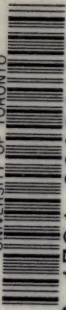
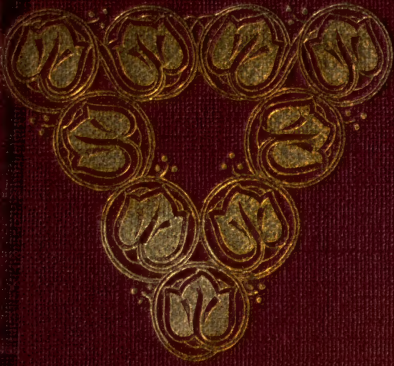


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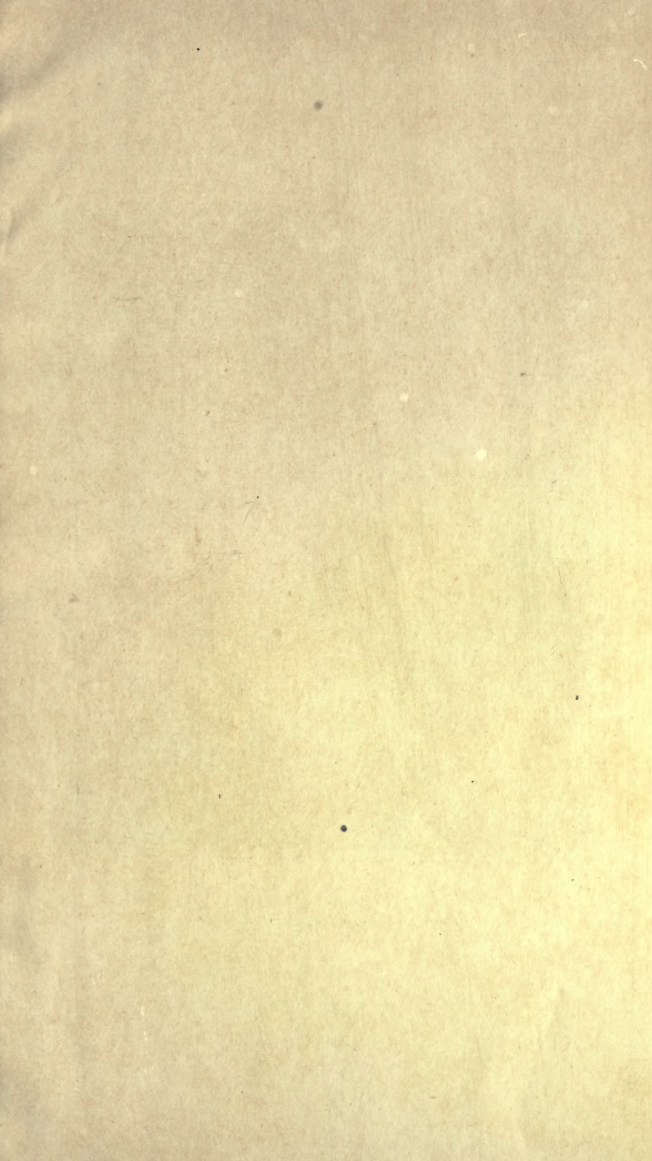
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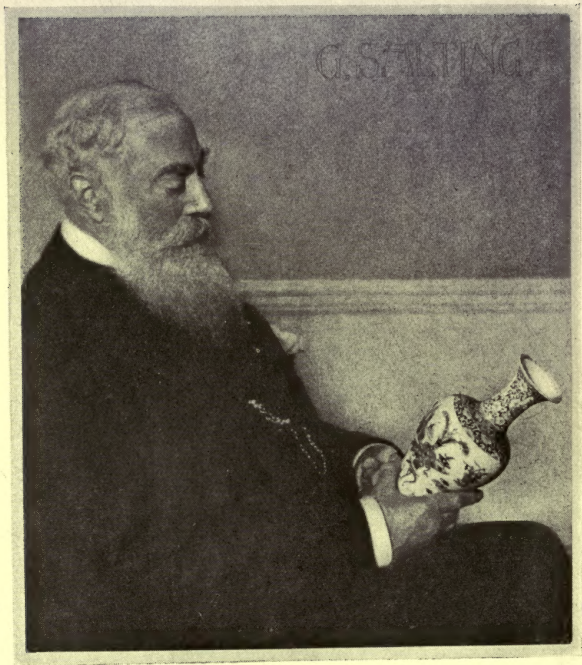
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GEORGE SALTING

*From a photograph by Dr. O. Rosenheim*



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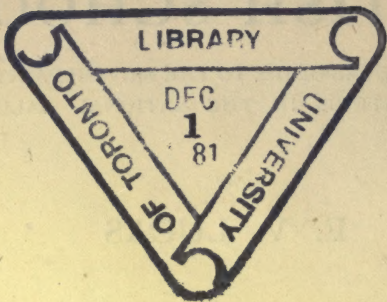
AN ANECDOTAL GUIDE TO THE BRITISH PAINTERS  
AND PAINTINGS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BY

E. V. LUCAS

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.  
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## PREFACE

**A**MONG the many books which have been consulted in the preparation of this guide I have found most useful the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, *A Century of Painters* by R. and S. Redgrave, and, of course, honest Allan Cunningham. To Mr. Wilfred Whitten, who indeed suggested the idea of this volume, I am greatly indebted.

E. V. L.



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# INTRODUCTION

## I. HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE nucleus of the National Gallery was thirty-eight pictures from the collection of John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823), a wealthy London underwriter of Russian extraction, who not only was the father of our chief treasure-house of art but the father also of Lloyd's as we now have it. Angerstein (whose portrait by his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is No. 129 in the National Gallery, in Room XXV) was a man of many activities. In addition to attending to his own business at Lloyd's, he concerned himself with public affairs. He raised National loans; he invented a State lottery scheme in the days before lotteries were discovered to be wicked; he busied himself in re-establishing the Veterinary College; he was the instigator of the prize offered by Lloyd's for the invention of a life-boat; and, lastly, he collected pictures. His gallery was in his house in Pall Mall (where the Reform Club

now stands), and this house after his death was all the National Gallery we had—until the present building was ready.

Angerstein died in 1823, directing that his pictures should be sold. It was then that Sir George Beaumont urged upon Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, the importance of acquiring the collection, or part of it, for the nation, and thus founding a National Gallery, the absence of which was considered by all friends of culture to be such a blot on this wealthy, conquering country. Sir George Beaumont fortified his appeal by the promise of certain gems from his own collection, although his pictures were the apple of his eye. To his aid came the Hon. George Agar-Ellis, afterwards Lord Dover, while at the back of all was the benignancy of George IV, who had spared time from less refined pursuits to visit Angerstein's house and had come away delighted.

The result was that on 2nd April 1824 the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of Supply on the Resolution "that £60,000 be granted to defray the charge of purchasing, and the expenses incidental to the preservation and public exhibition of, the collection of pictures which belonged to the late John Julius Angerstein." The purchase was quickly completed,



thirty-eight pictures being bought for £57,000, and on 10th May 1824 the house in Pall Mall was thrown open to the public.

The thirty-eight Angerstein pictures were these :—

1.	Piombo . . . . .	Raising of Lazarus.
2.	Claude . . . . .	Landscape.
3.	Titian (School of) . . . . .	Concert.
5.	Claude . . . . .	Seaport.
7.	Correggio (after) . . . . .	Study of Heads.
12.	Claude . . . . .	Landscape.
14.	„ . . . . .	Seaport.
25.	Carracci, An. . . . .	St. John.
27.	Raphael . . . . .	Julius II.
28.	Carracci, L. . . . .	Susannah.
30.	Claude . . . . .	St. Ursula.
31.	Poussin, G. . . . .	Landscape.
32.	Titian (School of) . . . . .	Rape of Ganymede.
34.	Titian . . . . .	Venus and Adonis.
36.	Poussin, G. . . . .	Land-storm.
37.	Correggio (after) . . . . .	Study of Heads.
38.	Rubens . . . . .	Rape of the Sabines.
42.	Poussin, N. . . . .	Bacchanalian Scene.
45.	Rembrandt van Ryn . . . . .	Woman taken in Adultery.
	„ . . . . .	Adoration of the Shepherds.
49.	Van Dyck . . . . .	Portrait of an Artist (?)
50.	„ . . . . .	Emperor Theodosius.
52.	„ . . . . .	Portrait of C. van der Geest.
53.	Cuyp . . . . .	Landscape.
67.	Rubens . . . . .	Holy Family.
76.	Correggio (after) . . . . .	Christ in the Garden.
88.	Carracci, An. . . . .	Erminia and the Shepherds.
94.	„ . . . . .	Bacchus and Silenus.
111.	Reynolds, Sir J. . . . .	Portrait of Lord Heathfield.
112.	Hogarth, W. . . . .	His own Portrait.

- |       |                        |  |                       |
|-------|------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| 113.) | }                      | Hogarth, W. . . . .  | Marriage "à la Mode." |
| 114.  |                        |  |                       |
| 115.  |                        |  |                       |
| 116.  |                        |  |                       |
| 117.  |                        |  |                       |
| 118.) |                        |  |                       |
| 122.  | Wilkie, Sir D. . . . . | The Village Festival.  |                       |
| 89.   | Sustermans . . . . .   | "Portrait of a Man and<br>Wife." (Lent to the<br>National Gallery of<br>Ireland since 1862.) |                       |

John Julius Angerstein, of whom more is said, with some account of his collection, under his portrait by Lawrence, later in the book, was thus the founder of the feast, but rather the caterer than the host. Our true benefactor is Sir George Beaumont, for it was he who toiled for the idea, and he who in 1826 gave to the nation, while he was still living, sixteen pictures, torn from his very heart; torn indeed, for finding that he could not live without one of the Claudes—No. 61, which he had carried with him in his post chaise on all his journeys—he asked for it back until he should come to die.

Sir George Howland Beaumont (1753-1827) was a true virtuoso, born to be the servant of art and the friend of artists. He was something of a painter himself, but not of the best, and his saying that "a good picture, like a good fiddle, should be brown," does not inspire the liveliest

ambition to possess his work. But that matters nothing. The thing is that Beaumont was a connoisseur, an enthusiast, and a gentleman, and if any statue should stand in the portico of the National Gallery it is his. Merely to name Beaumont's artistic protégés would be to fill pages, but Wilson was perhaps the greatest of the older men, and Girtin and Constable greatest among the youths, whose genius he discovered or fostered.

In addition to high enthusiasm and a delight in the fortune and taste which, combined, enabled him to play the patron so gracefully, Beaumont had a certain mischievous humour. As a young man he was fond of practical jokes, and he once very skilfully showed up the ignorance of the public and its passion for foreign artists by advertising in the papers that a wonderful German had arrived in Bond Street who could take likenesses by a new method, invented by himself, of heating the mirror in which the sitter looked and for ever fixing and preserving the reflection. It will surprise no one to hear that on the following day Bond Street was full of people eager for this perpetuation of their beauty.

Beaumont had other distinctions besides those of a collector. Wordsworth dedicated to him the 1815 edition of his poems, and it was Beaumont who was the principal mover in obtaining a pension

for Coleridge. Sir Walter Scott was his friend and eulogist; he was the promoter of the first Reynolds Exhibition; and the donor to the Royal Academy of the wonderful Michael Angelo tondo, now preserved in the Diploma Gallery.

Beaumont took lessons from Wilson; but his merit lies in his enthusiasm. The National Gallery possesses a work from his hand, presented by his widow—No. 119, "A Landscape, with Jaques and the Wounded Stag." Although a better judge than painter, one of his pictures drew from Wordsworth the famous Elegiac Stanzas on Peele Castle which contain these lines—

"Ah! then if mine had been the Painter's hand  
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the Poet's dream!"—

from which one quotes so naturally in any eulogy of Wilson's work.

Beaumont survived the gift of his pictures to the nation only a year, dying in 1827. The sixteen pictures were these:—

- |     |                   |   |   |   |                     |
|-----|-------------------|---|---|---|---------------------|
| 19. | Claude            | . | . | . | Landscape.          |
| 40. | Poussin, N.       | . | . | . | Landscape, Phocion. |
| 43. | Rembrandt van Ryn |   |   |   | Crucifixion.        |
| 51. | "                 |   |   |   | Jew Merchant.       |
| 55. | Claude            | . | . | . | Landscape.          |
| 58. | "                 | . | . | . | Landscape.          |

61.	Claude	.	.	Landscape.
64.	Bourdon	.	.	Return of the Ark.
66.	Rubens	.	.	Landscape.
71.	Both	.	.	Landscape.
99.	Wilkie, Sir D.	.	.	The Blind Fiddler.
106.	Reynolds, Sir J.	.	.	Man's Head.
108.	Wilson, R.	.	.	Ruins of the Villa of Maecenas.
110.	„	.	.	Landscape: Destruction of Niobe's Children.
127.	Canaletto	.	.	View in Venice.

There was also a picture by Benjamin West which is now on loan to Sheffield.

In 1831 came the next windfall, thirty-four pictures bequeathed by the Rev. William Holwell Carr (1758-1830), an amateur painter and collector. Carr was the son of an Exeter apothecary named Holwell. He matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, became a Petreian Fellow, and took orders in 1790, with the purpose of obtaining the rich benefice of Menheniot in Cornwall, which, fortunately for us, became his in 1792. He never lived there, but spent the income on foreign travel and the acquisition of works of art. He took the name of Carr on his marriage, and, dying in 1830, left to the nation his pictures, chiefly Italian, among which are these:—

4.	Titian	.	.	Holy Family.
6.	Claude	.	.	Landscape.
8.	Michael Angelo			
	(School of)	.	.	A Dream.

16.	Tintoretto . . .	St. George.
17.	Sarto . . .	Holy Family.
18.	Luini . . .	Christ and the Pharisees.
20.	Piombo . . .	Ippolito de' Medici and Sebastiano del Piombo.
21.	Allori . . .	Portrait of a Lady.
22.	Guercino . . .	Dead Christ.
24.	Piombo . . .	Giulia Gonzaga.
29.	Barocci . . .	Holy Family.
48.	Domenichino . . .	Tobias and the Angel.
56.	Carracci, An. . .	Landscape.
57.	Rubens . . .	St. Bavon.
63.	Carracci, An. . .	Landscape.
68.	Poussin, G. . .	Landscape.
75.	Domenichino . . .	Landscape.
77.	„ . . .	Stoning of Stephen.
81.	Garofalo . . .	Vision of St. Augustine.
82.	Mazzolino . . .	Holy Family.
85.	Domenichino . . .	St. Jerome.
91.	Poussin, N. . .	Sleeping Venus.
93.	Carracci, An. . .	Silenus.
95.	Poussin G. . .	Landscape.
98.	„ . . .	View of La Riccia.

More valuable, perhaps, than any of the above are the two Rembrandts—the “Woman Bathing,” No. 54, and the “Tobias and the Angel” landscape; No. 72.

Carr left to Exeter College a portrait of himself and the first edition of Homer, printed at Florence in 1488. His portrait, by Jackson, hangs on the staircase to the Screen Rooms.

This brings us to 1831. In 1832 the National Gallery as we now know it was begun, not to be completed until 1838. In the interval two

other collections fell to the nation—that of Lieut.-Colonel Ollney and of Lord Farnborough. Lieut.-Colonel Ollney's bequest, chiefly French and Dutch, was not of the highest importance; but he set an example to military men which one or two others have followed. John Harvey Ollney (1774-1837) was in the Royal South Gloucester Militia. He left one hundred and eight pictures to the nation, but only eighteen were accepted. Charles Long, Baron Farnborough (1761-1838), was a politician who owed his success in life to good rather than brilliant parts, and the friendship of Pitt and Georges III and IV. He voted Tory, said little, and bought pictures for his house at Bromley in Kent. The fifteen of these that came to the nation were chiefly Dutch and Flemish.

Meanwhile the present building was slowly rising in Trafalgar Square, which, however, in those days presented little of its appearance as we now know it. The Square, it is true, was determined as early as 1829, but the first stone of the Nelson Column was not laid until 1840, two years after the National Gallery was opened. Nelson himself did not take up his position on the top until 1843, while his lions (which ennoble the Square almost as much as he) came twenty-four years later.

The architect of the National Gallery was

William Wilkins (1778-1839), who is chiefly noted for his work at Cambridge, but also for University College in Gower Street and St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner. To some extent the design for the National Gallery was forced upon him, since it was insisted that the pillars from old Carlton House should be used for the portico, while Wilkins' proposal to bring the façade forward and make an approach by steps rising from the level of the present fountains was disallowed on the ground that there must be a direct roadway through from Pall Mall to the Strand. Had the architect had his way, Trafalgar Square would now be vastly more imposing.

Wilkins' building was to accommodate not only the national collection of art but also the Royal Academy exhibitions, which had previously been held in New Somerset House. It was opened on 9th April 1838, with the Angerstein and other treasures—one hundred and fifty all told—in the east wing; and this arrangement held good until 1869, when Burlington House was ready and Edward Middleton Barry's new rooms were begun in Trafalgar Square.

Meanwhile, however, other gifts and bequests had enriched us, the most notable being that of Mr. Robert Vernon in 1847, and that of Turner the painter in 1856, gigantic in size and beyond



appraisal in value. Robert Vernon (1774-1849) was that unusual thing, a horse-dealer picture-collector. From humble beginnings he grew to great wealth, the foundation of his fortune being laid when he contracted for the supply of horses during the Napoleonic wars. Having acquired his wealth, he began to buy pictures, chiefly by British artists and wholly upon his own judgment, and in 1847 he presented one hundred and fifty-seven of them to the nation; and these, until the National Gallery was ready for them, in 1876, were hung first in Marlborough House, and then in the South Kensington Museum. The majority of Vernon's pictures now hang at the Tate Gallery, which is devoted wholly to British art, together with his portrait by Pickersgill. The National Gallery retains, however, thirty-one examples, chief among which are four Wilsons, three Reynolds', three Gainsboroughs, two Turners, Constable's "Valley Farm," and Romney's "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante." Vernon's bust, by Behnes, is in the West Vestibule near the entrance of the British School.

To Joseph Mallord William Turner, most wonderful of English artists, whose will added to the National Gallery one hundred and five oil paintings and above nineteen thousand water colours and drawings, we shall come in due course,

when we reach his work. Enough here to say that, although Trafalgar Square retains one roomful, the majority of the oil paintings are now at the Tate, in an annexe recently built for them by the munificence of the late Joseph Duveen, the art dealer.

Another large British collection was that of Jacob Bell, bequeathed in 1859; but of these pictures almost all are at the Tate. Jacob Bell (1810-1859) was a Quaker druggist, the founder of the Pharmaceutical Society, and not only an enthusiast for early Victorian art, but a thoughtful friend of its exponents and a hard worker for that cause of copyright in pictures which has since made many of them wealthy. Among his closest painter friends was Landseer, whose brush he idolized, who has painted him for us as the farrier in "Shoeing" at the Tate Gallery.

The Trustees of the National Gallery had been buying pictures as they could ever since the beginning, in 1857 adding thirty-eight in that way, and in 1860 thirty-six; but it is significant that it was not until 1862 that they put down any money for works by a British artist. The first thus acquired (after those in the original Angerstein purchase) were Reynolds's portrait of Captain Orme (£210), Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons (£1000) and Dr. Schomber

(£1000), and what one can in some moods boldly call the very jewel of the British section, Crome's "Mousehold Heath" (£420), each of which came from a different collection in that year. Surely a very judicious national start. But it is rather sad to reflect that for thirty-eight years nine English pictures—seven Hogarths, one Reynolds, and one Wilkie—were all the English paintings that the administrators thought it worth while to pay money for.

In 1863 Queen Victoria enriched the National Gallery by transferring to it between twenty and thirty pictures from the collection of the late Prince Consort. In 1864 came a windfall to the Gallery in the shape of £10,000 from Mr. Thomas Denison Lewis, the first pecuniary bequest; and in 1871 the largest purchase to that date was made, when the Trustees expended £70,000 in acquiring seventy-seven pictures from the collection of the late Sir Robert Peel, including more than a dozen Rubens' and Reynolds', and fine examples of the best Dutch masters, including one Rembrandt. The same collection would not be bought to-day for five times the amount.

It was in 1876 that the new rooms added by Barry were opened, and in that year came also the valuable Wynne Ellis collection of forty-four pictures, almost wholly by foreign masters.

Wynne Ellis (1790-1875) was a silk merchant in Ludgate Street, whose business is now known as John Howell & Company. He amassed a large fortune, entered Parliament as a Liberal and Free Trader, helped to repeal the Corn Laws, built almshouses, and collected pictures. His will left four hundred and two works to the nation, but only forty-four were selected, chiefly Dutch. The rest went to Christie's, among them Gainsborough's famous "Duchess of Devonshire," known as "The Stolen Duchess," because, after being bought by Messrs. Agnew, it was stolen from their rooms on 26th May 1876, and not recovered until 1901. The National Gallery has two busts of Mr. Wynne Ellis at different periods of his life and one of Mrs. Wynne Ellis; they are to be seen in the East and West Vestibules.

The next munificent benefactor of art in this country was Sir Henry Tate, who gives his name to the gallery on the Embankment, a dependence of the Trafalgar Square building, maintained exclusively as the home of British art. Sir Henry Tate (1819-1899) was as a youth a grocer's assistant. Then he entered a sugar refiner's business, in which for many years he remained, until the idea came to him that machinery might be devised that would cut sugar loaves into small cubes. This simple invention carried him

to fortune, and he was able not only to acquire from the Royal Academy exhibitions all the pictures by contemporary artists, particularly Millais, which he most desired, but also to build the gallery which bears his name. This was opened by King Edward VII on 3rd March 1893, and in 1899 it was sufficiently enlarged to enable the National Gallery to remove to its rooms a great number of British works, which now hang there, together with the new works purchased annually under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Sir Henry Tate himself presented sixty-five pictures.

After Wynne Ellis the greatest benefactors of the National Gallery proper have been Francis Clarke, who left it £23,104 in 1881; Henry Vaughan who left it many pictures in 1900; Edward Temple West, who left it nearly £200,000 in 1907; and George Salting, whose collection passed to the nation in 1910.

Henry Vaughan (1809-1899), was the son of a successful Southwark hatter. About the age of nineteen he succeeded to a large fortune, which he devoted to travel, virtuosity, and charity. He never married, and continued in his passion for art until the end. The principal master of his admiration was Turner, whom he knew personally as well as it was given to any one to know that difficult man. Mr. Vaughan bequeathed

to the National Gallery a large number of paintings, chiefly by Constable, and sketches, chiefly by Turner. To other galleries in Great Britain and Ireland he also made bequests, including some priceless Michael Angelo drawings to the Print Rooms of the British Museum. The bulk of his fortune went to charities. England is greatly his debtor.

Vaughan lived at 28 Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, for sixty-five years and became, like many a collector, caustic and crabbed as he grew older. Many years before his death he was told by a leading physician that he could not live more than a few weeks, and one of the pleasures of his later days was to make a point of ostentatiously passing this doctor's house on his way to his club. Vaughan gave the "Hay Wain" to the National Gallery during his lifetime, in 1886, from a persistent fear that something might occur to deflect his bequests, and as it happened, although he was a lawyer, he drafted a very poor will for himself.

George Salting (1836-1909), to whom the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum also owe so much, was an interesting and typical example of the genus collector. His father was a wealthy Danish settler in Australia, where Salting was born in 1836. The boy was sent to Eton,

and then recalled home to go to the Sydney University; and for a number of years he remained in Australia, gathering gear against the time when he should settle down in London. Hither he came in middle life with a large fortune and nothing to do with it. He was unmarried; he disliked almsgiving; and he had practically no tastes—only taste. His absorbing passion became the acquisition of things of beauty. He began with porcelain, and, usually with good judgment, but now and then unfortunately, bought widely. It soon became the rule for the dealers to let Mr. Salting have the first sight of any new treasure. He then turned to furniture and miniatures, and lastly to pictures. His catholicity was extreme: he simply could not resist anything which his eyes found beautiful, and the result was that his rooms at the top of the Thatched House Club in St. James's Street—his only home for years—were soon congested. He kept all that he could, but he acquired so much that it was unmanageable, and he allowed it to overflow to the Bethnal Green and South Kensington Museums and to the National Gallery—willing all to the nation at his death, which occurred on 12th December 1909.

Mr. Salting did not disclose except to a very few friends; for the rest, he was a recluse of clubland and a haunter of Christie's, where his commanding

figure and long white beard were a landmark. Many stories are told—and a few have been printed—of the simplicity of his personal requirements, his superiority to the non-essentials of life, and dislike of spending money upon anything but works of art. One of the best of those that have not, I believe, seen print, is that of a friend meeting the collector in a tall hat of unusual lustre, and remarking on it. “Yes,” said the millionaire, “my brother’s widow found it among his things and thought it might fit me.” His collections are now distributed among South Kensington (porcelain, pottery, ivory, medals, and miniatures); the British Museum (engravings and drawings); and the National Gallery (two hundred oil paintings). To walk through the five rooms at South Kensington where his treasures are preserved is to gain rapidly an impression not only of Mr. Salting’s extraordinary range of virtuosity, but of what one wealthy man can bring together in a few years when he gives his mind to it. The Wallace Collection alone is more remarkable, but that was the work of two men. George Salting’s portrait serves as the frontispiece of this book.

The first Director (then called Keeper) of the National Gallery was William Segulier, a topographical landscape painter who was born in



London in 1771, the son of David Segurier, a picture-dealer of repute. Young Segurier took lessons from George Morland and did some good work as a delineator of London—"Covent Garden Theatre on Fire" was one of his best known pictures—and also copied the old masters with skill; but a wealthy marriage enabled him to study art with a view to becoming an expert adviser to collectors. George IV employed him in this capacity, and appointed him Conservator of the Royal Pictures, a post which he held also under William IV and Victoria. When the project of purchasing the Angerstein pictures was suggested, Segurier was consulted, and he held the position of Director of the National Gallery from its foundation until his death in 1843.

Segurier was succeeded for a too brief period by Sir Augustus Wall Callcott (1779–1844), the landscape painter, who died very shortly after. Then came Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A. (1793–1865). Eastlake, like Reynolds, Northcote, and Haydon, was a Plymouth man. None of the hardships or rebuffs so common to young artists were his. He was put early under Samuel Prout, and later under Haydon, with the object of becoming an historical painter. Few careers were more equable or successful. He did the right thing, even to settling in Rome; his pictures were accurate

and pleasing, and they attracted the right people. In 1827 he was made A.R.A., and in 1829 R.A. It is less as a painter than as a writer on art and as a stimulator of public interest in art that Eastlake deserves to be remembered. The National Gallery is a permanent memorial to his taste and enthusiasm. But he was also one of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which did so much to vivify all the arts and crafts in England. The Prince Consort valued Eastlake's advice before almost any one's. Eastlake held the office of Keeper of the National Gallery from 1843 to 1847. He then resigned. In 1850 he became President of the Royal Academy and a knight, and in 1855 he was back in Trafalgar Square again, but now as Director, with new powers, and this post he held until his death in 1865. Eastlake was very diligent in his office and every year travelled extensively on the Continent, hoping to find treasure for his country. Altogether he purchased one hundred and thirty-nine pictures and greatly raised the importance of the Gallery.

Between 1847, when Eastlake retired, and 1855, when he returned, the National Gallery was controlled by Thomas Uwins (1782-1857) the painter, a very prolific illustrator of the great English novelists and a tower of strength to the Old

Water-Colour Society. He was made A.R.A. in 1833 and then R.A. in 1838. He retired from the National Gallery in 1855 owing to ill-health.

On Eastlake's death Sir William Boxall, R.A. (1800-1879), a portrait painter of repute, famous for his "Beauties," was appointed. Boxall retired in 1874, and was succeeded by Sir Frederic William Burton (1816-1900), a water-colour painter of great learning and accomplishment. Eastlake had taken his labours as Director seriously; but Burton did more than that—he made them his life. He bought many fine pictures; he persuaded many others from their owners, either as gifts or bequests; he re-classified the schools; and himself prepared a catalogue notable for its illuminating and incisive criticisms. Burton retired in 1894, but lived until 1900.

Burton was succeeded by Sir Edward James Poynter (born 1836), now the President of the Royal Academy. On his retirement in 1905, Sir Charles Holroyd (born 1861), the present vigorous Director, and himself a distinguished artist, came into office.

## II. AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF BRITISH ART

The earliest English painter represented in the National Gallery is John Bettes (died 1573 ?), a Tudor miniature painter, among whose sitters was Queen Elizabeth. His National Gallery picture is a portrait, rather less than life size, of Edmund Butts of Barrow in Suffolk. It is sometimes thought that Bettes studied under Holbein. Be that as it may, Holbein must be called the father of English art, for although portraits and religious scenes were painted before his arrival at the court of Henry VIII from Germany in 1526, yet it was Holbein's genius in portraiture that set the fashion, and when fashions are set there are always plenty of artificers to supply the demand.

It is strange that England produced her own artists so slowly. By the time Bettes had begun to work in earnest, say 1535, Giotto had been dead nearly two centuries, Raphael fifteen years, Leonardo da Vinci sixteen years, and Botticelli twenty-five years. But that the Italian influence should have failed to affect young English-

men is not so surprising when we remember not only difficulties of travel but Henry VIII's quarrel with the Pope. What is surprising is that the Netherland masters had not created an enthusiasm. Yet they had not, although, when Bettes began, both the Van Eycks had been dead over a hundred years, and Memling nearly seventy years, and the great Mabuse, who was for a while in England, fifteen years or so.

England not only awoke late but developed with extraordinary deliberation. We have no period in the youth of our art to correspond with the Italian Renaissance or that amazing passion for painting which engrossed our Dutch neighbours in the seventeenth century. That a certain amount of painting was done in England by Englishmen between the reigns of Henry VII and Anne we know. There are many examples in the National Portrait Gallery next door. But between Bettes (died 1573?) and Hogarth (1697-1764), the first great national English painter and still (so sudden was the blossoming of the tardy plant) unsurpassed in his own genre, the National Gallery has pictures by only two native artists—William Dobson (1610-1646), and Sir James Thornhill (1675-1734).

For all practical purposes, then, British art began with Hogarth.

There are several reasons for the poverty of these pre-Hogarthian days. One undoubtedly is the Wars of the Roses and their steady drain on the high spirits of the English youth. Another was Henry VIII's hostility to the Church of Rome, always the great patron of painters, and the destruction not only of altarpieces but of altars. And then when the spacious day of Elizabeth dawned, the energy that in Italy had been put into art was in England given to poetry and exploration. Had we more great Tudor pictures we might have had a weaker drama and a poorer map. With Charles I came a quickening interest in pictures, only, however, to be withered under the Protectorate, when Puritan zeal did so much to darken the national character.

But these are not all the reasons. Another and a very regrettable one remains. English art failed to thrive because there was written over the door of every monarch and nobleman who cared for pictures the frigid words, "Only foreigners need apply." Portraits were in steady demand from Bettes to Hogarth; but they had to be the work of any but Englishmen. It is true that the post of Serjeant Painter to the Throne was in existence, and was held by native artists, but the smiles and limelight were for the foreigner. Sir Charles Holroyd has

arranged in Room XX some of these influential aliens.

Henry VIII employed and petted Hans Holbein, from Augsburg, who was here from 1526 to 1528, and from 1532 until his death in 1543; Elizabeth favoured the Italian Zuccherò and the Dutch De Heere; Charles I gave work to Rubens and established Van Dyck near his person; the beauties of Charles II's court were painted by Sir Peter Lely, another Dutchman, and the worthies of James II's by Sir Godfrey Kneller, a German. Until the advent of Van Dyck, Holbein had been the model of all portrait painters in this country. Van Dyck then changed and dominated the fashion. It was not until Hogarth that English painting shook itself free not only of the fetters of manner but of matter. Portraits of distinguished persons had hitherto been the one concern of painters in this country. Hogarth looked at life with his own eyes, and painted the common people.

The outstanding native painters in this great period of successful foreign invasion between the German Holbein, who arrived in 1526, and the German Kneller, who arrived in 1675 and died an English gentleman and knight in 1723, were John Bettes; Nicholas Hilliard; George Gower, Serjeant Painter to Queen Elizabeth (who, how-

ever, so disliked portraits of herself likely to remind her of how she really looked that the post became a sinecure); Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a grandson of the great Chancellor; Cornelius Jonson, who had considerable influence on the work of William Dobson, one of Van Dyck's assistants; Henry Stone, another of Van Dyck's assistants; George Jamieson, a Scotsman, called the Scottish Van Dyck; Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist, who painted Cromwell; John Greenhill, a pupil of Lely, and James Thornhill, who carried on the tradition of mural painting which Rubens had made so popular in this country. Hogarth married Thornhill's daughter. But of these, Trafalgar Square, as I have said, takes note only of Dobson and Thornhill.

The National Gallery collection of British pictures is as a whole good, and the best painters are well represented; but the division between Trafalgar Square and Millbank is undoubtedly a disadvantage to the student. It were better, I think, if the Tate Gallery respected a time limit, and had, let us say, no picture painted before 1840, while the National Gallery had none painted after. Landscape artists so much in the great British tradition as, for example, Stark, Linnell, and Müller, should, one feels, be represented in



Trafalgar Square ; while Millais' two portraits would be more at home at the Tate, which is largely a memorial to his genius. The rule which the authorities attempt to follow is that in Trafalgar Square should be no artist born after 1800, and at the Tate no artist born before. It, however, breaks down in several cases in both Galleries ; for Landseer, for example, who has five pictures in Trafalgar Square, was not born until 1802, while John Linnell, who is hung only at the Tate, was born in 1792. But it is ungracious to criticize. The feast is a rare one.



# THE BRITISH SCHOOL

## An Anecdotal Guide

### to the British Painters and Pictures in the National Gallery

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

*THE present (1912) position of every picture is given in this catalogue. From time to time, however, certain changes are likely to be made, particularly among the Turners, a system of periodical interchange with the Tate Turners being probable. For most of the pictures not on view one has but to ask an attendant.*

*The irregularity of the numbering of the pictures—by which, for example, six of Constable's can be Nos. 130, 327, 1065, 1275, 1820, 2660, etc.—is due to the circumstance that every picture is numbered as it is acquired and retains that number evermore.*

ABBOTT (LEMUEL FRANCIS). 1760–1803.

No. 1198. Portrait of Mr. Henry Byne, of Carshalton.

(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

Abbott was the son of a Leicestershire clergyman, most probably the Rev. Lemuel Abbott,

vicar of Thornton, who wrote a few poems, and died in 1776. The boy at the age of fourteen became the pupil of Francis (or Frank) Hayman, but Hayman's death closed the connexion two years later. Abbott had no other regular instruction, but, working hard alone, acquired a remarkable power of catching likenesses. Among his sitters were Cowper the poet and Lord Nelson, whose portrait from Abbott's hand hangs next door to the National Gallery, in the National Portrait Gallery. Abbott seems to have been miserly and to have had a bad wife. He died insane.

Of the brusque and jovial Bohemian, Hayman, Abbott's master, it is well to say something at this point, for his association with British art is of considerable importance, apart altogether from anything which his brush produced. Francis Hayman was born at Exeter in 1708 and was taught painting by Robert Brown of that town. Settling in London he became a scene painter at Drury Lane, then under Fleetwood's management, and did a certain amount of book illustrating—for Smollett and others. It was, however, as an historical painter that he found himself, and this led to his employment by Jonathan Tyers of the Vauxhall Gardens, who had hit on the idea of decorating the supper boxes there with scenes of contemporary life. Hogarth joined in this task, and the result was a spirited series which reproduced the England of the day very faithfully. The National Gallery has no example of Hayman's work, but next door may be seen a picture

of his studio with himself and Sir Robert Walpole in it. In the pavilion at Lord's are two good cricket matches by him. Whether or not he played that game I do not know; but that he boxed is certain, for when painting the series at Vauxhall he had a sitting from the Marquis of Granby as the victor of Minden, in the scene representing British heroes, and before the gallant soldier would be painted he insisted on a round or two with the artist in the style of the great Broughton. Hayman, as I have said, is not represented here; but a glimpse of him is to be caught in the first scene of Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode*," where the artist sat for Lord Squandersfield, the *blasé* husband. He was sufficiently Hogarth's friend to accompany him on the visit to France when Hogarth was mistaken for a spy.

And now for Hayman's really important place in the history of British Art. In 1745 he gave to the Foundling Hospital, in accordance with a generous custom inaugurated by Hogarth, his picture of "Moses striking the Rock" (still to be seen there), and on 31st December 1746, he and the other artists who had followed Hogarth's lead were made Governors and an annual dinner was established. The publicity given to this occurrence drew attention to the Hospital as a picture gallery and people began to flock there. This new public interest in art set Hayman thinking and he was chiefly instrumental in forming a committee, of which he was chairman, to arrange for an exhibition of the works of living

British artists, by which they themselves might benefit, and the result was the founding of the Society of Arts in 1759 and the first exhibition in their rooms in the Strand in 1760. In 1761 the artists differed, and Hayman and the best known of the others left the Society of Arts and formed themselves into the Society of Artists of Great Britain. In 1765 this body was incorporated by charter, and George Lambert, the scene-painter and boon companion of Hogarth and Hayman, was appointed president and Hayman vice-president. Three years later more discussion occurred and Hayman again seceded and with his friends founded the Royal Academy of Arts, to which George III gave a royal charter on 10th December 1768—forty members being elected, with Reynolds as president and Hayman as librarian. This was the Royal Academy that we have to-day, so that it must be admitted that Hayman has some claim to be remembered.

Hayman put conviviality before his art and was the life and soul of various clubs, particularly Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's Lane, where Hogarth and the chief artists of that era were to be found night after night. His manner was so rough as to win him the name of Bear, but his heart seems to have been sound. Every watchman knew his stagger. He married Fleetwood's widow and died in the house which is now 42 and 43 Dean Street in 1776. On his death Richard Wilson succeeded him as librarian of the Royal Academy, and was very glad of the salary.

ARNALD (GEORGE). 1763-1841.

No. 1156. On the Ouse, Yorkshire.

(Not on view except by request.)

This painter, of whom little is known, was a Berkshire man. He learned his art from one of the Pethers, either William or Abraham (known as "Moonlight Pether"): most probably the latter, since Arnald also often depicted landscape by night. He travelled and worked on the Continent, chiefly in France, knew Sir George Beaumont, and in 1810 became an A.R.A. In 1819 he was appointed landscape painter to the Duke of Gloucester (ducal establishments then sometimes including that necessary post), and in 1825 won £500 offered by the British Institution for a picture of "The Battle of the Nile." This work, which is in Greenwich Hospital, illustrates the moment when the *Orient* blew up. Arnald's two daughters were also artists.

BARKER (THOMAS). "Barker of Bath." 1769-1847.

No. 1039. A clover-field, with figures.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1306. Landscape, with Figures and Cattle.

(Room XXI.)

Few English painters were more popular in their own day than Thomas Barker, a fortunate and happy man. He was born near Pontypool, the son of a painter of horses. The boy early displayed talent both for figures and landscape, his "Old Tom," one of the favourite pictures of its time, being painted when he was only seventeen. On the family moving to Bath, he attracted the

attention of a Bath coach-builder named Spackman, who not only allowed him to copy from works in his collection but financed him liberally for four years' study in Rome. Barker returned from Rome at the age of twenty-four, settled at Bath, and was almost instantly popular. Bath had some pretensions to appreciate art, for Gainsborough's sojourn there had lent it a reputation, and Barker, although local, was honoured. He was honoured elsewhere too and must have been one of the best known of English painters, for his work "The Woodman," for which he received the immense sum of five hundred guineas, was not only dispersed widely in Bartolozzi's engravings but was copied on china, pottery, linen, and by the famous Miss Mary Linwood, whose gallery of needlework pictures was one of the sights of London from 1798 onwards, and whose translation of a painting into wool set the seal of merit on the original work. Barker, it is said, never felt resentment at the use to which his productions were put by commercial copyists, but on the contrary was gratified to think that he was giving both pleasure and the means of employment to so many persons. He lived an equable, prosperous life at Bath, which is still very proud of him, and built himself a house at Sion Hill which he decorated with a remarkable fresco representing "The Inroad of the Turks upon Scio in April 1822."

Considering that he was wholly untaught his merit was great; and it is easy to sympathize



with Constable, who considered Barker his most serious rival, and whose house was steadily filling with unsold works while Barker's purse grew heavier.

BEAUMONT (SIR GEORGE HOWLAND). 1753-1827.

No. 119. A Landscape, with Jaques and the Wounded Stag.  
(Vestibule Lobby.)

(For an account of Beaumont see Introduction.)

BEECHEY (SIR WILLIAM), R.A. 1753-1839.

No. 120. Portrait of Joseph Nollekens, R.A.  
(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

No. 1670. Portrait of Mr. James P. Johnstone.  
(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

No. 1671. Portrait of Mr. Alexander P. Johnstone.  
(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

Sir William Beechey was not only a painter of some eminence in his day, but, what was perhaps more important, a friend of painters. Among those to whom he was kind and helpful were John Crome (at the outset of his career) and poor Richard Wilson (at the close). He was born at Burford in Oxfordshire in 1753. After experimenting with the law (following, as some say, attempts at house painting) he entered the Royal Academy schools in 1772. For a few years from 1781 he was in Norwich, and it was then that he assisted Crome. Returning to London he set up as a portrait painter, and had a curious piece of good fortune, hardly imaginable as occurring now. A portrait of a nobleman which he sent to the Academy was

rejected. The nobleman, who had counted upon his physiognomy adding to the attractions of the exhibition, was furious and brought the matter before the Academy's royal patron, George III, who was shown the portrait and liked it so much that Beechey was taken into favour at Court and painted many Guelphs. He was also knighted. Sir William lived to be well over eighty and died in 1839 leaving three distinguished sons—Frederick William Beechey, the sailor and geographer, who accompanied both Franklin and Parry into the Arctic regions; George Beechey, an artist, who settled in India and painted Maharajahs and their ladies; and Henry William Beechey, painter and Egyptian explorer. Beechey retained to the end a vein of genial coarseness and is said late in life to have deplored the refinement and moderation in liquor which had come upon his fellow-Academicians. His salient characteristics were candour, honesty, and kindness. Although a Court painter he made no effort to learn Court manners. Once when painting Queen Charlotte she expressed a wish to rest, and, leaning back in her chair, took a pinch of snuff. "God bless your Majesty," exclaimed Beechey, reaching for the box, "I've been dying for a pinch this last hour!" Beechey was with Turner at poor Girtin's funeral in 1802.

No. 120. Portrait of Joseph Nollekens, R.A.

Nollekens, the sculptor, of whom, thanks to John Thomas Smith's diverting biography, we

know much, was a son of an Antwerp painter named Joseph Francis Nollekens, who settled in England in 1733, this country being, as we have seen, a happy hunting ground for foreign artists. The boy Joseph displaying some capacity as a modeller, he was placed in the studio of an Antwerp sculptor, Peter Scheemakers, also an emigrant to England. Young Nollekens, who was, like his father, of an intensely avaricious disposition, worked hard and won several prizes from the Society of Arts, and with this money, and what he had been able to scrape together in other ways, he had the good sense to go to Rome. There it was his fortune to meet both Garrick and Sterne, of each of whom he executed a bust which gave great satisfaction. He also took to trafficking in antiques, both genuine and spurious, and did so well as a collector, faker, and speculative investor, that on returning to England in 1770 he was able to take a large house. His reputation as a sculptor had preceded him, and being overcome with commissions, he rapidly rose to eminence and affluence. In 1771 he was an A.R.A., in 1772 an R.A., and in that year he married. His wife, although an attractive woman, was as mean and squalid in character as himself. Together, in their house at 9 (now 44) Mortimer Street, they hoarded and pinched to such purpose that when his unlovely life was ended he left £200,000. Among his sitters for busts were most of the Royal Family, the Empress of Russia, Canning, Fox, Goldsmith,

and Dr. Johnson. "Well, sir, I think my friend Joe Nollekens can chop out a head with any of them," was the tribute of the Doctor, who also said of Mrs. Nollekens, jokingly, "I think little Mary would have been mine, if little Joe had not stepped in." Johnson is said to have portrayed Mary as Pekuah in *Rasselas*. It was as much the thing to be sculptured by Nollekens as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Beechey, who painted this portrait, was one of Nollekens' executors. Smith, who wrote his life, was the other, and some of the petty disclosures which it makes are said to be due to his pique at receiving only a £100 legacy.

BEHNES, WILLIAM. 1795-1864.

No. 2237. Bust of Robert Vernon.

(West Vestibule.)

Of Robert Vernon, through whose munificence the National Gallery owns so many of its finest British pictures, I have written in the Introduction. This bust was presented by Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and the gentlemen whose names are on the pedestal, in 1850, a year after Vernon's death, as a memorial of his generosity. The sculptor, William Behnes, was the son of a German maker of pianos who married an Englishwoman and settled in London. Behnes was taught his father's craft, but preferred drawing, and became a student at the Royal Academy. A French lodger taught him also modelling, and in 1820 he began to be known as a sculptor.

Among his sitters were Clarkson, Disraeli, and Macready; and among his pupils were G. F. Watts and Henry Weekes, who has described him in his *Memoirs*. Behnes, however, lacked ballast, and fell into such dissipated ways that the Royal Academy had to disown him. He was found dying in the street in 1864 and carried to Middlesex Hospital. He is said always to have preferred painting to sculpture, and his drawings, which may be seen in the Print Room at the British Museum, are very remarkable. An excellent head by him of Samuel Rogers the poet is in Hornsey Church.

BETTES (JOHN). Died 1573?

No. 1496. Portrait of Edmund Butts.

(Room XX.)

Of Bettes, the earliest English painter in the Gallery, something is said in the Historical Introduction. Edmund Butts, the subject of this picture, was a son of Sir William Butts, physician to Henry VIII. Edmund's only daughter married Sir Nicholas Bacon, the eldest son of the great Chancellor.

BOEHM (SIR JOSEPH EDGAR), R.A. 1834-1890.

No. 2243. Bust of Mr. Wynne Ellis.

(East Vestibule.)

No. 2244. Bust of Mrs. Wynne Ellis.

(East Vestibule.)

Boehm was born in Vienna, the son of the Director of the Austrian Imperial Mint and a

collector of antique sculpture. The boy responded to his environment and took to modelling ; and to him England is indebted both for many statues and the later Victorian coinage. He came to England in 1848 and studied at the British Museum. Then after further years of study on the Continent he returned to London in 1862, and in 1865 was naturalized as an Englishman and quickly became a successful sculptor, numbering royalty among his sitters. Queen Victoria appointed him her sculptor-in-ordinary.

Wynne Ellis was the collector to whose taste and munificence the National Gallery owes so many treasures, as narrated in the Introduction. He died in 1875. Mrs. Wynne Ellis, who died in 1872, was a daughter of John Smith of Lincoln. Both are buried in Whitstable churchyard in a mausoleum designed by Barry ; and there are almshouses to her memory close by.

BONINGTON (RICHARD PARKES). 1801-1828.

No. 2664. Scene in Normandy.

(Room XXIV.)

The National Gallery is weaker in Bonington than it has any right or reason to be. "The Piazzetta, St. Mark's, Venice," no longer hangs here, having been moved to the Tate ; while No. 2664, bequeathed by Mr. Salting and reproduced on the opposite page, has to be sought in the basement. The Louvre (where the artist studied as a boy) has, on the contrary, several fine Boningtons ; while Hertford House is rich in him.



SCENE IN NORMANDY





Richard Parkes Bonington was born at Arnold near Nottingham on 25th October 1801. The lives of painters too often contain instances of paternal hostility to their calling: Bonington was not a case in point, for he was brought up amid paints and brushes, and everything possible was done by his father, himself something of a painter, to make not only an artist but an infant prodigy of him. When Bonington was still a boy the family moved to Calais and there he had lessons from Louis Francia, water-colours by whom may be seen at South Kensington. In 1816 Bonington went to Paris and studied (as the youngest student on record) at the Louvre, among his fellow-students being Eugène Delacroix, who soon came "to know him well and love him much." He studied also under Baron Gros, who quickly told him that he had no more to learn and advised him to fare forth alone and paint. This advice he took, and travelling up and down France, made a vast number of drawings, all rich in colour and quick with life. In 1824 he sent to the Salon two of his famous coast scenes and (together with Constable and Copley Fielding) received the medal, a circumstance which drew attention to the Englishmen, particularly to Constable and Bonington, and no doubt did much to determine the trend of French art towards that open air school which we now associate with the village of Barbizon.

So far Bonington had painted only in water colours, but in 1824 or 1825 he tried oils. He

then extended his travels to Venice, and in 1827 exhibited some of the results in the Salon. Although he now and then visited England, and exhibited there in 1826 and 1828, he made Paris his home. His fame, already considerable there, grew with embarrassing volume in 1828, and it is said that the pressure of commissions which he found waiting for him on returning from a visit to London so weighed upon him that, in conjunction with careless exposure to the sun while sketching, he contracted brain fever, and he died in London, whither he had hurried to consult a physician, at the early age of twenty-seven. Few artists are killed by success and fewer as young as this. Yet without the sun-stroke and the dismay, Bonington probably would not have lived long, for he was always frail and is said to have had the melancholy air of a doomed man. He was tall, with a slight stoop; his eyes were dark and penetrating. Every one liked him and he liked every one. He was buried in St. James's, Pentonville.

Bonington's reputation has grown steadily, and his best work is now eagerly desired. Just as Keats, his contemporary, who also died untimely with so much of his music in him, has been called the poets' poet, so is Bonington a painters' painter. Among those who recognized his genius early was David Cox, his senior by eighteen years, who did not disdain to copy from Bonington's work in order to mature his own genius. Bonington, no doubt, was very industrious; but

only superhuman powers could, in the time at his disposal, have done half of the work that bears his name in dealers' shops.

BROOKING (CHARLES). 1723-1759.

No. 1475. The Calm : a seashore scene.

(Room XXI.)

Very little is known of this early painter of the sea. As a dockyard hand at Deptford he learned his ships. He was never a successful man as it was, but had it not been for Mr. Taylor White, Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital, Brooking would have done worse. Seeing some excellent sea-pieces in a dealer's shop, Mr. White asked the name of the artist. The dealer refused to give it, but offered to obtain more work by the same hand. By an accident Mr. White learned the name, advertised for Brooking to meet him, and became his generous patron; while Brooking did something towards repaying him by presenting the gallery of the Foundling Hospital with a picture. Although always a struggler himself, Brooking was able to be a friend and encourager of Dominic Serres, R.A., a more successful sea painter and resident on old London Bridge, who flourished until 1793.

Brooking died through bad medical advice when only thirty-six, leaving a family totally unprovided for. The Society of Arts seems to have apprenticed one of his sons to a peruke-maker out of the profits of their first Exhibition

in 1760. For the fuller study of Brooking one must go to Hampton Court.

CALLCOTT (SIR AUGUSTUS WALL), R.A. 1779-

1844.

- No. 340. Returning from Market.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 342. Landscape with Cattle.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 343. The Wooden Bridge.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 344. The Benighted Traveller.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 346. Entrance to Pisa from Leghorn.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 348. Sea Coast.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 1841. Fishing on the Mere.  
(East Screen Room.)

Callcott was born in the Mall, Kensington Gravel Pits, 20th February 1779, the son of a bricklayer and builder. His elder brother, John Wall Callcott (1766-1821), was a musician and composer, and Augustus had musical leanings too, and for six years sang as a chorister at Westminster Abbey. He then entered the Royal Academy schools and studied portrait painting under Hoppner; but landscape soon began to exercise a greater sway, and as a charming landscape painter he continued and is known. His life was easy and successful: he travelled, painted, and sold, and was always serene. In 1837 he was knighted by Queen Victoria, and for a while returned to figure painting with some scenes from Shakespeare. In 1844 he was made Keeper

of the Queen's pictures, but he died in the same year.

Callcott married, in 1827, a Mrs. Graham, *née* Dundas, known to countless children of past generations, and to some of this, by her famous educational work, *Little Arthur's History of England*, first published in 1835 as by M. C.—Maria Callcott. She wrote also other books, but this was her masterpiece. A woman of vigorous intellect, she once remarked in John Linnell's presence that "she would rather be called a bitch than a female."

CONSTABLE (JOHN), R.A. 1776–1837.

- No. 130. The Cornfield, or Country Lane.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 327. The Valley Farm.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1065. A Cornfield, with figures. A sketch.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1066. On Barnes Common.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1207. The Hay Wain.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1246. A House at Hampstead.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1272. The Cenotaph.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1273. Flatford Mill, on the River Stour.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1274. The Glebe Farm.  
(Between Rooms XXII and XXIV.)
- No. 1275. View at Hampstead.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1813. View on Hampstead Heath.  
(Room XXIV.)

- No. 1814. Salisbury Cathedral.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 1815. A Summer Afternoon after a Shower.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1816. The River Stour, near Flatford Mill,  
afternoon.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1817. The Gleaners.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 1818. View at Epsom.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1819. Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 1820. Dedham.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1821. A Country Lane.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1822. Dedham Vale.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1823. The Glebe Farm.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1824. Sketch of a Landscape.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 2649. Stoke-by-Nayland.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2650. Yarmouth Jetty.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2651. Salisbury Cathedral.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2652. Weymouth Bay.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2653. Spetchley.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2654. Study for Dedham Vale.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2655. Portrait of Mrs. Constable.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2656. Sea.  
(Room XXIV.)

- No. 2657. Windmill.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2658. A Hill Side : Hampstead.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2659. Trees near Hampstead Church.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2660. Dell at Helmingham Park.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2661. Dedham Mill.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2662. Leathes Water, Cumberland.  
(Room XXIII.)
- No. 2663. Dedham Valley.  
(Room XXIII.)

Whatever weakness may be the National Gallery's in regard to certain great British painters, it is strong in Constable, and, since the acquisition of the fifteen Salting examples, still stronger. And this is only right, for in spite of his powerful influence on French art—so that he might justly be called a father of the Barbizon school—Constable is British to the core, painting for half a century this little England of ours under all skies with a persistence and faithfulness that amounted to a passion. Gainsborough may be more domestically English, Crome more consistently beautiful, Turner more wonderful, but Constable was the first master of English weather.

Like so many of the best painters and so few of the bad ones, John Constable was a man of the people. His father was a miller who owned water-mills at Flatford and Dedham and two wind-mills at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, and it was at the mill house at East Bergholt that the painter

was born on 11th June 1776—seven years and six months after John Crome in the next county. The boy was educated simply but soundly at local schools and was destined by his father for the Church. Happily, however, he preferred milling, and for a year, at the age of eighteen and nineteen, he worked at East Bergholt in that mill which he made immortal by setting it proudly in so many of his pictures (notably in the "Spring" at South Kensington), and it was from this vantage place that he gained his love and knowledge of the skies. It is certain that no landscape painter's eyes could have a better education than in watching for the wind over English meadows.

Constable's hunger for art had been fostered partly by his friend the village plumber and glazier, an interesting and curious man named Dunthorne, and partly by that assiduous patron of art and artists, Sir George Beaumont, whom we have seen as the prime mover in the establishment of this National Gallery of ours. Beaumont may have had a curious ideal of landscape—with his quaint insistence, already referred to, on a brown tree—but he had an eye for the real thing too, together with mental catholicity and amplitude of heart. To young Constable he lent water colours by Thomas Girtin, and also that Claude (No. 61 in the National Gallery catalogue) without which he never travelled. Claude's works Constable idolized to the end; but he always said that it was Beaumont's Girtins, more than anything else, that established



his feet in the right road: another tribute to that great genius so early extinguished.

It must be remembered that in 1794 accepted landscape art in England, at any rate in oils, was a formal thing. Gainsborough's sweet, easy examples were for the most part unknown, since he had painted them for his own pleasure and until his death many of them had remained, gathering dust, at Schomberg House; while Wilson, with all his exquisite genius and love of nature, preferred to paint poetically rather than realistically, and while his studio was in London his heart was in Italy. There was as yet no one who, to use Fuseli's criticism of Constable's work much later, "made you call for your greatcoat and umbrella." Hence it was left for the young miller to make the revolution, and landscape painting has never been the same since. In Constable's own words, he was the first oil-painter to portray nature "without fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee."

How difficult is the path of the innovator in England may be illustrated by the circumstance that not until 1814, when he was thirty-eight, did Constable sell a single picture to any but his friends. No one would buy. His friends, however—among them Benjamin West, P.R.A. (who for all his own woodenness had enough acumen to remind the young man when a student at the Royal Academy that "light and shadow never stand still"), and a kind uncle, and the worthy Archdeacon Fisher of Salisbury—were true, and in their encouragement and his own

belief in the rightness of his theories Constable rubbed along. In 1814, however, one of his windmill pictures was at last engraved, the engraver being John Landseer. In the same year two landscapes were sold. But he had no real success as a landscape painter until 1824, when his "Hay Wain"—now No. 1207 in the National Gallery—which had been bought for the Academy by a French connoisseur, was exhibited in the Paris Salon, and it at once excited the enthusiasm of a group of French painters who also were in revolt and, furthermore, procured Constable a gold medal. The effect of this picture on French art was as remarkable and powerful as that of the Beaumont Girtins upon Constable. Without it, certainly there would have been no Daubigny, no Rousseau, and no Diaz, quite as we know them now.

In England, meanwhile, no corresponding chord being struck, Constable's unsold pictures continued to accumulate in his house. Fortunately, however, he was not in want, for both his own and his wife's father were well off and generous, and in 1828 the latter left the family £20,000. "This," wrote Constable, "I will settle on my wife and children and I shall then be able to stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God!" In the next year came his greatest grief and his first triumph—the death of his wife and his election to the Academy as full member,—“too late,” as he sadly said. The only portrait by Constable which the National Gallery possesses—No. 2655—represents the

painter's wife, Maria Bicknell, whom he married in 1816, against his father's wishes, after a correspondence of five years' duration which is remarkable for its simplicity and trust. Constable was then forty and his wife twenty-nine. They had seven children, and she died, greatly to his grief, in 1828.

In 1831, Constable began to be known to a wider public than his canvases ever could then attract by virtue of the mezzotint engravings of some of his most powerful works by David Lucas (1802-1881), which are still eagerly sought by collectors. Constable lived only until 1837, a broken man but devoted to his art and his seven children, and brave in the face of the stupidity not only of the public but of artists. Hardly was he dead before the world awoke to his genius, and his fame has been growing ever since.

Constable was a kindly, affectionate, simple man, with a passion for his art and his native country and little knowledge of the world. So kindly was he that a London hackney coachman told Leslie (his biographer) that when he heard of Mr. Constable's death he was "as sorry as if he had been my own father—he was as nice a man as that, sir." The only thing known to his discredit is his laxity—after repeating a scandal about Linnell, who was something of a rival, and then having its untruth proved to him by William Collins—in endeavouring to catch up with the lie and re-establish Linnell, who is said through this incident to have lost election to the Academy. He was also not a little chagrined by the success

of Barker of Bath, but he was not jealous of the greater men. Ruysdael he adored and Gainsborough's landscapes gave him heartache; while if he sometimes had difficulty in controlling his impatience when Turner was praised, no one could praise him with more enthusiasm than himself.

The National Gallery, thanks largely to Mr. Salting, now has thirty-seven of this essentially English painter's pictures; while for others one must go to the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House and to South Kensington. Of the chief river examples many represent what we call the Constable country—that is to say, the borders of Essex and Suffolk, about the Stour. Curiously enough the Gainsborough country and the Constable country join; but the two painters did not meet. Constable was only twelve when Gainsborough died. But Hampstead, where he had a house that still stands, was also Constable's country, and the hill with the clump of Scotch firs on it, close to the Spaniard's, is called "Constable's Knoll" to this day. No great landscape painter ever travelled less than he in the search for a subject. He opened the door, or remembered the days of his youth, and there it was.

There is a tablet on Constable's house at 76 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

No. 130. The Cornfield.

The church is Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk. This picture, hung at the Royal Academy in

1826, was the first to make people begin to talk in earnest of Constable's genius ; but it did not sell.

No. 327. The Valley Farm (also called " Willy Lotts' Cottage ").

The river is the Stour. This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1835. It was bought by Robert Vernon, who gave it to the nation. Constable was asked by Vernon if he had painted it for any one in particular : " Yes," he said, " for myself." Thus are done all the best things in art.

No. 1207. The Hay Wain.

The river is again the Stour. This is the picture which Constable sent to the Paris Salon in 1824, and which not only obtained him a gold medal but set French artists upon a new and truer way of painting. Painted in 1821.

No. 1272. The Cenotaph.

This monument was erected by Sir George Beaumont in his grounds at Coleorton to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The stone pedestals bear busts of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The verses are by Wordsworth. They run thus :

Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,  
 Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return ;  
 And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
 Of pillars, branching off from year to year,  
 Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle,  
 That may recall to mind that awful Pile  
 Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest dead,  
 In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

—There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep  
 Where Death and Glory a joint Sabbath keep,  
 Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear  
 Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear :  
 Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I  
 Raised this frail tribute to his memory ;  
 From youth a zealous follower of the Art  
 That he professed ; attached to him in heart ;  
 Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
 Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

No. 1273. Flatford Mill, on the Stour.

The mill belonged to Constable's father.  
 Painted in 1817.

No. 1274. The Glebe Farm.

At Langham in Suffolk, adapted a little by  
 the painter, who considered this one of his best  
 works. Painted in 1827.

No. 1822. Dedham Vale.

This picture was painted on Gun Hill, the spot  
 where the artist was at work when he first  
 tasted fame—for a stranger, approaching, asked  
 him if he was aware that this was "Constable's  
 Country."

No. 2652. Weymouth Bay.

Perhaps the most modern picture in the  
 National Gallery. If hung in the Academy or at the  
 New English Art Club to-day no one would dream  
 it was painted before Victoria came to the throne.

No. 2653. Spetchley.

Spetchley is in Worcestershire, the seat, in  
 Constable's day, as now, of the Berkeley family.







COPLEY (JOHN SINGLETON), R.A. 1737-1815.

No. 733. The Death of Major Pierson.

(West Screen Room.)

No. 787. The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar.

(West Screen Room.)

No. 1072. } The Death of the Earl of Chatham.

No. 1073. } (Studies.)

(West Screen Room.)

Copley holds a unique place in this catalogue as being an English R.A. and member of the British School of Painting who was born in America, lived there until he was thirty-seven, and is still claimed as one of the glories of Boston. He is furthermore the only painter of eminence whose son became a Lord Chancellor. The child of Irish parents who had but just emigrated, he cannot rightly be called an American, since Boston, where he was born on 3rd July 1737, was then a British Colony, no tea having yet been upset in its harbour.

To the circumstance that on Copley senior dying, his widow married Peter Pelham, an artist, when her son was ten, may be attributed the excellent artistic and all-round education that Copley received, and the whole trend of his life towards serious painting. He became a portrait painter, was fortunate in getting Washington to sit to him, and by 1771 was a prosperous Boston citizen with land of his own and the husband of Miss Clarke, daughter of that Boston merchant to whom was consigned the fatal cargo of tea which, finding its way into the water on 16th December 1773, precipitated

the War of Independence and lost England half a continent.

The circumstance was, as we shall see, of no little importance in Copley's life. In 1766 he had sent to his countryman Benjamin West (who was always ready with help for other artists, and was then doing well in London) a picture, asking him to have it exhibited; and next year he sent another. Both attracted so much attention that West advised Copley to come over. In 1774 he did so, leaving his family in Boston, and made a continental tour of hard work and study. On the breaking out of the American War his family followed, but they were not united until October 1776, when Copley again reached London and settled down there, never to leave it. After a few months in Leicester Fields he took No. 25 George Street, Hanover Square, and there remained till his death.

Copley was already known as an excellent portrait painter: his ambition was to go beyond even West, who had become famous by his "Death of Wolfe," and paint not merely modern and recent history, but actually to hit it as it flew.

But before we come to those examples of his historical method which the National Gallery possesses, it is well to introduce a character who may be said to have done as much for English painting almost as the Royal Academy itself. This is Alderman Boydell, the print dealer, without whose commissions for pictures suitable for engrav-

ing many a British artist would have starved and gone under, while but for the engravings that resulted, the great public of that day, which differs so widely from that of our own, familiarized as we are with the features of eminent men and the scenes of important events by both illustrated papers and animated photographs, would have been in the dark indeed.

John Boydell (1719-1804) was an engraver and print-seller of great enterprise, who practically invented the cheap topographical view which has now come probably to its last and permanent state in the picture postcard. That was in his earlier days. It was not until 1761 that he began to make money in any volume, having hit on the idea of getting Woollett to engrave Wilson's "Niobe"—No. 110 in the National Gallery. He paid Woollett £100 and asked five shillings for each print; and the success of the scheme was so great that henceforth Boydell's business was confined to print publishing, and he employed the best artists and the best engravers to further it. Not only did his publication of engravings bring him a fortune, but it did more to spread a knowledge of English art abroad than anything had then done—particularly in France, where they had for good engraving an absolute passion.

In 1786 Boydell's ambition took an interesting and essentially national form: he conceived the idea of illustrating Shakespeare by a series of pictures by English masters. The originals were

to hang in a Shakespeare Gallery ; the engravings were to go all over the world. Being a man of decision and dispatch Boydell soon had his team of artists at work, and by 1802 the Gallery contained one hundred and sixty-two canvases. Boydell issued the engravings both singly and in a book. Hard times were, however, imminent. To a large extent he had drawn his profits from France and counted on continuing to do so. But France's troubles had so depleted her pockets that at the beginning of the last century engravings were among her unattainable luxuries. Boydell, who had never spared money, and who in 1790 had an expensive year as Lord Mayor of London, fell into difficulties and had to apply to Parliament for powers to dispose of his property by lottery. In those days England was not what it now is : engraving was a popular art and had not been killed by mechanical processes, nor was it a deadly sin to risk a little money in a lottery ticket. The Government gave permission, and twenty-two thousand £1 tickets were sold. The admirable Boydell, however, who had done so much for English art and artists, died before the lottery was drawn.

To return to Copley. After "The Death of Chatham," which Boydell had bought and popularized in engravings, and the "Death of Major Pierson," which Boydell commissioned, his next important work—for the topical historical painter has to wait for his subjects—was "The Surrender of Admiral de Windt to Admiral

Duncan," an incident of 1797. But he was not always topical, and he painted also "Charles I demanding of the House of Commons the surrender of Hampden, Pym, Holles, and Haselrig" (now in Boston), which occupied several years and involved obtaining fifty-eight likenesses from contemporary portraits that had to be sought all over England. No wonder then that Copley died—in 1815—in debt, for only a millionaire can produce pictures under such conditions as these. His son, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst (1772–1863), paid all his liabilities.

Nos. 1072 and 1073. The Death of the Earl of Chatham.

On 7th April 1778 the elder Pitt, Lord Chatham, who had been an impassioned advocate of the peaceable treatment of the Americans and the retention of their friendship by concessions, came down to the House of Lords to be present at the debate at which the Duke of Richmond was to support Rockingham's policy of letting America go. Chatham was an enfeebled man of sixty-nine, broken in health and dispirited by the course of events and hostility of his king. He leaned on crutches and was wrapped in flannel: William Pitt the younger and Lord Mahon supported him to his seat. When he painfully rose, it was to utter for the last time his protest against "the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy." During a second effort, in reply to the Duke of Richmond, he fell in a fit. From this he never rightly recovered, and

died in the following month. The tragic incident caused the greatest concern in England, and Copley, who must by his early associations and international interests have felt the situation very deeply, realized his opportunity. In those days, as I have said, there were no illustrated papers to anticipate an artist: people had to wait for the pictures to be painted before the engraver could get to work and the plates be circulated. Copley had various difficulties to overcome, as he required sittings from so many peers; but by 1780 he had finished, and Bartolozzi was free to begin with his graver. Two thousand five hundred plates were quickly sold and Copley's fame was secure. The National Gallery now exhibits only the two sketches for the picture, having lent the complete work to the House of Lords. In the sketch No. 40 the Earl of Mansfield is standing. But while painting the picture it came to Copley's knowledge that this implacable foe of Chatham had retained his seat even when Chatham lay senseless and perhaps dead. In the finished picture, therefore, Mansfield sits.

No. 733. The Death of Major Pierson.

"The Death of Major Pierson" was also a topical scene—depicting the end of a gallant officer who assisted in the repulse of the French at St. Helier on 6th January 1781. The soldiers about the body are officers of the 95th Regiment, whose names are given in the National Gallery catalogue; the woman flying from the crowd

with a child in her arms was the Copleys' nurse ; the boy by his side is young John Singleton Copley, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and the woman between them and the wall is Mrs. Copley.

No. 787. The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar.

This is a sketch for a greater work, now at the Guildhall. The date of the repulse of the Spanish fleet was 13th September 1782. For some account of the siege see Reynolds' portrait of its hero, Lord Heathfield, later in this book.

COTES (FRANCIS), R.A. 1725-1770.

No. 1281. Portrait of Mrs. Brocas.

(Room XXV.)

No. 1943. Portrait of Paul Sandby, R.A.

(Room XXV.)

The father of Cotes was an apothecary in Cork Street, London, who had once been Mayor of Galway but had come into difficulties with the Irish House of Commons. Cotes studied under George Knapton (1698-1778), who had been portrait painter to the Dilettanti Club and as such painted its first twenty-three portraits. Cotes quickly made a name as a portrait painter, received royal encouragement, painted both in London and Bath, and was one of the original R.A.'s. Hogarth considered him to be better than Reynolds,—but it must be remembered that Hogarth knew only of Reynolds as he was before 1764, when he was forty-one. Both Cotes and Reynolds are said to have employed the same drapery painter, Peter Toms, R.A., who was so

much distressed by the death of Cotes that he took to drink and committed suicide. Toms was the last of the drapery painters: his price for dress, hands and other accessories of a full length was twenty guineas, and for those of a three-quarter length three guineas. Cotes built the house, No. 32 Cavendish Square, in which Romney and Sir Martin Shee afterwards lived.

No. 1943. Portrait of Paul Sandby, R.A.

Paul Sandby is one of many men who have been called the father of English water-colour painting. He has perhaps an unassailable right to be called the father of topographical drawing, for there is no doubt that his industry in travelling and sketching and afterwards in etching the views which he had gathered all over the country did more than had previously been done to instruct the public mind in the beauties of England. He was, however, the servant of accuracy rather than art: it was left to John Cozens, Girtin and Turner to bring to the topographical drawing the blood of temperament. Sandby was born at Nottingham in 1725, and both he and his brother Thomas obtained easy posts in the Military Drawing Department at the Tower of London. His industry as an artist was enormous, while he was also a thoughtful enthusiast for his art and the status of artists, and a shrewd observer. A satirist in his more leisurely moments, he dared even to make a butt of Hogarth and burlesque a number of his plates; but later, it is said, on closer study



of the "Marriage *à la Mode*" series, he recanted and destroyed his squibs. Sandby was concerned in various fruitless efforts to form art societies, and was associated with Hayman in founding in 1759 that Society of Arts which eventually became the Royal Academy in 1768. Both Paul and Thomas Sandby were among the twenty-eight original R.A.'s.

Sandby was an amusing and very attractive man, and he made many friends, from Royalty downwards. His popularity as a teacher was immense: he taught Queen Caroline and the young princes and hundreds of lesser folk, and his house at 4 St. George's Row, now 14 Hyde Park Place, was a regular Sunday meeting-place for men of intellect. He was every artist's friend, and bought Wilson's work when almost every one else was against it. Henry Angelo remembers seeing him seated at his window, when nearly eighty, sketching effects of light and shadow in Hyde Park, opposite. He died in 1809, and you may see his grave in the burial-ground behind the chapel of the Annunciation in the Bayswater Road—one of the few not removed. For Paul's best work you must go to the Print Room of the British Museum and to South Kensington.

COTMAN (JOHN SELL). 1782-1842.

No. 1111. Wherries on the Yare.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1458 (attributed only). A Galiot in a Gale.

(West Screen Room.)

Man proposes, the gods dispose. Cotman was intended for a draper, his father's trade. But

his father was too sensible to insist, and the boy, who had been educated at the Free Grammar School at Norwich, was allowed to go to London to study art, and there he met such masters of water colour as Girtin and De Wint. All these artists, together with many others, were in their day protégés of Dr. Thomas Monro, at No. 8 Adelphi Terrace, where a studio had been fitted up and every evening open house was kept for all who could draw. In addition to an oyster supper Monro gave his artist guests two or three shillings apiece and plenty of advice, keeping for himself the evening's harvest; while if they were ill, he attended them free of charge. Poor John Cozens, who had become insane, he tended solicitously. Monro was himself something of an artist, having studied under John Laporte; but he was more of a connoisseur and knew genius when he saw it.

Of this Monro something must be said, for English water-colour painting owes more to his patronage and perspicacity than to any man, and for both Girtin and Turner, his special favourites, he made life easier and happier. It should indeed more rightly be in Turner's biography that the good doctor has his place, but Cotman owed him much too, and Cotman comes earlier in this book. Thomas Monro, son and grandson of a physician, was born in 1759. He specialized in insanity, was on the staff at the Bethlehem (or Bedlam) Hospital, and was called in to prescribe for George III in one of his attacks. For some

years he had been collecting pictures for the walls of his two houses, one in town and one in the country, and among them were Gainsboroughs, Cozens', Wilsons, Sandbys, Loutherbourghs, Canalettos. These his young friends used to copy, or fill with colour outlines given them by himself. At other times he would take them on sketching trips. Drawings were his passion : he had a portfolio of them always in his carriage, and the arrangements were complete by which his collection should be saved first in case of fire.

The doctor lived until 1833, and his pictures were then sold at Christie's. Turner was at the sale and affected to despise his early work there displayed, but he did not then forbid its auction, as he once did. Monro lies in Bushey churchyard, beside two of the artists he befriended, Thomas Hearne and Henry Edridge.

Cotman not only frequented Dr. Monro's—there is no tablet on this historic house—but became a member of the sketching club which Girtin had founded. The meetings were held at the rooms of the different members. In 1798 Girtin was at 25 Henrietta Street, then in the midst of the artist quarter ; in 1799 he had moved to 6 Long Acre. In November 1802 he died in lodgings in the Strand. Turner had a studio in Hand Court, Maiden Lane. The future Sir Robert Ker Porter, brother of Jane Porter, the novelist, was a member, and some of Cotman's early adventures as a struggling artist (though never poor as Wilson, for example), are to be found in the novel *Thaddeus*

of *Warsaw* as having happened to Thaddeus when an exile in London. Girtin's death must have been a serious blow to Cotman, for the enthusiastic, masterly Tom was not only a genius and an inspirer but the soul of friendliness and generosity, and was also so young a man—only twenty-seven—as to make the event more shocking.

After remaining in London four or five years longer, Cotman returned to Norwich in 1806 or 1807, there to make a new painting friend—John Crome—and help to spread the fame of the Norwich School. Crome was now thirty-nine, Cotman twenty-five. Like Crome, Cotman became a teacher, and a popular one. In 1809 he married, and for the next twenty-five years made his home in Norfolk, teaching, painting and etching. He made topographical tours throughout the country and published portfolios and plates, while his pictures, both in oil and water colours, were exhibited not only in Norwich but in London. His prices, however, remained very low and few persons recognized his genius. In 1834 Dawson Turner, the Norfolk antiquary and botanist, who had always stood by Cotman and in 1817 had taken him to Normandy, obtained for him the appointment of drawing-master at King's College in the Strand. (But Turner the painter is also credited with this act.) This meant moving to London, and Cotman settled himself at No. 42 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, where he remained till his death in 1842. Among his King's College pupils was Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

To-day we know what a rare genius Cotman had. We see his work lending distinction to whatever exhibition it is sent, while it is eagerly striven for in the salerooms ; but when Cotman's collections were sold at Christie's in 1843 the highest price obtained for a painting by him was £8 15s., and for a drawing £6. In his work he was often original in advance of his time, which may account for, but cannot excuse, the blindness of contemporary collectors. The National Gallery examples do scant justice to his powers, and not a few critics decline to believe him the author of No. 1458 at all. Few modern painters have perplexed the experts more than this simple Norwich artist.

Cotman died in 1842 and was buried in the churchyard of the St. John's Wood chapel, close to Lord's. Both of him and of his peculiar son—and, of course, of John Crome—much that is entertaining may be read in the large history of the Norwich School of Painting written by Mr. W. F. Dickes and published recently by the Norwich firm of Jarrold.

COX (DAVID). 1783-1859.

No. 2665. Moorland road.

(Room XXIV.)

No. 2666. Crossing the Common.

(Room XXIV.)

No. 2667. The Road Across the Common.

(Room XXIV.)

No. 2668. River Scene ; with boys fishing.

(Room XXIV.)

David Cox, one of the kings of landscape, was the son of a blacksmith, and was born at Deritend,

a suburb of Birmingham, on 29th April 1783. Chancing to break his leg while at school he was given a box of paints as a pastime, and this and his want of muscle determined his career. Failing in his father's smithy (although always interested enough in smiths' work to pick up and examine every cast horseshoe he saw), he was, after some instruction in drawing under Joseph Barber, apprenticed to a miniature painter, who, however, not long after hanged himself, thus throwing his apprentice on the world. The boy, now nearly seventeen, became an assistant scene-painter in the Birmingham Theatre, then managed by the father of Macready, and even took a small part now and then. Practising jumping through his own scenery, for exercise, made him a passable clown or harlequin in an emergency. While here he also painted the scenery for a toy theatre for his employer's son, afterwards the famous tragedian. On leaving he went to London, still to paint scenery (at four shillings a square yard) at the Surrey Theatre, varying this work with sepia drawings which he sold to a dealer at two guineas a dozen for school copies. He also took lessons from John Varley, who liked him so much and thought so highly of his work that he refused payment for them.

In 1805 Cox discovered Bettws-y-Coed, which was to be his Mecca ever after, the country round about it being as dear to him as Barbizon to Millet and Dedham to Constable. Before, however, he could spend there the time he wished, many years







of hard work had to elapse. He married in 1808 and settled at Dulwich in so fragile a house that when, in order to fit himself to give lessons in accordance with a card in the window which announced "Perspective taught here," he bought and studied a copy of Euclid, and losing patience with it, flung it at the wall, it went right through and was never retrieved. Pupils, however, came, and increased in number. And so for many years he lived quietly and industriously, at first at Dulwich, and afterwards at Hereford and Kennington, teaching and painting and making sketching tours both in England and abroad. So severely did he judge himself in his Dulwich days that he put dozens of drawings down the London drains, and in after life he once pointed to a grating on the street, saying, "Look there. That was the spot where I used to send the fragments of my drawings floating down into the Thames." When out sketching he would sigh, "Nature beats me."

In 1829 he was in France, using his pencil not only for his profession but also for the delineation of such things to eat as his tongue could not order. Although in his life there were no riches, there was no absolute poverty, and with much hard work great serenity.

So far he had been a water colourist, but in 1839, when he was fifty-six, he came under the influence of William John Müller (a great master of landscape largely represented at the Tate), then a young man just returned from the East with

a freight of pictures. Cox both studied Müller and watched him at work, and henceforth devoted himself more to oils than to his old medium. Two years later he settled down in the house that was to be his last home—Greenfield House at Harborne, near Birmingham—and painted his greatest pictures, every year from 1844 to 1856 moving for several weeks to the Royal Oak at Bettws-y-Coed, where his name and fame are still revered. His art was too faithful and too free from trick to appeal to the masses; but he was gradually becoming known to those that could see, although never in his life did he receive more than £100 for a picture. Cox, however, did not repine. He may have been disappointed to receive so little praise, but he was a sensible and sincere man who found his chief joy in serving art, both by day and night (painting much by lamplight), and what time was over he spent in cheerful, equable quietude. His nature was sweet and kindly, and his heart the abode of a simple, deep piety. He died at the age of seventy-six and was buried at Harborne amid a concourse of his weeping neighbours, chiefly the poor, to whom he had always been a friend. Thackeray wrote a very touching tribute to David Cox in *Punch*.

Cox's work is notable for its spaciousness and light. He was especially attracted by commons and moorland with a peasant or horseman as the human unit. Whatever he saw he made his own. "My pictures," he once wrote, "are works of the mind." He was greatest in water colours.

The National Gallery examples are not representative of his power with oils. To see David Cox at his best it is necessary to visit South Kensington and the Birmingham Art Gallery.

## CROME (JOHN). 1768-1821.

- No. 689. View on Mousehold Heath, near Norwich.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 897. A View of Chapel-Fields, Norwich.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 926. A Windmill on Mousehold Heath, near  
Norwich.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1037. Slate Quarries.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1831. Brathay Bridge, Westmorland.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 2642. A Fresh Breeze.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2644. Heath Scene.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 2645. Moonrise at the Mouth of the Yare.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 2674. The Poringland Oak.  
(Room XXI.)

John Crome, or "Old Crome" as one prefers to call him—the name being adopted to distinguish him from his son—was another of the serene artists. He had his vicissitudes and during his lifetime never took the place in the world that his genius warranted, although he was a prophet with honour in his own county; but his temper remained easy, and his disposition jovial, and he died respected and beloved.

No English artist's fame has so grown with the

passage of time as has Old Crome's. He died in 1821 and was not thought worthy of a place in Cunningham's *British Painters* in 1829-33. To-day, as a painter of English landscape, only Constable stands above him. But a comparison of their work is idle, since Constable set out to conquer nature and weather in every aspect, while Crome waited for his own quiet days and then mastered them. His "View on Mousehold Heath" stands alone: as solitary in England as Vermeer's "View of Delft" in Holland. But it was not Vermeer, whose works probably he had never seen, but Hobbema whom he claimed for chief inspiration after the god of light. His last words were "Hobbema, my Hobbema, how I have loved you!" To examine the similarity and points of difference between the two men, one has but to walk to Room IX, where seven or eight Hobbemas hang all together on one end wall. This painter, Meindert Hobbema, who was probably a pupil of Jacob Ruysdael, was born in 1638 and died in 1709, fifty-nine years before Crome was born in the English Holland—Norfolk. "The Poringland Oak" is the National Gallery Crome most like the work of his darling exemplar. Yet it is not Crome but Patrick Nasmyth (ten of whose pictures are in the basement) to whom the phrase "The English Hobbema" has been applied; while considered as a whole the influence of Cuyp (who is also fully represented in Room IX) upon Crome would seem to have been the stronger.

John Crome was born at Norwich, where he

lived, painted, and died, on 22nd December 1768, the son of a journeyman weaver. After an education of the slightest, he became a physician's errand boy at the age of twelve, but two or three years later he left and apprenticed himself to a painter of signs and brasses. With this man he remained after his term had expired, spending what spare time he had in making sketches with his friend and afterwards brother-in-law, Robert Ladbroke. They became close friends and lived together, each being inspired by the same artistic ambition. Afterwards they married sisters, and abandoning their original trades established themselves in partnership as artists—Ladbroke painting portraits, and Crome landscapes, for what they would fetch. In 1803 they founded the famous Norwich Society and remained amicably in it for some years, but in 1816, after a passage of arms, Ladbroke started a rival association, which, however, was short lived. Cotman, as we have seen, was also of the Norwich School, which flourished until 1833.

Ladbroke, like Crome, remained at Norwich all his life and was a successful teacher, and he painted much of Norfolk's most attractive scenery. He left two artist sons, one of whom, John Bernay Ladbroke, was Crome's pupil.

By the influence of Mr. Thomas Harvey of Catton in Norfolk, a collector of pictures, Crome was enabled to study and copy the Dutch masters (among them Hobbema) and Gainsborough's "Cottage Door," and was also put in the way of

giving lessons to young Norfolk, which was then becoming enthusiastic for art. Mr. Harvey's interest in him, together with that of other Norwich amateurs and Sir William Beechey, Wilson's friend, determined Crome's career, and he remained to the end an artist and teacher of art. Any enthusiasm that his pupils may have lacked at the start they soon caught from him; for he had a way that none could resist. He taught both in the studio and in the open air, preferring the open air. Among his most successful pupils were his son J. B. Crome, George Vincent, and James Stark, all fine painters. Crome's lessons brought him in more money than his paintings, for any of which £50 was to the end a long and rarely attained price. He became, however, quite comfortably off, moved into a big house in Gildengate Street in 1801, kept two horses, and managed before his death to acquire many good books and pictures. George Borrow, another Norwich man, describes Crome in *Lavengro* as "a little dark man in top-boots." Norwich, naturally, was very proud of a son so bent on spreading her fame, and in his regular seat in the parlour of the old inn in the Market Place (not always ostentatiously sober) he was as revered as Dr. Johnson, but not feared at all.

Crome's untimely death was due to a chill, and he died in his fifty-third year. In his delirium he fancied himself at his easel completing a masterpiece. On the day that he died he addressed to his son the words so often quoted: "John,

my boy, paint, but paint only for fame; and if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it."

No. 689. View on Mousehold Heath.

This is Crome's masterpiece and, in the opinion of many, the most beautiful English landscape. It was bought by George Stannard, an artist, for a guinea, after Crome's death. The canvas was in two pieces, which separated, and Stannard used it as a screen over a window in his studio. A dealer who acquired it, joined it, and employed Edmund Bristow to paint in the animals. Bristow was a Windsor man, born in 1787, who made some reputation as a painter of animals, and was a protégé of William IV. He died in 1876.

The dealer then sold the completed work to Mr. William Yetts of Great Yarmouth for £25; and the nation bought it from Mr. Yetts in 1862 for £420.

Asked by his son why he painted it, Crome made the memorable answer—"For air and space." Downstairs there is another common from the same strong sweet hand called "View near Thorpe," reproduced opposite page 116, which has to its square inches not less air and space than the greater and more benignant work. "Mousehold Heath" was painted in 1816.

No. 897. A View of Chapel-Fields, Norwich.

This picture not only has cattle and figures by W. Shayer, but was left unfinished by Crome and completed by another hand. It is not therefore representative. Shayer was an animal painter,

born in 1788, and gifted with true artistic longevity, for he lived until 1879.

No. 926. A Windmill on Mousehold Heath.

At a time when "The Mill," by Rembrandt (now in America), was offered to the nation by Lord Lansdowne at the price of £95,000 and was exhibited for a few days in Room V, there was a regular track, it was said, to be traced between that Mill and Crome's, worn by people passing between the two to compare them. There is, of course, no comparison: each is apart and beautiful; but many held (not I among them), that having Crome's Mill we did not need the other. But art is always justified of her windmills. A former owner of this picture was Thomas Churchyard of Woodbridge, a lawyer and amateur painter and the friend of Edward FitzGerald.

No. 2674. The Poringland Oak.

This picture was painted in 1818, and about 1830 it fetched £80. It became the nation's property in 1910 for £2700. The bathers were painted in by Michael William Sharpe, a pupil both of Sir William Beechey and Crome and one of the pillars of the Norwich School. His line was domestic scenes and portraits. He died in 1840. The boys painted by Sharpe were Crome's sons, one of whom was named Michael Sharpe Crome after the painter.

CROME (JOHN BERNAY). 1794-1842.

No. 2643. Moonlight.

(Room XXI.)

The eldest son of Old Crome, and indeed, the cause of the prefix "Old" ever coming into



existence. Young Crome was born at Norwich in 1794 and was called Bernay after his mother's maiden name. Like many sons he had a better education than his father, being sent to the famous Norwich Grammar School. He did also what his father had but one brief opportunity to do, when he went to Paris—travelled much and painted in France and Italy and the Low Countries. Latterly his name became associated chiefly with moonlight scenes. The father's hand was always the more remarkable, although many pictures that are called Old Cromes and are sold for Old Cromes are really the son's work. He died, aged only forty-eight, at Great Yarmouth, in 1842.

DANIELL (THOMAS), R.A. 1749-1840.

No. 899. View on the Nullah, near Rajmahal, Bengal.

(Not on view except by request.)

Daniell, who is known wholly as an Orientalist, was the son of a Chertsey innkeeper and was born at Kingston-on-Thames in 1749. He was apprenticed to a herald painter and studied in the Royal Academy schools. In 1784 he went to India in company with his nephew William Daniell, then only fourteen and afterwards also an R.A., and together they travelled for ten years and made numberless sketches of the country. On returning in 1794 they worked on a great book entitled *Oriental Scenery*, published in 1808 and containing one hundred and forty-four views, which must have been many persons' introduction

to Indian landscape. Thomas Daniell followed this with other Eastern books and exhibited many Eastern pictures. He died wealthy and unmarried at the age of ninety-one.

DEVIS (ARTHUR WILLIAM). 1763-1822.

No number. Portrait of John Herbert of Totnes, Devonshire, Governor of Penang, or Prince of Wales' Island. 1791.

Lent by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

Arthur William Devis was one of the many artist sons of artist sires. His father, Arthur Devis (?1711-1787), was a portrait painter in London, where his son was born in 1763. After being trained by his father he was appointed, at the age of twenty, draughtsman on a voyage of discovery projected by the East India Company, and set sail in the *Antelope*. The ship was wrecked off the Pelew Islands on 9th August 1783, and in volume four of *The Mariners' Chronicle*, 1805, you may read a deeply interesting account of the adventures of the survivors. In the list of the ship's company there given Arthur William Devis is the only passenger. The natives were very friendly and liked being drawn; while the King, Abba Thulle, attempted to draw too. The Englishmen remained until 12th November, during which time they had done a little fighting for their new friends, and they then sailed in an improvised boat for China, taking with them the King's second son, the famous Prince Lee

Boo, who accompanied the captain to England, where, after delighting every one with his *naïveté* and charm, he died at an early age. It was Lee Boo who, when shown a miniature of Mr. Keate, one of his guardians, remarked, as he pointed to it, "When Missy Keate die, this Missy Keate live," a summary of the purpose and theory of portrait painting that could hardly be improved upon. Devis, who had been twice wounded by arrows shot from the coast, did not accompany Lee Boo to England, but remained for a year in Canton and then travelled in the East for ten years more before returning home in 1795. Here he settled down as an historical painter, and, with the assistance of the engraver, did very well, among his pictures being a "Death of Nelson," now at Greenwich Hospital, a "Signing of Magna Charta," and "The Battle of Waterloo." He died in 1822. His niece became the mother of Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher.

DOBSON (WILLIAM). 1610-1646.

No. 1249. Portrait of Endymion Porter.

(Room XX.)

William Dobson was one of the very few English painters of real merit before Hogarth, who was born fifty years after Dobson's untimely death. Dobson also is noteworthy as having not only been an English painter at a time when English painters were few, but as having competed successfully with the foreign invasion and obtained that royal favour which was usually

reserved for Continental brushes. Charles the First, however, was sufficiently pleased with Dobson not only (on the death of Van Dyck) to make him his Serjeant Painter, but to call him "The English Tintoret." Others have called him "The English Van Dyck."

Dobson was born in London in 1610 and was apprenticed by his father, whose extravagances had brought him down in the world, to Robert Peake, an artist and dealer who had both painted and engraved portraits of James I and Charles I and was a favourite of both. Peake later fought with the Cavaliers and was at the siege of Basing House, and in 1645 he left the King's presence at Oxford as Sir Robert. Dobson studied also under Francis Cleyn, a designer of tapestries whom James I had imported from Germany; but he learned most from copying Titians and Van Dycks. Van Dyck had been installed by their Majesties in 1632 (when Dobson was twenty-two) as Principal Painter, and not only was his painting the only painting of the day, but his word was law. When, therefore, he caught sight of one of Dobson's copies in Peake's shop-window on Snow Hill and became the copyist's patron, Dobson's future was half made. Van Dyck probably took the young artist into his studio and added him to his noble army of assistants. Be that as it may, he liked him and encouraged him, and when Van Dyck died in 1641, worn out with gout and excesses and disappointment at his failure to find the philosopher's stone, Dobson

was appointed Serjeant Painter. So many persons of eminence flocked to his studio that he had to invent the device, since adopted by other favourites or victims of fashion, of insisting on half payment before he began. Dobson, however, was no more fitted to stand success than Van Dyck had been. The money that he made he wasted, and the burden of debt coinciding with the misfortunes of his royal master, he did not rally, and after a spell of prison, died in 1646 and was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, only a stone's-throw from the two buildings where now he is honoured. Sir Joshua Reynolds greatly admired Dobson's work, though not to the point of ratifying Charles the First's Tintoret comparison.

No. 1249. Portrait of Endymion Porter.

The subject of Dobson's single National Gallery picture was a prominent royalist gentleman born in 1587. The close friend of Charles I, Porter assisted him in forming his collection of pictures, which residence abroad in various capitals in a diplomatic capacity enabled him to do. Rubens he knew well. Porter, although a busy statesman and courtier, found time for many activities and was somewhat of a poet; but he is remembered more as inspiring another and better poet, Herrick, to write the charming "Country Life" than for anything written by himself. He was a patron also of Dekker and Davenant, the dramatists. His fortunes declined with those of Charles I and his latter years

were spent in exile. He died in 1649 and was buried, like Dobson, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

DOWNMAN (JOHN), A.R.A. 1750?-1824.

No. 2233. Portrait of Lady Clarges.

(East Screen Room.)

The date and town of Downman's birth are unknown, but the county was Devonshire. We know that he studied under Benjamin West and in the Academy schools. He became an Associate in 1795. Downman painted and drew numberless portraits in various parts of England, settling for a while at Cambridge, Exeter and Chester, as well as London. His fame was made by his miniatures. He died at Wrexham in 1824. The National Gallery has only one of his pictures, but others may be seen at the National Portrait Gallery, and the British Museum Print Room has a fine collection of his drawings.

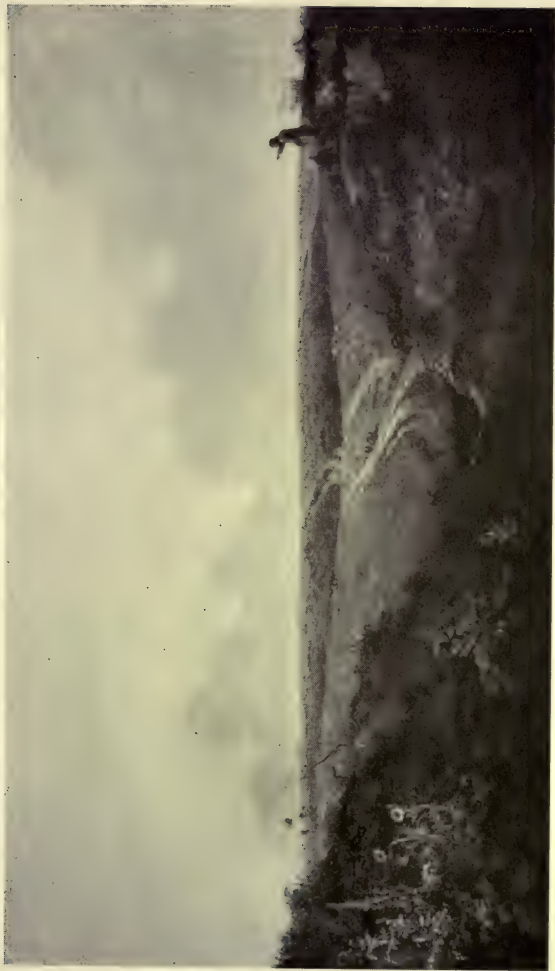
Downman must have been a very busy painter from early youth, for he exhibited at the Royal Academy from 1769 to 1819. This small portrait of Lady Clarges, wife of Sir Thomas, the third bearer of a long-extinct baronetcy, is in water colour.

DRESSLER (CONRAD). Still living.

No. 2242. Terra-cotta Bust of John Ruskin.

(East Screen Room.)

This bust was executed in 1884, when Ruskin was sixty-five. It was the first time an artist had depicted his beard, and Ruskin said of the



MOUSEHOLD HEATH, NEAR NORWICH





result: "It makes me look far crazier than ever I've been." The bust stands in the National Gallery—the only work by a living artist, with the exception of paintings by Matthew Maris and Charnay—in recognition of Ruskin's work as a champion of art in general, and in particular as the editor of the nineteen thousand sketches which Turner left to the nation and which Ruskin spent laborious time in appraising, arranging, and cataloguing. Later, he spent more in a series of protests against the want of light in the basement where the collection was kept.

GAINSBOROUGH (THOMAS), R.A. 1727-1788.

No. 80. The Market Cart.

(Room XXV.)

No. 109. The Watering-Place.

(Room XXI.)

No. 308. Musidora bathing her Feet.

(Room XXI.)

No. 309. The Watering-Place.

(Room XXI.)

No. 310. Landscape: Sunset.

(Room XXI.)

No. 311. Rustic Children.

(Room XXI.)

No. 678. Portrait of Abel Moysey.

(Room XXV.)

No. 683. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

(Room XXV.)

No. 684. Portrait of Ralph Schomberg, M.D., F.S.A.

(Room XXV.)

No. 760. Portrait of Orpin, Parish Clerk of  
Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

(Room XXV.)

- No. 789. The Baillie Family.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 925. Wood Scene, Village of Cornard, Suffolk.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1044. Portrait of the Rev. Sir Henry Bate  
Dudley, Bart.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1174. The Watering-Place.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1271. Portrait of a Young Man.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1283. View of Dedham.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1482. Portrait of Miss Margaret Gainsborough.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1483. Two Dogs : " Tristram " and " Fox."  
(Between Rooms XXV and XXVI.)
- No. 1484. Study of an old Horse.  
(Not shown except by request.)
- No. 1485. Landscape.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 1486. Landscape.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 1488. Rustics with Donkeys.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 1811. The Painter's Daughters.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1825. A Classical Landscape.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 2210. Study for " The Watering-Place."
- No. 2223(34). Sheep.
- No. 2224(40). Water in the Foreground, a Cottage  
on Rising Ground to the Right.
- No. 2225(36). Figures and Horses in a Country  
Lane.
- No. 2226(39). A Bridge in the right Foreground,  
a Church in the Distance.
- No. 2227(35). Horses under a Shed.

- No. 2228(38). Figures and Horses crossing a Bridge  
in the left Foreground.
- No. 2229(37). A Bridge in the left Foreground, a  
Cottage in the Middle-Distance.  
(All in West Screen Room.)
- No. 2637. Sir William Blackstone.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 2638. Miss Elizabeth Singleton.  
(Room XXI.)
- No. 2284. The Bridge.  
(East Screen Room.)

Gainsborough holds a place unique in British painting, for he was not only great in portraits but great in landscape: more than great in landscape, he was the first English painter of domestic landscape, natural landscape born of pure love of native country as distinguished from landscape of convention or romance.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, a few months before a little boy at Plymouth named Joshua Reynolds reached his fourth birthday and when Richard Wilson, whose lovely classical landscapes he was to make unreal, was thirteen. His father was a wool manufacturer of intelligence and capacity; his mother, the sister of the master of the Grammar School, and herself an accomplished flower painter. It was a large family, and two, at any rate, of Gainsborough's brothers were beyond the ordinary in their ingenuity as mechanics; but Thomas had no such ambition, his pleasure being in roaming the country about Sudbury, which he claimed to have known to the last leaf, and in

making sketches. He once drew an orchard robber so faithfully that the man was caught from the drawing, and on another occasion he successfully forged his father's writing in a letter to the schoolmaster requesting that the boy be given a holiday; and then spent the resulting holiday with his pencil. His father, seeing the letter, said that Tom would one day be hanged, but, on being shown the sketches that the holiday had produced, added that he would be a genius first.

The artistic instinct being so powerful, the father allowed the boy to go to London at the age of fifteen, and there he studied under the French engraver, Henri Gravelot, and Charles Grignon, also an engraver, who taught him to etch; moving on to the Academy in St. Martin's Lane and to a three years' course in the studio of Frank Hayman, of whom we have read in the memoir of Lemuel Abbott. Gainsborough left Hayman, who is said to have taught him more Bohemian than artistic habits, in 1745, for Sudbury, where he took again to landscape and also to love, marrying the beautiful Margaret Burr and £200 a year—she being then eighteen and he one year older. The two children (for they were little more) settled at Ipswich, where their home was until 1760 and where their two daughters were born; and at Ipswich Gainsborough taught, painted portraits, decorated houses, made many friends, including Philip Thicknesse, the lieutenant-governor of Landguard Fort and afterwards his biographer, played the

fiddle, and went for delightful sketching tours amid his beloved Suffolk scenery, painting already such a masterpiece as No. 925—which, when Boydell published the engraving in 1790, the artist being then dead and therefore greatly in demand, was lettered “Gainsborough’s Forest.” To the end Gainsborough’s heart was in landscape. As he once put it, he painted portraits for money, landscapes for love.

In 1760 he may be said to have entered the world, for he moved to Bath, then a centre of fashion for several months in the year; and, as has so often happened, with entry into the world happiness decreased. His abandonment of his beloved Suffolk was the abandonment also of simplicity; but it had to be, for if ever an artist of genius was born to paint men and women of distinction, it was Thomas Gainsborough, who to natural grace and charm had the power of adding something yet more graceful, more charming.

In 1760, when Gainsborough settled at Bath to paint the *beau monde*, he was thirty-three. Reynolds, his great rival, never in his lifetime quite to be vanquished by him, was thirty-seven; Romney was twenty-six; and Hogarth had four more years to live. At Bath Gainsborough remained for fourteen years, painting diligently and successfully, almost wholly portraits. Every one went to Bath and every one wanted to be painted by the new man who made his sitters so distinguished and so serene. There, too, Gainsborough found many opportunities for indulging his passion

for music, even to playing on every instrument, while he had his convivial moments too, chiefly with Quin, the actor and wit, but also with Henderson and Garrick. He exhibited regularly in London, and in 1768 he was made one of the original Royal Academicians.

It is odd that a painter of Gainsborough's genius should have been so long in reaching London in person, but not till 1774, when he was forty-seven, did he settle there. He took part of Schomberg House in Pall Mall, and at once became fashionable. The King sent for him and Duchesses besieged his studio. Such success naturally was not to the taste of Reynolds, and the two men were never cordial although far from underrating each other's genius. It is said, indeed, but not with absolute proof, that it was a remark of Reynolds in his presidential discourse at the Academy in 1778 (the eighth), that blue should not be massed in a picture, which put Gainsborough upon the painting of one of his "Blue Boys"; it has also been suggested that the blue in the portrait of Mrs. Siddons—No. 683 in the National Gallery (see opposite page)—which immensely increased the artist's fame, was also the outcome of disagreement with Sir Joshua's dogma. Another case for conflict is recorded at a meeting of the Artists' Club at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, at which Wilson played the mischievous part. Reynolds, in proposing Gainsborough's health, called him the greatest living landscape painter. "And portrait painter,"

Wilson growled out. The result was that Reynolds apologized to Wilson; but it cannot have improved matters as between himself and Gainsborough. There were, no doubt, other passages of rivalry or challenge; but when Gainsborough came to die, Sir Joshua visited him and all these little asperities disappeared. "We are all going to heaven," said Gainsborough—meaning in particular Sir Joshua and himself—"and Van Dyck is of the party."

There is little more to tell. Gainsborough lived till 1788, painting to the end. He had a country house at Richmond and in Hampshire, and now and then took a holiday, but only once visited Suffolk again. He could have entered any society he wished, but he was too fond of comfort to be formal in rich houses, and his chief pleasure was to repose at home with his family, sketching or playing music or experimenting with a show box of his own devising, which tinted landscapes by means of coloured glass. Gainsborough not only played music but was almost enslaved by it. To one guest, Colonel Hamilton, who was playing the violin at his house, he said, "Go on, go on, and I will give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stile' which you have so often wished to buy of me." The gallant Colonel went on, received the picture, and was wise enough to hurry away with it in a hackney coach.

Among Gainsborough's chief friends were Sir George Beaumont, and (although as a general rule he fled from literary men) Sheridan and

Burke. Now and then he drank too much, and if his own letters are to be trusted, thought too much of other ladies than his wife; and his temper was not always under control either domestically or publicly. After 1784, for example, he refused to exhibit at the Academy on account of a slight, real or imagined. He had certain home difficulties, it is true, not only his wife but both of his daughters being subject to mental derangement, while Mrs. Gainsborough also was jealous and frugal to a point of parsimony, and his brothers were necessitous and borrowing; but he remained kindly, generous, and most cheerful. He died on 2nd August 1788 and was buried at Kew. Sir Joshua was not only among the pall-bearers, but devoted his next discourse to Gainsborough's genius. His house, at his death, was filled with landscapes which he either could not sell or did not wish to sell; and which now are worth their weight in gold.

No. 308. Musidora bathing her Feet.

It has been suggested that Lady Hamilton may have sat for this picture; but I think it impossible. The incident which it illustrates is in Thomson's *Seasons*—"Summer."

No. 678. Portrait of Abel Moysey.

Abel Moysey was M.P. for Bath, and a Welsh judge.

No. 683. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

The National Gallery acquired this picture in 1862 for £1000. It would now fetch perhaps twenty



times that sum. The picture was sold by Major Mair, husband of a granddaughter of the actress. Until her death Mrs. Siddons had retained it, and Mrs. Jameson relates that she found Mrs. Siddons seated by it, one day, when she was seventy, and the likeness was still remarkable.

Sarah Siddons, the greatest tragic actress that England has produced, was born on 5th July 1755 at Brecon, where her father, Roger Kemble, was then acting. The family was wholly given to the drama, and the little Sarah took to it as inevitably as a bird to flight. She recited when still of tender years, and in 1767 made her appearance at the King's Head, Worcester, as Rosetta in *Love in a Village*, and the Princess Elizabeth in *King Charles I.* Acting with her were her famous brothers, John Philip Kemble, aged ten, and Stephen Kemble, aged seven. Admission was obtained by purchasing packets of tooth powder. At the age of seventeen Sarah Kemble fell in love with a young actor in the company, named William Siddons, with the result that he was discharged (but not before he had taken an audience into his confidence and had his ears boxed by Mrs. Kemble) and Sarah was sent to Mrs. Greatheed at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, to be her maid. There she recited dramatically in the servants' hall and remained true to her love, with the result that they were married, much against the Kembles' wishes, on 26th November 1773. Two necessitous years followed, occupied in strolling, and on 29th December 1775 she made her London

début under Garrick at Drury Lane as Portia. She remained at Drury Lane for four or five months, but making no hit was then dismissed. Her first real success came in Manchester in 1776, and once again what Manchester thought to-day England thought to-morrow, for Mrs. Siddons' fame was made. Not, however, until the provinces rang with her name did London see her again—on 10th October 1782, at Drury Lane. Garrick, who was accused of not doing his best for the actress in her earlier appearances, through various motives not of the highest, had died in 1779 and Gainsborough's friend Sheridan was now in command.

Mrs. Siddons began as Isabella in *The Fatal Marriage*, a play no longer performed but very popular then, and London went wild. The actress was now twenty-seven, with three children. Her fame increased with *Belvidera* in *Venice Preserved*, people reached the theatre before breakfast, and the Queen appointed her reader to the royal princesses. It was in 1783 that Sir Joshua painted her as "The Tragic Muse" and thus ensured his immortality. Dr. Johnson took a deep interest in that picture, even to writing his name on the hem of the garment and remarking that thus should he go down to posterity. (This story is, however, told of Reynolds himself and the portrait of Lady Cockburn—No. 2077—which was painted ten years earlier.) "The Tragic Muse" belongs to the Duke of Westminster. The National Gallery has one of the studies for it (No. 1834).

Gainsborough painted the present picture in 1784, when Mrs. Siddons was twenty-eight. It is told that he had difficulties with the superb creature's nose, exclaiming at last in petulant impatience, "Damn the nose, there's no end to it." One commentator has taken pains to point out that the remark meant no end to the painting of it; but this is a free country.

It was not until 2nd February 1785 that London saw Mrs. Siddons in what is considered her greatest impersonation — Lady Macbeth. She remained regularly on the stage until 29th June 1812, when she bade it farewell. A few incidental performances on special occasions followed. She died in a house in Upper Baker Street (which was marked with a tablet before its demolition in 1904), on 8th June 1831.

As a tragic actress Mrs. Siddons reached heights never touched in England before or since; but as a woman she seems to have been not remarkable or particularly charming. She carried the grand manner into private life, and is said, like her brother John Philip Kemble, to have spoken in blank verse. Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with great enjoyment, of her addressing a page at dinner in iambics: "You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

No. 684. Portrait of Ralph Schomberg, M.D., F.S.A.

Schomberg was a somewhat absurd figure in his day: a physician—at Bath and Reading—and an amateur author. He wrote plays and satires, criticisms and verses, some of them for

the ridiculous Lady Miller of Bath Easton, who masqueraded as a muse and kept a vase into which the effusions of her friends and flatterers were dropped. Schomberg House, where Gainsborough lived, was named after the Doctor's ancestor, the Duke of Schomberg.

No. 760. Portrait of Orpin.

Edward Orpin was parish clerk at Bradford-on-Avon for many years. He died in 1781.

No. 789. The Baillie Family.

The Baillies lived at Ealing Grove. One of the daughters became the mother of Thackeray's friend "Jacob Omnium," celebrated in the *Ballads*.

No. 1044. Portrait of the Rev. Sir Henry Bate  
Dudley, Bart.

The subject of this portrait was a curious character of enough notoriety in his day to be known as "The Fighting Parson." His ecclesiasticism had indeed more of muscle than holiness. Born in 1745, the son of a clergyman named Bate, he took orders and succeeded to his father's rectory at North Fambridge in Essex, but spent his time at Vauxhall and other abodes of excitement. The allurements of journalism overpowering those of the pulpit, he became editor of the *Morning Post*, a position which exposed him to a number of challenges, all of which he accepted and disposed of with promptness and dispatch. In 1780 he broke away and founded a rival Whig paper the *Morning Herald* ;

but in 1781 he had to go to prison for a year for libelling the Duke of Richmond. On his release he returned to the Church, took the name of Dudley, and began to reap the benefit of a friendship with important persons, headed by the Prince of Wales, preferment after preferment falling to him. In 1813 he was made a baronet, and in 1815 given a stall in Ely Cathedral. Not only was he gifted in clerical pluralism, but was a J.P. for seven English counties and four in Ireland. Garrick was his friend, but Dr. Johnson did not smile upon him. "Sir," he said once, "I will not allow this man to have merit"; but he admitted that Dudley was courageous. Dudley was something of a picture collector too, and Morland's "Stable Interior," No. 1030, was once his property.

No. 1271. Portrait of a Young Man.

This is said to be a portrait of Marie-Auguste Vestris, a son of the great Vestris, the French dancer, and himself a dancer.

No. 1482. Portrait of Miss Margaret Gainsborough.

The painter's second daughter, who died unmarried.

No. 1483. Two Dogs.

These dogs belonged to Gainsborough and his wife. Gainsborough's was "Fox," the small spitz, and Mrs. Gainsborough's was "Tristram" the spaniel. It is told that after any little difference between the artist and his wife, not

too infrequent, notes of reconciliation would be carried by these pets.

No. 1811. The Painter's Daughters.

Gainsborough's elder daughter was Mary, who married Johann Christian Fischer. Mary is in the white and green dress. Fischer was an oboe player and composer who was born in Freiburg in 1733: he gave his first concert in London in 1768 and was quickly successful, becoming a favourite of George III, and also something of a butt of the Court. Fischer appealed to Gainsborough's love of music (to the statement that he painted portraits for money and landscapes for love of art, the artist had added that he was a musician for his own pleasure) and quickly won the affections of his elder daughter. They were married, against Gainsborough's wishes, in 1780, and soon separated. Fischer died in 1800 while playing before the King and Royal Family. Angelo, the fencing-master, in his *Reminiscences*, gives an amusing account of Fischer's attitude to his father-in-law and mother-in-law. The lady he accused of possessing avarice only equalled by Gainsborough's generosity.

No. 2637. Portrait of Sir William Blackstone.

Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780), the great lawyer, and author—with the assistance of continual libations of port, and in spite of the festive uproar made by Goldsmith in his chambers in the



THE PORINGLAND OAK  
*By John Crome*





Temple below him—of the *Commentaries on the Laws of England*.

No. 2638. Portrait of Miss Elizabeth Singleton.

This charming picture, reproduced opposite page 96, was part of the Salting bequest. I do not know anything of the lady.

GLOVER (JOHN). 1767–1849.

No. 1186. Landscape with Cattle.

(Room XXIII.)

John Glover was an attractive and interesting man with a passion for his art and for nature. He was the son of a small Leicestershire farmer and was born at Houghton-on-the-Hill on 18th February 1767. His father encouraged his childish efforts to draw, and he seems to have drawn everything, even to cattle life-size. He was an expert calligrapher too, and in 1786 was appointed writing-master at the Free School at Appleby. Eight years later he moved to Lichfield, where he gave lessons in drawing, and made many sketches. By this time he was married and had several children. In 1805 he came to London, whither his reputation as an ingenious and innovating water-colourist had preceded him, settled at 61 Montagu Square, and became one of the first members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, whose present rooms are close to the National Gallery, in Pall Mall East. Glover's style of painting became very popular, and that at a time, it must be remembered,

when sketching was a fashion. He had a remarkably attractive way of bringing sunlight through the trees which all the young ladies wanted to acquire. He also was very clever with foliage, painting it very rapidly with two brushes twisted together—not for speed, as might be supposed, but because he found that the effect was truer; for Glover was a serious and thoughtful experimentalist and far more anxious to reproduce nature faithfully than to save himself time or trouble. He was always learning, and once was found in a drenching thunderstorm drawing some donkeys, having been captivated by the way in which the water was falling from their backs as from a roof. On his tours he often managed with only two hours' sleep, so as to be at work early and late, but while sketching could take brief naps at will and thus refresh himself.

Although a man weighing eighteen stone and lamed by club feet, Glover was exceedingly active and quite tireless out of doors. He had also a remarkable kinship with nature, which enabled him to catch and tame birds and to make them so thoroughly his own that the next day he had but to whistle and they would come to him from the neighbouring wood. Among Glover's life-size studies of animals was a bull so accurately limned that a dog flew at it; while one of his tame starlings once tried to alight on the back of a painted cow.

Glover was a water-colour man until 1812, and

indeed after ; but his oils then began to be known. In 1814 he was in Paris and exhibited in the Salon a large canvas called "The Bay of Naples." Louis XVIII saw it and conferred a gold medal on the artist, but ere the medal could be struck the King had to fly before the returning Napoleon, and Glover fled too. Napoleon, however, also seeing the picture, also admired it and sent it back to the artist, together with the belated medal, in 1815. Glover bought a house in the Lake District soon after this, to retire to, but sold it for £1100 in order to buy a Claude, whose genius he adored. He also took a gallery of his own at 16 Old Bond Street, where he held annual exhibitions from 1820 to 1824. There he hung his best works of the year—chiefly in oil—and with them a few landscapes by the masters, such as Claude and Wilson, together with copies by himself of other Claudes and Poussins. A pupil records how he found the burly genial man limping round the room before the doors opened dusting the pictures with his handkerchief ; but coming to the Claude he said, " Oh, I must let you alone. You are quite good enough as you are ! "

In 1824 Glover helped to found the Society of British Artists ; and in 1831 he made a strange departure by emigrating to Australia with his family. He settled ultimately at Launceston, Tasmania, where he remained until his death in his eighty-third year, painting and exploring and reading religious books, for which, as he grew older, he developed an unfortunate mania.

HAND (THOMAS). ?-1804.

No. 2474. Cottage and Hilly Landscape.  
(Room XXIII.)

I can find out little about Hand save that he was one of George Morland's convivial friends and painted so like him that many a Morland so called is really by this artist. Morland, I am sure, would have had no objection whatever to such a similarity: trifles like these were below or above him. Hand predeceased Morland by six weeks, probably from the same besetting weakness. In his *Life of Morland* Hassell tells that he came once upon Hand in the midst of Johnson's smuggling crew, carousing with them on gin.

HOARE (WILLIAM). 1707?-1792.

No. . Charles Fitzroy, 2nd Duke of Grafton.  
(Room XX.)

William Hoare, or "Hoare of Bath," has the distinction of being the first British painter to visit Rome as an art student. He was a native of Suffolk who settled in Bath on his marriage and became identified with that fashionable resort, painting and drawing in charcoal many of its most illustrious visitors. He was an original member of the Royal Academy, and the father of Prince Hoare, the artist and dramatist, and among his personal friends was Pope.

No. . Charles Fitzroy, 2nd Duke of Grafton.

This nobleman was the grandson of Charles II and Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and afterwards Duchess of Cleveland. He suc-

ceeded his father in 1690, when he was seven, and lived until 1757, but made no mark in the world.

HOGARTH (WILLIAM). 1697-1764.

- No. 112. His own Portrait.  
(Room XX.)
- Nos. 113-118. The Marriage "à la Mode," in  
6 Scenes.
- No. 113. Scene I. The Marriage Contract.
- No. 114. Scene II. Shortly after Marriage.
- No. 115. Scene III. The Visit to the Quack  
Doctor.
- No. 116. Scene IV. The Countess's Dressing-  
Room.
- No. 117. Scene V. The Duel and the Death of  
the Earl.
- No. 118. Scene VI. The Death of the Countess.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 675. Portrait of Mary Hogarth, the Artist's  
Elder Sister. 1746.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 1046. Sigismonda Mourning over the Heart of  
Guiscardo.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1153. A Family Group.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1161. Portrait of Miss Lavinia Fenton, the  
Actress, as "Polly Peachum" in  
"The Beggar's Opera."  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1162. The Shrimp Girl.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1374. Portraits of Hogarth's Servants.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1464. Calais Gate (called also "The Roast  
Beef of Old England").  
(Room XX.)

- No. 1663. Portrait of Hogarth's Sister.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1935. Portrait of Quin, the Actor.  
(Room XX.)
- No. 1982. A Garden Party.  
(Not shown except by request.)
- No. 2220. Study of a Human Skull.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 2221. Pen Sketch of a Man's Head.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 2437. A Scene from "The Beggar's Opera."  
(Room XX.)
- No. 2736. Portrait of Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of  
Winchester.  
(Room XX.)  
(Attributed to Hogarth.)

Hogarth did a double service to art. Not only was he the first great national British painter, the first man to look at the English life around him like an Englishman and paint it without affectation or under foreign influence, but he was the first to make pictures popular. Hogarth's engravings from his own works produced a love of art that has steadily increased ever since. During Hogarth's day thousands of houses that had had no pictures before acquired that picture habit which many years later Alderman Boydell and his team of engravers were to do so much to foster and establish.

William Hogarth, who was of Westmoreland stock, was born at Bartholomew Close, Smithfield, on 10th November 1697. His father was a schoolmaster and a printer's reader and a man of some learning. Of his mother little is known

except that her name was Anne Gibbons, that her son painted her, and that she died in 1735. The boy early made the acquaintance of two artists and by them was stimulated to substitute drawing for play, and when the time came he was apprenticed to a silversmith named Ellis Gamble in Cranbourne Alley, Leicester Fields, for whom he chased tankards and salvers, *en route* to fulfilling his ambition of becoming an engraver on copper. Hogarth's father died in 1718, leaving a widow and two daughters, and in 1720 Hogarth became an engraver on his own account.

Meanwhile he had neglected few opportunities of adding to his ability as a draughtsman. He drew from the life whatever odd things struck him: once a woman squirting brandy at a fellow virago; once a wounded brawler in a Highgate inn; and, again, his landlady, "as ugly as possible," after she had dared to ask for her rent,—while it was his habit to make notes of striking faces on his thumb-nail and afterwards copy them on paper. He also attended classes at Sir James Thornhill's Academy (of which more is said under Thornhill). Sir Charles Holroyd, who calls Hogarth a Venetian painter, thinks he may have acquired his Venetian touch from Sebastiano Ricci, who was in England for ten years in the first quarter of the eighteenth century and had an art school in St. Martin's Lane. He died in 1734. Copying and Hogarth did not agree. He called it "pouring water out of one vessel into another," and preferred training his

memory to carry with exactness the proportions and characteristics of what he had seen. "Genius?" he once remarked later; "I know of no such thing. Genius is only labour and diligence." He had his relaxations too, and was fond of conviviality and dress. "I remember the time," he wrote in late life of these his early engraving days, "when I have gone moping into the City with scarce a shilling, but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pocket."

At first he engraved the works of others, but soon began to make designs himself, and in 1724 was so bold as to publish one entitled "The Taste of the Town" (largely that rage for foreign singers which Gay was to satirise with *The Beggar's Opera*), and with this he began his illustrious career as a lasher of the age. It was not, however, for three or four years that he took to painting, when he added portraits and conversation pieces, as they were called, to his repertory, of which No. 1153, or the scene from *The Beggar's Opera* (in the right basement), painted in 1729, may be taken as examples. But portrait painting was not Hogarth's high road to success. Sitters have ever liked to be made at least as beautiful as they are, if not more so, and ever will wish it, whereas Hogarth painted them, if anything, a little plainer. Moreover, he had an irreverent and mischievous eye and was not therefore the most desirable company while the picture



was in progress—sitters preferring from humble artists if not exactly obsequiousness, certainly a sense of inferiority and deferential conversation. It was therefore necessary to find another line, more especially as the painter had been so rash as to marry, against her illustrious father's consent, Jane Thornhill, daughter of the head of the Art school where Hogarth had flouted copying, the most acceptable English painter of kings' and noblemen's ceilings and staircases, a Member of Parliament, and a Knight.

But Hogarth never lacked resource, and very soon after his stolen marriage he painted the first series of those dramatic apologues which have made him in many ways the most famous British artist, "The Harlot's Progress." These he finished in 1731, and incidentally they led to a reconciliation between himself and Thornhill, for they proved that Hogarth was a man of parts who was likely to be able to earn his own living. In 1732 the prints were not only ready, but clamoured for and pirated, and the name of Hogarth became a household word. Thenceforward all was success with him, although chequered by lawsuits with the pirates, disappointment at the smallness of the price for the originals, and a few of those reprisals which must always come to the triumphant satirist and which the triumphant satirist is usually so ill fitted to withstand. After the "Harlot's Progress" the "Rake's Progress," and after the "Rake's Progress" the "Marriage *à la mode*"; while

at odd times appeared the other favourites, such as "The Sleeping Congregation," "The Distressed Poet," "The Enraged Musician," "The Election" series, and "The Modern Midnight Conversation," all bringing in money and increasing his fame. Hogarth, however, did not relax his efforts. Although the possessor of a coach (which he once completely forgot and walked home in the rain) and two houses, he was always thinking, always busy. The only concession to fortune which he made was to give up engraving with his own hand any but the principal faces.

In character, Hogarth was obstinate, honest, and jovial, and his society was much courted at Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, near the Art school which he founded there after Thornhill's death in 1734. Among his closer friends were George Lambert, Frank Hayman, and Samuel Scott, all painters in this book, David Garrick, Henry Fielding the novelist, and John Wilkes the patriot, who, however, fell out and attacked him so grievously as to cloud the last years of his life. He also knew and painted Captain Coram, who established the Foundling Hospital, and Hogarth helped in drawing up its charter, in which he himself figured as a Governor and Guardian. To this Institution, as I have said in the account of Hayman (under Abbott), Hogarth presented pictures, and by so doing played unconsciously a very important part in the history of English art, for it was the Foundling Hospital, to which Gainsborough, Wilson, Allan



THE GLEANERS  
*By John Constable*



Ramsay, Cotes, Lambert, Brooking and Hayman also contributed works, following Hogarth's excellent example, that first drew English people to look at English pictures and was the real forerunner of Burlington House. Hogarth also gave pictures—scriptural subjects—to other Institutions, notably St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He had, in fact, a pathetic desire to be a great religious painter, while he once said in company that, given the time and the choice of his own subject, he was the equal of Van Dyck at a portrait; which only serves to show how vulnerable a man may himself be while trafficking chiefly in the vulnerability of others.

In his lifetime Hogarth's prints were more desired than his paintings; but to-day any work of his coming into the saleroom excites the liveliest enterprise. Although no theorist about painting, and indeed using his brush merely as the forerunner of the engraving needle, Hogarth's pigments have retained a freshness and charm beside which those of some of the great self-conscious colourists are dull indeed. Certain of the Reynolds', for example, which hang so near the Hogarths in Room XXI, are, although painted later, already more than half perished; while "Lavinia Fenton" might but just have left the easel.

Hogarth died, childless, at the age of sixty-six, in 1764. His widow survived him until 1789. His town house at 30 Leicester Square, on which a tablet is fixed, has been rebuilt as Archbishop

Tenison's School. When Hogarth lived there it was known as the Golden Head, the head, modelled and gilded by the artist, being that of Van Dyck. Hogarth died in this house but was buried at Chiswick, where his country house stood. A Hogarth Museum is now there. His monument is in Chiswick Church with his friend Garrick's lines upon it.

The other London house connected with the painter is 75 Dean Street, Soho, where Sir James Thornhill lived and Hogarth courted his pretty Jane. It still stands, but is in a shocking state.

For other of Hogarth's best works, including "The Election" (four fine pictures which Garrick bought from him) and "The Rake's Progress," one must go to the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and to the Foundling Hospital, where the great "March to Finchley" may be seen. The National Portrait Gallery has four of his pictures, including one of himself in his studio, and also a curiously lifelike coloured bust of the painter by Roubillac.

No. 112. His own Portrait.

This picture was painted in 1745. Mrs. Hogarth retained it, and it was bought at her sale in 1790 by Alderman Boydell for £47 5s. Angerstein acquired it in 1797 for £45 3s., and it came to the nation in 1824. Hogarth's dog was named Trump. The Line of Beauty on the palette (now preserved at the Royal Academy) is a reference to a favourite thesis of the artist, which in response

to many inquiries and with the assistance among others of Bishop Hoadly, he reduced to writing eight years later under the title *The Analysis of Beauty written with the view of fixing the fluctuating principles of Taste*, 1753. The titles of the books beside him have interest. There is another portrait of Hogarth, painted by himself, next door. How Hogarth acquired the scar on the temple was not known ; but he was a pugnacious man, and, when he was painting "Southwark Fair," fell upon a blackguard who was ill-treating the drum girl and thrashed him. We see his pugnacity again as well as the man himself in a vivid little story of Barry, the painter. Asked whether he had ever seen Hogarth, he replied, "Yes, once. I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Cranbourne Alley, when he exclaimed, 'There, there's Hogarth!' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'that little man in the sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him for only a moment or two, when I turned the corner into Castle Street he was patting one of two quarrelling boys on the back, and looking steadfastly at the expression in the coward's face, cried, 'Damn him! if I would take it from him. At him again.' "

Nos. 113-118. The Marriage "à la Mode."

(Painted *circa* 1740-1743.)

These six pictures were bought from the artist for £126. In 1797 Angerstein gave a thousand guineas for them. Hogarth was often asked for

a companion series to be called "The Happy Marriage," but did not carry it out.

I do not tell the story of these pictures because it is far more interesting to extract it oneself from the paint. But to any student of Hogarth I commend Charles Lamb's famous essay on his genius, and here quote a few passages from Hazlitt's appreciation of the series :—

"The majority of critics having been most struck with the strong and decided expression in Hogarth, the extreme delicacy and subtle gradations of character in his pictures have almost entirely escaped them. In the first picture of the "*Marriage à la mode*," the three figures of the young Nobleman, his intended Bride, and her innamorato, the Lawyer, show how much Hogarth excelled in the power of giving soft and effeminate expression. They have, however, been less noticed than the other figures, which tell a plainer story and convey a more palpable moral. Nothing can be more finely managed than the differences of character in these delicate personages. . . .

"The expression of the Bride in the Morning scene is the most highly seasoned, and, at the same time, the most vulgar, in the series. The figure, face, and attitude of the husband are inimitable. Hogarth has with great skill contrasted the pale countenance of the husband with the yellow-whitish colour of the marble chimney-piece behind him, in such a manner as to preserve the fleshy tone of the former. The airy splendour of the view of the room in this picture is probably not exceeded by any of the productions of the Flemish school.

"The Young Girl in the third picture, who is represented as the victim of fashionable pro-



fligacy, is unquestionably one of the Artist's *chefs-d'œuvre*. The exquisite delicacy of the painting is only surpassed by the felicity and subtlety of the conception. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the extreme softness of her person and the hardened indifference of her character. . . .

“The gradations of ridiculous affectation in the Music scene are finely imagined and preserved. The preposterous, overstrained admiration of the Lady of Quality, the sentimental, insipid, impatient delight of the Man, with his hair in paper, and sipping his tea—the pert, smirking, conceited, half-distorted approbation of the figure next to him, the transition to the total insensibility of the round face in profile, and then to the wonder of the Negro boy at the rapture of his Mistress, form a perfect whole. The sanguine complexion and flame-coloured hair of the female Virtuoso throw an additional light on the character. This is lost in the print. The continuing the red colour of the hair into the back of the chair has been pointed out as one of those instances of alliteration in colouring of which these pictures are everywhere full. The gross, bloated appearance of the Italian Singer is well relieved by the hard features of the instrumental performer behind him, which might be carved of wood. The Negro boy holding the chocolate, both in expression, colour, and execution, is a masterpiece. The gay, lively derision of the other Negro boy, playing with the Actæon, is an ingenious contrast to the profound amazement of the first. . . .”

No. 675. Portrait of Mary Hogarth.

Mary Hogarth, the painter's elder sister, was

born in 1699. She and her sister Ann sold dresses and dress materials at "Ye King's Arms joining to Ye Little Britain gate, near Long Walk." The profits were augmented by their brother's generosity.

No. 1046. Sigismonda Mourning over the Heart of Guiscardo.

Mrs. Hogarth sat for this picture. It was one of Hogarth's unlucky works. Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Grosvenor commissioned a canvas and Hogarth took immense pride in preparing this for him, the choice of the subject having been left to the artist. The story is from Boccaccio (but Hogarth probably found it in Dryden's poetical version) and tells how Sigismonda, who is about to poison herself, weeps over the heart of Guiscardo, her murdered husband, which had been sent to her by his murderer. When the picture was ready, Sir Richard, who had expected something comic, extricated himself from the liability; nor could another purchaser be found, although Hogarth was then at the height of his fame. Further ill-luck pursued the picture, for Wilkes, attacking Hogarth in the *North Briton*, made cruel fun of Mrs. Hogarth's features in it.

No. 1153. A Family Group.

This work, which is called "A Breakfast Piece" in Mr. Dobson's *William Hogarth*, and is an excellent example of what the old painters called a conversation picture, represents the Strode family: William Strode, Esq., his mother Lady

Anne, daughter of the 5th Earl of Salisbury, Mrs. S. Strode, Dr. Arthur Smith (seated and talking to William Strode), who was Archbishop of Dublin, and the butler Jonathan Powell.

No. 1161. Portrait of Miss Lavinia Fenton as  
" Polly Peachum."

Lavinia Fenton, an actress famous in her day as a singer and romp, was born in 1708. Her father, who, however, had omitted to pass through the marriage service with her mother, was a naval officer; her mother kept a coffee-house near Charing Cross, to which theatrical people and playgoers resorted, and the child caught up the songs of the day from them and reproduced them with such accuracy and charm that her reputation spread. By the time she was eighteen she was on the stage and was immediately successful. It was not, however, till she was nearly twenty that she captivated the town, her triumph coming on the night of 29th January 1728, when with infinite misgivings John Rich, the manager of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, produced *The Beggar's Opera* by Gay, the fabulist, with Lavinia as Polly Peachum, and set London wild with delight and mystified that music could be wedded to any but romantic or tragic themes and rendered by any but Italian larynxes.

The comic opera as a whole, coming as it did with so fresh and national an appeal at a time when people were beginning to be more than a little tired of the feuds and jealousies of the two grand opera factions, was attractive enough; but

Lavinia was more than attractive. She was a lure, an enchantress. Her voice was compelling, sweet and tender ; her personality was irresistible. For six months she absolutely dominated the imagination of London, and then on the 19th of June the play came off for the season and Lavinia left the stage for ever and began a new existence as the mistress of Charles Paulet, 3rd Duke of Bolton, a man twenty-three years older than herself, living apart from his Duchess.

Lavinia, who was a clever woman, and her protector seem to have remained on the best of terms. They resided chiefly abroad, and were on their travels accompanied always by a clergyman prepared to regularize their association immediately the true Duchess consented to die. This, after many annoying postponements, she did in September 1751, and in October Lavinia became a wife, having already become a mother three times. The Duke died in 1754 and left all to his "dear and well-beloved," who survived him till 1760. Hogarth painted her more than once.

No. 1162. The Shrimp Girl.

Of this adorable person nothing is known, but she will live for ever. The picture is reproduced on the opposite page.

No. 1374. Portraits of Hogarth's Servants.

When this picture was sold after Mrs. Hogarth's death the servants did not fetch a pound apiece.



THE SHRIMP GIRL  
*By William Hogarth*



No. 1464. Calais Gate.

In 1749, Hogarth, who liked jaunts, went to Calais with Frank Hayman, John Pine, and others. There he got into trouble as a spy. In his own words: "The first time an Englishman goes from Dover to Calais, he must be struck with the different face of things at so little a distance. A farcical pomp of war, pompous parade of religion, and much bustle with very little business. To sum up all, poverty, slavery, and innate insolence, covered with an affectation of politeness, give you even here a true picture of the manners of the whole nation; nor are the priests less opposite to those of Dover than the two shores. The friars are dirty, sleek, and solemn; the soldiery are lean, ragged, and tawdry; and, as to the fish-women, their faces are absolute leather. As I was sauntering about and observing them near the gate, which it seems was built by the English, when the place was in our possession, I remarked some appearance of the arms of England on the front. By this, and idle curiosity, I was prompted to make a sketch of it, which, being observed, I was taken into custody; but, not attempting to cancel any of my sketches or memorandums, which were found to be merely those of a painter for his private use, without any relation to fortification, it was not thought necessary to send me back to Paris. I was only closely confined to my own lodgings, till the wind changed for England; where I no sooner arrived than I set about the picture—made the gate my background, and, in

one corner, introduced my own portrait, which has generally been thought a correct likeness, with the soldier's hand upon my shoulder. By the fat friar, who stops the lean cook that is sinking under a vast sirloin of beef, and two of the military bearing off a great kettle of *soupe maigre*, I mean to display to my own countrymen the striking difference between the food, priests, soldiers, etc., of two nations so contiguous that in a clear day one coast may be seen from the other. The melancholy and miserable Highlander, browsing on his scanty fare, consisting of a bit of bread and an onion, is intended for one of the many that fled from his country during the rebellion in 1744 and 1745."

Hogarth is seen sketching on the left. For the friar he chose his friend John Pine, who was ever after known as Friar Pine, and implored Hogarth—but in vain—to paint him out.

It is odd that in 1816 Wilkie got into a precisely similar scrape, but escaped merely with a reprimand from the mayor. Nor did he paint any picture of the incident.

The late W. P. Frith, R.A., who carried on the Hogarth tradition after Wilkie, painted in 1851 a postscript to this picture entitled "Hogarth brought before the Governor of Calais as a Spy."

No. 1663. Portrait of Hogarth's Sister.

This was Ann Hogarth, born in 1701, who became Mrs. Salter. She was at one time in partnership with her sister Mary, and she survived



both Mary and her brother. Hogarth left her £80 a year.

No. 1935. Portrait of Quin, the Actor.

James Quin, known chiefly as Garrick's rival, was born in 1693 in King Street, Covent Garden, and christened in the church of St. Paul depicted in Nebot's picture, to which we shall soon come. He was educated at Dublin, and was probably at Trinity College for a while; but having no money and no patronage he took to the stage, and was a successful actor for many years. For a long while he appeared under Rich, and once at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre saved Rich's life in a fracas with a drunken peer who had drawn his sword on the manager. He went on with Rich to Covent Garden, and entered into serious competition with Garrick. The two men were occasionally pitted against each other in the same play, and divided the town. Later, after taking Drury Lane, Garrick tried to lure Quin from Covent Garden, with the result that Quin was able to obtain from Rich £1000 a year to remain, the highest salary ever paid an actor until that time. At the end of his career Quin retired to Bath, where he had long been something of a dictator and was much courted for his wit. Among his Bath friends was Gainsborough, who painted him three times and delighted in his company, and to whom Quin left £50. Having ceased to be a rival, Quin became acceptable to Garrick: they were cordial with

each other at the end, and Garrick wrote Quin's epitaph in Bath Abbey, whither his body was borne in 1766. Quin was a man of robust intellect and rough humour, excellent in many parts, but greatest as Falstaff. He ate enormously, befriended Thomson the poet when he most needed help, and twice killed his man in a duel.

No. 2437. A Scene from "The Beggar's Opera."

This picture, which has historical as well as human interest, should be examined in connexion with the key that hangs beneath. *The Beggar's Opera* was written by John Gay, largely with satirical intent, under the influence of Swift, who wished the pompous Italian grand opera to be burlesqued. It was offered to Drury Lane and was rejected. Then Rich, the manager of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, accepted it, as I have said above. When produced on 29th January 1728 it was an instant success, and in the words of the jest "made Gay rich and Rich gay." Hogarth painted scenes from it more than once.

The Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre stood in Portugal Row, on the south side of the great square, at the back of the present Royal College of Surgeons. It was built by Christopher Rich on the site of two predecessors in 1714, and John Rich, his son, Gay's manager, succeeded to it in that year and opened it on 18th December. According to the key, Rich is talking to Cock the auctioneer on the right of the picture, and Gay is behind them. Rich's chief claim to memory is

not that he produced *The Beggar's Opera* but that he introduced pantomime to the English stage, playing himself the part of harlequin under the name of Lun. Rich was an enterprising man, and he afterwards built the first Covent Garden Theatre, which was opened in 1732, where George Lambert, whom we shall soon meet, was scene painter. Rich's portrait, with his family, attributed to Hogarth, is in the Garrick Club. He died in 1761.

The Lincoln's Inn Fields house passed into other management, but did not last long as a theatre, and in 1848 it was pulled down for the enlargement of the Royal College of Surgeons. It is interesting to note that in Rich's day the audience were still allowed on the stage itself, separated from the players only by narrow tables.

Among other persons whose portraits are in this picture are the Duke of Bolton, who married Lavinia Fenton, on the right with an open book, and Lavinia herself, as Polly Peachum, singing to Macheath. This part, which was to have been taken by Quin, for so long Rich's steady associate, was played by Thomas Walker, who had begun as a hard-working actor but whose success as the dashing captain caused him to become an object of adoration by smart women. This turned his head and led to his speedy decline.

The man on the left with the glasses was that odd character John, or "Orator," Henley, who, after a respectable career at Cambridge and in the Church, let his eccentricity have full rein, and, losing his living, degenerated into a mixture of

reformer and buffoon. He took a pulpit of his own in Newport Market, London, in 1726, and held forth on Sunday mornings on conduct, in the evenings on theology, and during the week on scientific topics. Later he took to politics and drink, and his last years were pitiful.

The picture has an interesting frame, with Hogarth's head at the top, among masks. It was painted for Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk.

No. 2736. Portrait of Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Winchester.

Benjamin Hoadly (not Hoadley), who before becoming Bishop of Winchester had been bishop of Bangor, Hereford, and Salisbury, was a determined controversialist on doctrinal matters, one of his principal opponents being Atterbury. The number of his tracts, open letters and pamphlets was prodigious, and "the exquisite rancour of theological hatred," as Gibbon calls it, is to be found in most of them. Indeed, the fishermen of Galilee could hardly be offered more surprising reading. Those were fighting days, and Hoadly spent more time with his pen than upon his dioceses, and in fact never visited either Bangor or Hereford. He did not, however, neglect the Royal Family.

Hoadly married twice, his first wife being Sarah Curtis, a portrait painter and the author, with Hogarth, of another portrait of the Bishop which is in the National Portrait Gallery.

Hoadly's sons Benjamin and John were both friends of Hogarth, and Benjamin wrote rhyming

descriptions to accompany some of the artist's engravings.

HOPPNER (JOHN), R.A. 1758-1810.

No. 900. Portrait of the Countess of Oxford.  
(Room XXV.)

No. 2765. A Gale of Wind.  
(West Screen Room.)

John Hoppner, the son of German parents, was born in Whitechapel in 1758. His father was a surgeon; his mother was employed at Court. Like Callcott he was a chorister, but through the influence of George III was removed from the choir to learn painting. Hoppner, indeed, in after life had no objection whatever to the suggestion that his name should be rightly Fitz-George; but the probabilities do not support this modest contention. His success as a painter was steady, and as early as 1780 he was exhibiting at the Academy. Two years later he married Phœbe, the daughter of Patience Wright, an American modeller in wax, then living in Cockspur Street, where she exhibited her works, assembled large parties, and uttered fervent Hail Columbias. The life-size wax model of Chatham in Westminster Abbey is her work, and she is credited with having acted as a spy in London for the benefit of Benjamin Franklin, then the American Ambassador in Paris. Through the influence of such a mother-in-law, as well as that of the King and Prince of Wales, Hoppner did well. He settled at 18 Charles Street, St. James's Square (very near to Carlton House, where the Prince

of Wales rioted), painted Mrs. Jordan for his illustrious neighbour as well as the three princesses for the King, and gradually became the fashion—Sir Joshua having died, Romney being on the decline, and Opie not sufficiently politic. His only serious rival was Lawrence, who came to London as a youthful prodigy and, having an alluring way with him and obtaining Court favour, soon became a serious rival indeed. Hoppner's loss of royal patronage is attributed to his having offended Benjamin West, in whom the King placed the greatest trust, but he was a sarcastic man and might quite easily have said an unfortunate thing capable (without any American assistance) of doing his business. Moreover, Hoppner was a Whig and associated intimately with Gifford of the *Quarterly*, for which he reviewed, among other books, Hayley's *Life of Romney*, and both George III and Lawrence preferred the other party.

The withdrawal of Court favour did not, however, stop Hoppner's vogue. His peculiar skill (not represented in the National Gallery) with children kept him popular with fashionable parents, and many of the most illustrious people passed through his studio. He did not flatter his sitters, as Lawrence did, but there was still a gulf between his presentment and realism sufficient to allay misgivings. His confessed method was to make women as beautiful as possible to begin with, and then to go on painting down (so to speak) until the observer exclaimed

that the likeness was emerging. At that point he wisely stopped. In the matter of prices Lawrence eventually won, but since their deaths, and especially of late, Hoppner has outdistanced his competitor, a good rich Hoppner being among the most desirable of British pictures.

Hoppner was a clever and amusing man, at home in any society, but constant ill-health impaired his temper and he made enemies. Rogers said he was the most spiteful person he ever knew, but some people said the same thing of Rogers. He had more depth of character than Lawrence, and certainly as genuine a love of art; but it would be a difficult task to disprove the statement that he profited greatly by accepting the Reynolds tradition. His love of nature, as exemplified in the many sketches he made all over England and Wales, lifts him far above Lawrence in interest. In the British Museum Print Room is a fine collection of this branch of his work, and in the National Portrait Gallery are several more of his portraits. He died at the early age of fifty-one.

No. 900. Portrait of the Countess of Oxford.

The wife of Edward, 5th Earl of Oxford, her maiden name was Jane Elizabeth Scott, and she died in 1824. She was a beautiful woman but not too circumspect, and among her lovers was Byron, in the period between leaving Lady Caroline Lamb and marrying Miss Milbanke. Hoppner painted her in 1798 when she was twenty-five.

HORSLEY (JOHN CALLCOTT), R.A. 1817-1903.  
No. 2286. \_Portrait of Martin H. Colnaghi.  
(East Screen Room.)

By living to be eighty-six John Callcott Horsley takes his place as one of the oldest of a proverbially old profession. He had the name of Callcott from his great-uncle, the landscape painter, who was, as we have seen, for a brief period the Curator of this Gallery. His father, William Horsley, was a composer who married a daughter of Dr. Callcott, also a composer; but it was drawing rather than music that attracted the boy, and he was allowed to have his way. Like G. F. Watts, he won prizes for decorations in the House of Commons; he also painted "The Spirit of Religion" for the House of Lords; and was head master of the National School of Design at Somerset House. His own studio work was based on the Dutch, his especial favourite being Peter de Hooch; but he was never in the first rank of popularity. Where, however, Horsley reached the art lovers of England—probably unknown to them—was in the annual exhibitions of Old Masters at the Royal Academy, the excellence of which for many years was largely due to his untiring enthusiasm and the persuasive way in which he bearded collectors in their dens and made them lend.

Horsley, like many latter-day painters, wrote his memoirs. He lived for many years in High Row, Kensington (a part of Church Street), dying there on 18th October 1903. One of his sons is Sir Victor Horsley, the brain specialist.





MISS ELIZABETH SINGLETON  
*By Thomas Gainsborough*



No. 2286. Portrait of Martin H. Colnaghi.

Martin Henry Colnaghi was a son of Martin Colnaghi, and grandson of Paul Colnaghi who founded the famous picture-dealing business in Pall Mall East, now combined with that of Messrs. Obach. He was born in 1819, the same year as Queen Victoria, as he was proud to recall, and later he came to know Her Majesty well. He was intended for the army, but did not enter it owing to paternal vicissitudes, for the elder Colnaghi was not at that time a member of the firm. After years of some hardship, in which he acquired a great store of Bohemian friends and anecdotes, Colnaghi reverted to type, and took in 1860 to picture-dealing on his own account, and having a considerable *flair* and a few good clients he quickly became successful. His strong suit was the Dutch school, and his hero of that school Frans Hals, whom he toiled to see established in his right position as a great master. Another of his favourite painters was Van Goyen, and a third was the sweet Italian painter Guardi, after whom he named his gallery in the Haymarket, before he established the Marlborough Gallery. By assiduous labour, fortified by taste and shrewdness, Colnaghi amassed a fortune, which some day the National Gallery is to inherit; meanwhile it is the richer by his bequest of four pictures—a Lotto, a Wouwerman, a Van der Neer, and a Gainsborough landscape, and this portrait. Colnaghi died on 27th June 1908.

HUDSON (THOMAS). 1701-1779.

No. 1224. Portrait of Samuel Scott.

(Room XXV.)

Thomas Hudson's claim to eminence is not so much the productions of his brush as the circumstance that Sir Joshua Reynolds was placed with him to learn the mystery of painting. That was in 1740, when Reynolds was seventeen, in Hudson's house, now divided into 55 and 56 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Hudson may not have been a very inspiring instructor, but he served his pupil's end in that a glamour hung about him; for Hudson was not only the pupil but the son-in-law of Jonathan Richardson the portrait painter, from whose pen had come that Treatise on Art which had done so much to fire the imagination and the ambition of Reynolds as a boy. (See the memoir of Reynolds, later.) It was therefore a fine thing for the youth when one so near the fount of inspiration as Hudson was chosen as his master.

Hudson was selected, however, rather because he also was a Devonshire man, having been born at Bideford in 1701. By 1740 he had completely outrivalled both Richardson and Jervas (each of them a friend of Pope) as the fashionable portrait painter. This was not because he was great, but because there was none greater; he had no imagination, and worked merely for the likeness, the draperies being painted, as was then the usual way, by another. Hudson held the throne until rendered obsolete by his illustrious pupil,

with whom, after a difference which led to a breach and the termination of the apprenticeship two years before it was to expire, he remained, however, to the end on as good terms as are possible in this imperfect world between supplanted and supplanter. Hudson had made money, and later—being a widower—he married some more and became a connoisseur and collector.

Among his friends was Hogarth and also the convivial Frank Hayman, with whom in 1748 he made a tour in the Low Countries. An incident at once illustrating Hudson's want of true discernment and the jovial artistic company of that day is worth lifting at this point from J. T. Smith's *Nollekens and His Times*. The narrator is Benjamin Wilson the portrait painter and employer of Zoffany :—

“Hudson upon all occasions maintained that no one could etch like Rembrandt,—here he was right ; that no one could deceive him, and that he could always discover an imitation of Rembrandt directly he saw it ; wherein I maintain he was wrong. To prove this, I one evening scratched a landscape, and took a dirty impression of it to a man who sold books and prints upon the pavement in Saint Martin's Lane, and, after endeavouring to cry down Rembrandt, showed him the impression, for which he offered to give me a fine Vandyke head. As the fellow caught the bait, the next day I called to look at some more of Vandyke heads, when he observed, that he had sold the Rembrandt, but I could not obtain from him the name of the purchaser ;

however, it turned out just as I expected. Hudson was showing it about to his friends as a rare Rembrandt, not at all described in the Catalogue. He admired it beyond everything he possessed. When I told Hogarth of this, 'D—n it!' said he, 'let us expose the fat-headed fellow.' I took the hint, and, without telling any one what I meant to do, invited Hogarth, Scott, Lambert, and others, to meet Hudson at supper, and I was wicked enough to allow Kirby to partake of my exultation, without stating to him that Hudson was coming, for they hated each other most cordially. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, I stuck it full of skewers, charged with impressions [of the bogus etching]; and when supper was announced, Scott, the marine-painter, who followed Hudson, sang out 'A sail! a sail!' 'What did Hogarth say, sir?'—'He! an impudent dog! he did nothing but laugh with Kirby the whole evening. Hudson never forgave me for it!'"

Hudson is chiefly famous for having painted so many members of the Dilettanti Society, whose limner he was. Reynolds succeeded him, and Lawrence succeeded Reynolds. Other of Hudson's portraits may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery next door.

For particulars concerning Samuel Scott, the subject of Hudson's only National Gallery work, see the account of that painter later in this book.

IBBETSON (JULIUS CÆSAR). 1759–1817.

No. 1460. Smugglers on the Irish Coast.

(Room XXIII.)

Julius Cæsar Ibbetson was one of the less fortunate British painters. He had much skill and

charm, and his pictures were in demand; but extravagance and intemperateness stood in his way. He was born at Scarborough in 1759, and was first sent to a Moravian and then to a Quakers' school, at Leeds, and apprenticed to a ship painter at Hull. There he did some scenery for the theatre, and was encouraged to seek his fortune in London; and here one might draw attention to the curiously similar experiences of a later Yorkshire child of genius, Phil May, who, born at Leeds, painted at an early age scenery for a Leeds theatre, and came also to London to make his fortune. Unhappily the parallel could, if one wished, be carried still further. Ibbetson became, after the manner of those days, the hack of a picture dealer, and made that special study of Dutch rural painting which caused Benjamin West to describe him as "The Berchem of England." In 1780 he married, and in 1788 left England and his numerous family to accompany Colonel Cathcart's Embassy to China. Cathcart's death at Java put an end to the expedition, and Ibbetson returned, the richer only by a large number of sketches of sea life, to find himself involved in legal difficulties. Other troubles followed, for by 1794 he had lost not only his wife but eight children, two sons and a daughter only surviving; and these calamities brought on an attack of brain fever, during which he was robbed of all he had. Fate having served him so shabbily while he was industrious and virtuous, it is hardly to be wondered at that

Ibbetson should take to a contrary course of life as some form of anodyne, and with his friend George Morland, to whom he stood second as a painter of comfortable little pigs, kindly cattle, and a radiant peasantry, he spent many roaring days and nights, until the attention of his creditors made it necessary to leave London for a safe retirement. This he found at Ambleside, and in 1801 he found there also a second wife, a beautiful gipsy-haired girl who is often to be seen in his later pictures. He was still in monetary difficulties, but they no longer caused him any great inconvenience, and he painted steadily till his death, at Masham in Yorkshire, in 1817, his purchasers being chiefly North of England gentlemen, who rightly held no country house properly furnished without one of his mellow scenes of English open-air life.

JACKSON (JOHN), R.A. 1778-1831.

No. 124. Portrait of the Rev. William Holwell Carr.  
(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

No. 1404. Portrait of James Northcote, R.A.  
(Shown on request.)

In the life of Jackson we come again to the sagacity and munificence of Sir George Beaumont, for it was largely his instrumentality which set the youth on the high road to art. The boy, who was born at Lastingham in Yorkshire, was designed by his father to assist him, and succeed him, as a tailor; but luckily meeting with Lord Mulgrave at Whitby, his talent as an artist was discerned by that lover of pictures; he was allowed the run of the Earl of Carlisle's gallery



at Castle Howard; and Sir George Beaumont, coming on the scene, lent him a Reynolds to copy and endowed him with £50 a year to study in London. Some accounts credit Lord Mulgrave also with the payment of this sum, but it was quite in Beaumont's enthusiastic way, and we know that Beaumont's London house in Grosvenor Square was always open to his protégé. At that time Lord Mulgrave was Governor of Scarborough Castle and one of Pitt's chief military advisers, but he was an inveterate connoisseur. His collection contained a Rembrandt, a Van Dyck, and a Titian. He was painted by Lawrence and Beechey, and by Jackson in the company of his two sons and Sir George Beaumont.

Jackson came to London in 1804, and at the Royal Academy schools became the friend of Haydon and Wilkie, and it was through him that Lord Mulgrave and Sir George extended their patronage also to these two others. Jackson had none of the misfortunes that dogged poor Haydon (to whose other mortifications must now be added absence of representation, except by sketches at the Tate, in the national galleries), but quickly became known for the excellence of his small portraits; and although he never received more than fifty guineas for a head, he did well. In 1815 he became an A.R.A.; in 1816 he travelled in Holland with one of Lord Mulgrave's sons; in 1817 he became an R.A., and in 1819 went to Italy with Chantrey, who found him a most delightful and amenable com-

panion. In fact, Jackson was universally popular. According to Northcote, he succeeded less because he was a good painter than because he was always amiable and amusing and devoid of satire; but Northcote also assigns him a measure of worldly guile. Among his sitters were many of his fellow-Academicians, and Lawrence stated at the Academy banquet of 1827 that Van Dyck might have felt proud to sign Jackson's portrait of Flaxman.

The latter years of his life were, however, not so happy; the strict and sombre tenets of the Wesleyan Methodists, to whom he belonged, overcast a naturally cheerful mind, while his large donations to the funds of the sect crippled his finances. But he was no narrow partisan, and it was his pleasure not only to copy a Correggio for Lastingham church, but also to contribute £50 towards improving the lighting of it.

It was while attending the funeral of Lord Mulgrave, in April 1831, that Jackson caught the chill which led to his death on 1st June of that year. He left so little that his widow, with three children, received a Royal Academy pension. This, his second, wife, was a sister of James Ward, the animal painter, to whom we shall in time come. Constable, who was one of Jackson's closest later friends, wrote beautifully of his death: "He is a great loss to the Academy and the public. By his friends he will be for ever missed; he had no enemy. He did a great deal of good, much more, I believe, than is generally known; and he never did any harm to any

living creature. My sincere belief is that he is at this moment in heaven."

For Jackson's works other than at the National Gallery one must go to the National Portrait Gallery, to South Kensington, to the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, and to the Print Room of the British Museum.

No. 124. Portrait of the Rev. William Holwell Carr.

I have said something in the Introduction of this enterprising divine and benefactor of the National Gallery.

No. 1404. Portrait of James Northcote, R.A.

This painter, who is not represented in the National Gallery by any work from his own hand, we know almost better than any other, by reason of Hazlitt's entertaining book, *Conversations with James Northcote*, published in 1830, where the old man gives his views very freely on whatever topic his visitor started. His pictures are less familiar.

Northcote came, like Sir Joshua, his master, from Plymouth, and was born there in 1746, the son of a clock-maker, who proposed that the boy should make clocks too. Northcote, however, thought only of drawing, and when he was sixteen and Reynolds was visiting Plymouth with Dr. Johnson, he was as much thrilled by touching the great painter's coat as Reynolds had been, years before, to touch Pope's hand. And when in 1771 he ran away from home—his father

being among the obdurate enemies of art as a profession for sons—it was with Reynolds that he took refuge, remaining in his house in many useful capacities until 1776. He then went to Italy to study Titian and other masters, and, returning to London in 1780, commenced painter in earnest. He was fairly successful from the first, but his real chance came when Boydell, of whom I have written under Copley, started in 1786 his Shakespeare Gallery. For Boydell, Northcote did much popular work, which brought many sitters to his studio. In fact, he painted in his long life more portraits than any one, and among his subjects were men as far removed in time as Zachariah Mudge of Plymouth, Sir Joshua's friend (whose wife did not want to give Dr. Johnson a nineteenth cup of tea), who died in 1769, and John Ruskin, whom he painted in 1822, at the age of three, and put in a background of blue hills at the young critic's express desire.

Northcote had not only a sagacious mind, but he was capable of flashes of agreeable humour, as when he replied to Sir Joshua's not too delighted remark that the Prince of Wales spoke of him (Northcote) strangely often—"Oh, he knows nothing of me—that's only his bragging." He had known every one of importance, and was intellectually on a level with most, and he lived his long life through very interesting times. One of his happiest recollections was of accompanying as a young man Sir Joshua Reynolds' servant, Ralph, to the gallery on the first night of *She*

*Stoops to Conquer* to assist in ensuring its success, but he found his plaudits were not needed. He was also something of an author, and wrote lives of Reynolds and Titian and two volumes of fables. He never married, and his dislike of house-cleaning amounted to a mania. He lived to be eighty-five, and died a month after Jackson.

Northcote's vivid interest in art and life and shrewd intellectual independence right to the end is illustrated not only by Hazlitt's record but also by memoranda of conversations with him left by James Ward, R.A., edited by Mr. Ernest Fletcher and published in 1901, which add to our knowledge of both these painters.

LAMBERT (GEORGE). 1710-1765.

No. 1658. Landscape.

(Between Rooms XXII and XXIV.)

Where Lambert was born is not known, but the county was Kent. His masters were Warner Hassells, a friend of Kneller, and John Wootton, a favourite painter of race-horses at Newmarket and an imitator of Claude and Poussin. Lambert himself made so close a study of Gaspard Poussin that many a so-called Poussin now honoured on collectors' walls is said to be from the Kentish brush. He also did a few landscapes in the manner of Salvator Rosa. Lambert was among those artists who gave pictures to the Foundling Hospital, and he worked with Hayman to found the Royal Academy. A witty, laughing man, he was the friend of Hogarth and Samuel Scott,

and one of the jovial St. Martin's Lane coterie at Old Slaughter's, as described with so much gusto in Pyne's *Wine and Walnuts* and also in Smith's *Nollekens and his Times*. Another association with Hogarth which we find is the circumstance that Lambert was Rich's scene painter for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields where *The Beggar's Opera* was performed, and later for Covent Garden. But perhaps Lambert's principal title to fame, which grew from his work as a scene painter, is the part he played as the founder of the Beef Steak Club. His talk was so good that it became a habit among the more intelligent Bohemians to look in upon Lambert in his painting room at Covent Garden Theatre while he was eating his beef-steak supper; and gradually the Club evolved. Lambert's portrait by Hudson, Reynolds' master, is preserved in the Club's present rooms.

He died in 1765, just after seceding from the Society of Artists of Great Britain and founding the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, of which he was elected first President, and which subsequently became the Royal Academy.

LANCASTER (REV. RICHARD HUME). 1773-1853.

No. 1467. Landscape, with a view of Oxford.  
(Room XXI.)

Lancaster, to whom is now given this picture, after it had for years been attributed to Crome's brother-in-law, Robert Ladbroke, was a marine, landscape and topographical painter. He was

at Merton College, Oxford, and became Rector of Warnford in Hampshire in 1802, where he died in 1853, after exhibiting regularly at the Royal Academy for many years.

LANDSEER (SIR EDWIN HENRY), R.A. 1802-1873.

No. 409. Spaniels of King Charles breed.  
(Room XXIV.)

No. 603. The Sleeping Bloodhound.  
(Room XXIV.)

No. 604. Dignity and Impudence.  
(Room XXIII.)

Nos. 1349-1350. Studies of Lions.  
(East and West Vestibules.)

Edwin Henry Landseer, who still retains much of his hold on the affections of the British public, was born in London—at 33 Foley Street, then 71 Queen Anne Street East—on 7th March 1802, the third son of John Landseer, a painter, engraver, and author, and the brother of Thomas Landseer, also an engraver, and the medium by which thousands upon thousands of impressions of his brother Edwin's pictures reached the eyes of the great world. The boy showed unusual powers of draughtsmanship so early that his father decided that art should have no rival, and, instead of sending him to school, kept him to sketch both in the fields and in the menagerie at Exeter Change (where the Strand Palace Hotel now stands); and he developed so rapidly that at the age of ten he painted a brown mastiff well enough for it to fetch seventy guineas at a public auction in 1861.

When he was thirteen he came under the influence of Haydon, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. The next year he entered the Academy schools, made friends with C. R. Leslie, the painter, and continued to produce work acceptable to the engravers. Indeed, no artist can have so early joined hands with those artificers, to whose patient and beautiful handiwork mankind owes so much, but who have now been ruined by the advent of the camera with its rapid mechanisms and sweeping methods.

In 1824, when twenty-two, Landseer accompanied Leslie to Scotland and stayed with Sir Walter Scott, whose dogs he drew, and fell completely under the spell cast by Caledonia's deer forests. From this time his heart was ever in the Highlands, and deer-stalking his favourite sport—although he was capable now and then, when a real "monarch of the glen" approached, so keen was the draughtsmanship in him, of flinging down his rifle and taking instead his sketch-book and pencil. In 1826 he left his father's house and settled at 1 St. John's Wood Road, where he remained till his death. In this year he was made an A.R.A. and a full R.A. in 1831.

Prosperity, it will be seen, had early marked Landseer for her own, and he passed from one success to another throughout his life. A society favourite, an excellent raconteur, a gifted singer, genial, generous and popular, surrounded by a troop of dogs, his career may be said to have been one long triumphal success. Such clouds as



crossed the sun were caused either by ill-health or mental depression, for Landseer was neither the strongest nor most philosophical of men, and a quite trifling critical censure or imagined slight could make him despondent and peevish. No artist has been, from a worldly point of view, more fortunate than he in his patrons, for not only did some of the most illustrious mansions in England receive him with pleasure, but from 1839 until 1866 he was the favourite painter of the Royal Family, made many pictures for them, and taught both Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to etch. The Queen knighted him in 1850.

In 1859 Landseer was commissioned to design the lions for the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, and the two studies Nos. 1349 and 1350 are among those made at the Zoo for this purpose. The bronzes were placed in position in 1866. About 1860 came the beginning of the end, when his mind gave way. He recovered, but a railway accident in 1868 caused a reaction, and his last years were much clouded. In 1873 he died, and was buried in state in St. Paul's, whose wittiest Canon had once declined to be painted by him with the remark, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

For a long while Landseer was the most popular English artist, the engravers being as busy with his work to give it a wider publicity as with that of any painter since Morland; and this is not surprising when it is borne in mind that we are

a dog-and-animal-loving nation and also like our pictures to tell a story and to tell it simply. No wonder then that "Dignity and Impudence"—No. 604 in the National Gallery—was probably the best-known picture of its day. For a time after his death Landseer's works increased in value, but a marked depreciation has now set in. Modern taste among collectors prefers that an animal should be a part of a picture as it is a part of the landscape, and the four-footed sitters of Landseer and Sidney Cooper cannot now compete with the creatures that we find occurring more naturally in the works of Troyon and Mauve, Millet and William Maris—who are among the present-day heroes of the saleroom.

The National Gallery retains only the five Landseers enumerated above. The rest are at the Tate Gallery. At South Kensington others may be seen, and the British Museum Print Room has many of his sketches. The King Charles spaniels in No. 409 belonged to Mr. Robert Vernon, of whom I have written in the Introduction, who gave the picture in 1847.

Landseer was a very rapid worker, believing that the productions of single sittings were the best. No. 603, "The Sleeping Bloodhound," was painted between a Monday and Thursday.

LAWRENCE (SIR THOMAS), P.R.A. 1769-1830.

No. 129. Portrait of John Julius Angerstein.

(Room XXV.)

No. 142. John Philip Kemble as Hamlet.

(Room XXV.)

- No. 144. Portrait of Benjamin West, P.R.A.  
(West Vestibule.)
- No. 188. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 785. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 893. Portrait of the Princess Lieven.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 922. A Child with a Kid.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1307. Portrait of Miss Caroline Fry, Authoress.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1413. Portrait of Philip Sansom.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 2222. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.  
(East Screen Room.)

The career of Sir Thomas Lawrence reads like a romance. The son of an innkeeper, and almost without any education but that acquired by the way, he became the most fêted of English artists and the darling of princes. He was born at Bristol on 4th May 1769. His father was an adventurer who, when the boy was three, took the Black Bear at Devizes (still a noble hostelry), where the quality stayed on the journey to and from Bath. The child, who had an arresting beauty and much precocious charm, recited to the guests and drew their portraits—his skill with the pencil coming at an astonishing early age—while his proud and not unprofiting father acted at once as the prodigy's encourager and eulogist. Many eminent persons remembered in later life the talented boy's performances at this time, but their recollection also was that he was too

much thrown at their heads. In addition to practice in drawing the guests, he had the opportunity of copying pictures at neighbouring great houses, and he was taken to London at least once to be displayed as a phenomenon. Leaving Devizes when Thomas was ten or thereabouts, the father settled at Bath, where the boy opened a studio and drew in charcoal heads at a guinea and a guinea and a half apiece, while he found further old masters to copy in the great houses thereabouts. He also had a leaning to the stage, for which his success as a reciter predisposed him, but the elder Lawrence was not so foolish as to allow that: the gosling was laying golden eggs too easily.

In 1785 Lawrence began to paint in oils, and in 1787 removed with the family to London and opened a studio at 4 Leicester Square, pretty close to Sir Joshua Reynolds, upon whom he called and who was (as ever to young artists) kind to him—as, indeed, all through his life every one was, such was the compelling charm of his voice, manner, and appearance. Meanwhile, in addition to painting for money, he was studying at the Royal Academy schools, where he met and became intimate with Fuseli, his chief artist friend for many years. His next studio was at 41 Jermyn Street, and his next 24 Old Bond Street, whither the fashionable sitters began more and more to resort, Sir Joshua being now—*circa* 1790—very near the end, and the only portrait painters to pull down from

eminence being Opie, who, however, was not in good favour then, and Hoppner, a far more dangerous craftsman. But whatever may be said of the rival merits of the brushes of Lawrence and Hoppner, there is no comparison between their diplomatic methods, and it can have surprised no one to find the graciousness with which Lawrence—all young and unknown and untraditional as he was—began to be treated not only by George III but by the Prince of Wales. The King, indeed, forced the Royal Academy to flout one of their strictest laws and admit Lawrence as an associate in 1791, when he was still three years under the qualifying age; and when in 1792 Reynolds died, Lawrence was appointed the royal principal portrait painter in ordinary, while, since rule-breaking had become a habit, the Dilettanti Society, in order to have him as their painter, also in place of Reynolds, overlooked the circumstance, hitherto of importance with candidates, that he had not crossed the Alps and seen Italy.

The remainder of Lawrence's artistic life was a triumph, and was spent at No. 65 Russell Square, in a house recently demolished. He had practically no reverses except perhaps when he was so ill-advised as in 1797 to leave for a moment the known realm of portrait painting, where he was master, with perfect knowledge not only of its technique but its *politesse*, for that effort of imagination which resulted in his picture of "Satan calling his Legions," which now dominates the stairs to the Diploma

Gallery of the Royal Academy. Criticism was busy with this work on its appearance; Fuseli, always a prince of sardonic appositeness, saying as usual the best thing—that it “might not be the Devil but was certainly damned.” Later, however, Lawrence was able to prove that he had obtained his first idea of Satan from a sketch which he had made of Fuseli himself contorting on a rock near Bristol.

For the rest, Lawrence painted either portraits with a slight imaginative or dramatic association, such as John Philip Kemble as Coriolanus, Hamlet, and Prospero, and so forth, or portraits pure and simple, if possible either of royal or noble sitters or of roguish or beautiful women, taking care that whatever fault the picture had it was not ugliness. Campbell the poet said of him that the merit of his painting was that “he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blest and to be looking at oneself in the mirrors.”

According to Northcote, Lawrence was too ready to neglect his duty towards less distinguished sitters in order to paint the illustrious. It is a natural foible, but far from admirable in great men. He could be very slow: Scott, sitting to him, gave him forty sittings. And, again, he could be very rapid, for he painted Curran in one long day.

In 1810 Hoppner died and Lawrence was left supreme. In 1815 he was knighted; and then followed a series of visits to the chief courts of Europe to paint various crowned heads, all of whom were properly careful of their illustrious guest

while he was with them and properly grateful when he had completed his task. In 1820 Lawrence succeeded Benjamin West as P.R.A. He died in 1830 and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Like many artists Lawrence was unmarried, but it would be an abuse of words to say that he avoided the other sex. On the contrary, his flirtations were incessant and on more than one occasion brought trouble. He even had to draw up an affidavit as to the propriety of his conduct when painting the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick; while his treatment of Mrs. Siddons' daughters undoubtedly had a tragic sequel. Although popular and triumphant in his calling, Lawrence was not a very happy man, and in spite of the great sums he made he was always financially involved. This was due, not to folly, but to the "sweet impoverishment" of picture collecting. For he could not resist the Old Masters and often paid too dearly for them. He had many acquaintances but few close friends. He was, however, kind and generous, and he liked most animals and adored dogs.

The National Gallery has not Lawrence quite at his best. His works may be seen in profusion at the National Portrait Gallery and also at the Wallace Collection, at South Kensington and in the British Museum Print Room.

No. 129. Portrait of John Julius Angerstein.

It is, as I have said, upon a basis of thirty-eight pictures from Angerstein's collection that the

National Gallery rests. Lawrence was Angerstein's chief art adviser, and Angerstein was Lawrence's most valuable financial patron. Their more intimate friendship began in an interesting way; for both were at one of the sales of Reynolds' pictures when a Rembrandt was put up. Angerstein bought it for six hundred guineas, and handed it to Lawrence with the remark that he ought to have it, since it would form such a good companion to one already in his possession.

I have said in the Introduction something of Angerstein's busy life. I quote here portions of an article on Angerstein's collection, written by William Hazlitt just after Angerstein's death, who himself began life as a painter. It is interesting not only for its criticisms but as a reconstruction of the taste of the fine old merchant to whom we owe so much. I have added the National Gallery number to such of the pictures as the nation acquired:—

“Near this large historical composition, the ‘Raising of Lazarus,’ by Sebastian del Piombo (No. 1), stands (or is suspended in a case) a single head, by Raffaele, of Pope Julius II (No. 27). It is in itself a Collection—a world of thought and character. There is a prodigious weight and gravity of look, combined with calm self-possession and easiness of temper. It has the cast of an English countenance, which Raffaele's portraits often have, Titian's never. In Raffaele's the mind or the body frequently prevails; in Titian's you always see the soul—faces ‘which pale passion loves.’ Look at the Music-piece by Titian



(No. 3), close by in this Collection—it is ‘all ear,’—the expression is evanescent as the sounds—the features are seen in a sort of dim *chiaroscuro*, as if the confused impressions of another sense intervened—and you might easily suppose some of the performers to have been engaged the night before in

“ ‘Mask or midnight serenade,  
Which the starved lover to his mistress, sings,  
Best quitted with disdain.’

We like this picture of a Concert the best of the three by Titian in the same room. The other two are a Ganymede (No. 32), and a Venus and Adonis (No. 34); the last does not appear to us from the hand of Titian. . . .

“Of the Claudes, we prefer the St. Ursula—the ‘Embarking of the Five Thousand Virgins’ (No. 30)—to the others. The water is exquisite; and the sails of the vessels glittering in the morning sun, and the blue flags placed against the trees, which seem like an opening into the sky behind—so sparkling is the effect of this ambiguity in colouring—are in Claude’s most perfect manner. . . .

“There is one Rembrandt and one N. Poussin. The Rembrandt (‘The Woman taken in Adultery’) (No. 45), prodigious in colouring, in light and shade, in pencilling, in solemn effect; but that is nearly all—

“ ‘Of outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.’

Nevertheless, it is worth any money. The Christ has considerable seriousness and dignity of aspect. The marble pavement, of which the light is even dazzling; the figures of the two Rabbis to the

right, radiant with crimson, green, and azure; the background, which seems like some rich oil-colour smeared over a ground of gold, and where the eye staggers on from one abyss of obscurity to another,—place this picture in the first rank of Rembrandt's wonderful performances. If this extraordinary genius was the most literal and vulgar of draughtsmen, he was the most ideal of colourists. When Annibal Caracci vowed to God, that Titian and Correggio were the only true painters, he had not seen Rembrandt;—if he had, he would have added him to the list. . . .

“Mr. Wilkie's ‘Alehouse Door’ (No. 122) is here, and deserves to be here. Still it is not his best; though there are some very pleasing rustic figures and some touching passages in it. . . .

“A portrait of Hogarth by himself (No. 112), and Sir Joshua's half-length of Lord Heathfield (No. 111), hang in the same room. . . .

“Hogarth's series of the ‘*Marriage à la Mode*’ (Nos. 113-118), (the most delicately painted of all his pictures, and admirably painted they certainly are), concludes the *Catalogue Raisonné* of this Collection.”

So Hazlitt wrote in 1824. Eighteen years earlier his attention had been drawn to Angerstein's pictures by an even more sensitive critic than himself, Charles Lamb, in a letter of 15th March 1806:—

“I am afraid of your mouth watering when I tell you that Manning and I got into Angerstein's on Wednesday. *Mon Dieu!* Such Claudes! Four Claudes bought for more than £10,000 (those who talk of Wilson being equal to Claude are either mainly ignorant or stupid);

one of these was perfectly miraculous. What colours short of *bona fide* sunbeams it could be painted in, I am not earthly colourman enough to say; but I did not think it had been in the possibility of things. Then, a music-piece by Titian—a thousand-pound picture—five figures standing behind a piano, the sixth playing; none of the heads, as M. observed, indicating great men, or affecting it, but so sweetly disposed; all leaning separate ways, but so easy—like a flock of some divine shepherd; the colouring, like the economy of the picture, so sweet and harmonious—as good as Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night,"—*almost*, that is. It will give you a love of order, and cure you of restless, fidgety passions for a week after—more musical than the music which it would, but cannot, yet in a manner *does*, show. I have no room for the rest. Let me say, Angerstein sits in a room—his study (only that and the library are shown)—when he writes a common letter, as I am doing, surrounded with twenty pictures worth £60,000. What a luxury! Apicius and Heliogabalus, hide your diminished heads!"

The Titian of which both Hazlitt and Lamb speak above is now attributed to the School of Titian. It is called "A Concert."

Lawrence, it should be said, painted this portrait largely from memory, seven years after Angerstein's death. It was commanded by George IV, and presented to the nation by William IV.

No. 142. Portrait of John Philip Kemble as Hamlet.

John Philip Kemble was Mrs. Siddons' brother and the greatest tragedian of his day. He was

born in 1757, and, after some juvenile acting, with his parents and sister, was sent to a Roman Catholic school in England and later to Douay with the idea of training for a priest. Although, however, he studied well and mastered the lives of the saints, the year 1776 found him again an actor, while in the intervals of acting he wrote poetry, plays, and adaptations. His first appearance in London was in 1783 as Hamlet, at Drury Lane, and he remained with the Drury Lane Company for nineteen years, becoming manager in 1788. Lawrence painted this picture in 1801; in the following year Kemble left Drury Lane for ever and acquired a sixth share of Covent Garden, to which he brought Mrs. Siddons and his brother Charles Kemble. Here he reigned until the theatre's destruction, by fire, in 1808, by which he was nearly ruined. On its rebuilding, the increased prices of admission were so distasteful to the audience that on the opening night Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, had to perform in dumb show. For sixty-seven nights the disturbances—known as the O.P. (old prices) Riots—continued, and Kemble's prosperity and popularity never recovered from them. His last new rôle was undertaken in 1812, and he retired in 1817, living thereafter chiefly abroad on account of asthmatic trouble. He died at Lausanne (where, according to Samuel Rogers, he was jealous of Mont Blanc) in 1823.

Kemble may have been vain, but he was a

dignified and honourable figure, and he acted in the grand manner. He was eminently a tragedian, and his most famous part was Hamlet; but Lamb thought him admirable in comedy too. Among his friends were Campbell the poet and Sir Walter Scott.

No. 144. Portrait of Benjamin West, P.R.A.

Of Benjamin West, whom Lawrence succeeded as P.R.A., it is more than time to speak, not only for his share in the careers of Copley and other artists, but as a distinguished painter with considerable influence in his day. Benjamin West was the son of John West, a farmer, the descendant of a Buckinghamshire family who had emigrated with William Penn and settled in Pennsylvania. He was born in 1738, and, although of Quaker stock, quickly developed a colour sense (in which that drab folk were long wilfully deficient), and at an early age was shaving the cat in order to make brushes with which to lay on pigment given him by the Cherokee Indians. His skill increasing, the other Quakers of Springfield were consulted as to whether it was right for the boy to adopt so vain a profession as that of the artist; and the decision favouring his ambition, he was encouraged. He began to paint portraits for money at the age of eighteen, in Philadelphia, and three or four years later he left for Rome and astonished society there, to which he had valuable introductions, by not appearing (as, they felt, every American should)

in red paint, with a tomahawk, uttering war cries. His success in Italy was immediate and extreme, so that when in 1763 he arrived in England it was with rather more reputation than execution. It was, however, his kindly destiny to make friends and be popular, and everything went prosperously with him thenceforth. Sir Joshua, although at a time when his scent for rivals was keen, was all warmth and saw that others were warm too.

West married in 1765, not in a meeting-house but a church—St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, close by, in fact—for he had given up saying thee and thou. A year or so later he was introduced to the King, who cordially liked him on sight, gave him enough employment as a mural painter to last two lifetimes, and loaded him with honours and pensions. With "The Death of Wolfe," exhibited in 1771, West took his place as the first living painter of historical scenes. This was a departure not only in subject—events so recent having only just begun to be considered fitting for treatment, although Romney, it is true, had attempted the same theme for his Society of Arts Competition in 1763—but also in style, for it was the first modern historical picture in which the costumes of the day were employed, the honoured convention being to dress them like Greeks or Roman senators. So great was the concern aroused by West's decision to be a realist in the matter, that Reynolds' and West's patron the Archbishop of York, Robert Hays Drummond,

who had just turned the painter to history, called on him to dissuade him. But in vain, and Reynolds on seeing the picture, which was exhibited in 1771, admitted that West was right. The plate engraved by Woollett for Boydell had the largest sale of any in the history of engraving, and West's fortune was secure. Other painters also attempted the "Death of Wolfe," while the unhappy Barry was so incensed by West's betrayal of the craft in forswearing the classical dogma that he painted a "Death of Wolfe" in which every one was stark naked, and this he did not from mischief, but in the sincere belief that the incident was thus ennobled. The ridicule cast upon it darkened his life.

West meanwhile went on to "William Penn's Treaty with the Indians," also very popular, and to other triumphs which, were it not for the engraver's art, would now be forgotten, by no means diminishing his public by adding biblical to historical themes; and when Sir Joshua died in 1792 he was made P.R.A. Although P.R.A. he had no title. One story is that he refused a knighthood in the hope that a baronetcy might be substituted; another, that his Quaker traditions were against gauds and honours. He was, however, pathetically conscious of his greatness, and believed himself the first of living painters and not far from the first were all of his craft of all time assembled.

He lived to a great age, wealthy and honoured, at 14 Newman Street, where he had a gallery of

his works which was open to the public, who, however, latterly neglected few opportunities of staying away. For West outlived his vogue, although he never lost any of his own belief in his genius. His vanity indeed was the only blot on his character—if so harmless a foible can be called a blot. For the rest, he was generous, helpful, gentle, dignified, and an excellent P.R.A.

He died in 1820 at the age of eighty-two and is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The National Gallery possesses examples of West's works, but they are lent to provincial museums. The curious are recommended to visit Hampton Court, where the old courtly Quaker abounds.

Lawrence's picture represents the President in his studio, and the picture on the easel is his "Death of Ananias." It was painted in 1811 for the Prince of Wales.

No. 188. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

I have stated in the account of Mrs. Siddons, under Gainsborough, that she became instructor in reading to the royal princesses. In this portrait Lawrence has painted her as she appeared when giving readings at Court. Lawrence, who painted Mrs. Siddons so often, began to do so at the age of thirteen. He both painted her and was one of her assiduous admirers, but seriously alienated her for a while by his conduct to her daughters Maria and Sarah. Lawrence so little knew his own mind that after proposing to Maria, who undoubtedly loved him, he changed to the other





THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

*By Sir Joshua Reynolds*



and proposed to her. Fanny Kemble, to whom, later, his attentions also became marked, tells the unhappy story in her *Record of a Girlhood*. Both were consumptive and died young, Maria on her death-bed exacting a promise from Sarah that she would not marry the fickle painter. Every one however, always forgave him, such was his sensibility and persuasive charm, and Mrs. Siddons not only relented but expressed the wish that he should be one of her pall-bearers, with her brother as the only other ; but Lawrence died first.

No. 785. Portrait of Mrs. Siddons.

This is as charming a portrait as No. 2222, downstairs, is unpleasing. It was painted in 1791, when the great actress was forty-six.

No. 893. Portrait of the Princess Lieven.

The Princess Lieven, *née* Dorothea Benkendorf, was born in 1785 and in 1801 married Count Christopher Lieven, a Russian officer, who in 1810 was accredited to Berlin and in 1812 came to London as Russian Ambassador. He remained here for twenty-two years, and in 1826, on the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, was given the title of Prince. In 1834 he was recalled to become Governor to the Czarevitch, afterwards Alexander II, and in 1839 he died. The Princess survived until 1857, living chiefly in Paris but retaining many English friends who looked upon her with affection and admiration, for she was both attractive and sagacious. In

1890 three volumes of her correspondence with Earl Grey were published.

No. 922. A Child with a Kid.

The child was Lady Georgiana Fane, aged five, and the picture was painted in 1800.

No. 1307. Portrait of Miss Caroline Fry.

This lady was the Mrs. Trimmer of her time, her best-known work being *The Listener*, 1830, a collection of tales and essays with a strong moral tendency aimed chiefly at the young. At the time Lawrence painted her—in 1827—when she was forty, Miss Fry was known only by a rhymed history of England and the periodical from which *The Listener* was compiled—*The Assistant of Education*. Her work is now forgotten, having none of the human qualities of Miss Edgeworth, whose *Parent's Assistant* has still many years of life. Miss Fry became Mrs. Wilson in 1831 and died in 1846.

LOUTHERBOURGH (PHILIP JAMES DE), R.A.  
1740-1812.

No. 316. Lake Scene in Cumberland. Evening.  
(Between Rooms XXII and XXIV.)

Philip James de Louthembourg, or Philippe Jacques de Louthembourg, is called a British artist and is admitted into the *Dictionary of National Biography*, just as his fellow Royal Academician Zoffany is, but he was born of German parents at Fulda in Germany on 31st October 1740. He was intended by his father,

a miniature painter, to be an engineer; by his mother to be a Lutheran pastor. His mother had her way, and he went to college; but art was stronger even than she, and he was soon following the gleam. He studied in Paris under Van Loo, who painted love and mischief and all the other things that Lutheran pastors are not supposed to countenance, and also under Casanova the battle painter, and his own efforts, which combined the influence of the romantic Salvator Rosa on the one side and the serene Berchem on the other, were popular. In 1771, after having made a considerable reputation in France, he came to England, as so many foreign artists had come before him, but he differed from them in making England thenceforth his home and identifying himself with her art. Garrick at once appointed Loutherbrough scene-painter at Drury Lane, and for some years much of his time was given to designing scenery and costumes; although he found enough and to spare in which to paint pictures for the Royal Academy, which rewarded him in 1780 by making him an Associate and in 1781 an R.A. After Garrick's death the new Drury Lane lessee, none other than Richard Brinsley Sheridan, failed to come to terms with the painter, and, having time on his hands, Loutherbrough, always an ingenious man, invented a kind of panorama called the Eidophusikon, which was exhibited in Panton Square. By various lighting devices he illuminated landscapes of his own painting, in England and abroad,

so realistically, whether by day or night, as to charm both Reynolds and Gainsborough. Gainsborough, indeed, was there every evening. Loutherbrough not only reproduced atmospheric effects, but the sounds of storms, shipwrecks, battles, and so forth, apparently with perfect illusion.

In 1783 he settled at 13 Hammersmith Terrace, Chiswick, where he spent the rest of his life, painting and experimenting in magic and faith-healing, and, like Van Dyck before him, hoping to find the philosopher's stone; but he did not allow his failure to have such gloomy effect as upon that greater painter. Loutherbrough also, with his wife, became a follower of the fanatic prophet Richard Brothers and took to foretelling events, but with none of the success that attended the efforts in vaticination of the jovial John Varley, who, among other feats, predicted the years of Mulready's marriage and Cotman's death, without claiming any divine assistance. Loutherbrough, however, did not allow his visionary pastimes to interfere with his work, and he continued to produce many facile and charming landscapes, which were popular, as foreign work has ever been here. He died in 1812, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard.

MILLAIS (SIR JOHN EVERETT), P.R.A. 1829-1896.

No. 1666. Portrait of W. E. Gladstone.  
(Room XXIV.)

No. 1941. Portrait of Sir Henry Thompson.  
(Room XXIV.)

Millais, although one thinks of him as English of the English, came from a Norman family settled in Jersey, and his early years were spent in that island, at Le Quaihouse, near St. Heliers. The father was a handsome, popular, gifted man, with a distinct artistic talent, and the boy's own attempts at drawing were praised and encouraged. In 1838, after a childhood spent in Jersey and Normandy, John was sent to London to Henry Sass, who had an art school in Bloomsbury, and at once began to take medals for his work, and, as the youngest student ever admitted to the Royal Academy schools, to perform marvels of precocity second only to those of the youthful Lawrence many years earlier. Among the well-known men who liked "The Child," as Millais was then called, was Rogers the poet, then at the other end of life, who often had him to breakfast with the lions. Although so absorbed in art as to make with his brother a complete miniature National Gallery painted by themselves in the manner of the great masters, Millais was lively and humorous and very keen about outdoor sports, fished regularly in the Round Pond, and was often at Lord's, where, among other famous men, he sketched the great Alfred Mynn. His first oil picture was painted in 1841, and in 1845, when sixteen, he was earning a hundred a year from a dealer for small works and backgrounds. His "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," painted when seventeen, is now at South Kensington, and its maturity is remarkable.

In 1848 the late Holman Hunt and Rossetti banded together the Pre-Raphaelite brothers, of whom Millais was one, their purpose being absolute fidelity in transferring minutely to canvas what they saw in nature. Under the influence of these practical visionaries, with Ruskin for fugleman, Millais did what many persons consider his best work. Among the pictures which he then painted, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, were the "Isabella," "Christ in the Home of His Parents," "The Woodman's Daughter," "The Huguenots" (his best known early work), and "Ophelia" (at the Tate), all of which, both in poetical quality and originality and sincerity, transcended his later and, with the exception of "The Huguenots," more popular work. By the time that Millais' best pictures were painted the Pre-Raphaelite movement had served its purpose. Holman Hunt then went to the Holy Land, taking with him most of the tenets of the brotherhood, and Millais began to go hunting with John Leech. In 1855 he painted "The Blind Girl" and "Autumn Leaves," the last pictures by him which Ruskin blessed. Thenceforward, perhaps on account of the responsibilities which marriage brought him, his art grew steadily more popular, and after a busy term at book illustrating he settled down to the wholly successful period of his life, although it was not until one of his charming pictures of childhood was adopted as a soap advertisement that the public took him unreservedly to its breast. He remained a fine



painter to the end, of portraits, genre, and landscape, but he was a rarer craftsman in the early days.

Millais was a handsome, prosperous man, fond of outdoor sports and good company, and a notable figure in the world of art. To his influence was largely due the foundation of the National Portrait Gallery next door. He succeeded Lord Leighton as P.R.A. in January 1896, but died in the following August and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

No. 1666. Portrait of W. E. Gladstone.

This is the first portrait of Gladstone that Millais painted. In 1879 Gladstone was seventy and about to engage in his first Midlothian campaign, and at the moment was excited about the Bulgarian atrocities. Mr. John Guille Millais, in his *Life* of his father, thus describes the sittings:—

“Gladstone proved not only to be an ideal sitter, but a most entertaining and charming companion. Instead of keeping silence, as other great men are apt to do, in face of a struggle such as that in which he was so soon to engage, he entered freely into conversation on the various topics of the day; and when, a little later, we were all assembled at lunch, he astonished us beyond measure by the extent of his learning on subjects commonly attractive only to the specialist. His reading and his memory were alike amazing. To my father he talked eagerly about the early Italian and Florentine painters, betraying an intimate knowledge of the men, the

time they lived in, their works, and where these were now to be found. Then, as might happen, the latest bon mot from the Clubs would suddenly flash across his mind, or we would be treated to a disquisition on fish and the art of capturing them ; or, finding that my mother was interested in early Scottish history (a subject of which he had made a special study), he would pour forth to her from the founts of his knowledge, setting her right in the pleasantest manner on various points of interest. Music, sport, science, art, were all taken up in turn, as he addressed himself to one or other of us ; and singularly winning was the deferential tone he assumed, even when speaking to the youngest man at the table. A red-hot Tory who was dying to tackle him on a leading political topic was so carried away with the charm of his conversation that he left the room without even mentioning the subject."

Mr. Gladstone, writing to Millais' biographer in 1897, said :—

"It was at his own suggestion, and for his own account, that he undertook to paint me, while I rather endeavoured to dissuade him from wasting his labour on an unpromising subject. He, however, persisted. I was at once struck with a characteristic which seemed to me to mark him off from all other artists (and they have in my long life been many) to whom I have sat. It was the intensity with which he worked, and which, so far as I may judge, I have never seen equalled. . . . Although I think the highly-finished portrait in the possession of Sir Charles Tennant was completed upon sittings not amounting to five hours, I beg you to understand that

their comparative brevity was not owing to impatience on my part, for, in truth, I never felt any. He always sent me away."

The picture was painted for the late Duke of Westminster, who was passionately against the Turks in the Bulgarian atrocities. Later, however, when Mr. Gladstone took up Home Rule, the Duke found it easy to part with the picture to the late Sir Charles Tennant, who presented it to the nation in 1898. It was Gladstone who had given Millais his baronetcy in 1885.

No. 1941. Portrait of Sir Henry Thompson.

Sir Henry Thompson (1820-1904) was a surgeon of universal eminence, among whose patients were Leopold I, King of the Belgians, and Napoleon III of France. He was also a good painter, a gifted astronomer, a writer of medical works, an agreeable novelist under the pseudonym "Pen Oliver," and a connoisseur of china. To the public at large he was perhaps best known as the most influential advocate of cremation, and to his friends as an Amphitryon famous for his "octave" dinners, of which he gave three hundred and one between 1872 and his death, consisting of eight courses for eight guests at eight o'clock. King George V, as Prince of Wales, was present at the three hundredth. Millais painted this portrait of his friend in 1881; Thompson painted Millais in the same year, and the picture was engraved in the *Life*.

MORLAND (GEORGE). 1763-1804.

- No. 1030. The Inside of a Stable.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1067. A Quarry with Peasants.  
(East Screen Room.)
- No. 1351. Door of a Village Inn.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 1497. Rabbiting.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2056. The Fortune Teller.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2639. Outside the Ale-house Door.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2640. Cowherd and Milkmaid.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2641. Roadside Inn.  
(Room XXIV.)

In the lives of the artists we find much paternal discouragement and occasionally paternal encouragement; but oftener it is a stranger who serves as the friend of young genius, such for example as Sir George Beaumont with Constable and Jackson. A Valhalla for such patrons would be well worth erecting: we owe them more than we can ever pay. The case of George Morland was peculiar, for his father on discovering that his son, although still of almost tender years, had talent, not merely fostered it, as a few other fathers have done, but directed every thought to forcing it, so that the poor boy had no life at all outside the garret in which he was kept at work earning money for his insolvent progenitor's needs. The history of art has few more discreditable or pathetic passages than this. Compared with

the avarice and tyranny of the elder Morland, the hostility of the ordinary stern parent to a gifted son's artistic ambition becomes nothing but virtue, almost solicitude.

George's father, Henry Robert Morland (? 1730-1797), the son of a painter, was a painter too, and the National Gallery has two very charming works from his hand. He was also a picture cleaner and dealer in artist's materials, and, failing in business more than once, he seems to have become so desperate for money as to be careless of all else. Otherwise it is impossible to understand the cynical callousness with which he treated his son.

George Morland was born in London on 26th June 1763. At the age of three he began to draw; at the age of ten he was exhibiting in the Royal Academy. His art education was set before everything else, so that while he was able to perform these remarkable feats with his hand his head was empty, except for thoughts of how to escape from his father's iron rule and enjoy life. When at last he was able to break away he was so glad to be free that he refused an offer from Romney of £300 a year for three years as his assistant. His true bent—due probably not a little to the starvation of his brain—was towards drink and ribaldry; but the astonishing thing is that though he had this propensity, and indulged it whenever the opportunity offered, he seems still to have enjoyed work. To paint was almost as much nature to him as to royster and

tipple, so that his brief life was divided between the two occupations. A day rarely passed in which he was not drunk—and he was the author of four thousand pictures and myriad drawings. During his last miserable years, between 1800 and 1804, when he was in a debtor's prison, with the brandy bottle always handy, he painted one hundred and ninety-two pictures for his dealer-brother alone, while others employed him too. His terms were four guineas a day and his drink.

Had Morland kept his head and managed his affairs with any skill, he would probably have left a greater fortune than Sir Joshua Reynolds (to whom as a boy he was taken, and received permission to copy his pictures), for probably no English artist so young was ever so popular and so retained his vogue. Every one wanted a Morland; so much so that the dealers arranged to have his works copied as they came wet from the easel, a proceeding to which the painter seems to have raised no objection, since he was paid by the day, and Hassell, his biographer, relates that he once saw as many as twelve copies surrounding an original, and was asked by the owner to admire their fidelity. This shows with what fervour the collectors of that day must have pursued their quarry. And it has to be remembered too that all his principal works were engraved, good examples of coloured Morland prints being still worth large sums in the auction rooms. In fact, Morland dominated England: this "drunken

dog" (as he called himself) by his soft and richly-coloured scenes of domestic and farm life brought innocent delight to countless numbers of his countrymen, and was a better-known painter than any of his august contemporaries.

It is idle to follow in detail his distressing career. Save for a brief interval of wholesomeness round about his marriage, in 1786, when he was twenty-three, it was one long, coarse dissipation interrupted by painting pot-boilers for roguish employers. He abandoned his wife early. At one time, before his health was ruined, and while he still had a little independence, he kept horses, and had as many as eight standing at once at the White Lion, Paddington, which is probably the inn stable depicted in No. 1030 (reproduced opposite page 136). But for the most part he sat and drank until he rolled to the floor; and then, recovering, took his brush in hand and swiftly added another pretty incident of simple and innocent rural life to the nation's store. One might have expected from a sot sottish things; but no, he kept his art and his orgies distinct, so much so indeed that among his most popular works were Hogarthian moralities, treated however in Morland's soft, woolly, comfortable way rather than with realism, depicting "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy," and their converse, "The Effects of Extravagance and Idleness," and so forth. He died at the early age of forty-one, completely wrecked.

MORLAND (HENRY ROBERT). ?1730-1797.

No. 1402. The Laundry Maid.

(Vestibule of Screen Rooms.)

No. 1403. The Laundry Maid.

(Vestibule of Screen Rooms.)

For some account of this painter see the memoir above. These pictures, which used to be thought portraits of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, who took London by storm in 1751, are now known to be merely fanciful. Engravings of them were very popular in their day.

NASMYTH (ALEXANDER). 1758-1840.

No. 1242. Stirling Castle.

(Room XXIV.)

Alexander Nasmyth was an extraordinary man who could have made a name in almost any walk of life. He had, in fact, some of the variousness of the great Italians, and experimented, like them, in engineering and architecture as well as with the pencil and brush. The son of an Edinburgh builder, Nasmyth was born in Edinburgh in 1758 and educated at the High School and by his father. He was then apprenticed to a coach builder, for whom he painted coats of arms, and studied in his spare time at the Trustees' Academy, where Raeburn and Wilkie also learned their craft. While there, it is told, he made six copies of the "Laocoön" group and then asked Runciman, the instructor, for another task. Displaying some irritation, Runciman turned the group upside down with a sharp "Copy that." The result was so excellent that Runciman had it



framed and hung in the school as an example of good work. Meanwhile one of Nasmyth's coach panel decorations attracting the notice of Allan Ramsay, to whose biography we shall come in due time, that excellent man and painter offered to teach the boy his mystery; and the coach builder agreeing to cancel his indentures, the exchange of employer was made, and the young Nasmyth came to London to learn what he could and be useful in Ramsay's studio, much as we have seen Northcote useful in Sir Joshua's, and to study and copy Ramsay's Old Masters in his spare time. Nasmyth's engineer son James, the inventor of the steam hammer, tells in his Autobiography an amusing story of his father's resourcefulness when at Ramsay's, for having arranged to take a girl to Ranelagh, but possessing no silk stockings to go in, he painted a pair on his legs so successfully that he was complimented on the fit and asked for the name of his hosier.

Aged twenty Nasmyth returned to Edinburgh and set up as a portrait painter, varying his work with scientific pursuits which brought him under the notice of Patrick Miller, the inventor (who with Symington launched the first steam vessel, on Dalswinton Lake, in 1788), and his clear head and exact pencil were so useful to Miller that he advanced the young painter £500 with which to visit Italy. Nasmyth returned at the end of two years considerably to increase his clientele. In 1787 he made the portrait by which he is best known and for which the world is most grateful

to him—that of Robert Burns, whom he came to know well. The original is where it should be, in the Scottish National Gallery, but a replica by Nasmyth hangs next door. Engravings of it were circulated in great numbers; and indeed most people visualize Burns as he is there depicted. Nasmyth's house in Edinburgh was a centre of good talk, among his most intimate friends being Raeburn, and when Raeburn was knighted by George IV in 1822 it was Nasmyth who presided over the complimentary banquet given him by the Scottish artists. His kindness to younger men was tireless, and among those who revered his character and genius were Wilkie, David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield, and Francis Grant. Sir Walter Scott, too, he knew, and the two men stood side by side in 1817 to watch the demolition of the condemned cell of the Tolbooth prison,—“The Heart of Midlothian.” John Linnell, who was there too, with a letter of introduction to Nasmyth, carried away as a souvenir the desiccated body of a rat.

Nasmyth at first adhered to portrait painting and did well; but later, owing to a falling off in his sitters, due to his advanced political views, he took to landscape somewhat in the manner of Koninck and Ruysdael, and produced many powerful works. He also did the scene-painting for *The Heart of Midlothian* as a play, and published a series of engravings illustrating the country of Scott's novels. Meanwhile he was busy with architectural schemes, and the Dean

Bridge at Edinburgh is his. The "bow-and-string" bridge for spanning wide spaces was Nasmyth's invention. He was also a landscape gardener of eminence, much in request by country gentlemen. Nasmyth, who died at the age of eighty-two, full of vigour until within a few days of his death, left a family of six daughters, all artists of more than common merit, and two sons, one of whom is famous in engineering for ever, and the other became the painter whose life we are about to consider.

NASMYTH (PATRICK). 1787-1831.

No. 380. A Cottage, formerly in Hyde Park.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 381. The Angler's Nook.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1176. Landscape, with a Cottage.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1178. A Country Lane.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1179. Landscape, with a Farm-house.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1183. Landscape, with a River.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1384. A View in Hampshire.  
(Room XXIII.)

No. 1828. View in Sussex.  
(East Screen Room.)

No. 1916. The Severn off Portishead.  
(Room XXIII.)

No. 2208. A Pond.  
(Room XXIV.)

Patrick Nasmyth, Alexander's eldest son—  
"The English Hobbema"—was also born in

Edinburgh. His genius displayed itself very early, and he was often sketching in the country when he ought to have been at school. Later he accompanied his father, who was also his master, on sketching expeditions, and on one of these occasions he so injured his right arm that henceforward he had to draw and paint with his left. He came to London in 1808 and remained there, finding plenty of subjects in the surrounding country, his taste being simple and his delight in ordinary natural things so great that he had no inclination to wander for romance or wildness. One dwarfed oak could supply him with material for many pictures, so lovingly did he study and reproduce it. Nasmyth had not the robust health or the finely-balanced mind of his father, while deafness was a steady cross. He was a convivial man with no financial sense whatever and was the prey of clever dealers; but when such friends as Clarkson Stanfield or David Roberts—who were devoted to him—remonstrated, he would point out that so long as there was nature to sketch and he was industrious he could always have enough for such simple needs as his, even if he sold too cheaply. He died at Lambeth in 1831, nine years before his father—his last illness resulting from a chill taken while painting some pollarded willows on the Thames. The end came while he was propped up in bed by his sisters to admire a thunderstorm, and his last words were “How glorious it is!” He was buried at St. Mary’s, Lambeth, where his tomb

may be seen, erected by fellow-Scottish artists. Since his death his modest pictures have greatly increased in value as their sincerity and truth have become more apparent.

In an interesting book on painting by a Scotch writer, John Burnet, called *The Progress of the Painter*, 1854, we find Nasmyth in person ; but he is said also to have supplied some of the characteristics of the imaginary hero, Knox. Although he was named Patrick his friends called him Peter.

No. 380. A Cottage, formerly in Hyde Park.

This little picture illustrates Nasmyth's habit of finding his subjects near home, more or less ready to his hand. It was painted about 1807, and represents the old Cheese and Cake House, known also as the Moated House and Minced Pie House. It was situated where the Royal Humane Society's Receiving House now stands. The Park was then quite in the country and often the scene both of highway robbery and duels. There was a turnpike gate across the road at Hyde Park Corner as recently as 1825.

OPIE (JOHN), R.A. 1761-1807.

No. 784. Portrait of William Siddons.

(Staircase to Screen Rooms.)

No. 1167. Portrait, said to represent Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

(Room XXV.)

No. 1208. Portrait of William Godwin.

(Room XXV.)

No. 1408. Portrait of a Boy.

(Room XXV.)

No. 1826. Portrait of the Painter.

(Room XXV.)

No. 2877. Portrait of Mrs. S. W. Reynolds.

(Room XXIV.)

The origin of many British painters is humble. John Opie's was no exception. His father was a carpenter at St. Agnes, a village seven miles from Truro. The youthful Opie was precocious and so quickly learned all that the village school could teach him that at twelve he was teaching others in an evening class founded by himself. Mathematics were his particular delight, together with drawing. Opie senior, acting like many a true artist's father, did all in his power to check the boy's ambition and fix him to the bench; but his mother encouraged him, and it is related by Cunningham with expressions of dismay and alarm that she even applauded a portrait which he made of his father one Sunday morning, depicting his features as enlivened by the fury into which the boy had intentionally thrown him—thus condoning both the wilful irritation of a progenitor and the desecration of the Sabbath. The skill of this portrait, however, did something to soften the father's hostility, but although a maternal uncle smiled approvingly on all his efforts, it was Dr. John Wolcot, the famous "Peter Pindar," who was the boy's most valuable ally. This ill-conditioned satirist, the prince of *contempteurs* in his day, was in 1776 practising as a doctor at Truro, his sensible method being to do as little for the patient as possible, but







“give Nature a shove on the back if he saw her inclined to do right.” He was also an amateur painter and enthusiast for art, and some drawings by Opie, then fifteen, attracted him. He became the boy’s patron, received him in his house in some semi-domestic capacity, and took him as a portrait painter to Helston, and then to Exeter, with an introduction to the great man of that town, who knew many artists, Richard Jackson the musician.

In 1781 the two men—the saturnine Wolcot, aged forty-three, and the ambitious Cornish youth, aged twenty—advanced upon London, Wolcot having prepared the way by a series of puffs preliminary for the welcome of the marvellous untutored genius. Wolcot was to share equally whatever profits came from Opie’s brush, but he expected to gain largely in reputation too, for his belief in Opie was genuine. The alliance did not endure, but Wolcot’s interest no doubt made the youth’s career, since he was an inspiring critic and heartener and he had a real *flair* for painting. London, as it happened, agreed with Wolcot’s estimate of Opie. His studio was beset by sitters, who found something tonic in the rugged directness both of his manner and his brush. Reynolds almost took alarm and warned his pupil Northcote on his return from abroad that there was nothing for him in London: “You may go back; there is a wondrous Cornishman, who is carrying all before him—Caravaggio and Velasquez in one!”

The tide of success continued at the full for

only a short time, but while it lasted Opie provided his mother with a comfortable home and himself with a wife, who, however, first disappointed and then betrayed him. His popularity suddenly left him, as capriciously as it had come, but Opie was a sensible fellow, and he accepted the turn of the wheel with philosophy. That he had been above his level before, he knew, and he now determined to study until he had made a truer reputation for himself. He observed, and experimented incessantly with colours, painting many portraits of himself for no other purpose than to discover effects. Whatever he read he retained *verbatim* and he could have reconstructed most of the poets had the text been lost. In 1787 he was made A.R.A. for an historical picture and in 1788 R.A. In 1798, being free to marry again, he became the husband of the beautiful Amelia Alderson of Norwich, afterwards well known as Mrs. Opie the novelist.

He was now well in his second period as a popular painter, and, although nothing like the first furore was repeated, his fame was considerable, and has grown since his death. Hard work on a series of lectures delivered at the Royal Academy hastened his end, and he died in 1805 and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

By his peers Opie was considered not only a masterly painter, but one of the most sagacious and interesting minds of his time; for though he lacked a polite education he had acquired a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge, which he

directed with native wit and shrewdness. It was he who made the famous reply to the question, how did he mix his colours?—"With brains, sir." Mrs. Siddons said of Opie that she liked to meet him, because she then always learned something she had not known. Many other testimonies exist as to the vigour and excellence of his intellect. Northcote roundly called him the greatest man—for originality of mind—he had ever known. But he uses him as a text for the sermon—preached earlier by Reynolds—on the undesirability of painters marrying. Opie, he says, was no husband: he was wedded to his art and ambition and had no room for a wife.

The association between Wolcot and Opie did not, as I have said, last long; but whose the fault is not precisely known. Opie was too sterling a man to repudiate a bond without a very good reason; Wolcot was as vain and difficult as satirists usually are, and he probably took more credit to himself for Opie's abilities than a plain man could stand. But though they parted they did not quarrel, and Wolcot, or "Peter Pindar," in his various odes and squibs on matters pictorial—for he made himself a special critic and guardian of the Academy and its doings—never dealt with Opie otherwise than fairly, and when in the 'nineties Wolcot revised Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painters*, Opie contributed the article on Reynolds, whom he greatly admired. Northcote told Hazlitt that Opie had an original by Sir Joshua of which he used to say: "I don't know

what I shall do in that case, but I hope to God nobody will offer me £500 for it."

No. 784. Portrait of William Siddons.

William Siddons was the young actor who was in love with Sarah Kemble—and she with him—but against her parents' wishes. As related in the account of Mrs. Siddons beneath her portrait by Gainsborough, the Kembles relenting, the young people were married on 26th November 1773. Siddons was said to be so versatile that any part came easy to him, from Hamlet to Harlequin. The Siddons' had five children, but did not agree too well and separated. William Siddons died on 11th March 1808. Both are buried at St. Mary's, Paddington.

No. 1167. Portrait, said to represent Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

The authenticity of this portrait was considered sufficient for an engraving to be made of it as representing the Vindicator of the Rights of Woman, in 1798, while another reproduction was placed before a modern memoir. Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (1759–1797), the first suffragette, was the daughter of Edward John Wollstonecraft, a dissipated gentleman, the son of a wealthy Spitalfields manufacturer. Her early years were spent in some poverty and hardship, and she was glad to escape from home and earn her living by needlework and writing. She then became a teacher, but her story *Mary* opening a way to literary life, she settled down as a booksellers' hack in London,



ADMIRAL KEPPEL  
*By Sir Joshua Reynolds*



and by writing the *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, which was published in 1792, made her reputation as an independent and fearless thinker and innovator. In order, it is said (but also denied), to break a tenderness for the painter Fuseli, who already possessed a Mrs. Fuseli, she went to Paris, and there met a Captain Imlay, with whom she lived as his wife, bearing him a daughter Fanny. In 1796, however, on discovering his faithlessness, she attempted to commit suicide by leaping from Putney Bridge. Shortly after, meeting again with William Godwin, the philosopher, she set up house with him, and they were subsequently married on 29th March 1797. From the birth of her daughter Mary, who was destined to be Shelley's second wife, she did not recover, and died on 10th September 1797, in Somers Town, and was buried in Old St. Pancras churchyard. Her remains were re-interred at Bournemouth, in 1851.

Godwin introduced his wife as Marguerite in his novel *St. Leon*, but we know her better from the pathetic letters to Imlay, first published in 1879, which afford the spectacle of an enthusiastic, generous, unreserved woman's one-sided struggle with a self-protective, pleasure-loving man. Mrs. Godwin was a courageous altruist doomed to unhappiness. Her mind was sound and nobly alive to injustice, but her actions were emotional and dangerously unworldly. The teaching of Rousseau, which was her chief inspiration—a knowledge of French being one of her most

valuable gifts when supporting herself in London—found in her only too fruitful soil. Her daughter Fanny was not destined for much greater happiness than herself. She lived with the Godwins—for Godwin married again, a widow with children—until 1816, when on a visit to Wales she committed suicide by poison. The second daughter, Mary Godwin, became Shelley's wife after the suicide of his first wife, Harriet Westbrook, and survived the poet for many years.

No. 1208. Portrait of William Godwin.

Here we have Mary Wollstonecraft's husband, the author of *Political Justice* and other works of importance in their day. Godwin was born in 1756, and was thus forty-one when he decided that, in spite of his prejudice in favour of the free life, it would be as well in an imperfect world to go through the marriage ceremony. His father was a Dissenting minister at Wisbech, and the son so far took after him that one of his boyish pastimes was preaching. The young Godwin had an education to fit him for the ministry, and in 1778 obtained a pulpit at Ware in Hertfordshire. For five years he disseminated Christianity of a somewhat frigid variety, and then threw in his lot with the French philosophers, Free Thought and authorship. He supported the French Revolution and Tom Paine, and in 1793 issued his *Political Justice*, which brought him a thousand guineas and fame as a bold, bad Radical. In 1794 he widened his reputation by



his novel *Caleb Williams*, which attacked for the first time a number of the conventions of morality. When he first met Mary Wollstonecraft he had objected to her because her ardent talk had prevented Tom Paine from speaking ; but in 1796 he found that he loved her, in the interim having thought seriously both of Miss Alderson, afterwards Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Inchbald, as possible wives.

It was after Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin's death that Godwin made the acquaintance of Coleridge and Lamb ; and Lamb has preserved for us his comic side in a few masterly letters, Godwin having called him in to write prologues for plays.

In 1801 the philosopher married again, selecting, after some dallying with others, a Mrs. Clairmont, a disagreeable (Lamb called her disgusting) widow, who introduced herself to him, having marked him down as her prey, with the words, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" Better for the immortal Godwin had it been untrue, for she led him a miserable life and estranged his old friends. The second Mrs. Godwin's daughter was the unhappy Jane Clairmont, for whom the curious may go to *Byron's Life*.

Mrs. Godwin and her husband started a publishing firm, and for this the Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Poetry for Children* were written. Godwin, who by this time had outlived a large part of his reputation, had still in his revolutionary work some attraction for many men, and in

1811 the poet Shelley, then a youth of twenty, wrote to him. A friendship followed, broken only by Shelley's elopement with Mary Godwin in July 1813. Godwin, however, who had come on bad financial days, was willing to curb his displeasure when a loan could be effected, and altogether he cut a poor philosophical figure. His later days were embarrassed by poverty and illness, and he died, a very extinct volcano, in 1836. Lamb befriended him to the last for old sake's sake. It was he who said of Godwin that he "had never heard him speak disrespectfully of any one except his Maker."

No. 1408. Portrait of a Boy.

This is said to be Opie's younger brother, William.

No. 2877. Portrait of Mrs. S. W. Reynolds.

Samuel William Reynolds (1773-1835) was a mezzotint engraver, who assisted Turner with the *Liber Studiorum* and made three hundred and fifty-seven plates after Sir Joshua. He married a Miss Jane Cowan, here depicted.

RAEBURN (SIR HENRY), R.A. 1756-1823.

No. 1146. Portrait of Mrs. Downey.

(Room XXV.)

No. 1435. Portrait of Lieut.-Col. Bryce M'Murdo.

(West Vestibule.)

No. 1837. Portrait of Mrs. H. W. Lauzun.

(Room XXV.)

No. 2648. Portrait of Lady Dalrymple.

(Room XXV.)

Henry Raeburn—"The Scottish Reynolds," as it was the foolish custom to call him during his life, "The Scottish Van Dyck," as Sir Walter Scott called him, or "The Scottish Velasquez," as he was with more justice to his friend Wilkie, to Dr. John Brown, and to other later critics—was one of the most fortunate of painters and men. To him fell not only a peculiarly rich store of that equanimity and content which have blessed so many artists, but also a total lack of any anxiety as to daily bread.

He was born at Stockbridge, a suburb of Edinburgh, on 4th March 1756, when Hogarth was fifty-nine, Reynolds thirty-three, Gainsborough twenty-nine, and Romney twenty-two. His father, who died when Henry was only six, was a well-to-do Edinburgh manufacturer; the boy then passed into the care of his elder brother, and was sent to Heriot's Hospital (which corresponds to our Christ's Hospital), where he made caricatures, and was afterwards apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to an Edinburgh goldsmith. A year later he began to paint miniatures, which led to his introduction, by his master the goldsmith, to David Martin, an inferior painter who was at that time Edinburgh's principal maker of portraits. Martin for a while was pleased to be the youth's patron, but scenting danger he withdrew his friendship, not, however, until Raeburn had profited much by the copies he was able to make of pictures in the older painter's house.

Truer friends now came along—chief among them John Clerk, later to be known as a famous judge and Lord Eldin—and Raeburn gradually left miniatures and broadened into portraits and landscape. In one of his open-air sketches he introduced the figure of a young lady who happened to fall into the scheme as she crossed the meadow; not long afterwards the same lady, unknown to him, presented herself at his studio to have her portrait painted, and he recognized her. She was a widow, *née* Ann Edgar, who had married Count Leslie, a wealthy Frenchman. Raeburn fell in love with her; they were quickly married; and he was thus at the age of twenty-two made possessor not only of a very charming wife but a fine Edinburgh house, “Deanhaugh,” and a comfortable income.

Raeburn continued to paint and to make friends, but a consciousness of certain technical weaknesses in his style impelled him to study abroad. On his way through London he visited Reynolds, now—about 1785—a living Old Master, who showed him great kindness, urging him not only to visit Rome and saturate himself in Michael Angelo, but offering to assist him with money if he needed it. Raeburn took his advice and a number of introductions and remained in Rome for two years, happy in his studies and in the society of Gavin Hamilton, another Scottish painter, and other friends; and returning to Edinburgh in 1787, a vastly finer craftsman in every way, he opened a new studio in George

Street and at once became the rage. In the next year he inherited his brother's property at Stockbridge, and soon after built the new studio and picture gallery at York Place, which still stands and is known as Raeburn House.

From this time until his death, thirty-five years after, his life was one long happy success. He wisely preferred to be the best painter in Edinburgh to having the pains and anxiety of competition in London, and as the best painter in Edinburgh he painted the most distinguished men and women in Scotland. How many portraits he painted is not known, for he left no accounts, but he was methodical and industrious, and the number must be very large. He rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, and was in his studio at nine. He remained there till five. He gave each sitter an hour and a half, but when they were remarkably gifted intellectually he prolonged the sitting in order to enjoy its conversation. He found the head and the hands far easier than the drapery. He would search the countenance with his gaze, until he had penetrated to his own satisfaction its secret of personality, and then paint away rapidly, never drawing first, and never using a mahl-stick. He began with forehead, chin, nose, and mouth; always painting "lovingly" and endeavouring to fulfil Coleridge's demand of a portrait that it "should be liker than its original." As Dr. John Brown says in *Horæ Subsecivæ* (and for the praise of a great

Scotsman you must go to a great Scotsman): "Raeburn paints the truth and he paints it in love." And again: "We see him in his spacious room in York Place, hearty and keen, doing his best to make his sitters look themselves and their best, instead of looking 'as if they couldn't help it.' He had a knack of drawing them out on what their mind was brightest, and making them forget and be themselves."

When not painting or at home Raeburn was engaged in field pursuits: he played a good game of golf, he cast a fly well, and he was a fair archer. He also took pains to get his backgrounds right by sketching much in the open air, for one of the lessons which he had best learned was the counsel of a Roman friend never to trust to memory for any part of a picture, even the most trivial. He was also an ardent gardener, and it was while one day walking among his flower beds that a little trespassing boy was found, who disarmed punishment by holding up a sketch. The drawing so interested Raeburn that he encouraged and helped the boy, who grew up to be the greatest English draughtsman of cathedrals and a friend of Turner — David Roberts. Socially, Raeburn has been described as "one of the best-liked men of his day," his commanding appearance assisting his charm of manner and genial tongue by its prepossessing power and grace.

In 1814 Raeburn sent his first picture to the Royal Academy and was made A.R.A.; a year later he was made R.A. In 1822 George IV

visited Edinburgh and made Raeburn a knight, remarking afterwards that so handsome a man should have been made a baronet, but that it might be thought a slur upon Reynolds. The next year Raeburn joined Sir Walter Scott and a party, which included Miss Edgeworth, on a little tour; on returning he resumed work on another portrait of Scott, but being taken suddenly ill, died, beloved and full of honours, at the age of sixty-seven.

Raeburn suffered from no lack of appreciation in his own day, but since his death, and especially in the last few years, criticism has been steadily increasing the altitude of his pinnacle. In the spring of 1911 a picture from his brush reached the highest price ever paid at Christie's for a British portrait—twenty-two thousand three hundred guineas. The National Gallery has four Raeburns, but, though all are good, they are not fully representative. To Scotland one must go to see the best; but Lord Glenconner's little gallery in Queen Anne's Gate has a few fine ones.

The four Raeburn portraits which we have are not of persons peculiarly distinguished. The lady in No. 1146 was a member of the Scottish family of Dudgeon. Mrs. Lauzun—in No. 1837—was a Miss Tucker, who married Captain Lauzun of the Royal Staff Corps. She was only seventeen when her portrait was painted. Of Lieut.-Col. Bryce M'Murdo and Lady Dalrymple I know nothing.

RAMSAY (ALLAN). 1713-1784.

No. 1491. Portrait of Mrs. Everard.

(Attributed to Ramsay. Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, in exchange for a loan of water-colours.)

(Room XX.)

Allan Ramsay (who perhaps is not represented in the National Gallery at all) was the son of that Scottish poet who wrote *The Gentle Shepherd*, and who, with Fergusson, was the forerunner of Burns. The elder Ramsay, although a poet, made money—first as a perruquier and then as a bookseller—and his son had no hardships. Born in Edinburgh in 1713, he was quickly turned in the direction of art, towards which his father always had a leaning, and when he was twenty he moved to London, as Scotsmen sometimes do, and studied under a Swedish painter named Huessing. After two years he returned to Edinburgh and painted a few portraits, and then left, in 1736, for a Continental tour—which lasted three years, and embraced study in Paris and Rome. He then came back to Edinburgh, painted some important people, and founded the “Select Society” for Liberal Debate, among the members of which were Hume and Adam Smith, for Ramsay was a man of no common intellect; and then, leaving Edinburgh once more, he settled in London, and, having the luck to obtain the right patrons, painted his way steadily into favour at Court and a fortune of £40,000. So good a judge of pictures as Horace



Walpole said that his portrayal of women was beyond Reynolds; but the verdict of posterity has not corroborated this. For several of Ramsay's works one must go next door, to the National Portrait Gallery. Among those—not royalties or friends of royalty—whom he painted in his studio at 67 Harley Street were Gibbon, Hume, and Rousseau. Dr. Johnson was a friend of his: "I love Ramsay," he once said to Boswell; "you will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more elegance, than in Ramsay's." As a recreation Ramsay wrote a little—some pamphlets on political questions and a volume of essays, entitled *The Investigator*, 1762. He died at Dover in 1784 on his return from the Continent in a fit of home-sickness.

REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA), P.R.A. 1723-1792.

No. 78A. The Holy Family.

(West Vestibule.)

No. 79. The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen.

(Room XXV.)

No. 106. A Man's Head.

(Between Rooms XXV and XXVI.)

No. 107. The Banished Lord.

(Room XXV.)

No. 111. Portrait of Lord Heathfield.

(Room XXV.)

No. 143. Portrait of Lord Ligonier on Horseback.

(West Vestibule.)

No. 162. The Infant Samuel.

(Room XXV.)

No. 182. Heads of Angels.

(Room XXV.)

- No. 305. Portrait of Sir Abraham Hume.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 306. Portrait of the Artist.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 307. The Age of Innocence.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 681. Portrait of Captain Robert Orme.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 754. Portraits of Two Gentlemen.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 885. The Snake in the Grass.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 886. Admiral Keppel.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 887. Dr. Samuel Johnson.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 889. His own Portrait.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 890. Portrait of George, Prince of Wales,  
afterwards George IV.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 891. Portrait of a Lady and Child.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 892. Robinetta.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1259. Portrait of Lady Anne Lennox, Countess  
of Albemarle.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1834. Study for a Figure of Horror.  
(West Screen Room.)
- No. 1840. George, Third Duke of Marlborough,  
and his Family (Sketch).  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1924. Portrait of Mrs. Hartley and Child.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 2077. Portrait of Lady Cockburn and her  
Children.  
(Room XXV.)

Whatever criticism may finally say as to his powers, Sir Joshua Reynolds is the greatest name in British art. There have been more essentially British masters, but Reynolds first captured the popular imagination, and he now stands as our finest Old Master. Not only the greatest figure — if not the greatest genius — Reynolds was the first great figure in British art. Hogarth had immense popularity and influence; but Hogarth was a humorist and not conspicuous for dignity, whereas Reynolds had the grand manner. Reynolds was reserved, sagacious, courtly, full of tact. He was at the head of his craft, and was conscious of the position. He was the friend of the King; he was the friend also of the eminent generally, not alone in fashion and affairs but in literature. He sat in no tavern, as Hogarth had done: on the contrary he kept an open *salon*, and it was the thing to be seen there.

Reynolds may be said to have ennobled British painting. Before Reynolds, a portrait painter was an interesting enough fellow, no doubt, and very useful to one's vanity; but one left the studio after the sitting and forgot about him, very much as one would forget one's tailor. But Reynolds was not like that. Reynolds showed that a painter could be a wise man and a considerable man as well: and so a change came over art, and when the Royal Academy gave artists a charter and new power, and Reynolds blossomed forth as Sir Joshua, the new era was firmly established. Kneller and Lely, it is true, and Thornhill

had been knighted before him; but Kneller and Lely were foreigners, and Thornhill was also a Member of Parliament. Reynolds was knighted purely and simply as a distinguished British painter at the head of the British painters' guild.

Since the wise, amiable figure of Reynolds appears in so many books, in addition to those ostensibly devoted to him, we have opportunities of knowing him well; but he does not disclose too freely. Notable among these are Boswell's *Johnson* and Northcote's *Conversations* both with Hazlitt and James Ward. Reynolds was indeed Northcote's dominating topic. Whatever subject he may have begun, sooner or later the name of Sir Joshua crept in and diverted the current. Northcote, having been in Reynolds' house and studio for five years, knew him as well as any one, and since he was too independent and proud to be a hero-worshipper, it is pleasant to find admiration for the great painter always on his lips.

Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton Earl, near Plymouth, on 16th July 1723, the year of Kneller's death, when Lely had been dead forty-three years and Hogarth was a young man of twenty-six, still engraving. Reynolds was the seventh child of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, the master of the Grammar School, and both parents came of clerical and soldierly stock. It was not from the Rev. Samuel Reynolds that Sir Joshua inherited his pertinacity and industry, for he was an easy-going, absent-minded man, and, it is said, had once but a single pupil in the school; but he

had the sense not to interfere with the drawing with which his son varied the desultory education offered him, and he allowed him to read treatises on painting, and to be fired by such sentences as these, from the eulogy of his art written by one of the best English portrait painters of his day, Jonathan Richardson :

“ No nation under heaven so nearly resembles the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity and honesty amongst us which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as *Englishmen* ; and 'tis in these this resemblance consists. . . .

“ A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an *English* painter. . . .

“ I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but considering the necessary connexion of causes and effects, and upon seeing some links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce (as exceedingly probable) that if ever the ancient, great, and beautiful taste in painting revives, it will be in *England* ; but not 'till *English* painters, conscious of the dignity of their country and of their profession, resolve to do honour to both by Piety, Virtue, Magnanimity, Benevolence, and a contempt of everything that is really unworthy of them.”

(This Richardson, by the way, and his son had the curious but pleasant habit of drawing each other every day to mark the traces of time on their features.)

When the time came for a decision to be made

as to Joshua's future, he was allowed to evade the career of apothecary that was planned for him and go to Thomas Hudson, the portrait painter, as an apprentice—Hudson being chosen not only for his eminence but also because he too was a Devonshire man. Reynolds entered Hudson's studio (at which are now 55 and 56 Great Queen Street) in 1740 and returned in 1743. He learnt much while Hudson's pupil: through observing and copying perhaps more than from Hudson's actual teaching; and incidentally met Pope at an auction, and, by pushing his arm through that of a more important personage who was standing in front of him, contrived to get a treasured handshake from the great little poet. In 1744 he returned to London until his father's death in 1746, and from that time lived at Plymouth with his sisters; painted Devonshire worthies and made a careful study of the works of another Devonshire painter, William Gandy, of Exeter, who, according to Northcote, was Sir Joshua's real master. Gandy, who died in 1729, was probably a pupil of Van Dyck. His portraits were not uncommon in Devonshire although they are unknown in London. From Gandy, says Northcote, Reynolds (having forgotten what Hudson had taught him) took his "broken surface and varying outline."

In 1749, Fortune, who never forgets geniuses, sent the young painter his chance in the person of Commodore Keppel, who put into Plymouth for repairs to the *Centurion* on his way to Algiers, and, meeting Reynolds at Lord Mount-Edgcumbe's,

was so taken with him that he offered him a free passage on the voyage. Reynolds gladly accepted, for he saw Rome in the distance, and from May 1749 until October 1752 he was abroad. After a long stay at Port Mahon in Minorca, where he had a horse accident which permanently scarred his lip, he left Keppel and settled in Rome, copying the great masters, filling notebooks with memoranda on colour and light, and acquiring that admiration of Michael Angelo which dominated his soul. Incidentally he caught a cold while copying Raphael in the Vatican, and this led to his deafness in after life. From Rome he went to Florence and to other Italian cities, and thence to Venice, where, hearing an English song, homesickness came upon him, and he hurried back. He remained at Plymouth for three months and then, early in 1753, settled in London with his youngest sister Frances Reynolds as his house-keeper, never to leave it again. At first they lived in Thornhill's house at 104 St. Martin's Lane; then at 5 Great Newport Street; and, finally, and for many years, at 47 Leicester Square, then called Leicester Fields, where he died. His painting room and gallery stood where Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's auctions are now held.

Reynolds remained to the end one of the celibate painters—chief of whom was his master and almost deity, Michael Angelo, who first made the reply that he was “wedded to his art.”

At first Reynolds was not popular. The public were accustomed to the hard, clean, impersonal

method of Hudson and Allan Ramsay, derivations from Kneller, and a story is told of a visit to Reynolds by a connoisseur who, after scrutinizing his first picture to become talked about—the portrait of Marchi in a turban, now in the Royal Academy—exclaimed: “This will never do; this is not in the least like Kneller. Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, for me!” Others, however, differed, and bit by bit it was borne in upon the world that a portrait which was also a picture—rich, and free, and splendid—was a more desirable possession than a mere frigid record. Reynolds’ firm hand and glorious colouring, fortified by the influence of Lord Mount-Edgumbe, steadily conquered; but fittingly enough it was an early portrait of his friend Keppel that drew all eyes to the new painter. Once established, he remained at the head of his profession.

Although in that proud position, there were, of course, times of uneasiness. Gainsborough, for example, had his following, and the two camps were distinct and somewhat hostile. Reynolds at the time was the conqueror, whatever criticism may have said since. Romney’s rivalry was more serious, and for a short time the queue at 47 Leicester Square dwindled almost to nothing. Opie also affected it; but Reynolds always recovered.

The triumph of Reynolds’ career came when the Royal Academy was founded and he was appointed the president. The opening of the first exhibition was 26th April 1769, and on the 21st Reynolds was made Sir Joshua. He held the presidency



(with one brief interruption) till his death; delivered discourses which have become classic and through which the praise of Michael Angelo runs like a thread of gold; and inaugurated the famous Academy banquet.

Reynolds was sought not only for his brush but also for his company; and though he did not court high society he was sensible of the advantages it gave him. Other and finer intellects also welcomed him—such as Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith—and his house became a centre of good talk. He kept an open table, to which practically any one might come provided he was interesting. He raised his prices regularly, made much money, bought Old Masters, and set up an exceedingly showy coach as a visible proof to London that he was prospering—knowing that to those that have shall be given. For though Reynolds was a true and enlightened man he profited by a considerable leaven of worldly shrewdness. It was his habit to say little, always a sign of sagacity, while his deafness was intermittent and often useful at moments when it was convenient not to have to express an opinion. Northcote tells of his irritation on finding himself referred to as a wit, fearing the dangers of such a reputation—for who would want to be painted by a satirist? Cautiousness was undoubtedly a powerful element in Reynolds' character, although his kindness to young artists who might easily become dangerous rivals shows that his goodness of heart was often stronger than the instinct of

self-protection. To the young Opie, to Lawrence, Northcote and Raeburn, he was all kindness, and, as we have seen, he even offered to finance Raeburn's Italian studies.

Baretti, the Italian artist, addressing Sir Joshua at his own table, testified to the anomaly of his character. "You are," he said, "extravagant and mean, generous and selfish, envious and candid, proud and humble, a genius and a mere ordinary mortal, all at the same time": and Northcote bears out the truth of the criticism. All persons are complex, but such sharp contradictions are not common. Although Reynolds had enemies, among whom Romney, Blake and Barry were prominent, few men have had warmer praise from their friends. Burke spoke of him in superlatives and found him almost all that a man should be, and Johnson once said of him that he was "the same all the year round," which is, of course, an ideal condition in a friend. Goldsmith's line in "Retaliation" is well known:

"He has not left a wiser, or better, behind."

But more eloquent still are the perfect terms of Goldsmith's dedication of "The Deserted Village" to the great painter:

"The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

Goldsmith knew a good man when he saw one as well as any student of the human heart: and

we may safely decide upon this beautiful inscription as our dominating thought while we look at Reynolds' pictures.

In the late 'seventies Sir Joshua's sister Frances, also an artist and something of an author, ceased to keep house for him. She was a clever and able woman, and Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of her, but Sir Joshua was not sorry when his two nieces Mary and Theophila Palmer were old enough to take their aunt's position in his house. Reynolds was now among the happiest of men, for he was surrounded by friends and interesting people; he had two pretty girls to enliven his house; his name was illustrious, and he was in a position to paint only whom he wished and to buy whatever available Old Master he coveted.

When Sir Joshua was sixty-six he received a fatal shock by losing the sight of one eye and being threatened with the loss of that of the other. From this moment he began to die, and though he lived three years longer it was only partial life. He played cards, saw his friends, tamed a canary, and fondled his pictures. He also arranged an exhibition of his Old Masters for the benefit of his servant Ralph, and paid a few visits. The fear of blindness—that worst of fates for an artist—which was ever present, growing more acute, affected his health, and he died on 23rd February 1792, and was buried in state in the crypt of St. Paul's on 3rd March. The monument to him by Flaxman was erected in St. Paul's in 1813.

Reynolds left a large fortune, the bulk of which went to his niece, Mary Palmer, who married the Earl of Inchiquin. Among minor bequests he left to Sir George Beaumont a picture which is now No. 64 in the National Gallery—Sebastien Bourdon's "Return of the Ark from Captivity." Beaumont erected in his grounds at Cole Orton, in Leicestershire, for which Wordsworth wrote several inscriptions, in the fashion of those days, a cenotaph to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a picture of which by Constable is in the National Gallery (see page 25). There is a tablet on Reynolds' house—or the new house which marks its site—at 47 Leicester Square.

No. 79. The Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen.

The Graces in this picture were the three Misses Montgomery, all of whom were about to be married, as the imagery—so old-fashioned to us—implies. The father was Sir James William Montgomery, a Scottish judge, whose home was Magbie Hall, Peeblesshire, and who for his benevolence and public spirit was called the "Father of the County." The Grace on the left, Barbara, married on 4th June 1774 the Right Honourable John Beresford, an Irish statesman of great influence during Pitt's premiership. The centre Grace, Elizabeth, married on 3rd July 1773 the Right Honourable Luke Gardiner, afterwards Viscount Mountjoy. Her second son was the first Earl of Blessington, the husband of the famous

Countess, and it was he who bequeathed this picture to the nation. The third Grace, Anne, married on 19th May 1773 the fourth Viscount Townshend, afterwards Marquess Townshend, a somewhat notorious statesman who has several claims to fame, since he was the inventor of political caricatures in this country and the originator of the Militia. He also fought with Wolfe, and some have ascribed to him the plan for the capture of Quebec. Anne was his second wife.

No. 106. A Man's Head.

One of Sir George Beaumont's pictures. The man was George White, one of Reynolds' regular models. We find him again in No. 107, "The Banished Lord," and he sat also for Ugolino in Reynolds' famous picture from Dante which Lamb so disliked. But Lamb had a poor opinion of Reynolds throughout. Sir Joshua's best disliker was, however, Blake, whose copies of the *Discourses* and one of the *Lives* of Reynolds are covered with vitriolic marginalia.

No. 162. The Infant Samuel.

Many simple folk know Reynolds only by this picture. It is not known from whom it is painted. Sir Joshua told Hannah More that he was mortified to be asked by even his more enlightened sitters for information as to who Samuel was.

No. 111. Portrait of Lord Heathfield.

One of the original pictures with which the National Gallery entered on its magnificent

career. Reynolds painted it in 1787—shortly after its subject had been raised to the peerage. Before that he was known as General Eliott, the hero of Gibraltar, his great feat being the defence of that fortress for England against the Spaniards for three years, until, when famine and disease were making surrender imminent, Admiral Howe came to the rescue. In Heathfield's hand Reynolds has placed the key of the fortress, while the background recalls the famous fray. Eliott, who had bought Heathfield Park, in Sussex, some years before with the prize-money he won in the Cuban expedition, was raised to the peerage as Lord Heathfield as his reward. He died three years after. Lord Heathfield figures in another picture in the National Gallery (No. 787), "The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar," by Copley.

No. 182. Heads of Angels.

One of the most popular of Reynolds' pictures and the most often produced. The heads are all from the same child, little Frances Isabella Ker Gordon, Lord William Gordon's daughter, who was five when it was done. She lived to be a woman of nearly fifty. The picture came to the National Gallery at the death of her mother in 1841.

No. 143. Portrait of Lord Ligonier on Horseback.

Jean Louis, Earl Ligonier (1680-1770)—an Englishman with Huguenot blood—won his spurs under Marlborough at Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet (where his clothes were pierced by

twenty-three bullets and himself unharmed). He then became Colonel of the famous 4th Irish Horse, now the 7th Dragoon Guards, which under him never had a deserter in five years. His interest in the regiment led him to employ an additional surgeon at his own expense. He fought in Hanover, and at Fontenoy commanded the Foot. At the battle of Val his horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. In presenting him to the French monarch, Marechale Saxe described him as "the man who by one glorious action has disconcerted all my projects." Later he became Field - Marshal. As a reward for his services he was made a peer. In retirement he took a deep interest in the French Hospital in London. He was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1770.

No. 305. Portrait of Sir Abraham Hume.

Sir Abraham Hume was a connoisseur and collector. Like Ruskin he united to a love of art a love of minerals and stones. He was one of the founders of the British Institution and of the Geological Society. Sir Joshua painted him three times, and he was a pall-bearer at the artist's funeral. His pictures, which were chiefly Italian, were sold in 1824. One of his daughters married Charles Long, Baron Farnborough, who died in the same year as his father-in-law, and left a number of his pictures to the National Gallery, "The Infant Samuel" among them.

No. 306. Portrait of the Artist.

Sir Joshua was fifty at the time this picture was painted, or twenty-three years older than when he painted No. 889. This portrait was made for Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend.

No. 307. The Age of Innocence.

The child from whom this picture, reproduced opposite page 126, was painted was Theophila Gwatkin, Sir Joshua's great-niece, who was then, in 1788, six. She was the daughter of his niece Theophila (named after Sir Joshua's mother) Palmer, the daughter of Mary Palmer, his sister, who painted a little and wrote *The Devonshire Dialogue*, a piece of amusing dialect. It was Mary Palmer to whom Dr. Johnson, on his visit with Sir Joshua to Devonshire in 1762, remarked that he had never had enough pancakes, and the admirable woman at once had so many prepared that he was able to eat thirteen. Mary Palmer had three daughters, Mary, Theophila, mother of the little "Age of Innocence" girl, and Elizabeth. When Mr. Palmer died in 1770 Sir Joshua adopted Theophila, or Offy, as he called her, who was then thirteen, and she lived with him almost continually until she married Robert Lovell Gwatkin in 1781. To her he dedicated the *Discourses*. His father had a quaint little rhyme for *his* Theophila (this Theophila's grandmother) which it is possible Sir Joshua may have adopted for Theophila the second:—



“ When I say *The*  
Thou must make tea,  
When I say *Offy*  
Thou must make coffee.”

Mr. Gwatkin was described by Miss Edgeworth as a “Roast Beef of Old England, King and Constitution man.” The second Theophila, Mrs. Gwatkin, also sat in her time for many pictures, notably for “The Strawberry Girl.” The third—little Theophila Gwatkin—afterwards became Mrs. Lowther.

No. 681. Portrait of Captain Robert Orme.

This soldier was aide-de-camp to General Braddock, whose army, according to the “One Hoss Shay,” was “done so brown” in America on 9th July 1755 by the French and Indians. Braddock was shot, and Orme, who was also wounded, helped to carry him into safety.

No. 754. Portraits of Two Gentlemen.

These two gentlemen are—on the right, the Rev. George Huddesford, aged twenty-nine, and on the left, with a violin, Mr. John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, aged twenty-four. Huddesford was a young Oxford dilettante. At first he thought of being a painter, took lessons from Sir Joshua and exhibited in the Royal Academy. Then he turned his attention to satirical verse upon public events and persons, and then, having certainties of immediate prospects and future advancement, he took orders. He died in 1809.

Bampfylde was a young Devonshire poet of gentle birth who came to London with a recommendation from Jackson, the Exeter musician, and acquired some footing at Sir Joshua's. In the same year that this picture was painted, 1779, he published sixteen sonnets, dedicated to Sir Joshua's niece, Mary Palmer, and then proposed to her; but Sir Joshua said no. Bampfylde was thoroughly poetical in the matter: he broke Sir Joshua's windows and was sent to Newgate. On regaining his liberty he turned it to deplorable licence and eventually died in an asylum at an early age.

No. 885. The Snake in the Grass.

Painted in 1788, I know not from whom.

No. 886. Portrait of Admiral Keppel.

This is not that picture of Reynolds' early friend and benefactor which brought him so many sitters, as I have stated in the memoir, but a later one, painted in 1780. In January and February 1779 the old sailor was the most discussed man in England—hardly less so than Dreyfus in France in our own time. For he was charged—by Sir Hugh Palliser, an admiral under him—of grave dereliction of duty as commander-in-chief of the grand fleet in a recent engagement with the French, off Brest: not marshalling his fleet, unseamanlike unpreparedness for the fight and haste in leaving it, running away, and not giving pursuit to the foe. The court martial began in January 1779

and ended in Keppel's triumphant acquittal on 11th February. All the country rejoiced at this decision, displaying its pleasure in rioting and feasting. Bells were rung in the villages, and in Pall Mall Sir Hugh Palliser's house was destroyed and himself burned in effigy. Reynolds had painted Keppel in 1753: after the trial he painted him five times, three of the pictures being for his legal counsel and one for Edmund Burke. The present one, which belonged to Erskine, his chief advocate, was considered by Sir Joshua to be "one of his most perfect pictures."

Admiral Keppel was much more than Reynolds' sitter: he was, as I have shown, his most valuable patron. The two men were acquainted at Plymouth, and when Keppel was put in charge of a mission to the Dey of Algiers in 1749 he took Reynolds as his passenger and thus made it easy for him to visit Italy. It is told that the Dey complained that Great Britain should have sent "a beardless boy" to treat with him,—for Keppel was but twenty-three. With admirable wit (supported by a squadron in the bay) Keppel replied that had Great Britain known the value placed by the Dey upon length of beard they would have sent him a he-goat.

No. 887. Portrait of Dr. Johnson.

Reynolds painted his illustrious friend many times: but this portrait has a peculiar interest in being done for Thrale the brewer to hang in his library. It was painted in 1772 when Johnson

was sixty-three. It is not of this one but another (I think) that Johnson said, in Fanny Burney's presence, "Ah, ha! Sam Johnson! I see thee!—and an ugly dog thou art!" Dr. Johnson first met Reynolds, whom Boswell calls the great man's *dulce bonum*—sweetest good—in 1754. In 1764 Johnson told Reynolds that he considered him almost the only man he could call friend. Sir Joshua's sister he also, as I have said above, highly esteemed, remarking once that hers was the only mind he knew that would bear a microscope, so near was it "to purity itself." Johnson's only complaint of Reynolds was that he did not hate sufficiently. When in 1791 Boswell's biography was ready it was dedicated to the painter of Johnson.

No. 889. His own Portrait.

Sir Joshua was nearly twenty-seven when this was painted.

No. 890. Portrait of George IV as Prince of Wales.

Painted in 1779, when the First Gentleman in Europe was only seventeen and still under the tuition and control of Bishop Hurd and the Duke of Montagu.

No. 891. Portrait of a Lady and Child.

Supposed to be Mrs. John Musters of Colwick Hall, near Nottingham; and thus possibly the mother of the John Musters who married Byron's first love, Mary Chaworth. Indeed the child may be that afterwards famous fox-hunter.



A LADY AND CHILD  
*By George Romney*



No. 892. Robinetta.

This picture was painted about 1786 from a child who afterwards became the Hon. Mrs. Tollemache.

No. 1259. Portrait of Lady Anne Lennox,  
Countess of Albemarle.

This is the mother of Admiral Keppel, and the picture was painted in 1759, when she was fifty-six and the Admiral thirty-four. The Countess of Albemarle was the daughter of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond, and was thus granddaughter of Charles II—since Lennox was the child of that monarch and Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. She married William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, in 1723, and had eight sons and seven daughters.

No. 1834. Study for a Figure of Horror.

The complete picture for a detail of which this study was made is "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster.

No. 1840. Portrait of George, Third Duke of Marlborough, and his Family.

A sketch for a large picture now at Blenheim, for which it was painted.

No. 1924. Portrait of Mrs. Hartley and Child.

Mrs. Hartley was a beautiful and popular actress, both in tragedy and comedy, who de-

lighted London playgoers for some ten years between 1770 and 1780. She was born at Berrow in Somerset in 1751. Garrick, hearing of her, commissioned Moody to describe her. Moody wrote not too favourably, ending, "She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar." That was in 1772, when she was still hardly more than a girl, although married to "a fool." Garrick, when at last he saw her, said that he "never met a finer creature," and Sir Joshua painted her many times in various characters. She was, however, very modest about her beauty, and, while granting that the shape of her face was not bad, added, "But sure 'tis as freckled as a toad's belly." As an actress, says Genest, the historian of the stage, "her *forte* was tenderness." Hence we find her most successful in Cordelia and Desdemona, although she played Lady Macbeth too. She left the stage in 1780 and died in 1824. This picture was painted between 1771 and 1773, at about the period that Moody wrote of her. Her sister married Sir Henry Bate Dudley, whose portrait by Gainsborough is No. 1044.

No. 2077. Portrait of Lady Cockburn and her Children.

This is the picture of which it is said that Sir Joshua, as he wrote his name on the lady's dress, remarked: "I shall be handed down to posterity on the hem of your Ladyship's garment." But, as I have already stated, the story is given also to



Dr. Johnson, and Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Augusta Anne, afterwards Lady Cockburn, was the daughter of Dean Ayscough of Bristol, and was born in 1749. She was twenty-four when Sir Joshua painted her, and had been married to Sir James Cockburn, the eighth Baronet, four years. She was his second wife. The three children are James, who kneels, William, who lies in her lap, and George, on her back. James was to become the Governor of the Bermudas; George, a friend of Nelson, and an Admiral, one of whose duties was to convey Napoleon to St. Helena in 1815 and act as Governor of the Island; and William, Dean of York. It is odd that each should in turn have inherited the baronetcy—James, ninth baronet, in 1804; George, tenth baronet, in 1852; and William, eleventh baronet, in 1853. Engravings of this picture by Wilkin are to be met with, entitled "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi." The reason for the new name is that Sir James Cockburn did not like the plate as representing his wife and sons. The engraver, therefore, being a prudent man and unwilling to lose his labour, gave it the new title, overlooking the fact that the macaw came from a land which was not discovered till all the Gracchi were dust.

ROMNEY (GEORGE). 1734-1802.

No. 312. Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante: a Study.

(Room XXV.)

- No. 1068. The Parson's Daughter.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1396. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. William  
Lindow.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1651. Portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1667. A Lady and Child.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1668. Sketch Portrait of Lady Hamilton.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1669. Portrait of Lady Craven.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. 1906. Portrait of Mr. Jacob Morland, of  
Capplethwaite.  
(Room XXIV.)
- No. 2280. Portrait of William Pitt, the Younger.  
(Room XXV.)
- No. . Mrs. Louise Cathcart, Countess of Mans-  
field. (Lent by Lord Cathcart.)  
(Room XXV.)

Romney, who stands in our minds for so much beauty and content and fulness of life, was one of the least happy of British artists. He was born on 15th December 1734, at Dalton-in-Furness, the son of an ingenious farmer, builder and cabinet-maker, who spelt the family name with *u*. At that time Reynolds was eleven, and Gainsborough six. Hogarth was to die when Romney was thirty. The boy had little education, for he was one of eleven children and both money and accessible teaching were scarce, and at the age of eleven he began to help his father in the workshop, while in his spare time he drew the likenesses of the workmen and whomever else he could. One

of these men chanced to subscribe to an illustrated magazine, the pictures in which the boy copied, together with whatever others he saw. His other hobby was music, and he developed remarkable aptitude for making violins as well as playing on them, fostered in this as well as in his drawing by a curious eccentric named Williams, then, after losing caste and fortune, resident at Dalton as a watchmaker with a strong bias towards the black arts. Romney became his protégé, and it was largely owing to Williams' influence that at the age of twenty the youth was apprenticed to a travelling portrait limner (such as we meet in *The Vicar of Wakefield*) named Edward Steele, sojourning at Kendal.

Steele was a loose fish, who had studied in Paris under Van Loo, Louthembourg's master, and brought back more vices than genius. Romney, however, found him amusing and even lovable, and, becoming his confidant, was made useful in a clandestine marriage at Gretna Green. Being a highly-strung, romantic youth he fell into a fever after the excitement of the elopement, was nursed by his landlady's daughter, a domestic servant named Mary Abbott, and did what all young men do under those circumstances—married her. Steele meanwhile had settled at York with his stolen bride, and demanded the presence there of his gifted apprentice, whom so idle and extravagant a man naturally found very useful; and Romney, being much under his spell, hastened there, and left his wife to return to her

employers. With Steele he remained for a year or so longer, painting, among other Northern worthies, the witty Coxwold parson who wrote *Tristram Shandy*; and then, getting free from Steele by a monetary arrangement, he settled at Kendal again with his wife, among his portraits of this time being the early example in the National Gallery—No. 1906—notable for the faithfulness of the painting of the dog and its unlikeness to anything now associated with Romney's rich and glowing name.

By 1762 the painter, who was always restless and far-looking, decided that London must be attempted, and he therefore said good-bye to his wife and two children, divided what money there was, and left for the magnet city. There he at once set about competing for a prize offered by the Society of Arts for an historical picture, and painted a "Death of Wolfe"—that subject which, as we have seen, was to be the stepping-stone to Benjamin West's fortune a little later. Romney at first won the second prize of fifty guineas, but the judges reversed their verdict and gave it instead to John Hamilton Mortimer, solacing Romney with a twenty-five guinea award. To the end of his life Romney believed that Reynolds, actuated by fear of a rival, had brought about this proceeding. What truth there may be in the story of the prize cannot now be determined, for the records do not supply enough evidence; but from our knowledge of Reynolds we may safely acquit him of so mean a part. Since, however,

it is unhappily not what is, but what we think is, that affects us, Romney never became friendly with his great contemporary.

In 1767 Romney paid a brief visit to Kendal and his family, and then, returning to London, began steadily to increase his reputation. By 1773, when he at last left England for that visit to Rome which every painter thought it needful to pay, he was making his £1000 a year. At Rome he copied a part of Raphael's "Transfiguration," life-size, and worked hard; in Paris, also, he studied the Old Masters; and, returning to London after two years, greatly enriched in knowledge and power, he took the house and studio of Francis Cotes, one of the chief of the old school of portrait painters, at 32 Cavendish Square, and prepared to conquer Reynolds. Quickly he succeeded, if not quite in conquering Reynolds, at any rate in making that great man very uneasy. The town for a while was divided between them, and although Reynolds ultimately won, as he won in a similar contest with Gainsborough, he would have been more or less than human had he not felt both resentment and anxiety.

Meanwhile, although so beset by distinguished sitters that he could charge what he liked, Romney refrained from offering his wife a share of his home; and for this he has been harshly criticized. But it is very unlikely that they would have lived together with any satisfaction. The mere fact that he did not send for her proves that his tendency was towards solitude or singleness. Romney

was over-busy, ambitious, slightly avaricious, and to a large extent self-contained; and he had Hayley, the bad poet, always at hand to flatter him and beguile him when his depression became too uncomfortable. Where, then, was need for the meek and homely Kendal servant for whom obviously he had no dependent love? The question of class distinction, urged by certain of Romney's critics, does not, one feels, enter in. Artists were not in those days in a position to be snobs. My own feeling is that Romney was not utterly callous, but, being morbidly self-centred and shy and never very sure of himself, he thought it safer to be alone than not; while his wife was more sensitive for him than occasion demanded. Hence, together they brought about the separation.

The suggestion that the famous Lady Hamilton—the subject of Nos. 312 and 1668 in the National Gallery, with whom Romney's name and genius will eternally be linked—was the cause of the breach is absurd, for it was not until 1782 that he first saw her; but there can be little doubt that whatever chance there may have been before 1782 of Romney inviting his wife to London disappeared after the Lady Hamilton episode.

In 1782 Emma Lyon, known to history as Lady Hamilton, was a dazzlingly beautiful young woman of twenty or twenty-one. This remarkable creature was the child of humble Cheshire villagers, and in her already crowded career had been a nursemaid, a barmaid, a lady's maid, and twice a mother. After being for a period an

assistant of a disreputable but successful quack doctor named John Graham, in his "Temple of Health" in Adelphi Terrace and later at Schomberg House (next door to Gainsborough), where she posed as the very Goddess of Health, she had passed into the keeping first of Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh of Up Park in Sussex, and then of the Hon. Charles Greville, a son of the Earl of Warwick and nephew of Sir William Hamilton, with whom she remained for four years, and who had her educated. It was Greville who introduced her to Romney, and the lonely painter found in her not only a type of female beauty and radiance, such as he had never met before, but a personality of extraordinary fascination. Romney was then nearing fifty, and this wayward child utterly captured his imagination and heart.

At first she seems to have touched a paternal note unsounded by his own offspring; later, she became a divinity. For five years she frequented his studio, and he painted her continually, refusing all kinds of wealthy sitters in order not to be interrupted. While Emma Lyon, or Hart, as she now called herself, was being made immortal by Romney's brush, his art, already vivid and rich, was being strengthened by the inspiration she gave him, and for the first time he was learning what it was to be happy. Naturally, the world said that there was a *liaison* between them; but the weight of evidence is against the world. Romney adored, not necessarily platonically, but more as an artist than a lover. In 1786, however, Greville,

being in money difficulties, transferred the girl to his uncle, who was then English Ambassador in Naples, and she passed for the time from Romney's life, though never, we may be certain, from his memory. Her departure plunged him into melancholy, from which he never rightly recovered. In 1791, however, on her visit to England for the purpose of becoming legalized as Lady Hamilton, she again visited the painter, and he again painted his "divine lady," as he called her; but she was not always as kind to him as in the old days. On her departure Romney was broken down and had to recuperate at Hayley's house at Earham.

Romney's London life, apart from the Lady Hamilton episode, calls for few words. He continued to paint distinguished and beautiful persons and to make much money, which, however, he had small skill in handling. He continued also to be shy and reserved, to make few friends, to avoid the Academy with hostility, and to pass more and more into the grip of depression. In 1791 he was a good deal occupied with Boydell for the Shakespeare Gallery, not only in work of his own but in suggestions. In 1792 he painted the poet Cowper, who was staying with Hayley, and obtained a sonnet in recognition. His health was now beginning to fail, and his anxieties and misgivings proportionately to increase, and it began to be evident that his mind was weakening. He preferred to be alone, complained of conspiracies against him, and took to the folly of building a



large house. On being dissuaded by his son—afterwards one of his biographers, the Rev. John Romney—the afflicted man moved to Hampstead, where he remained miserably until in 1798 he decided that none but his wife could comfort him, and, at last returning to her side, sank gently into second childhood and the grave, dying on 15th November 1802.

Edward FitzGerald, who put Tennyson upon his fine and touching if not psychologically too-accurate poem, "Romney's Remorse," summed up his life and tragedy thus, in one of his letters:—"I read Hayley's *Life of Romney* the other day: Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal was not high and fine. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage 'spoilt an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the North, and never saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures, even as a matter of art, I am sure."

That it was any remark of Reynolds which kept Romney from domesticity is not, I feel convinced, true. No dictum of any painter, however illustrious, could have power to divide a man from his wife if he wanted her. Romney was weak and selfish and procrastinating; Mrs. Romney was self-effacing to a fault. Reynolds did not exist in the matter.

Hayley wrote Romney's *Life* at great length, and with much emphasis on the invaluable nature of Hayley's friendship for him. No doubt Hayley was often a stimulating influence, but he was a bad one too. He probably was not sorry that Mrs. Romney was in exile ; while in persuading Romney to have nothing whatever to do with the Royal Academy he did him a fatal ill-service. What Romney pre-eminently needed was not a flattering, affected companion, with foolish phrases, such as "*caro pittore,*" always on his lips, but a robust and frank friend to cleanse his mind of morbid fancies and prevent him from imagining slights. Having no one to do him this service Romney tended more and more to self-introspection and solitary rumination upon his unhappiness. He also did himself harm by overwork, partly because his nature prompted him, and partly, I suspect, to attain peace of mind through occupation and fatigue. The desire to make money quickly may also have been present. When he died Romney had outlived his fame, which remained in eclipse for many years, re-emerging some twenty years ago. His best pictures now command enormous prices.

No. 312. Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante: a Study.

No. 1668. Sketch Portrait of Lady Hamilton.

In the memoir of Romney above, I have taken Lady Hamilton's life down to 1791, when she married Sir William. Returning to Naples, she became a leader of society and for political

reasons was much courted by the Queen, Maria Carolina. Some of her power thus obtained she devoted to acquiring secret information likely to be useful in England. In September 1798 began her sway over Nelson, who put into Naples after the Battle of the Nile. No sooner did she see him than she flung herself on his breast, exclaiming, "O God, is it possible!" and fainted. A few days later she gave a fête in Nelson's honour, and her infatuation was sealed. Nelson was then forty, Lady Hamilton about thirty-seven. The *liaison* between these two remarkable persons is one of the strangest in history, for there is little doubt that they both believed themselves the while actively careful of Sir William Hamilton's name and fame. Both sat by his death-bed in 1803, in the character of his two closest friends, two years after their child was born.

When Nelson died in 1805, Lady Hamilton was inconsolable. To her he left money and his house at Merton, together with provision for their daughter. As she grew older she became very extravagant, and at last, escaping from her creditors to Calais, died there in 1815. The daughter married a clergyman and lived until 1881.

No. 1068. The Parson's Daughter.

The sitter is not known.

No. 1396. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. William Lindow (about 1770).

The Lindows were North of England people. Mrs. Lindow was a Rawlinson of Kendal, and her

husband was in partnership with Abram Rawlinson in Lancaster. In after years the Rawlinsons and Romneys became related.

No. 1651. Portrait of Mrs. Mark Currie.

Mrs. Currie was a Miss Elizabeth Close. She died in 1856 at the age of eighty-nine.

No. 1667. A Lady and Child.

The title of this picture, which is one of the most popular in the National Gallery, is usually "Mother and Child." It is not known who the lady is.

No. 1669. Portrait of Lady Craven (1778).

Lady Craven is better known as the Margravine of Anspach. She was the daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley and was born in 1750. At the age of seventeen she married Mr. William Craven, afterwards the sixth Earl of Craven, and had six children before leaving him in 1780. She then travelled in Turkey and elsewhere, wrote her travels, and finally settled at Anspach, where she became first the mistress and then the wife of the Margrave. In 1792 this prince sold his principality and came to England, where he lived either at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith, or at Benham in Berkshire. The Margravine became a well-known figure in Bohemian society, wrote plays in which the Margrave sometimes acted, and scandalized the discreet. The Margrave died in 1806, and his notorious widow in 1828, after publishing some very frank memoirs.

No. 1906. Portrait of Mr. Jacob Morland.

One of Romney's early Westmorland pictures, before he came to London. The Morlands lived at Capplethwaite Hall.

No. 2280. Portrait of William Pitt, the Younger.

It is needless here to do more than glance at this great statesman. The second son of the Earl of Chatham—whose death-stroke in the House of Lords is the subject of two of Copley's drawings in the National Gallery—he was born in 1759 and lived until 1806. He entered Parliament when he was twenty-one, was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and Prime Minister at twenty-four. No statesman has ever worked harder, and Pitt had extraordinary difficulties, for there was Napoleon to deal with. During the struggle he increased the British Navy eighty-two per cent. From the news of Austerlitz he never recovered: his last words were "Oh, my country! How I leave my country!"

SCOTT (SAMUEL). 1710-1772.

No. 313. Old London Bridge.

(Vestibule of Screen Rooms.)

No. 314. Old Westminster Bridge.

(Vestibule of Screen Rooms.)

No. 1223. View of a Portion of Old Westminster Bridge.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 1328. View of Westminster from the Thames.

(Not on view except by request.)

Very little is known of this painter. He was born in London, probably in 1710, and became a

friend of Hogarth, who often supplied the figures in his pictures. He accompanied Hogarth, young Thornhill, Forrest and Tothall on the famous Five Days' Peregrination. Hogarth and he played at hop-sotch at Rochester and together they made most of the fun and all the drawings. To Scott we owe many finely-coloured records of the London of his day. He painted in water colours as early as any one, and was called by Horace Walpole, who collected his work, the father of that medium in England; but Paul Sandby or Girtin usually has that honour. He was also known as "The English Canaletto." His portrait by Hudson is on the stairs of the left vestibule.

No. 313. Old London Bridge.

Scott painted this picture in 1745. Old London Bridge, which was until 1750 the only bridge across the river, was built on piles between the years 1176 and 1209. It stood 200 feet farther east than the present one, running straight from Fish Street Hill to Southwark. Dwelling-houses and shops stood upon it as on each side of a street. In the centre was the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which in its last days became a warehouse. It was on the bridge gate at the Southwark end, which was taken down nineteen years before Scott's painting, that the heads of traitors were exposed. The City Fathers, or whoever was responsible, were very shortsighted in their policy as custodians of the bridge, and many foolish proceedings were allowed, such as the

construction of water-mills and the narrowing of the arches ; so that the pressure of the tide often became dangerous and was always against easy navigation. For boats to be overturned in " shooting " London Bridge was so common an occurrence that passengers often got out on the hither side and walked to the other to join the boat again—if it was still in existence. The bridge was so frequently under repair that the necessity led to a London proverb and a children's game. The last dwelling-houses were removed in 1758, but the chapel remained long after. In the sixth scene of Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode*," in Room XX, another glimpse of the old bridge is caught, through the window. New London Bridge—the present structure—was not in existence when Scott made this painting. It was begun in 1824 and opened to the public in 1831.

Nos. 314 and 1223. Old Westminster Bridge.

When Scott painted these pictures there was talk not of Old Westminster Bridge but of New Westminster Bridge. Until 1750, when it was opened (having been begun in 1738), the sole means of crossing the river was either by London Bridge or by boat. The new bridge endured only for little more than a century, the reason of its shortness of life being changes in the bed of the river caused by the increase in the tide consequent upon the removal of old London Bridge. This led to the subsidence of the piers. The stone alcoves, seen in Scott's picture, which were placed along

either side of old Westminster Bridge (Labeledye's fine structure, built in 1739) provided a curious echo for the delectation of Londoners. A writer of the period tells us: "So just are their proportions, and so complete and uniform their symmetry, that, if a person whispers against the wall on the one side of the way, he may be plainly heard on the opposite side; and parties may converse without being prevented by the interruption of the street or the noise of carriages." The new Westminster Bridge—that which we know—was begun in 1854 and completed in 1862. It was on the old bridge that Wordsworth wrote his famous sonnet—on 3rd September 1803—and there that the poet Crabbe, in despair and while waiting for a reply from Burke, paced all night, meditating suicide.

No. 1328. View of Westminster from the Thames.

The curious pyramid on the Embankment is the tower of the York waterworks, which were established in the reign of Charles II to supply the inhabitants of St. James's with water. The company failed, having speculated unwisely, and the South Sea Bubble was the end of it, but it lingered on until 1829.

SMITH (GEORGE) of Chichester. 1713-1776.

No. 2287. Classical Landscape.

(East Screen Room.)

There were three Smiths of Chichester: William, a portrait and flower painter, born in 1707; George,



the landscape painter, the pupil of William, born in 1713; and John, a landscape painter and George's pupil, born in 1717. Of these brothers George is the most famous, but they all enjoyed reputations in their day, not only because they had gifts but because there were three of them and so inconspicuous a provincial town as Chichester had given them to the world. Their father was William Smith, a Baptist minister. George was intended to be, like his uncle, a cooper; but William encouraged the boy's artistic tendencies and taught him all he could. After a certain amount of wandering George settled at Chichester, under the patronage of the lord of Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond, and became known as one of the best of landscape painters in the convention of Claude and Poussin, at a time when landscape painting in England was in its infancy; and he was so much to the public taste that he defeated Richard Wilson in a competition. Wilson, indeed, returning from Italy, found him a serious rival, but you have but to look at a Wilson to observe how superior Wilson really was. Smith, however, had a great name, and the engravers vied with each other to reproduce him. He was an unaffected, worthy man, a creditable performer on the 'cello, and something of a pastoral poet. Abroad they called him "the British Gessner," who in his turn might have been called "the Swiss Poussin." He died at Chichester in 1776, and his two brothers, also at Chichester, in 1764.

STOTHARD (THOMAS), R.A. 1755-1834.

No. 317. A Greek Vintage. A Dance in the  
Vineyard.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 320. Diana and her Nymphs Bathing.

(Not shown except by request.)

No. 321. "Intemperance"; Mark Antony and  
Cleopatra.

(Vestibule Lobby.)

No. 322. A Battle.

(Not shown except by request.)

No. 1069. Nymphs discover the flower Narcissus.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 1070. Cupids preparing for the Chase.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1163. The Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1185. Nymphs and Satyrs.

(East Screen Room.)

No. 1827. A Nymph Sleeping.

(East Screen Room.)

No. 1829. Sans Souci.

(Not shown except by request.)

No. 1830. Shakespeare Characters.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1832. Cupid bound to a Tree.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 1833. Lord William Russell taking leave of his  
Children.

(East Screen Room.)

No. 1835. Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

(East Screen Room.)

No. 1836. Lady Reclining.

(East Screen Room.)

No. 2219. "Peace came down upon the Earth."

(Room XXI.)



THE HARBOUR OF HONG KONG



No. 2232. Eleven sketches for the finished picture,  
No. 1163, of the "Pilgrimage to  
Canterbury."  
(West Screen Room.)

Thomas Stothard, the most prolific book illustrator in history, was born at the Black Horse Inn in Long Acre in 1755, and after some elementary education at Acomb and Tadcaster, in the care of relatives, and at Ilford, where the father of Grimaldi the clown taught him dancing, he was apprenticed to a draughtsman of patterns for Spitalfields silk. His master, who seems to have been a sensible man, encouraged him also to illustrate Homer and Spenser, and in 1777 he entered the Royal Academy schools, painted for exhibition, made friends with Samuel Shelley the miniaturist, and was encouraged by Reynolds and Wilson. In 1779 his amazing career as an illustrator began, his first design for a novel being for *Joseph Andrews*. Thereafter he was chiefly known by his plates to the novelists, poets and playwrights, and thousands of English readers were indebted to him for the visualization of their favourite characters, whether Falstaff or Uncle Toby, Don Quixote or Dr. Primrose. Incidentally, being in the habit of getting himself shaved by one Turner at 26 Maiden Lane, Stothard was of use in persuading him to make his son an artist rather than a barber like himself. That boy was the great Turner, whose masterpieces fill Room XXII.

In the midst of this press of illustrating Stothard

found time to paint too, as the National Gallery shows, but his chief efforts were reserved for books. In 1806, however, he painted a picture which immensely enlarged his fame—"The Canterbury Pilgrims," No. 1163, reproduced opposite page 204—although he made nothing from its enormous success both when on exhibition and as an engraving, and, as I explain under the picture, lost through it his friendship with William Blake. Stothard's long and uneventful life calls for little further elaboration. He was the most industrious and simple of men, even attending a lesson at the Royal Academy on the day of his wedding; he never quarrelled and had no guile. When not at work he was reading, and his one out-of-doors hobby was butterfly collecting. He had a few friends, chief among them being Flaxman and Chantrey (whom he shared with Turner), and one steady patron in Samuel Rogers, whom also he shared with Turner, and for whose fame these two artists' pencils did more than the poet-banker's own pen. Stothard lived half his life at 28 Newman Street, Oxford Street, and died there at the age of seventy-eight—quite young for so gentle a British artist. The Print Room at the British Museum has some thousands of Stothard's original illustrations, and other of his pictures are at South Kensington.

No. 1163. The Pilgrimage to Canterbury.

This picture, painted in 1806, was the unhappy cause of a breach between Stothard and William

Blake, who hitherto had been good friends. Robert Cromek, the engraver, an over-reaching, speculative man who had had dealings with Blake, commissioned Stothard to paint the subject from Chaucer; and Stothard did so, all unconscious that it was a drawing of Blake that had given Cromek the idea, and that Blake also was at work on the same theme. Blake's picture was finished and exhibited in rivalry to Stothard's. There is no real comparison when it comes to interest and psychology; but Stothard had the more popular way. Blake's catalogue to his exhibition contains an attack on Cromek, which is proper, but poor, mild Stothard, who knew nothing of the injustice which he was assisting, was made to wince too. Blake's criticisms are severe. He writes:—

“But to shew the stupidity of this class of men, nothing need be done but to examine my rival's [Stothard's] prospectus.

“The two first characters in Chaucer, the Knight and the Squire, he has put among his rabble; and indeed his prospectus calls the Squire ‘the fop of Chaucer's age.’ Now hear Chaucer:

‘Of his Stature, he was of even length,  
And wonderly deliver, and of great strength;  
And he had been sometime in Chivauchy,  
In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy,  
And borne him well as of so litele space.’

Was this a fop?

‘Well could he sit a horse, and faire ride,  
He could songs make, and eke well indite,  
Joust, and eke dance, pourtray and well write.’

Was this a fop ?

'Curteis he was, and meek and serviceable ;  
And kerst before his fader at the table.'

Was *this* a fop ?

"It is the same with all his characters ; he has done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune, money, money. According to his prospectus he has Three Monks ; these he cannot find in Chaucer, who has only One Monk, and that no vulgar character, as he has endeavoured to make him. When men cannot read, they should not pretend to paint. To be sure Chaucer is a little difficult to him who has only blundered over novels and catchpenny trifles of booksellers. Yet a little pains ought to be taken, even by the ignorant and weak. He has put The Reeve, a vulgar fellow, between his Knight and Squire, as if he was resolved to go contrary in everything to Chaucer, who says of the Reeve—

'And ever he rode hinderest of the rout.'

In this manner he has jumbled his dumb dollies together, and is praised by his equals for it ; for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young, beautiful, blooming damsel ; and H—— says, that she is the 'Fair Wife of Bath,' and that 'the Spring appears in her cheeks.' Now hear what Chaucer has made her say of herself, who is no modest one :

But Lord ! when it remembereth me  
Upon my youth and on my jollity,  
It tickleth me about the hearte root.  
Unto this day it doth my hearte boot  
That I have had my world as in my time ;  
But age, alas, that all will envenime,  
Hath me bireft, my beauty and my pith  
Let go ; farewell ! the devil go therewith !



The flour is gone, there is no more to tell :  
The bran, as best I can, I now mote sell ;  
And yet, to be right merry, will I fond  
Now forth to telle of my fourth husband.

“She has had four husbands, a fit subject for this painter ; yet the Painter ought to be very much offended with his friend H——, who has called his ‘a common scene,’ ‘and very ordinary forms’ ; which is the truest part of all, for it is so, and very wretchedly so indeed. What merit can there be in a picture of which such words are spoken with truth ?

“But the prospectus says that the Painter has represented Chaucer himself as a Knave who thrusts himself among honest people to make game of and laugh at them ; though I must do justice to the Painter, and say that he has made him look more like a fool than a knave. But it appears in all the writings of Chaucer, and particularly in his *Canterbury Tales*, that he was very devout, and paid respect to true enthusiastic superstition. He has laughed at his knaves and fools as I do now. But he has respected his True Pilgrims, who are a majority of his company, and are not thrown together in the random manner that Mr. S—— has done. Chaucer has nowhere called the Ploughman old, worn out with ‘age and labour,’ as the prospectus has represented him, and says that the picture has done so too. He is worn down with labour, but not with age. How spots of brown and yellow, smeared about at random, can be either young or old, I cannot see. It may be an old man ; it may be a young one ; it may be anything that a prospectus pleases. But I know that where there are no lineaments there can be no character. And what connoisseurs call touch, I know by experience, must be the destruc-

tion of all character and expression, as it is of every lineament.

“The scene of Mr. S——’s Picture is by Dulwich Hills, which was not the way to Canterbury; but perhaps the Painter thought he would give them a ride round about, because they were a burlesque set of scarecrows, not worth any man’s respect or care.

“But the Painter’s thought being always upon gold, he has introduced a character that Chaucer has not—namely, a Goldsmith, for so the prospectus tells us. Why he has introduced a Goldsmith, and what is the wit of it, the prospectus does not explain. But it takes care to mention the reserve and modesty of the Painter; this makes a good epigram enough :

‘The fox, the owl, the spider, and the mole,  
By sweet reserve and modesty get fat.’

“But the prospectus tells us that the Painter has introduced a ‘Sea Captain’; Chaucer has a Shipman, a Sailor, a Trading Master of a Vessel, called by courtesy Captain, as every master of a boat is; but this does not make him a Sea Captain. Chaucer has purposely omitted such a personage as it only exists in certain periods: it is the soldier by sea. He who would be a Soldier in inland nations is a sea-captain in commercial nations.

“All is misconceived, and its mis-execution is equal to its misconception. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace; but it shall not be at the expense of Rafael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision. I have been scorned long enough by these fellows, who owe to me all that they have; it shall be so no longer :

'I found them blind, I taught them how to see,  
And now they know me not, nor yet themselves.'"

As a matter of fact Stothard had as much reason as Blake to attack Cromek, whose breaches of faith were constant.

No. 1833. Lord William Russell taking leave of his Children.

Lord William Russell (1639-1683) was found guilty of high treason in connexion with the Rye House Plot in 1683, and was sentenced to death. When he was in Newgate his wife, Lady Russell, who had been tireless in her efforts to save him, as indeed had many persons of eminence both at home and abroad, visited him with their children. He was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields on 21st July 1683. Historians consider him unfortunate rather than guilty.

STUART (GILBERT). 1755-1828.

No. 229. Portrait of Benjamin West, P.R.A.

(Closed Staircase outside Rooms  
XXV and XXVI.)

No. 1480. Portrait of the Artist.

(Room XXV.)

Stuart, like Copley, was an American; but more so, for although the parents of both had but just emigrated to that country, Copley was born at Boston, then a British colony, and he settled in England and identified himself with England; whereas Stuart was born on Rhode Island and returned to America after an English sojourn and identified himself with America.

Stuart was the son of a Scottish snuff-grinder. His first instruction came from a Scotch painter named Cosmo Alexander who had settled in Rhode Island, and with whom the youth went to Scotland in 1772. Two years later he came to London, and in 1777 entered the studio of his compatriot Benjamin West as a pupil and protégé. His own skill, fortified by the influence of his master and also of George Dance (who gave him Hudson's palette), obtained him success as a portrait painter and teacher; but in 1788 he moved on to Dublin, and from there, in 1792, to America, where he lived for the rest of his life, chiefly in Boston, acquiring much fame. Among the Englishmen whom he painted are Reynolds, Copley and Boydell, all persons of importance in this book. Next door is one of his many portraits of George Washington. That he belongs to the British school of painting is unquestionable, but no amount of sophistry can justify us in calling him anything but an American.

Stuart was a rough, blunt, witty man, and a good deal of a gourmet. He was also very extravagant, and one of his first proceedings on establishing himself in his Berners Street studio and obtaining a few sitters was to acquire a French cook and give a dinner to forty-two guests. He remained a spendthrift to the end of his life. He had extraordinary quickness in detecting saliences of character, and never forgot a face. He is credited with a plucky answer to Dr. Johnson, when, in West's studio, the great lexicographer,

surprised that the American should speak so well, asked him roughly where he learnt his English. "Not from your dictionary," said Stuart, who had probably heard quite enough expressions of astonishment on this particular count.

No. 229. Portrait of Benjamin West, P.R.A.

I have sketched the life of this painter and P.R.A. under his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

STUBBS (GEORGE), A.R.A. 1724-1806.

No. 1452. Landscape, with a Gentleman holding his Horse.

(Room XXIII.)

Stubbs the horse painter was no common man, and it is to be wished that the National Gallery had a finer example of his powers. Born at Liverpool in 1724, the son of a currier, he was intended to be a currier too; but from early years he had a passion for anatomy, which a neighbouring doctor fostered by lending him bones to study and draw, and when he was fifteen he was allowed to turn his back on currying and pass into the employ of Hamlet Winstanley, the engraver (and pupil of Kneller), who was then copying pictures at Knowsley Hall. Stubbs received a shilling a day for his work, but parted from his master because both wanted to copy the same pictures. Winstanley refusing to give way, Stubbs, who had a high temper, flung out of the place and, like Hogarth before him, forswore

copying for ever. Henceforward, he said, he would stick to Nature. For a while anatomy claimed more of his attention than art, and he even lectured on it at York, to the students in the hospital, and made a number of surgical plates. But when he was thirty years old a journey to Italy quickened his painting ambition, and a short visit to Ceuta gave him a subject worthy of his genius, for he there watched a lion pursue and capture a horse—a spectacle which touched his imagination much as the eruption of Vesuvius excited Wright of Derby, and was afterwards painted hardly less frequently.

Henceforward Stubbs may be said to have been under the dominion of the horse; and he devoted several of the best years of his life to a minute study of that animal: dissecting, injecting, measuring and drawing, until his great work *The Anatomy of the Horse*, 1766, was completed. Stubbs was physically so strong that he is said to have carried one of the dead horses needful for his purpose on his shoulders to his upstairs dissecting-room. Only a man of iron determination and character could have performed such an immense task as this *Anatomy*, but in eight years he completed it, with no one but his niece to help. The book when published justified his labours and was a financial success, for those were the brave days when the horse was not only the friend of Englishmen but also the idol. The Royal Academy now treasures Stubbs' drawings for the work, which *en route* to Bur-

lington House were the cherished possession of Landseer and his engraver brother. Not only did Stubbs profit directly from his book, but indirectly too, for there was naturally a demand for so thorough a master of the horse to immortalize the famous or favourite steeds of England; and he was kept busy travelling from stud to stud painting portraits at a hundred guineas a picture, in addition to certain studio pieces of his own for exhibition. He became an A.R.A. in 1780 and R.A. in 1781, but owing to a difference with the Academy his election was annulled. Differences indeed were no rarity in his life, for Stubbs was a man of uncompromising independence and directness, and it is to be regretted that so little is known of him. His most intimate friend was probably Paul Sandby. Stubbs lived to be eighty-two and remained a vigorous teetotaller to the day of his death, 10th July 1806, at 24 Somerset Street, Portman Square. There have been many painters of horses since but none so true and powerful as he.

THORNHILL (SIR JAMES). 1675-1734.

No. 1844. An Incident in the Life of St. Francis.  
(Vestibule Lobby.)

Although Thornhill in his own day had great reputation as one who had covered many acres of fair wall with scenes mythological, allegorical, and scriptural, yet to us his principal title to fame is that his daughter Jane became Mrs. William

Hogarth. It was not, however, with Thornhill's consent that that happened, and the story goes that when, after the clandestine marriage, his wife, who, like many mothers in the same position, was on the son-in-law's side, spread some of Hogarth's work in her husband's room, to interest and mollify him by such an exhibition of genius, Thornhill merely remarked, while admiring them, that a man who could paint as well as that needed no financial help from his father-in-law. Thornhill, however, came round, he and Hogarth grew friendly, and there exists a picture of the House of Commons in session which they painted together.

Thornhill was born at Melcombe Regis in Dorsetshire in 1675, his mother being a niece of Dr. Thomas Sydenham, who took an interest in the boy and placed him with Thomas Highmore, Serjeant Painter to the King. Mural painting being greatly in vogue at that time, done wholly by foreigners, Thornhill determined to compete with the aliens, chief of whom were Antonio Verrio and Louis Laguerre, without whose sprawling gods and goddesses no public building or nobleman's staircase was complete; and he succeeded so well that Laguerre was set aside when (although against the wishes of its architect, Sir Christopher Wren) the dome of St. Paul's was ready for the brush. For his St. Paul's work Thornhill was paid at the rate of forty shillings a square yard, and it was while engaged there that his life was saved by the presence of mind of his assistant, Bently French. The story is often told. Stepping



backwards on the scaffold to judge of an effect, Thornhill approached the edge unconsciously, and would have fallen hundreds of feet had not French seized a brush and defaced the painting, thus causing the artist to spring forward again in a fury. Thornhill reached £3 per square yard in his time; but Verrio had beaten him there, having received for his work at Windsor and Hampton £3 12s. per yard, together with lodging and wine, to be followed by a pension of £200 and wine for life. Rosso momentarily did even better while working for the Duke of Montagu, for his pay was £7 per square yard; but that carried with it no pension and no bottle.

Thornhill painted walls and ceilings all over England, but his chief work now is at Greenwich Hospital; Oxford, where he also was conspicuously industrious, having cleaned him off. He not only was an artist but sat in Parliament for twelve years for Melcombe Regis. He was knighted by George II.

In a way, Thornhill had a greater effect on British art than many a better painter, for early in the eighteenth century he drew up a scheme of a royal academy of painting, and, not being able to carry it through, was instrumental in starting a school in Great Queen Street in 1711 of which Sir Godfrey Kneller was governor. This coming to an end, Thornhill himself controlled a successor, near Charing Cross, and when the pupils divided, opened another in James Street, Covent Garden, near his house, which Hogarth attended, while

the seceders joined Vanderbank elsewhere. On Thornhill's death in 1734, Vanderbank's academy having disappeared, Hogarth, who had become the possessor of the furniture and casts of Thornhill's school, presented them to a new school in St. Martin's Lane, near Slaughter's Coffee House, and there many of the original academicians obtained instruction under Moser.

Thornhill's one National Gallery picture is merely a sketch. That such a flamboyant hand should touch the life of the sweet saint of Assisi at all is almost an outrage.

TURNER (JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM), R.A.

1775-1851.

No. 476. The Shipwreck.

(Room XXII.)

No. 479. The Sun rising through Vapour.

(Room XXVI.)

No. 481. Spithead: Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor.

(Room XXII.)

No. 483. London from Greenwich.

(Room XXII.)

No. 492. Frosty Morning: "The rigid Hoar-Frost melts before his Beam."

(Room XXII.)

No. 497. Crossing the Brook.

(Room XXII.)

No. 498. Dido building Carthage: or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.

(Room XXVI.)

No. 516. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

(Room XXII.)

No. 534. San Benedetto: looking towards Fusina.

(Room XXII.)

- No. 535. The " Sun of Venice " going to Sea.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 536. Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship  
into Port Ruysdael.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 538. Rain, Steam, and Speed: The Great  
Western Railway.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 560. Chichester Canal.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 1981. Norham Castle: Sunrise.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 1993. Yacht racing on the Solent.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 2000. Shipping at Cowes.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 2680. Sketch of Walton Bridge.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 2681. Walton Reach.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 2881. Waves breaking against the Wind.  
(Room XXII.)
- No. 2882. Waves breaking on a Lee Shore.  
(Room XXII.)

*The National Gallery also has in the East Screen Room a fine collection of Turner's water colours, some of which are arranged in open cases and changed every month.*

Turner is the most remarkable British artist. He stands out as wonderful almost with the brush as Shakespeare with the pen. The greatest names in British art are Hogarth, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, and Constable; but Turner alone of these has a touch of the miraculous.

Turner knew that he was great. Throughout his life, in spite of his love of money, he was painting

certain pictures which no one might see but a privileged acquaintance now and then—always with the certain knowledge that when the time was ripe they would be recognized as master-pieces, as now they are.

The life of Turner illustrates better almost than that of any man how little correspondence can on occasion exist between beauty and a maker of beauty. Turner's works are marvels of loveliness and grandeur; Turner was grubby, miserly, jealous, and squalid in his tastes. He saw visions and glorified even what was already glorious; and he deliberately chose to live in houses thick with grime, and often to consort with inferior persons. Lord Egremont and Mr. Fawkes, the collector, were among his few refined friends.

Many artists have been industrious almost beyond the calm contemplation of ordinarily frail men; but Turner (who often painted at night too) may be said to have lived only to work. In addition to the pictures which he left to the nation, carefully conserved to that end—the great oil paintings which fill the new rooms at the Tate and Room XXII here; and the many great oil paintings in other collections, public, such as South Kensington and Hertford House, and also private; and in addition to the finished water-colour drawings which are treasured by collectors all over the country and of which South Kensington has a profusion; Turner made also some nineteen thousand sketches.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born on

23rd April 1775, at (according to his own statement) Barnstaple, the son of a barber of 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. His mother was a woman of fierce temper who subsequently became insane. The boy early showed signs of ability as a draughtsman and colourist, and his productions were exhibited proudly in his father's shop, where now and then they found a purchaser. This shop a few artists frequented, and, taking their advice, the barber, instead of training the son to shave, sent him at the age of eleven to the Soho Academy. For a while he had lessons from Thomas Malton, who taught him perspective, and Edward Dayes, Girtin's master, while he also worked for Humphry Repton the landscape gardener and one or two architects. In 1789, however, when he was fourteen, he entered the Royal Academy schools, and was also allowed to copy Old Masters in Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio—another illustration of the interdependence and relationship of the great British artists which this book throughout emphasizes. It was while working for John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint engraver, at tinting prints that Turner met Girtin, the inspired water-colourist who was to die so young after giving rise to such splendid hopes; and together they worked after studio hours at Dr. Monro's, as I have described in the memoir of Cotman, copying and drawing, or accompanied the doctor on sketching rambles around London. Late in life Turner bought back at Monro's sale a number of these early efforts.

By 1790 Turner had exhibited at the Academy, and in 1792 he was commissioned to make topographical drawings, which were then becoming the rage, for a magazine. In the next year he opened his own studio in Hand Court, Maiden Lane, and had begun to make those sketching tours on which he travelled so many miles during his life and to which we owe his enormous range of subject. Before the end the little shabby man and his easel were known all over not only England but Europe. But he was by nature so suspicious and secretive that it is told of him that when sketching he always laid his brush aside and covered the paper if any one approached.

His progress in power was steady and he had no difficulty in making a living, and at the age of twenty-four he was made an A.R.A. and began what Ruskin, who acted so eloquently as his prophet, calls the period of his first style, when, busy with subject pictures of his own for the Academy walls, he experimented cunningly with the methods of the masters, such as Titian, Van de Velde, and Claude—these two last then greatly in vogue—and Wilson. He had no shame whatever in deriving from others. What he liked in other men's work he instantly made his own with his own individuality superimposed. The first picture to indicate his peculiar glory was the "Sun rising through Vapour," painted in 1807; while 1809 saw his most remarkable realistic effect to that time—as near nature as the neglected Constable himself—the beautiful "Frosty Morn-

ing," now at the Tate—a picture which Constable's patron, Archdeacon Fisher, admired rather more than that modest artist, who had none of Turner's iron determination and absorbing ambition, liked.

Turner had now his studio in what was then 47, but is now 23, Queen Anne Street, which he had built from his own design, and he owned a house at Twickenham, his sole companions being a landlady and his father, who had retired to make his home with his son. (Turner never married, but is said to have had at least two virtuous attachments which came to nothing. Such children as he left he carefully provided for.) Father and son enjoyed a communion of avarice, and a great part of their life together was rendered interesting by subterfuges to avoid paying for things. The old man survived until 1829, and his death caused his son intense grief. A real affection had subsisted between them, while the father had been the greatest use to his son both as studio hack and housekeeper.

But though miserly, it must be remembered that Turner was imaginatively benefactive too. He not only enriched the nation, but it was by his thoughtfulness that the Artists' Benevolent Fund was founded. There are also instances of impulsive generosity to his name, although sometimes he regretted them. With good brown sherry, which he loved, he was generous too.

While conscious of his powers and never in any doubt about the verdict of posterity, Turner was

always jealous of other painters' fame. Claude's glory in particular enraged him : he projected his *Liber Studiorum* in rivalry with the French master's *Liber Veritatis*, but after fourteen numbers it was discontinued. He also specifically left to the National Gallery Nos. 479 and 498, "The Sun rising through Vapour" and "Dido building Carthage" (which he loved so much that he once expressed a wish to have it wrapped round his body when he was dead, and buried with him), on condition that they should be hung between Claude's "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" and the "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." A conspicuous success in the Academy by an artist in his own line would produce next year a similar scene from Turner's hand, and there is little doubt, I think, that his "Apuleia in search of Apuleius" sprang from distaste at excessive praises of Wilson which he had overheard. But to challenge in this way was not the only resource of his ambitious mastery. He also had the habit, dreaded by his fellow R.A.'s, of descending upon the Academy on varnishing day, and with a heightened touch or two on his own canvas reducing to tameness a near neighbour. Constable, who disliked him, or at any rate was in despair about his genius, was more than once a victim ; while the brilliance of the yellows and reds of the famous "Fighting Téméraire" (now at the Tate Gallery) were due to the proximity of a chromatic effort by Geddes which had to have its pride taken down. On the other hand, Turner once darkened a landscape





CHICHESTER CANAL.  
*B. J. M. H. Turner*



with lamp-black because it injured the effect of pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence on either side, saying that Lawrence was so unhappy about it; and there is a record of his seizing a brush and with one inspired touch adding a ripple of water to one of Constable's scenes, and thereby winning the thanks of its painter, who was conscious of some lack in the work but could not himself tell what. Turner, it must also be recorded, occasionally admitted the excellence of other moderns, as when he said that had Girtin lived he (Turner) would have starved, and of a picture by John Cozens that it had taught him all he knew. Of a golden light in a corner of a certain Cuyp landscape, he said that he would give £1000 to be able to do it; and Girtin's "White House in Chelsea" he admitted to be superior to anything of his own up to that time.

The first period, in which other influences can be traced in Turner's work, ended in 1819, when he went to Rome. After returning from Italy he strove in the teeth of ridicule, which sometimes plunged him in melancholy, to obtain in paint effects of light and colour such as no artist had ever before dreamed of arresting and fixing. As he grew older, and particularly after his sojourn in Venice, in 1832, Turner became more and more ambitious of realizing with his brush the fugitive radiances of sunrise and sunset, and more and more laughter did his efforts produce among the comic critics, not least of whom was Thackeray. "The Fighting Téméraire" of 1839 and the "Rain,

Steam, and Speed" of 1844—both at the Tate—in particular excited their ridicule and mirth, and it needed all Ruskin's passionate and eloquent fidelity, as expressed in *Modern Painters* (the first volume of which appeared in 1843), in conversations and in letters, to keep the great innovator happy. The two men had met in 1840, when Turner was sixty-five and Ruskin twenty-one, and thereafter Ruskin, who already possessed certain of Turner's pictures and worshipped his genius, was his steady champion. In the history of art there is no other example of such an alliance as the golden brush of Turner and the golden pen of his eulogist; and, after Turner's death, the task of sifting and arranging and cataloguing the thousands of his water colours and sketches which he left to the nation, fell, as I have said earlier in this book, naturally to the critic as its predestined performer.

Chief among Turner's other few close friends were Chantrey, the sculptor, who also left a will for the encouragement of British art, and David Roberts, William Frederick Wells, the landscape painter, George Jones, R.A., to whom he wrote fully, and Dr. Trimmer, Vicar of Heston, who lived near Turner's Twickenham home and whose sister is supposed to have won the artist's heart, although he had not the courage to propose. Turner, although not intimate with them, seems to have had a feeling for Lawrence and Wilkie. He attended Lawrence's funeral, and, when Wilkie died and was buried at sea, immortalized the

event in his Tate picture "Peace," of which I say something in the memoir of the Scotch painter.

Although he was brusque and reserved amongst strangers, he was facetious and, latterly, very convivial among friends. His small jokes were continuous and were sure of his own laughter. He dressed shabbily and was undersized and common in appearance. His legs were crooked, his nose was large and his eyes were light blue. He was at his best with children, whom he adored. His favourite outdoor recreation was fishing, and he always threw back the small ones. In London he liked the theatre, but even more he liked to sit anonymously in taverns. He also wrote much poetry, which, though not articulate like his brush, shows him to have had an individual intellect.

Towards the end he developed a dual personality. He was still the famous Mr. Turner of Queen Anne Street, with a few friends and unceasing energy and interest ; but he was also Mr. Booth, or "Admiral" Booth, or "Puggy" Booth, well known at Chelsea and at Margate as an eccentric retired mariner, a little too fond of the bottle, but never tired of watching the sun. In fact he had a gallery on the roof of his Cheyne Walk house from which he would watch the lord of light and of his inspiration and genius rise and set. Not until the day before his death was the secret of his duality discovered. It was as Mr. Booth that Turner died, in what is now known as Turner's house, at 119 Cheyne Walk, on 19th December 1851.

Turner left £140,000. Lengthy litigation unfortunately followed his death, and the provision of a fund to provide a charity for poor English artists, to be called "Turner's Gift," was frustrated; but the nation acquired 362 oil paintings, 135 finished water colours, 1757 studies in colour and thousands of sketches, while the Royal Academy was enriched by £20,000.

Both of Turner's houses—his studio at 22 and 23 Queen Anne Street, W., and 119 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea—have tablets.

No. 370. Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, and Custom House, Venice: Canaletto painting.

*(This picture has now gone to the Tate.)*

The first Venetian picture that Turner painted. It was at the Royal Academy in 1833. The blueness of the sky was due to one of the artist's varnishing-day whims, of which I have spoken in the memoir. Next it hung a view of Ghent by his friend Jones, with a blue sky, which Turner at once proclaimed his intention of "out-blueing." This he did. Jones, retaliating, after Turner had gone, painted his sky white to destroy Turner's blue; but Turner did not alter further. It was all quite amicable.

Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, whom Turner places in the foreground, was in most persons' minds the only painter of Venice: hence this challenge. He was born in 1697 and died in 1768, and he did some work in England in 1746-48, as the Venetian rooms in the National Gallery show.

Dr. Monro had a neighbour in the Adelphi Terrace named Henderson, at whose house Turner and Girtin also copied; and Mr. Binyon thinks that Henderson's Canalettos had a profound influence on their genius. Canaletto himself was in England in 1746-48, and two of his English pictures are in the National Gallery: No. 942, "Eton College," and No. 1429, "The Rotunda at Ranelagh." Hogarth's "Venetian touch" may again be seen here.

No. 479. The Sun rising in a Mist.

Turner left this picture to the nation on the condition that it should hang next Claude's "Isaac and Rebecca," No. 12. Turner's challenge was supported by Ruskin in *Modern Painters* with tremendous energy and passion, summing up entirely in Turner's favour. Turner had sold the picture, but bought it back, at the De Tabley sale in 1827, for £514 10s. It was painted in 1807.

No. 481. Spithead.

Turner liked to take note of passing events, although his brush often crowded out the history by its magnificence. The buoy on the left is moored over the spot where the *Royal George* sank, with "twice four hundred men," in 1782.

No. 498. Dido building Carthage.

The other picture which Turner left to the National Gallery on condition that they were hung next to the two Claudes. This was the challenge

to the "Queen of Sheba," No. 14. Turner painted his in 1815, Claude in 1648. Not often did Turner take advice, but in this case he repainted the sky in response to the entreaties of Lawrence.

No. 516. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

The scene depicted is the valley of Nemi in the Apennines. See Canto IV.

No. 535. The "Sun of Venice" going to Sea.

Turner applied to this picture these lines adapted from Gray :

"Fair shines the morn, and soft the zephyrs blow a gale,  
Venezia's Fisher spreads his painted sail  
Nor heeds the Demon that in grim repose  
Expects his evening prey."

Gray had written :—

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm."

Turner had no scruples about dealing freely with the poets, and if he could find or adapt nothing already written, he wrote lines of his own.

No. 536. Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael.

There is no Port Ruysdael ; but Turner admired the Dutch painter of that name so much that he created a haven in his honour.



## UNKNOWN.

Sixteenth Century.

No. 1652. Portrait of a Lady.

(Not shown except by request.)

Eighteenth century.

No. 1097. Landscape.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 1681. View of St. Paul's from the Thames.

(Not shown except by request.)

Later.

No. 2234. Five Miniatures :—

1. Portrait of Sir J. W. Gordon.

2. Portrait of a Lady.

3. Portrait of Elizabeth, wife of  
Peter Burrell, Esq.4. Portrait of Julia L. Bennet, after-  
wards Lady Gordon.5. Portrait of Julia Isabella, Lady  
Gordon.

(Not shown except by request.)

No. 2238. Bronze Bust of Napoleon I.

(Entrance Hall.)

No. 2239. Bust of Wynne Ellis.

(West Vestibule.)

No. 2878. Martha, wife of Joshua Horton of  
Sowerby.

(Room XX.)

WALTON (HENRY). c. 1720—c. 1790.

No. 2870. Plucking the Turkey.

(Room XXIV.)

Of Walton little is known, and he is not in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. According to Bryan, he was born about 1720 and died about 1790. If a name had to be sought for him—on an analogy too common in this book—he might be called the English Chardin.

WARD (JAMES), R.A. 1769-1859.

No. 1158. Harlech Castle.

(Room XXIV.)

No. 1175. Regent's Park in 1807 : A Cattle piece.

(Room XXI.)

James Ward—"The English Paul Potter"—was educated to engrave, and, after instruction from John Raphael Smith (for whom Turner and Girtton, as youths, had done tinting), was apprenticed for nine years to his brother William, who translated into mezzotint the popular pictures of the day, chiefly the works of George Morland, his brother-in-law. For the luckless George, in the only interval of steadiness and happiness that he knew, married Nancy Ward, while the families were further united by William Ward's marriage to Maria Morland. If poor Morland was the idle apprentice (but as a matter of fact idleness is one of the vices to which he was a total stranger) the Wards were the industrious ones. James became a full Academician and William an Associate, and both were successful men. William engraved only, but James took to painting too, at first in the pretty domestic manner of Morland, and later in a powerful vein of his own, seeing things largely and painting them largely. His great cattle piece, the "Alderney Bull and Cow," which used to be at the National Gallery and is now at the Tate, was painted in rivalry with Paul Potter's Bull at the Hague, at the suggestion of Benjamin West. An idea of Ward's versatility may be gathered from the circum-

stance that in 1817 he won a premium at the British Institution for an Allegory of the Battle of Waterloo which the directors desired him to enlarge to four times its size (it was already big enough) for £1000. He accepted the offer and for a year or so gave up his more sympathetic work to emulate Rubens on this gigantic scale, the result not only being a failure but a white elephant equal to the famous group of the Primrose family in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Although a fine landscape painter, Ward is known chiefly by his animal pictures. He lived to be very old, as so many artists have succeeded in doing, and died at the age of ninety, at Cheshunt, in 1859, leaving an Autobiography. There has recently appeared a record of his conversations with James Northcote that help us further to a knowledge of a sterling character.

At South Kensington may be seen his "Fighting Bulls," a spirited work. Like his brother William he had an engraver son, whose daughter married E. M. Ward the historical painter.

No. 1175. Regent's Park in 1807: A Cattle piece.

This picture is not very happily named, because there was no Regent's Park in 1807. It was not till 1811 that the Park was thought of, when an Act of Parliament was obtained to convert a part of Marylebone Farm and Fields or Marylebone Park into the beautiful enclosure that we now know, naming it after the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

WATTS (GEORGE FREDERICK), R.A. 1817-1904.

No. 1654. The Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C.,  
M.P.

(Room XXIV.)

Watts is no better represented at Trafalgar Square than is his contemporary Millais. To estimate both painters fairly one must go to the Tate, while Watts is also to be found in many canvases next door. His portraits, however, although fine imaginative things, are not the truest Watts. His most personal work comprises such pictures as "Love and Life," "Love and Death," and "Love Triumphant"—all at the Tate. In his own words, in the catalogue of his exhibition in 1896-1897, the object of art, as he practised it, was to suggest in its own language "modern thought in things ethical and spiritual."

George Frederick Watts was born in London on 23rd February 1817, the son of a Welsh father. That he was to be an artist was early evident, and he was placed with William Behnes, of whom something has been said earlier in this book. He also gained instruction of other kinds from an unexpected character in such a painter's career—none other than Felix, the famous cricketer, who in his own name of Nicholas Wanostrocht had a school at Blackheath, and with the young Watts read not only the classics but modern languages. At the age of twenty-five the young man competed for prizes offered for the best designs for decorating in fresco the new House of Lords, and a first prize

was won by him with "Caractacus led Captive through the Streets of Rome." Other competitors, who failed to win anything, were Alfred Stevens and Ford Madox Brown, both of whom may be studied at the Tate. In 1843, with his £300 prize to help him, Watts went to Italy, when he came under the chief influence of his early career—Raphael—as Titian was that of his later—and remained there for four years. Returning to London he entered for another competition, this time in oils, also for the House of Lords, and here again he won a first prize—this time of £500—with "Alfred inciting the Saxons to resist the Danes." These successes led to Watts obtaining the commission to assist in decorating not only the House of Lords with his "St. George overcoming the Dragon," which occupied five years; but (with "Justice: a Hemicycle of Law-givers") the great hall of Lincoln's Inn, which took five years more. Other work in this kind he executed, but he is best known to the public by his paintings, which were always objects of reverence at the Grosvenor Gallery and Royal Academy and were widely reproduced, and the series of portraits which he gave to the National Portrait Gallery. These portraits illustrate not only his craftsmanship and ideal—that of uniting in one picture a "mental as well as physical likeness"—but also his intellectual distinction, for all the sitters were his personal friends, and among them were Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold. Watts, who always did things in the

grand manner and was a man of wealth, retained (like Turner) those of his pictures which he most liked, and (unlike Turner) permitted the public to see them at fixed times in his gallery in Holland Park Road; while his country house "Limnerslease," under the Hog's Back, was also—and still is—a place of pilgrimage. He ever considered his art as a means of correcting and elevating the mind and as the property of the world, and late in life he presented many of his pictures to the nation. He also endowed, at "Postman's Park," in Aldersgate Street, a memorial gallery for the celebration of the more domestic and commonly negligible deeds of heroism. Not only was he a painter but a powerful sculptor, and in Kensington Gardens may be seen his fine equestrian group "Physical Energy." Watts twice refused a baronetcy, but accepted the Order of Merit. He died in 1904, at the age of eighty-seven.

No. 1654. Portrait of the Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C., M.P.

Russell Gurney (1804-1878) had an honourable career as Recorder of London, a post which he held for twenty-one years; as Conservative Member of Parliament for Southampton; and as an adjudicator abroad. He was the son of Sir John Gurney, and was not of the Quaker family of Norfolk.

WESTALL (RICHARD), R.A. 1765-1836.

No. 1414. Portrait of Philip Sansom, Jun., when a child.

(Not shown except by request.)

Richard Westall, who, in his old age, was selected as a drawing-master to the Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen of England, was one of the many painters whose reputation was made or confirmed by Alderman Boydell. He was born at Hertford in 1765 and apprenticed, like Hogarth, to an heraldic engraver. The excellence of his work being noticed by the miniaturist, John Alefounder, he was advised to become a painter in earnest, and, taking this counsel, he studied at an evening art school until out of his indentures, when he set up professionally. He succeeded from the first, and thenceforward painted in oil and water colour and drew illustrations with an industry that almost appals. Only Stothard kept the engravers more busy. As a painter Westall was known chiefly by his historical and Shakespearean scenes, which were engraved and widely circulated. The National Gallery by no means represents his gifts, nor do I know where one can see his work in oil; but at South Kensington his water-colour methods may be studied. He painted the altar-piece at All Souls', Langham Place. In late life he took to that precarious trade, especially for an honest artist, picture dealing, and lost his savings. He died at 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, in 1836.

WILKIE (SIR DAVID), R.A. 1785-1841.

No. 99. The Blind Fiddler.

(Room XXIV.)

No. 122. The Village Festival.  
(Room XXIV.)

No. 329. The Bagpiper.  
(East Screen Room.)

David Wilkie was born at Cults in Fifeshire on 18th November 1785, and few children turned to drawing so early. His father was the minister; his mother, a farmer's daughter. David was intended for the ministry too, but he took to the pencil instead. He tells us that he became an artist through copying again and again a drawing of a Highland soldier sent to his father by Sir John Sinclair. After a happy-go-lucky country boyhood, in which he sketched everybody he knew and many of the people he saw, and even acquired sweets and marbles and such desirable things in exchange for his schoolfellows' portraits, Wilkie left at the age of fourteen for Edinburgh, bent upon becoming an artist. There he entered the Trustees' Academy, remaining until 1804, and doing fairly, but not remarkably, as a student. Among the pictures which he painted in the hope of gaining prizes were a scene from "Macbeth" and "Calisto in the Bath of Diana"; but on returning to his own village he took at once to the delineation of those domestic or rustic humours by which he is best known, and set to work on a picture of Pitlessie Fair—Pitlessie being his mother's native place—introducing into it (as the youthful novelist always does, but the youthful painter less often) portraits of most of his relations. The picture delighted



the neighbourhood immensely, and one old woman foretold with accuracy that there would one day be a Sir David Wilkie to pair off with Sir David Lindsay, the Scotch poet.

Wilkie, however, had much to do before the fulfilment. His first step was to attempt to establish himself as a portrait painter in Aberdeen. This failing, he sailed for London and entered at the Royal Academy schools. Burnet, Wilkie's chief engraver, who studied with him at the Trustees' Academy in Edinburgh and came on to London with him, says that he was so keen a student at the Royal Academy that he was the first to arrive and the last to leave. There he quickly made friends with Haydon, Mulready, and William Collins, none of whom are represented in Trafalgar Square, although all are at the Tate, and particularly with John Jackson, whom we do find here. In 1806 he made a great hit with his "Village Politicians." Haydon tells that when he took to Wilkie the news that that picture was praised in the papers, Wilkie and Jackson joined hands and danced round the table. It was Jackson, a protégé of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, who interested those gentlemen in the young Scotsman, and both gave him commissions, of which "The Blind Fiddler," now in the National Gallery, for Beaumont, was finished first, and exhibited in the Academy with great success in 1807. From this point Wilkie progressed prosperously.

His career was one steady but not too inter-

esting triumph, tempered by illness and bereavement. He made many friends, who loved him and laughed at his odd ways; and being simple, frugal, and unmarried, he became wealthy. Not only was he unmarried but so ignorant of child life that he was astonished, when attending the christening of a friend's child, to discover that although some days old it could see. The eventful periods of his life were those which he gave to travel. Haydon was occasionally his companion, and the autobiography of that remarkable and frustrated man has many amusing but affectionate references to Wilkie abroad, illustrating a certain "bang-went-saxpenceness" in his character and odd traits of caution.

Wilkie's methods were, naturally enough, often associated with Hogarth, and Hazlitt has a comparison between the two in his *Lectures on the Comic Writers*; while Sir George Beaumont, who had become the possessor of Hogarth's mahl-stick, handed it one day to Wilkie as being its predestined user. To the similarity between the two painters (which was not, however, very deep) accident added in a curious way on Wilkie's visit to France with Haydon in 1814, for at Calais he was arrested for sketching the gate, precisely as his great predecessor had been.

Always learning and susceptible of influence, the effect of his travels is often to be traced in Wilkie's work, but never so strongly as in that which he executed in Spain in 1827-28 and after his return, when his manner became vastly

freer and richer. A comparison of his "Village Festival" in the National Gallery, painted in 1809-10—one of the Angerstein pictures—with his "John Knox Preaching," in the Tate, will illustrate the transition of his style from Flemish to Spanish—from Teniers, say, to Velasquez. (The Tate, by the way, has some thirty of Wilkie's works, great and small.)

Wilkie, who had been made painter-in-ordinary to George IV in 1830, was knighted by William IV in 1836. In 1840 he went to Turkey and the Holy Land and died on the voyage home, on 1st June 1841, and was buried at sea in 36° 20' north latitude and 6° 42' west longitude. Turner painted the incident in No. 528 in the Tate Gallery, entitled "Peace—Burial at Sea." Thornbury's *Life of Turner* thus refers to this work:—"The first relates to Turner's picture of 'The Burial of Wilkie,' that funeral picture in which every tone and tint is so attuned to the subject that the whole seems as if it were painted on crape. The story dates the time back to when Wilkie, on his return to England, died near Gibraltar, and was buried in the sacred blue water close to Trafalgar. It strikingly shows Turner's depth of feeling, and his desire, without regard to buying or selling, to paint a monumental picture that might record his esteem for Wilkie's talent.

"Shortly after Wilkie's death and burial at sea, the following conversation took place between Turner and his friend Jones:—

“ T. ‘ I suppose nobody will do anything to commemorate Wilkie ? ’

“ J. ‘ I shall pay a humble tribute by making a drawing representing his funeral.’

“ T. ‘ How will you do it ? ’

“ J. ‘ On the deck of the vessel, as it has been described to me by persons present, and at the time that Wilkie’s body was lowered into the sea.’

“ T. ‘ Well, I will do it as it must have appeared off the coast.’

“ The picture by Turner and the drawing by Jones appeared in the ensuing Exhibition ; the former under the title of ‘ Peace — Burial at Sea.’

“ Turner painted the sails in the steamer as black as he could make them, which occasioned a remonstrance from Stanfield, who justly thought the colour and effect untrue, upon which Turner said, ‘ I only wish I had any colour to make them blacker.’ It is very like Turner, to have indicated mourning by this means, probably retaining some confused notions of the death of Ægeus and the black sails of the returning *Theseus*.”

There is a tablet on Wilkie’s house at 24 Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington.

No. 99. The Blind Fiddler.

Wilkie’s mother gave the following account of her son’s famous picture and his early talent :—  
“ I mind that he was aye scrawling and scratching, I didna ken what, and he had an idle fashion o’

making likenesses and caricatoors like of all the folk as came. And there was an auld blind man, Willie, the fiddler, just an idle sort of a beggar mon, that used to come wi' his noise, and set all the women servants a-jigging wi' his scratching and scraping; and Davie was aye taking o' this pair bodie into the hoose, and gieing him a drap o' toddy: and I used to cry shame on the lad for encouraging such lazy vagabonds about the hoose. Weel," pursued the old lady, "but ye maun ken he was an ill-favoured, daft sort of a creatur, that pair blind bodie, weel eno' in his way, but not the sort o' folk to be along wi' Davie; yet the lad was always a-saying to me, 'Mither, gie's a bawbee for pair blind Willie.' This, sir," she added with a sigh, "was when we lived at the manse Aweel, sir, they told me—it was mony years after the pair blind bodie was gane hame, sir—that Davie had painted a grand pictur; and he wrote to me to go to Edinburgh to see it; and I went, and sure eno' there was pair old Willie, the very like o' him, his fiddle and a'. I was wud wi' surprise; and there was Davie standing a-laughing at me, and saying, 'Mither, mony's the time that ye ha' heard that fiddle to the toon o' "The Campbells are Coming."'"

This story is not, however, consistent with the statement of Abraham Raimbach, the engraver of the picture, that Wilkie's model was an old man who played his fiddle for coppers in Oxford Street, "at the wall beyond Lord Harewood's house in

Hanover Square." Perhaps, however, the memory and the London model were combined.

The picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont in 1806. The girl leaning over the chair was said by Wilkie's friend Jackson, the portrait painter, to resemble the artist; while all the hands were painted from his own.

No. 122. The Village Festival.

Painted for J. J. Angerstein in 1808 as "The Alehouse Door."

WILSON (RICHARD), R.A. 1714-1782.

No. 108. The Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas, at Tivoli.

(Room XXV.)

No. 110. Landscape: The Destruction of Niobe's Children.

(Room XXV.)

No. 267. River Scene.

(Room XXI.)

No. 301. View in Italy.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 302. View in Italy, with an Arched Ruin.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 303. Hadrian's Villa.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 304. Lake Avernus, with the Bay of Naples in the distance.

(Room XXIII.)

No. 1064. On the River Wye.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1071. A Rocky River Scene.

(Room XXI.)

No. 1290. Landscape, with Bathers.

(Room XXIII.)

- No. 1779. River Scene, with Ruins.  
(Vestibule of Screen Rooms.)
- No. 2438. The Castle of St. Angelo, Rome.  
(West Screen Room.)
- No. 2646. Italian Coast Scene.  
(Between Rooms XXV and XXVI.)
- No. 2647. A Lake Scene : After Noon.  
(Between Rooms XXV and XXVI.)
- No. 2716. A Castle by a Lake.  
(Room XXIII.)

Richard Wilson was one of the unhappy English painters. His pictures represent the sublimation of peacefulness—smiling landscapes illumined by such a lovely tender light as rarely is on sea or land ; his later life was failure, embittered by poverty and jealousy.

Wilson was born at Penegoes in Montgomeryshire on 1st August 1714, the son of the rector. As a child he drew men and animals with a burnt stick on the wall, and was encouraged by his father. This worthy man gave him a good home education, and sent him to London to learn painting under Thomas Wright—not Wright of Derby. He began as a portrait painter, and an excellent large specimen of his skill may be seen next door—"Two Princes and their Tutor"—and in 1749 he visited Italy. One day at Venice he called upon Francesco Zuccarelli, and while waiting for him to come in sketched in oils the view from the window. Zuccarelli, returning, was delighted with the picture, and advised Wilson to concentrate on landscape, similar counsel coming a little later from Horace Vernet,

the French painter, who praised in all companies Wilson's efforts in this line. Wilson accepted his destiny, and, settling in Rome, painted in the Campagna and met and taught distinguished persons. When, for example, he made the sketch for the "Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas" at Tivoli, in April 1754 (No. 108), he was accompanied by the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Thanet, the Earl of Essex, and Lord Bolingbroke. He also travelled with Lord Dartmouth to Naples, sketching by the way. It follows that when he returned to England in 1756, at the age of forty-two, he brought with him a great reputation, since lords could not then make mistakes.

Wilson, however, had better have remained in his beloved Italy, for his happiest time was over. Although his fame increased with every picture—and he painted many—his prices ruled surprisingly low. Landscape had not yet become popular, and the few accepted practitioners in that line could do better without the new arrival. By the irony of fate one of these practitioners was no other than Zuccarelli himself, who, after launching Wilson on his new career, had come to England and created a taste for a saccharine efficiency very different from Wilson's sweet power. The placid, romantic scene numbered 2086 will illustrate his gift. One may judge, then, of the rugged and sardonic Wilson's feelings when a number of his brother artists, actuated purely by the friendliest motives, one day visited him in a body to urge upon him the importance of



making Zuccarelli his model. Another rival was George Smith of Chichester, whom we have met, with his accomplished conventions which no bold innovator on real terms with nature, such as Thomas Gainsborough, had yet rendered insipid by contrast. Wilson, therefore, found but few purchasers. An exception was Paul Sandby, who not only praised but bought ; while Sir George Beaumont not only praised and bought but also took lessons. Among his other pupils were Farington, afterwards the R.A., and Parsons the comedian.

Wilson, although a good companion among those who really knew him—he was once compared by a witty lady to an olive : “ rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little acquaintance, and delightful at last ”—made few friends. He was what is called a difficult man. He had the cardinal faults of rather preferring his own company and speaking his own mind. He was also an opponent of ceremony, and, although a man who believed in himself and was the possessor of strong views on art and artists, was reserved and shy. He avoided the rich and pretentious, and preferred to sit with his tankard at the Turk’s Head in Gerrard Street, now and then uttering a shrewd or caustic remark.

His life was behind him. Poor, neglected, and so disfigured by potations that the street boys called him “ Nosey,” his head was filled with the beauties of the Italy where he had been happy and successful, which he would see no more. Hence he gradually dropped out, and

although he was elected one of the original R.A.'s when the Academy was founded in 1768, the honour carried little profit with it. An idea of what his prices were like may be gained from the fact that George III complained that a commissioned picture of Sion House was too dear at sixty guineas. "Tell his Majesty," said Wilson to Lord Bute, the intermediary, "that he may pay for it by instalments." The result was that he received no more favours from Court. That was one blow. He also had to bear the dislike of Sir Joshua Reynolds—no small disability in that day. Wilson, who knew his worth (as we know it now, too late), retired more into himself and his porter pot and remained true to his genius; but the result was a bitter struggle, in which the pawnbrokers were his principal friends. He changed his lodgings steadily, always going to worse, but always trying for a window which gave upon the northern heights. One person at any rate so took to heart Wilson's poverty and hardships that he permitted them to warn him from following the painter's calling. This (if the story be true) was Matthew William Peters (1742-1814), of whom it is told that although a fine painter he took holy orders rather than run the risk of suffering as Wilson did.

Wilson painted standing, and used only one brush. He forced his visitors to distant corners from which to admire, saying that one should see pictures with the eyes and not with the nose. He had a passion for nature probably not





less intense than Constable's or Turner's, although less various in its results. His exclamation at the falls of Terni is historic: after standing in rapt and silent delight for some minutes, he uttered the words, "Well done, water, by God!" Among painters he most admired—or, more rightly, worshipped—Claude. Sir George Beaumont tells that Wilson would not allow Claude to be criticized at all. All that Wilson knew he claimed to have had from Claude—"the only person that ever could paint fine weather and Italian skies,"—while of one of Claude's pictures he said that it made his heart ache; "I shall never paint such a picture as that, were I to live a thousand years."

Had not the post of librarian of the Royal Academy been given to him he would have been even more destitute than often he was. When thoroughly broken in health, although never in spirit, he succeeded to a small estate in Wales, and there lived in comfort for a few months until his death. He was taken fatally ill while walking alone, and help was brought only through the persistence of his dog, who returned wailing to the house. He died unmarried in 1782.

No. 108. The Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas, at Tivoli.

This is the picture which Wilson painted in such noble company, as I have stated above, for Sir George Beaumont. The spring on the left is the "Fons Bandusiæ" of Horace, whose

patron Mæcenas was, somewhat as Beaumont was Wilson's; but actually the spring was some miles distant from the villa. Beaumont, more interested in poetry than topographical exactitude, asked for it to be included.

No. 110. The Destruction of Niobe's Children.

This also belonged to Beaumont. Niobe had such pride in her seven sons and seven daughters that she refused to sacrifice to Latona, who had but two children, Apollo and Diana. Latona, made furious by the insult, besought these twain to make an end of Niobe's train; which they did. Figures were not Wilson's *forte*, and those in this picture were (says Henry Angelo) painted by his crony, John Hamilton Mortimer. "Wilson . . . used to say, 'Jack Mortimer draws the figure too well, and I draw it too ill; could he unlearn half his knowledge, and I add half to mine, my figures would be just the thing.' 'Why, no,' said Mortimer, 'that is sorry logic, friend Dick; you cannot draw at all; hence half my knowledge would make *your* figures *mine*.' 'Bravo, Jack Mortimer,' said Wilson, 'then you remain the best logician, and I the better painter, which indubitably, as you know, I am.'"

This Mortimer, whose fine rich way can be studied in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, was born at Eastbourne in 1741, the son of a miller. He, like Reynolds and Wright, was placed under Hudson, and he studied later under Reynolds himself. His gifts as an historical painter

were considerable, but he had little or no restraint amid convivial temptations and died at the age of thirty-eight, shattered in health. His etchings were powerful. Wilson painted his portrait.

WINSTANLEY (HAMLET). 1698-1756.

No. 1076. Portrait of the Painter.

(Room XX.)

A pupil of Kneller, Winstanley had the good fortune as a young man to attract the attention of the then Earl of Derby, who not only established him at Knowsley as a copyist and portrait painter, but sent him to Rome to study and engrave.

WRIGHT (JOSEPH) OF DERBY. 1734-1797.

No. 725. An Experiment with the Air Pump.

(Now lent to the town of Derby.)

“Wright of Derby,” so called because there was another Wright then painting—Richard Wright, a marine artist—might have borne the descriptive style “The English Honthorst,” and, indeed, may have done so; for his *forte*, like the Dutchman’s, was painting full-sized figures illuminated by artificial light. The National Gallery is fortunate in possessing the finest example of Wright’s genius in this direction, but at present it is very badly hung and easily missed altogether.

Joseph Wright, who was born at Derby in 1734, was one of the artists whose father was on the helping side. The boy’s ingenuity as an inventor and early skill in draughtsmanship

were equally encouraged. He began by making a spinning-wheel, a gun and a peep-show, when still quite a child; but at eleven he turned to art, and his copies and portraits were so good that at the age of sixteen his father sent him to London to learn painting from Hudson, Sir Joshua's master, whose only National Gallery picture hangs opposite Wright's in the left vestibule. Reynolds had gone to Hudson in 1740, quickly exhausting his instructor's store of knowledge; Wright went to him eleven years later and remained till 1753, returning for further lessons in 1756. He then became a painter of Derbyshire worthies, but, chancing upon experiments with candlelight, concentrated upon those effects and quickly made his new reputation.

At this time Wright was a handsome man, popular among his friends, and a skilled performer on the flute; and his best work was being done under pleasant circumstances. In 1773, when he was thirty-nine, he made the usual journey to Italy; but with a result different from that which most artists experienced, for while there he did permanent injury to his health by lying on the stone floor of the Sistine Chapel to copy the frescoes on the ceiling, and he witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius which so captured his imagination that he abandoned his earlier style of picture in favour of scenes of pyrotechnic splendour or terror, which were striking rather than admirable, and rendered with a marked



declension in power. Wilson is said to have offered to give his air for Wright's fire; but whether this was a criticism or a compliment is not certain: more probably a jesting censure. Returned to England, Wright was never happy again. He became an invalid, a hypochondriac; Bath refused to install him as a portrait painter in the position just vacated by Gainsborough; and he was engaged in a steady feud with the Royal Academy, even to refusing the full R.A.-ship to which he was elected in 1784. He also quarrelled with Boydell, for whom he had done some Shakespeare Gallery work, and though he had many friends who were fond of him, among them such distinguished men as Wedgwood, Erasmus Darwin, and Sir Richard Arkwright, and though he remained a prophet with honour in his own country, Wright's post-Italian years must be considered as far less fortunate than those which came before. He died at Derby in 1797. His portrait of himself hangs next door.

No. 725. An Experiment with the Air Pump.

The original title of this picture was "An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump," and there is some doubt among the critics as to the emotion expressed by the two girls. According to the official catalogue, "the bird is just recovering its vitality, to the relief of the two young girls, who thought it dead"; according to the Redgraves' admirable *History*, they are

“touched with childish sorrow and dread at what they are told is to be the result of the experiment—the death of the bird confined in the glass receiver of the machine.”

ZOFFANY (JOHN), R.A. 1733-1810.

No. 1487. Portrait of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.  
(East Screen Room.)

We come now to another foreigner who, like Louthembourg, having settled upon our shores, made so complete a conquest of us as to become one of the original members of the Royal Academy. John Zoffany, or Johann Zoffanji or Zoffanii, was of Bohemian descent, and was born at Ratisbon, in 1733, the son of an architect named Zauffely. At the age of thirteen he ran away from the artist under whom he had been placed, Martin Speer of Ratisbon, and, reaching Rome—how, one would like to know—he became the protégé of a cardinal and remained in Italy for twelve years, studying art and painting. He then returned to Germany, made a miserable marriage, and cut himself adrift from it by crossing to England without a penny. For a while he painted clock fronts for Rimbault, the musical clock maker in Great St. Andrew Street; then he painted Rimbault's portrait, and did it so well that Benjamin Wilson, the portrait painter, who saw it, made inquiries, and, needing an assistant to remedy his own deficiencies as a delineator of the human form, engaged Zoffany in that capacity and swore him to secrecy. This was the Wilson

who, as we have seen, deceived Hudson so amusingly with the spurious Rembrandt etching. Although a good etcher he was a poor painter, and it was not till Zoffany joined him that he produced anything remarkable. He was no relation of Richard Wilson, but knew him, as did Zoffany; and, indeed, later in his career Zoffany employed the other and greater Wilson now and then to paint in a landscape background for him, and once he took a liberty with this colleague which might have cost him a sore head, for when painting a portrait group of Royal Academicians he set a pot of porter, Wilson's notoriously favourite beverage, by his side. Wilson at once provided himself with a cudgel, and Zoffany painted it out. To return to the other Wilson—Benjamin—such assistance as Zoffany was engaged to give to him has, of course, always been a regular thing: the greatest painters have allowed others to supply accessories; but in the days of English portrait painting just anterior to Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, many a painter of portraits could paint nothing but faces. They specialised in likenesses and stopped there. Hudson, for example, had for the rest of the picture recourse to a Dutchman named Van Haecken, whose services Ramsay also employed. Wilson could make £1500 a year and enjoy a great reputation, and yet be an absolute bungler at drapery and hands. It was indeed Wilson's known incapacity that led to Zoffany's rise; for, according to John Thomas Smith in *Nollekens*

*and his Times*, Garrick, who had been sitting to Wilson, was, when he received the finished picture, so convinced that another and better brush was in it, that he insisted upon knowing the truth; and, Wilson explaining, Zoffany emerged a successful painter, particularly of actors and actresses. He may indeed for a while be called Garrick's Serjeant Painter, and no one can rightly appreciate his genius who does not visit the pictures in the Club named after the great actor, in Garrick Street.

Zoffany's prosperity included the patronage of George III, who commissioned him to paint a picture of himself, his queen, and his family. There were certain delays incident to royal life in the progress of this work; appointments to sit were broken, and so forth; with the result that while the picture was stationary the family was increasing, and every time (the story goes) Zoffany succeeded in getting the group together again there was yet another to include. The work was, however, exhibited in 1770, a year after the artist was made R.A. His good fortune suffered a check when Banks's expedition with Captain Cook, which he was to have accompanied, broke down, and, becoming financially involved, he removed to Italy and Austria for seven years, painting the portraits of the nobility and returning to England in 1779 a baron of the Austrian empire. In 1783 he was travelling again, this time to India, where he remained until 1790, painting rajahs and officers, tiger hunts and cock

fighters, and acquiring large sums of that money which he greatly esteemed although he seemed incapable of retaining the object of his affection. Of one of these pictures, "Colonel Mordaunt's Cock Match," it is told that on its voyage to England to the engraver, Richard Earlom, who was to make a plate of it, the ship was wrecked and the picture lost. Zoffany, however, had all his sketches, and painted from memory a replica so exact that Warren Hastings, the owner of the original, never knew of the incident.

Zoffany, although now in easy circumstances, continued to paint, but his best work was done. He died in 1810 and is buried in Kew churchyard. He left a widow, to whom Nollekens the sculptor, when nearly eighty, proposed, and on being refused, magnanimously put her down in his will for £300. Zoffany's portrait by himself is next door.



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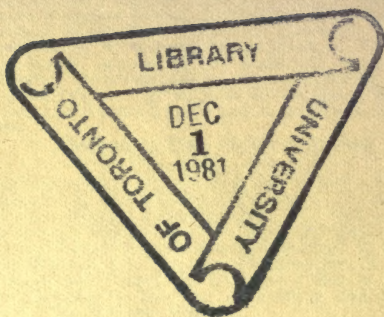
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