint that particular order of humanity which we call “gentleman and ladies,” but neither heroes, nor saints, nor angels? Can it be because they were both country-bred boys, and for ever after strangely sensitive to courtliness? Why, Giotto also was a country-bred boy. Allegri’s native Correggio, Titian’s Cadore, were

but hill villages ; yet these men painted, not the court, nor the drawing room, but the Earth : and not a little of Heaven besides : while our good Sir Joshua never trusts himself outside the park palings. He could not even have drawn the strawberry girl, unless she had got through a gap in them—or rather, I think, she must have been let in at the porter's lodge, for her strawberries are in a pottle, ready for the ladies at the Hall. Giorgione would have set them, wild and fragrant, among their leaves, in her hand. Between his fairness, and Sir Joshua's May-fairness, there is a strange, impassable limit—as of the white reef that in Pacific Isles encircles their inner lakelets, and shuts them from the surf and sound of the sea. Clear and calm they rest, reflecting fringed shadows of the palm-trees, and the passing of fretted clouds across their own sweet circle of blue sky. But beyond, and round and round their coral bar, lies

## 48 MASTER PAINTERS

the blue of sea and heaven together—  
blue of eternal deep.



The charm of all these pictures is in great degree dependent on toilette ; the fond and graceful flatteries of each master do in no small measure consist in his management of frillings and trimmings, cuffs and collarettes ; and on beautiful flingings or fastenings of investiture, which can only here and there be called a *drapery*, but insists on the perfectness of the forms it conceals, and deepens their harmony by its contradiction. And although now and then, when great ladies wish to be painted as sibyls or goddesses, Sir Joshua does his best to bethink himself of Michael Angelo, and Guido, and the Lightnings, and the Aurores, and all the rest of it,—you will, I think, admit that the culminating sweetness and rightness of him are in some little Lady So-and-So, with round



hat and strong shoes ; and that a final separation from the Greek art which can be proud in a torso without a head, is achieved by the master who paints for you five little girls' heads, without even a torso !



How is it that the attempts of so great painters as Reynolds and Gainsborough are, beyond portraiture, limited almost like children's? No domestic drama — no history — no noble natural scenes, far less any religious subject :—only market carts ; girls with pigs ; woodmen going home to supper ; watering-places ; grey cart-horses in fields, and such like. Reynolds, indeed, once or twice touched higher themes,—“ among the chords his fingers laid,” and recoiled : wisely : for, strange to say, his very sensibility deserts him when he leaves his courtly quiet.



## 50 MASTER PAINTERS

Meaner men, their contemporaries or successors, raved of high art with incoherent passion; arrogated to themselves an equality with the masters of elder time, and declaimed against the degenerate tastes of a public which acknowledged not the return of the Heraclidæ. But the two great—the two only painters of their age, happy in a reputation founded as deeply in the heart as in the judgment of mankind, demanded no higher function than that of soothing the domestic affections; and achieved for themselves at last an immortality not the less noble, because in their lifetime they had concerned themselves less to claim it, than to bestow.

♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

Sir Joshua's and Gainsborough's work, at its best, is only magnificent sketching; giving indeed, in places, a perfection of result unattainable by other methods, and possessing always



*The Fortune Teller*  
*After Sir Joshua Reynolds*

BY PERMISSION OF LORD GLENCONNER

a charm of grace and power exclusively its own; yet, in its slightness addressing itself, purposefully, to the casual glance, and common thought—eager to arrest the passer-by, but careless to detain him; or detaining him, if at all, by an unexplained enchantment, not by continuance of teaching, or development of idea.

♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

The modesty and sense of the English painters are the cause of their simple practice. All that they did, they did well, and attempted nothing over which conquest was doubtful. They knew they could paint men and women: it did not follow that they could paint angels. Their own gifts never appeared to them so great as to call for serious question as to the use to be made of them.

♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

Sir Joshua sees partially, slightly,

tenderly—catches the flying lights of things, the momentary glooms: paints also partially, tenderly, never with half his strength: content with uncertain visions, insecure delights; the truth not precious nor significant to him, only pleasing; falsehood also pleasurable, even useful on occasion—must, however, be discreetly touched, just enough to make all men noble, all women lovely: “we do not need this flattery often, most of those we know being such; and it is a pleasant world, and with diligence—for nothing can be done without diligence—every day till four” (says Sir Joshua)—“a painter’s is a happy life.”

**REYNOLDS'**  
**DETAIL**

ON the whole, I conceive that the extremes of good and evil lie with the finishers, and that whatever glorious power we may admit in men like Tintoret, whatever attractiveness of method to Rubens, Rembrandt, or, though in far less degree, our own Reynolds, still the thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who, in a word, have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.



What Sir J. Reynolds says of the misplaced labour of his Roman acquaintance on separate leaves of foliage, and the certainty he expresses that a man who attended to general character would in five minutes produce a more faithful representation of a tree, than the unfortunate mechanist in as many years, is thus perfectly true and well founded; but this is not because details are undesirable, but because they

are best given by swift execution, and because, individually, they cannot be given at all.



For one person who can perceive the delicacy, invention, and veracity of Tintoret or Reynolds, there are thousands who can perceive the dash of the brush and the confusion of the colour. They suppose that the merit consists in dash and confusion, and that they may easily rival Reynolds by being unintelligible, and Tintoret by being impetuous. But I assure them, very seriously, that obscurity is *not* always admirable, nor impetuosity always right; that disorder does not necessarily imply discretion, nor haste, security.



As I have told you often before, the really scientific artist is he who not only asserts bravely what he *does* see,



58 MASTER PAINTERS

but confesses honestly what he does *not*. You must not draw all hairs in an eyelash ; not because it is sublime to generalise them, but because it is impossible to see them. How many hairs there are, a sign painter or an anatomist may count ; but how few of them you can see, it is only the utmost masters, Carpaccio, Tintoret, Reynolds, and Velasquez, who count, or know.



Reynolds is usually admired for his dash and speed. His true merit is in an ineffable subtlety combined with his speed. The tenderness of some of Reynolds' touches is quite beyond telling.



Sir Joshua Reynolds is full of fogginess and shortcomings as compared with either of the Caraccis ; but yet one Sir Joshua is worth all the Caraccis in Europe.



REYNOLDS'  
EXQUISITE TOUCH

TWO great pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two, with others ; but these alone worth many an entanglement among the cross-roads of the West, to see for half-an-hour by spring sunshine:—the *Holy Family*, and the *Graces*. . . . Great, as ever was work wrought by man. In placid strength, and subtlest science, unsurpassed ;—in sweet felicity, incomparable.

If you truly want to know what good work of painter's hand is, study those two pictures from side to side, and miss no inch of them (you will hardly, eventually, be inclined to miss one) : in some respects there is no execution like it ; none so open in the magic. For the work of other great men is hidden in its wonderfulness—you cannot see how it was done. But in Sir Joshua's there is no mystery ; it is all amazement. No question but that the touch was so laid ; only that it *could* have been so laid, is a marvel for ever. So also there is no painting

so majestic in sweetness. He is lily-sceptred: his power blossoms, but burdens not. All other men of equal dignity paint more slowly; all others of equal force paint less lightly. Tintoret lays his line like a king marking the boundaries of conquered lands; but Sir Joshua leaves it as a summer wind its trace on a lake; he could have painted on a silken veil, where it fell free, and not bent it.



Such at least is his touch when it is life that he paints: for things lifeless he has a severer hand. If you examine that picture of the *Graces* you will find it reverses all the ordinary ideas of expedient treatment. By other men flesh is firmly painted, but accessories lightly. Sir Joshua paints accessories firmly, flesh lightly;—nay, flesh not at all, but spirit. The wreath of flowers he feels to be material; and gleam by gleam strikes fearlessly the

64 MASTER PAINTERS

silver and violet leaves out of the darkness. But the three maidens are less substantial than rose petals. No flushed or frosted tissue that ever faded in night-wind is so tender as they; no hue may reach, no line measure, what is in them so gracious and so fair. Let the hand move softly—itsself as a spirit; for this is Life, of which it touches the imagery.



REYNOLDS  
AS THE MASTER OF  
ENGLISH PORTRAITURE

66 MASTER PAINTERS

**G**ENERALLY speaking, portraiture may be divided into three great schools: the greatest is the Venetian, headed by Titian, and entirely right; on one side of it, is the German school, headed by Holbein, erring slightly on the side of inteness and force of definition; on the other side of it the English school, headed by Sir Joshua, erring slightly on the side of facility and grace of abstraction. Now, the Venetians and Sir Joshua are, for the present, wholly inimitable.



From the imperfect colourists,—  
from Cuyp, Claude, Both, Wilson, we  
get deceptive effect of sunshine; never  
from the Venetians, from Rubens,  
Reynolds, or Velasquez. From these  
we only get conventional substitutions  
for it, Rubens being especially daring  
in frankness of symbol.

Remember when you hear this, that

noble conventionalism is not an agreement between the artist and spectator that the one shall misrepresent nature sixty times over, and the other believe the misrepresentation sixty times over, but is an agreement that certain means and limitations being prescribed, only *that kind of truth* is to be expected which is consistent with those means. For instance, if Sir Joshua Reynolds had been talking to a friend about the character of a face, and there had been nothing in the room but a deal table and an inkbottle—and no pens—Sir Joshua would have dipped his finger in the ink, and painted a portrait on the table with his finger,—and a noble portrait too, certainly not delicate in outline, nor representing any of the qualities of the face dependent on rich outline, but getting as much of the face as in that manner was attainable.

♦     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

The wonderful thing is, that of



68 MASTER PAINTERS

all these men whom you now have come to call the great masters, there was *not one* who confessedly did not paint his own present world, plainly and truly. Homer sang of what he saw; Phidias carved what he saw; Raphael painted the men of his own time in their own caps and mantles; and every man who has arisen to eminence in modern times has done so altogether by his working in their way, and doing the things he saw. How did Reynolds rise? Not by painting Greek women, but by painting the glorious little living ladies this, and ladies that, of his own time.



We can do much (in England) that others cannot, and more than we have ever yet ourselves completely done. Our first great gift is in the portraiture of living people—a power already so accomplished in both Reynolds and Gainsborough that nothing is left for

future masters but to add the calm of perfect workmanship to their vigour and felicity of perception. And of what value a true school of portraiture may become in the future, when worthy men will desire only to be known, and others will not fear to know them for what they truly were, we cannot from any past records of art influence yet conceive.



You must have the skill, you must have the beauty, which is the highest moral element ; and then, lastly, you must have the verity or utility, which is not the moral, but the vital element ; and this desire for verity and use is the one aim of the three that always leads in great schools, and in the minds of great masters, without any exception. They will permit themselves in awkwardness, they will permit themselves in ugliness ; but they will never permit themselves in uselessness or in un-

veracity. And farther, as their skill increases, and as their grace, so much more, their desire for truth. It is impossible to find the three motives in fairer balance and harmony than in your own Reynolds. He rejoices in showing you his skill; and those of you who succeed in learning what painter's work really is, will one day rejoice also, even to laughter—that highest laughter which springs of pure delight, in watching the fortitude and the fire of a hand which strikes forth its will upon the canvas as easily as the wind strikes it on the sea. He rejoices in all abstract beauty and rhythm and melody of design; he will never give you a colour that is not lovely, nor a shade that is unnecessary, nor a line that is ungraceful. But all his power and all his invention are held by him subordinate,—and the more obediently because of their nobleness,—to his true leading purpose of setting before you such likeness of the

living presence of an English gentleman or an English lady, as shall be worthy of being looked upon for ever.



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9

