

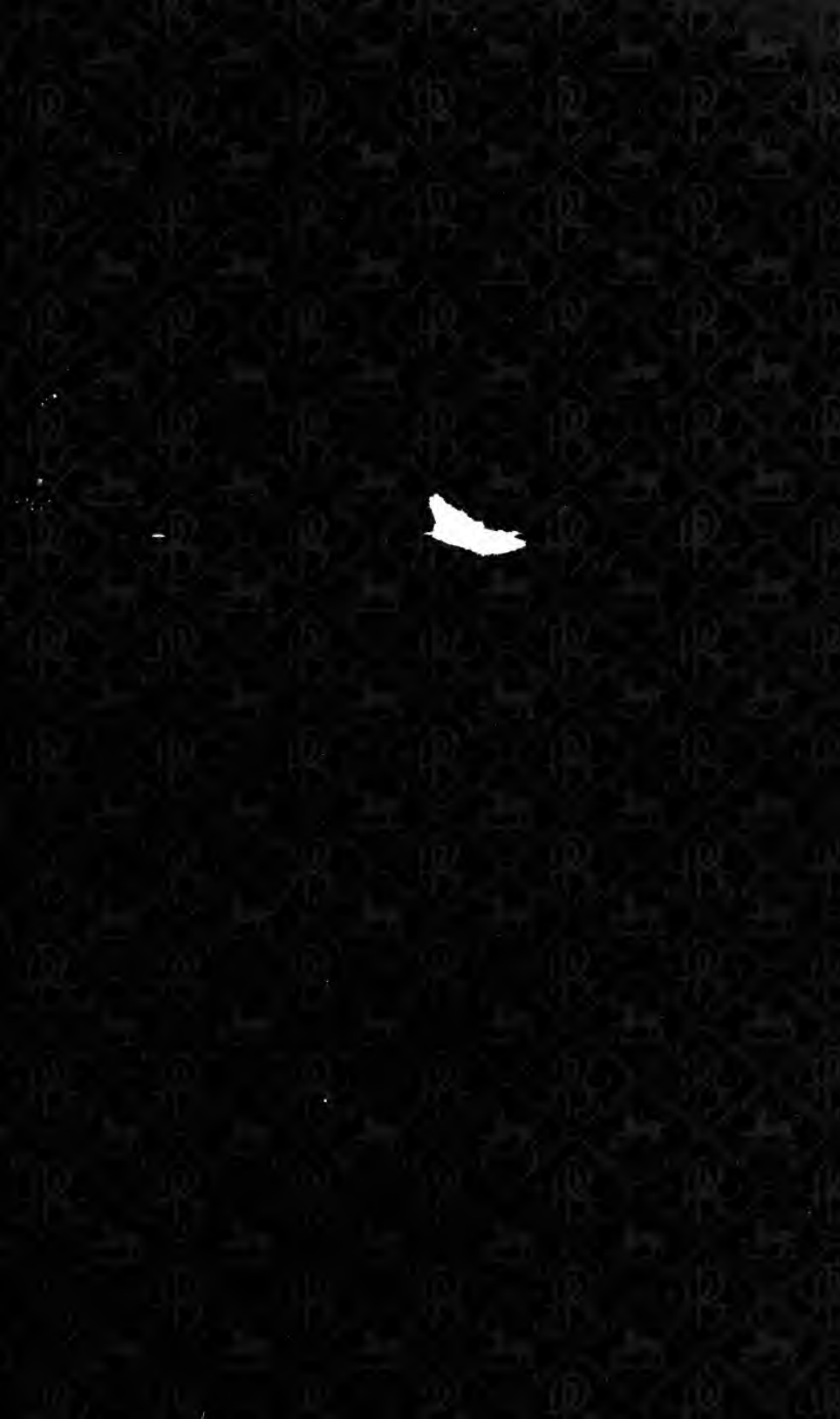
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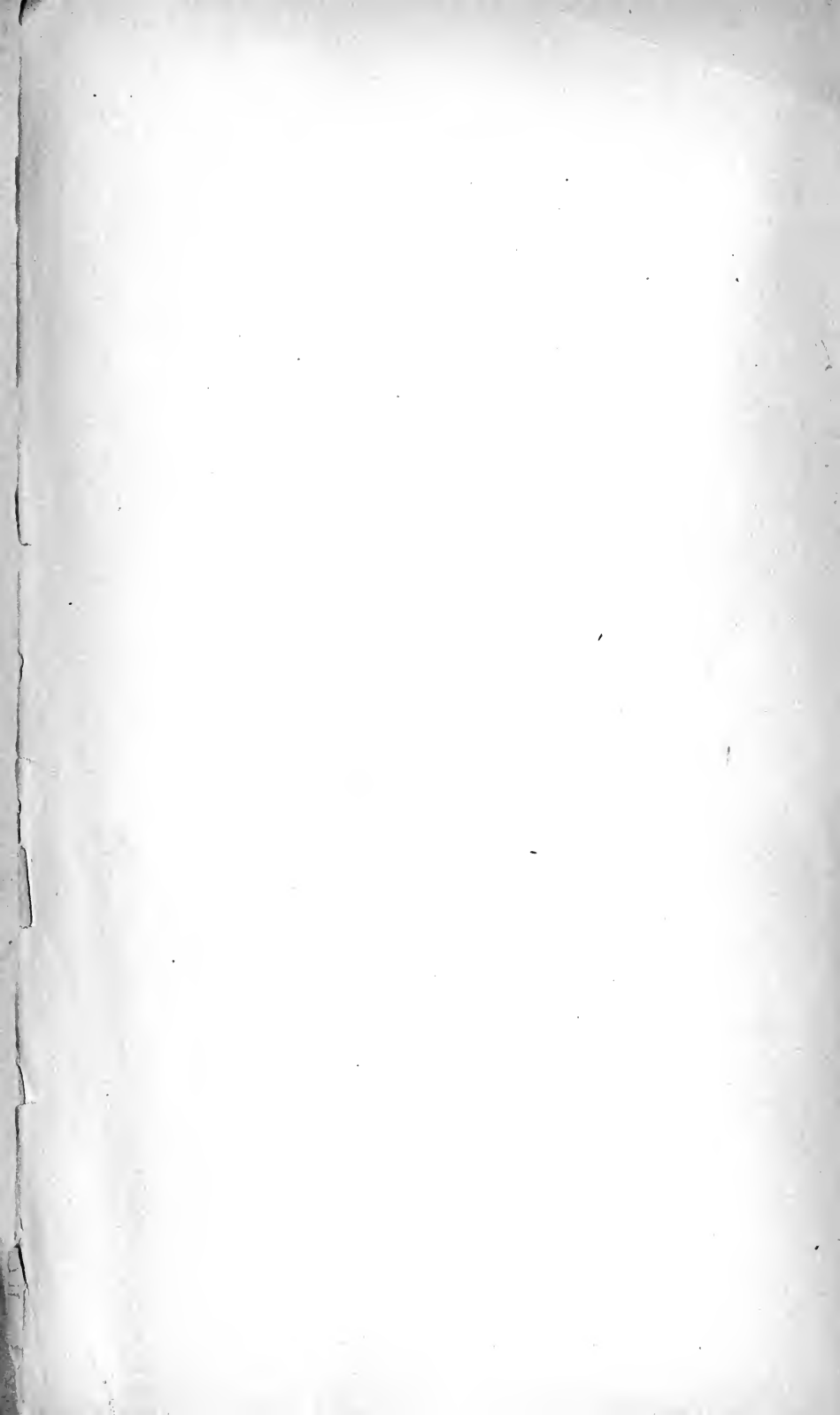
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NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES





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JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, ESQ. R.A.

*Portrait of Joseph Nollekens, Esq. R.A. by Richard Bentley & Son, 1854.*



# NOLLEKENS

*AND HIS TIMES*

BY

JOHN THOMAS SMITH

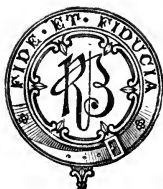
KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

EDITED

WITH AN ESSAY ON GEORGIAN SCULPTURE, AND  
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF J. T. SMITH

BY

EDMUND GOSSE



LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1895

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## INTRODUCTION

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*THIS curious and entertaining work, which gives so unique a picture of the household life of a popular artist at the end of the eighteenth century, was brought out in two octavo volumes by Colburn in 1828. It contained, as frontispiece, a fine lithograph of Nollekens, engraved by William Bond from a drawing by John Jackson, R.A. A second edition, revised, appeared in 1829, and this has been taken as the text for the present reprint. In this edition Smith omitted some of his desultory anecdotes, which had no bearing whatever upon the life of his hero, and, with one exception, it has not been thought desirable to put them back again. The two editions have, however, been carefully collated.*

*In reprinting the 'Life of Nollekens' two changes have been made, an account of which must here be given. In order to fill out the second of his volumes, J. T. Smith appended 'Memoirs of several Contemporary Artists, from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds, to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake.'*

*This is, in reality, a separate contribution to literature, and has no connection with the 'Life of Nollekens.' It is an instalment of the same author's 'Book for a Rainy Day,' with which, if at all, it should be reprinted. It is here omitted as forming no part of the 'Life of Nollekens.'*

*In the second place J. T. Smith had the habit, as his work progressed, of adding to his manuscript reminiscences which had escaped his memory when he was writing his first draft. These he printed as notes, although they really form an integral part of the book. In the present edition these passages are printed in the text, so as not to interrupt the reader's attention. Those which are genuine illustrative notes by Smith have been left where they stood, at the foot of the page.*

*In an appendix will be found certain supplementary facts, hitherto unpublished, which the editor owes to the courtesy of Miss Edith M. Beechey, of High House, Newbury.*

*So little is now remembered of the history of Georgian sculpture that the editor has prefixed to this reprint an essay, in which he has endeavoured to collect what is known about the leading English sculptors between Roubiliac and Flaxman, and to give some of the characteristics of their work. It is hoped that this may serve to help the reader in forming an impression of the world of art in which Nollekens flourished. No section of the history of English talent has been more unworthily neglected.*

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*In conclusion, the editor ventures to call attention to the very full index which he has prepared. The 'Life of Nollekens' has hitherto been a closed book to the compilers of topographical and biographical works, from the difficulty of finding a fact or a detail in its copious pages. It is hoped that the index here published will enable this compendium of curious information to be used conveniently as a book of reference.*

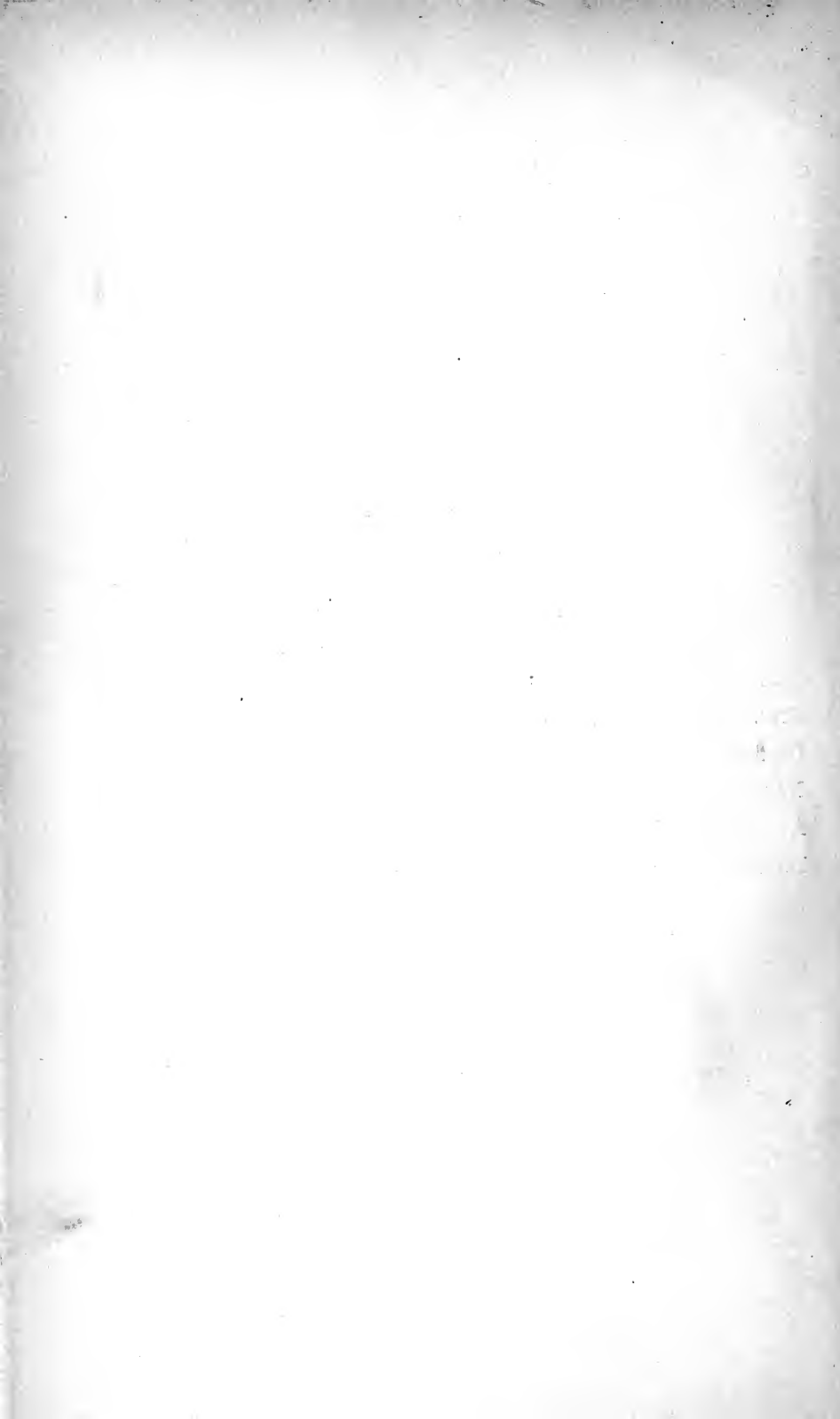
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AN  
ESSAY ON ENGLISH SCULPTURE  
FROM ROUBILIAC TO FLAXMAN.

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THE history of English sculpture in the eighteenth century has yet to be written, and the materials for it are now rare and scattered. Even of Roubiliac comparatively little is known; and of the other statuaries, from Bird down to Flaxman, scarcely any personal data would have been preserved had it not been for the industry of John Thomas Smith. In the 'Life of Nollekens,' which is here reprinted, and in his 'Anecdotes of Several Artists,' that entertaining writer supplied us with desultory statements for which he has never yet received due gratitude. A brief and posterous life of Bacon, by Cecil, and a few notes by Allan Cunningham, almost exhaust the other sources of information on the sculptors of the eighteenth century. The fast-vanishing works of the artists themselves, ravaged by fire and flood, dispersed often beyond the power of re-identification, complete the slender data on which we can build up an idea of this important group of men. In the following pages some attempt will be made, in the first place, to rearrange what is known about their lives; in the second, to bring the light of modern criticism to bear on their work, hitherto obscured—and most unfairly—by too implicit a trust in the excessive fastidiousness of Flaxman.

Little must here be said, however, of the exotic sculptors who flourished in England before George III. ascended the throne. In the central years of the century, Roubiliac, a Frenchman, and two Flemings, Peter Scheemakers and John Michael Rijsbrack, competed with one another for the execution of public monuments in London. The first was an artist of very considerable genius, whose work is still highly appreciated and widely known. Scheemakers and Rijsbrack were men of inferior pretensions, whose shops, in Vine Street and in Vere Street respectively, were manufactories of sculpture, in which the former, at least, was aided by yet another Fleming, Laurent Delvaux, who soon returned to Belgium. When the Royal Academy was founded Roubiliac had been dead for six years. Scheemakers might well expect that he would be a foundation member. It is not recorded that it was disappointment that led him, in the next year, to return to Antwerp. He was seventy-eight years of age, and might well wish to retire from the profession. Rijsbrack remained in England, and he also was overlooked, dying above his shop in Vere Street in 1770. The disappearance of all these men left the field completely free for the appearance of a new generation of sculptors.

In a queer copy of verses composed by Roubiliac in 1761, the statuary had said, doubtless in tentative reference to the new monarch:

‘ Il ne faut pas qu’un Mécenas  
Pour revoir le Siècle d’Auguste.’

Next year Roubiliac himself died, and when, in 1768, the Royal Academy looked about it for foundation members, it could only find two sculptors who seemed worthy to be affiliated to the thirty-eight painters. These were Joseph Wilton and Agostino Carlini, two artists whose historical position and unquestionable merit call out against the complete obscurity into which their very names have fallen.

Of Wilton, almost all that we know has been preserved to us by the industry of J. T. Smith. According to that invaluable gossip, he was born in London on July 16, 1722. In order to realize the important position held in the history of our art by Joseph Wilton, it must be borne in mind that until his time sculpture in England had mainly been carried on by foreign modellers and carvers under the direction of British architects. Cunningham described this condition of things with accuracy and vivacity when he said 'the architects dictated monuments something in the mathematical principles of their profession. The names of Kent and Gibbs and Chambers appear upon our public monuments as inventors of the designs, while the artists who executed them are mentioned as mere modelling tools or chisels, which moved as they were directed by their architectural lords-paramount. Rijsbrack, Scheemakers, and even Roubiliac, were fain to submit to the tyranny. In truth, the architects of those days were mighty men. Not contented with planning the houses in which the nobles lived, they laid out the gardens in which they walked, cooled their summer seats and arbours with artificial cascades, hung gods and seasons upon the ceilings of their galleries, sketched the cradles for their children, dictated the form and flowers of their ladies' dresses, and, following them to the family vault, erected a triumphant monument in honour of their virtues.'

It was the function of Joseph Wilton to rebel against this tyranny. He was the first trained sculptor of English birth, and he was fortunate enough to be born to wealth, which made him independent. His father was a highly successful manufacturer of *papier-maché*, who employed several hundred persons in his establishments at Charing Cross and near Cavendish Square. It is probable that Laurent Delvaux had worked for him while he was in England, for when the young Joseph began to show a strong leaning to sculpture, his father took him over to

Nivelles, in Brabant, and left him to study with that clever statuary. In 1744 Wilton quitted Delvaux, and proceeded to Paris, where he worked for three years under that brilliant sculptor, Jean Baptiste Pigalle, already, at the age of thirty, a recognised master of the French school. Wilton gained the silver medal of the Académie des Beaux Arts, and 'acquired the power of cutting marble,' a mystery until that time closed to Englishmen. In October, 1747, he proceeded to Rome.

For the next eight years Wilton resided in Italy, and principally at Rome and Florence. This was a period of the most critical importance to the art of sculpture, and it is a matter for regret that we possess no record of the effect produced on the mind of the young English sculptor. We read that in 1750 he received from Pope Benedict XIV. the Jubilee gold medal, but we know not how he was affected by the discoveries of ancient Greek art made at Herculaneum and at Pæstum, nor by the literature of modern archæology, which began about that year to glorify the art of Greece and its noble simplicity. In Holland he had probably seen the crowded and violent pediments of Arthur Quellinus; in Paris he had been instructed by Pigalle, that 'Phidias-Pigalle,' as he was called, who endeavoured to cultivate realism side by side with *le grand art*; in Italy he was now contrasting the frenzied monuments of Bernini and Algardi with the sweet serenity of rediscovered Greek sculpture.

Wilton left Italy in 1755, and in the following year Winkelmann published those 'Reflections on the Imitation of Greek Art in Sculpture and in Painting' which formed the prelude to his great work of archæological criticism. It was a period of agitation, of the new sculpture beginning to rise and smite the old, during which Wilton served his Italian apprenticeship. We know that he was deeply interested in the antique, and that when he was in Florence he executed, in marble, many copies of ancient

statues. In his combination of the old and the new, of the sculpture of the eighteenth century with that of the neo-classic school of the Revolution, Wilton may be compared with a French sculptor who was still a child when the Englishman left Paris—with the ingenious and gifted Pierre Julien.

Wilton returned to London in May, 1755, and brought with him a painter, Cipriani, afterwards the well-known R.A., an architect, who was to become Sir William Chambers, and a sculptor, the eccentric Capizzoldi. The latter made but little mark in England, and soon returned to Italy; he was for awhile Wilton's carver and assistant, and he modelled the curious bas-relief in bronze at the base of the monument to General Wolfe in Westminster Abbey. He would, nevertheless, be forgotten but for a story told by Smith:

'Capizzoldi, upon his arrival, took the attic story of a house in Warwick Street, Golden Square, and, being short of furniture, painted chairs, pictures and window curtains upon the walls of his sitting-room, most admirably deceptive, so that with two chairs and a small table he entertained a friend with a breakfast, on an oyster and a pot of porter, in a room completely furnished. At such repasts my father has frequently been his companion.'

In 1758 Wilton and Cipriani were appointed by the Duke of Richmond Directors to the Statue Garden in Privy Gardens, and on the accession of George III. the sculptor became State Coach Carver to the King. He presently inherited his father's fortune, and, in Smith's words, 'the edge of his inclination for art was considerably blunted.' Nevertheless, in 1768 he was made an Academician, but he seems to have taken far less interest in the corporation and in its schools than did his solitary colleague, Carlini. Wilton became a very fine gentleman, moved in fashionable society, executed a few more busts and monuments, and became celebrated for his dinner-parties. When

Carlini died, Wilton accepted the Keepership of the Royal Academy, and in that capacity might be seen moving about upon his gold-headed cane, dressed in the height of the fashion, with a long-tailed wig, and a portly and dignified demeanour. He was a hospitable, gentlemanly, elegant man, but money had killed the promising artist, whose youth had been so laborious and original. He died in his official apartments in Somerset Place on November 25, 1803, in his eighty-second year.

Wilton has suffered great and unmerited neglect. His name calls for revival as that of an artist of great learning and high accomplishment. Between Roubiliac and Bacon he was without a rival, and he is not unworthy to be named with the one and with the other. In the eyes of Read and other extravagant imitators of Roubiliac it seemed impossible to go too far in the direction of sensational and preposterous design. Wilton, with his better training and more harmonious fancy, saw that this was the point at which the great French sculptor had himself been led into error, and he cultivated a much calmer manner. The taste of the age was against him; he was forced by it to heap up those rhetorical masses of urns and clouds and tombs which we find so vapid. Nor was he at any time a great master of composition. But the more carefully we examine his monuments, laying aside prejudice and the ridicule which successive generations have so lightly heaped upon them, the more shall we be convinced of the talent of Joseph Wilton.

He was at his best when, full of enthusiasm and cheered by the patronage of the young King, he started in London with monuments of heroic size. Such are the 'Holmes' which he completed in 1766 and the 'Pulteney' of 1767. Here we may admire an extraordinary detail of modelling, closely transferred from nature itself. Wilton, we are told, prided himself on his anatomy, and he was justified in so doing, since his knowledge of the human body was

evidently superior to that of any other English sculptor of the century. The delicacy of his treatment of the play of muscles and articulations is remarkable; it is sometimes almost pre-Raphaelite in its quaint precision. Somewhat weak in design Wilton usually is. He is always excellent in execution; he succeeds in what he aims at, and his single figures are distinguished, learned, and often beautiful. He himself, and his age, considered his huge monument to Wolfe to be his masterpiece. It is difficult to assent to this criticism; here the sculptor seems to have striven at something beyond his powers. In the first place, the mixture of low relief with figures in the round is highly unfortunate, and the design, which fails to interest, overpowers the detail of the modelling. The lions at the base are ludicrous, and there is no escaping from them. Yet examination points to much that is admirable in the 'Wolfe.' Contemporaries found fault with the fact that the naked body of the hero is supported by soldiers in modern uniform; yet the convention could be defended, even from a realistic point of view, and certainly does not vex the eye. The way in which the illumination of the whole enormous structure is focussed on the head and shoulders of the dying general is exceedingly skilful.

The 'Wolfe,' however, though the most famous of Wilton's productions, is far from being the best. He is seen to greater advantage in calmer compositions. He loved to introduce angels into his mortuary monuments, and to support them on wings of rare beauty and novelty. The heads of these spiritual creations of his have sometimes an almost Rossetti-like picturesqueness. Wilton represents the transition from the brisk and realistic virility of Roubiliac and Pigalle to the imagination of the neo-Hellenic school, although he shows no sign of direct Greek influence. Unhappily, success and worldly indulgence made him languid; some of his later work is unworthy of him. But at his best he was a very brilliant and highly-equipped

craftsman; sometimes he seems almost worthy to be called a great artist. He affected an unusual height of polish on the surface of his works. His busts are graceful and true, but they have neither the searching portraiture nor the high distinction of those of Nollekens.

Of Agostino Carlini, who was also a very clever artist, much less has been preserved. He was a native of Genoa, but we do not know when he was born, nor how he came to distinguish himself above all the supple and exotic modellers of his age. He lived and died at No. 14, Carlisle Street, Soho, and Smith has preserved for us this vignette of his appearance late in life: 'When Carlini was Keeper of the Royal Academy, he used to walk from his house to Somerset Place, with a broken tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and dressed in a deplorable great-coat; but when he has been going to the Academy dinner, I have seen him getting into a chair, full dressed in a purple silk coat, scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, point-lace ruffles, and a sword and bag.' Carlini died on August 16, 1790.

This is all that is known about Carlini, whose works have disappeared almost as completely as his memory, the Royal Academy itself not having preserved that equestrian statue of George III. which he presented to it as his diploma work in 1769. And yet Carlini, so far as can now be discerned, was an admirable sculptor. His busts show the influence of Roubiliac in a modelling that is rather hard and dry, but masterly in style. His head of George III. at Burlington House is a delightful work, the carving extraordinarily fine, the drapery, if a little too tight and mannered in the fashion of the time, well expressing the buoyant folds of silk, the treatment of the hair varied, the silhouette dignified and distinguished.

The opening of the schools of the Royal Academy in 1769 was the signal for a complete revival of the art of sculpture in England. That two successive Keepers should



have been sculptors must have greatly fostered the study of that art, since it is the Keeper who has the direction of the schools of the Royal Academy. Among the young men who were the earliest to take advantage of the encouragement given to modellers were Bacon, Banks, and Nollekens, destined to be the leading English sculptors of the next generation. Of these the first-mentioned was the youngest, but the one who earliest attained wealth and eminence. It may, therefore, be convenient to speak first of John Bacon.

Like not a few later sculptors of distinction, Bacon came to the schools of the Royal Academy from pottery works. Born on the 24th of November, 1740, the son of a Somerset man of fallen fortunes, he was apprenticed for eight years, at the age of fourteen, to the well-known manufacturer of china shepherdesses — Crispe, of Bow Churchyard. Crispe's pottery furnace was at Lambeth, and thither the boy took the small clay models which were to be burned. In process of time he made such models himself—little rude figures of animals and persons. He was still a labourer at the potteries when, in 1758, he carried a clay model—'a small figure of Peace, after the manner of the antique'—to the Society of Arts. He received the prize of ten pounds, and was from this time forth a constant recipient of the premiums of the society until the Royal Academy was formed. Bacon entered the schools, but his knowledge was already considerable, and he received in 1769 the first gold medal ever given by the Academy. Next year he was elected A.R.A. All this while he was still a labourer. He is said to have invented a species of artificial stone, called lithodipra, on which a manufacturer at Lambeth expended some capital in 1769; this product became extremely popular, and for at least ten years Bacon was the principal workman. Nichols, the historian of Lambeth, writing in 1784, speaks of the Artificial Stone Factory in these terms: 'Here are statues

which are allowed by the best judges to be masterpieces of art, from the models of that celebrated artist, John Bacon.' Before Bacon left this establishment, the young Flaxman was finding employment there.

The character of Bacon was a singular one. In Smith's portraiture of Nollekens, we see a rough, uncultured spirit achieving success by a blunt adhesion to the truth—a quaint, and even attractive, disdain for the conventions of society. His eminent fellow-student and precursor in the Royal Academy disdained nothing. He was a born courtier, and unmatched in the art of saying soft, insinuating things. He glided imperceptibly into fame and fortune, flattering and conciliating everybody who could help him, giving no offence to any man of influence. That he might avoid the unseemly trick of spirting water from his mouth on to the clay, as had hitherto been done, Bacon invented a silver syringe for the purpose, and used it first when he first obtained a sitting from the King. His address, which was simple and graceful, without obsequiousness, delighted George III., who asked him: 'Bacon, have you studied in Rome? Did you learn your art out of England?' 'I have never been out of your Majesty's dominions,' was the reply. 'I am glad of it—I am glad of it,' answered the King; 'you will be the greater honour to us.'

This seems to have occurred about 1774, and for the next quarter of a century the success of Bacon was assured. In sixteen public competitions for monuments, he was successful fifteen times. He became an exceedingly wealthy man, and as he rose he became more and more humble. As he gained the attention of the public, he lost the friendship of his friends. He was accused, not without cause, of trying to secure a monopoly of the public sculpture of the country; and when he had the face to propose to the Government to do all the national monuments at a percentage below the Parliamentary price, there was an outcry among his fellow-artists. 'Spirit of Phidias!' said

Fuseli, 'Bacon is to do all the stonework for the navy and army—they ought also to give him the contract for *hams* and *pork*!' Bacon smiled a still humbler smile, and turned away from his rude colleagues. He had always been a pious man, and as he grew older he grew more sanctimonious still. When the sculptors asked their brother—'the presumptuous potter,' as they called him—what he meant by his proposal, he murmured that his desire was 'to employ monumental sculpture to an important moral purpose.' He wrote hymns, he preached sermons, he distributed epitaphs, and parables and admonitions; meanwhile, he was amassing a very large fortune. When he died, suddenly and prematurely, on August 4, 1799, he asked to be buried in Whitefield's Tabernacle, and to have this inscription plainly carved above him: 'What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now.' That Bacon was not sincere, it would be unfair to insinuate. But he was a very odd mixture of piety and business, and the god he worshipped was a sort of Chadband-Apollo. The most cruel thing said of him was that 'he was charitable at least in theory.' That sculpture had not been an unprofitable pursuit to 'the humble cutter of stone,' as he was wont to call himself, may be gathered from the fact that he left £60,000 behind him.

Bacon was the first English sculptor to get free from the tradition of Roubiliac, with his boisterous lights and shades, his excessive under-cutting, and his dependence upon exaggerated emphasis of style. His forms are far more generous than even those of Wilton, and he bases his effects upon a broader system of illumination. In looking at a successful monument by Bacon, we find evidences of an eye accustomed to consider the general superficies of a work of art, not the picturesqueness of its details. He was well fitted by his long and conscientious training, and

by the sobriety of his temperament, to excel in the art of monumental sculpture. His love for nature and for truth was great; his anatomical science, though more superficial than that of Wilton, was considerable, and he was exceedingly skilful in all the technical processes of his art. He deserves special recognition as the inventor of the pointing instrument, which has now entirely superseded the old practice of pointing by compasses or calipers.

His bust of 'Sickness,' deposited with the Royal Academy in 1778, an attenuated head, very finely wrought, is a little mannered in its detail. But in his monument to Chatham, in Westminster Abbey, Bacon showed for the first time how great an artist he was. Of all the huge, pyramidal monuments of the age, this is the most accomplished, and the more carefully it is examined the more admirable it will be found. Chatham, in the ordinary dress of the period, advancing an arm and a thin leg in a somewhat rhetorical pose, dominates the design; and this figure is excellent in realism, in the careful study of nature. Lower down, the Muses, reclining in gracefully balanced poses on the sarcophagus, are full of beauty—the forms and drapery classical, yet individualized and made personal. Their draperies, it will of course be observed, are papery and thin. This was an error out of which Bacon was to grow.

He was improving to the last. His monument to Halifax, with the keen portrait-bust supported by beautifully modelled children, dates from 1782. It is an excellent work, but the true masterpieces of Bacon are those on which he was engaged during the last decade of his life. The soft female figure, wonderfully carved, that lies stretched in all the abandonment of grief over the tomb of Brigadier Hope, a monument executed in 1793, is full of beauty; but Bacon is seen at his very best in one of his latest productions, the monument to Sir George Pocock, executed in 1796. Here his touch, his whole manner, curiously reminds us of Dubois and the great French

masters of five-and-twenty years ago. Nothing, it is safe to say, was seen in England so broadly treated, so full of mingled mastery and grace, until Alfred Stevens made his appearance. Bacon is always Roman, and, by sympathy, French; the Hellenic sentiment never touched him, and it was to his resolute retention of the old types that was due, we are forced to suppose, the strange injustice done to him by Flaxman. The truth is, and it should be distinctly said, that Bacon deserves to be ranked among the greatest of English sculptors.

There could be no greater contrast than between Bacon and Banks. The one was a realist in his art, a fanatic in religion; the other was an idealist and a pagan, always dreaming about beauty, always aspiring towards an impossible altitude of delicacy and distinction. Thomas Banks was born in Lambeth on December 22, 1735. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a wood-carver, and in 1761, the year before Roubiliac died, he began to study from the life in the St. Martin's Lane Academy. The subjects of his early basso-relievos, the titles of which have come down to us, show that from the first Banks was captivated by the romance of Greek mythology. He ran, at first, neck and neck with Nollekens and Bacon, the three young sculptors gaining the gold medal of the Royal Academy, which was not then, as now, biennially granted, in quick succession. But in 1772, Banks having gained the travelling studentship, the Academicians sent him to Rome at their expense, Carlini giving him a letter of introduction to Capizzoldi, who had by this time returned home. The grant from the Royal Academy lasted three years; Banks was instructed by Capizzoldi in the art of carving in marble, and lingered on in Rome at his own expense. He had already married, probably in 1765, a lady of considerable property, and this was a most fortunate circumstance, for Banks had no commercial instinct, and was rarely successful in selling a statue.

In 1779 Banks returned to England, but found that, while he had been dreaming among the ruins of antiquity, his two old fellow-students had made a *clientèle* for themselves at home. He announced his willingness to execute monuments, but the commissions were given to Bacon; he suggested busts, but the sitters were all pledged to Nollekens. Finding it impossible to obtain employment, he set out for Russia, taking with him a finished marble statue of Cupid catching a moth on his wing, which was fortunate enough to attract the admiration of the Empress Catherine. He stayed in St. Petersburg for some two years, and is said to have been frightened back by an appalling commission laid upon him by the Empress, nothing less than a marble group allegorical of the Armed Neutrality. He exhibited in the Royal Academy a design, in low relief, of the 'Frenzied Achilles,' and in 1784 a statue of heroic size of the same subject. This figure was greatly admired but never executed, and the original plaster, after many vicissitudes, has at last found an asylum in Burlington House. That same year Banks was elected A.R.A., an honour that had many years earlier been bestowed upon Bacon and upon Nollekens. He became a full R.A. in 1785. The remainder of the life of Banks was passed almost without incident, in the reverie of a sincere and poetic artist. He found a patron at last in Mr. Johnes, of Hafod, whose house in Cardiganshire he adorned with a succession of heroic figures in marble. Unhappily, Hafod was afterwards burned down, and some of Banks' noblest productions perished in the flames. Banks died on February 2, 1805, and is buried at Paddington.

As a monumental artist, as an executant altogether, Banks cannot be compared with Nollekens or Bacon. His groups do not hold together. His great cenotaph to Sir Eyre Coote, with its ambitious Indian scheme, is an appalling failure. In this the chief interest centres around a great towering palm-tree, apparently made of

indiarubber, absurdly posed in the centre of the composition. These things of Banks' are very poor, and his bas-reliefs, which the school of Westmacott admired, are meagre and rude. But when he had an opportunity of giving rein to his fancy, and to his instinct for selected human beauty, Banks produced works of considerable sentimental grace. In 1786 he deposited with the Royal Academy a 'Falling Giant,' which may still be admired. The pose of this figure, rolling topsy-turvy among a cascade of rocks, opened up new possibilities in arrangement of the model. Here, and elsewhere, in his ideal statues, Banks showed some sense of the Greek imagination. Here, for instance, the scale of the giant is naïvely, but effectively, suggested by a tiny group of a satyr and two goats dancing in the shade of his gigantic limbs.

Banks excelled in languid monuments which insisted on the pathos of early death. Of these the most famous is that erected to Penelope Boothby in the church of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. Queen Charlotte burst into tears when she saw this work exhibited at the Royal Academy, and this class of his productions achieved popularity. But his real force lay in Greek compositions. There exists a statuette of 'Achilles Arming,' which is singularly vigorous in technique, though not carried very far. It was, indeed, in completing his work that Banks was apt to fail. He was a capital draughtsman; the Royal Academy possesses a very fine life-sized chalk study of a head by him.

In all Banks' poetic figures we see the reconstituted ideal, made up of recollected fragments of antique statuary, and it is dangerous to praise his work without being certain whence he obtained the beauty of it. He was not a sufficiently faithful student of nature to be trusted to prefer it to some reminiscence of antiquity, and, to confess the truth, for all his theoretic pretensions, he was to the end of his days but a somewhat inefficient craftsman.

Of Joseph Nollekens it would be needless to say much

more than will be found in the caustic but graphic and faithful pages of his candid biographer. One vignette may be added to the series of Smith's vigorous portraits. This is how Nollekens struck Allan Cunningham, who saw him in 1819 :

'He was then unable to move but by the aid of his attendants, and, having expressed a wish to Chantrey, whom he admired and loved, to see the exhibition of painting and sculpture, he was carried upstairs in a kind of sedan, and with his friend at his elbow sat for a time looking round him. He then fixed his eye on some work which pleased him—muttering a few almost inaudible words—moved with his body in the direction of his object, and made a sign when he was placed in the right point of view. His power of expressing what he felt was never strong—it was less than ever now—but his good taste was in full vigour, for he caused himself to be placed before all the best paintings, and his remarks went at once to their chief merits. . . . When he was borne to his coach he gave the persons who had helped him a guinea each, put his hand to his hat, and bade farewell for ever to the Royal Academy. He was then eighty-two years old.'

Nollekens attempted every species of sculpture, but he succeeded pre-eminently in only one, the bust. His poetic groups and reliefs show no native sense of grace; his Cupids and his Psyches roll heavy heads at one another, with Bœotian clumsiness; his monuments are broken with trivial eccentricities, and are piles of detail rather than compositions. His 'Three Captains of Rodney's' was executed in direct rivalry with Bacon's 'Chatham,' and invites comparison with it. But it is in altogether a lower plane of art. Instead of the broad simplicity of Bacon, we find the composition crowded with undignified accessories, wanting in dignity, and even absurd in its attempted realism of the three portraits hung on a naval trophy, through which real ships of George III.'s navy are sailing.



Much better are the elegant and effective three-quarter reliefs of Nollekens, where a difficult task is gracefully and skilfully performed. But it is in his century or so of vivid busts that Nollekens takes his place among the leading artists of the eighteenth century. We cannot precisely call them unaffected, but they have a life-like look and a distinction of style which are wholly admirable. His portraits include, as will be seen by the list appended to this biography, most of the remarkable characters of the close of the eighteenth century. A collection of them would form a singularly interesting illustration of the political, social and intellectual life of London under George III. Each is vigorously portrayed, with some little mannerism, indeed, but with real vitality, as he or she was, and this happy realism is Nollekens' great and lasting claim to our admiration.

A fourth sculptor, contemporary with Bacon, Banks and Nollekens, was Giuseppe Ceracchi, who came to England in 1773, and was employed in bas-relief work by Adam, and other architects. To him, in all probability, is due much of the beautiful relief-work we admire in the domestic decoration of Adam's houses. He was the master of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, and at one time found a great deal of employment in London. But he was of a restless spirit, and soon migrated to Paris, where he was concerned, in 1801, in a plot to assassinate Napoleon. Being condemned to death, he was dragged to the guillotine, dressed as a Roman Emperor, in a classical car which he had himself designed.

It was long before a new generation of sculptors arose, with Flaxman at their head. Among the few names which arrest us in the interval, two attract notice for the pathos of their lives and the singularity of their manners. John Deare is principally remembered by what Smith, who knew him well, has preserved about his career. He was born in Liverpool in 1759. He was a prodigy of early talent, and made a wooden copy of the skeleton of an adult person, with his penknife, at the age of ten years. In considera-

tion of his skill he was taken, when only sixteen, into the employment of Thomas Carter, an old-fashioned but popular statuary, who had been the earliest employer of Roubiliac. The exquisite precision of Deare's work was admired from the first, and when he was only twenty he gained the gold medal of the Royal Academy for a group of 'Adam and Eve.' A number of Deare's letters have been preserved, and give a valuable series of impressions of the habits of a young sculptor of that time. Bacon was pleased to patronize him, and in 1783 he was astonished at his own prosperity.

In 1785 the Royal Academy, greatly impressed with the genius and industry of Deare, sent him to Italy. Here he immediately found employment, and won the ecstatic admiration of Canova. Had he returned to England, he would certainly have been immediately elected an A.R.A., but he married 'a clever little Roman girl, who is at least my equal,' and adopted the Italian style of living. Deare habitually overworked himself, and was extremely nervous and eccentric. He was always saying his prayers, and as he believed it right never to pray unless in a stark-naked condition, these orisons were injurious to his health. He went further, and being convinced that he would gain inspiration by spending the night sleeping on a block of marble before he began to carve it, he caught a violent cold, and died at Rome on August 17, 1795.

Another young man of genius, carried off untimely, was Thomas Procter, born at Settle, in Yorkshire, in 1753. He lost a great deal of time in trying to be a painter, but when at length he began to model, he astonished the studios. He caused a sensation by producing a statue of 'Ixion on the Wheel,' which Reynolds persuaded Sir Abraham Hume to buy. This encouraged Procter to produce a large group of 'Diomed devoured by his Horses,' which contemporary critics speak of in terms of the highest praise. Unfortunately, he did not get a commission for this elaborate work, which had occupied him twelve months,

and in a fit of despondency he destroyed his model. The Academicians, admiring his talents and desiring to help him, determined, in 1793, to send him to Rome, but Procter could not be discovered. Benjamin West undertook to search for him, and found him at length, dying of starvation and disappointment, in an attic in Clare Market. Help came too late, and a few days later the interesting artist died.

Associated as a student with Deare and Procter, but more fortunate in his fate, was John Charles Felix Rossi, a man who, notwithstanding his exotic name, was of English birth, although of Italian descent. He was born, the son of a physician, at Nottingham, in 1762. He early showed a love of statuary, and was placed under an Italian sculptor in London, from whom he passed to the schools of the Royal Academy. In 1785 he gained a travelling student-ship, and went to Rome, returning to England three years later. He became an A.R.A. in 1798, shortly before the death of Bacon, to much of whose monumental work he succeeded. He is best known by a series of military monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral. Rossi outlived his popularity, and retired from the Academy on a pension. He did not die until 1839.

It is very difficult to express an opinion on the work of Rossi, for the simple reason that he employed Italian carvers so clever that they took most of the individuality out of his modelling. His taste was classical, without any real leaning to the neo-Hellenic school of Banks, Flaxman, and Deare. His bust of Lord Thurlow, at Burlington House, is a very favourable example of his handicraft—dignified, well-balanced and truer to nature than might be expected. Rossi marks a stage in the passage of iconic sculpture in England from Carlini to Chantrey, but he can hardly be spoken of as an individual force.

Rossi, however, seems a great artist by the side of his colleague and rival, William Theed, who was born in 1764, and who enjoyed the honours of membership in the Royal

Academy from 1811 till his death in 1817. In Theed, the neglect of nature and the living model, the attempt to give plastic forms to sentimental prettinesses and incorporeal ideas, is seen penetrating the English school, and he leads on directly to Westmacott, and the final decadence of Georgian ideal sculpture. It is strange that in the person of Theed Flaxman should not have seen an awful example of the danger of such fastidiousness of taste and dread of realistic violence as he himself was so fond of preaching. These refinements, practised by hands less amply inspired by genius and by the sense of beauty than those of Flaxman, led to nothing but the most deplorable ineptitude and feebleness. The visitor to the Diploma Gallery may glance at the marble alto-relievo of 'Ganymede,' deposited there by the elder Westmacott in 1812; it is so disgracefully bad that it could not at the present day be admitted as the work of the roughest student in the schools.

To follow the beautiful talent of Flaxman to the point where its slow development culminated, would lead us too far away from the world in which Nollekens flourished. Flaxman, moreover, was a highly imaginative designer, who occasionally carried into execution some of the dreams of beauty which were for ever passing before his pencil, but was not, in the strict sense, a very skilful statuary. He never learned to handle the marble with real confidence, and the comparatively few works which he succeeded in executing were too often stiff and mannered. Flaxman, with his devotion to Greek ideals of beauty, his fertile fancy, and his impatience of the manual toil of the sculptor, had little in common with the somewhat stolid and prosaic, but eminently workmanlike, statuaries to do justice to whom an attempt has been made in the preceding pages. His is the more attractive temperament, but they also are deserving of something better than the complete neglect which has for so long a time overtaken them.

EDMUND GOSSE.

## JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

HAD it not been for the readiness with which John Thomas Smith gossiped about himself in his books, there might be little or nothing to record here regarding the author of the 'Life of Nollekens.' Happily, he was not restrained by any excess of diffidence from recording incidents with which he was intimately connected, and we are able to string together enough of these loose autobiographical notes to form something of a picture of the man. As he is fond of reminding us, his memory was accurate and extremely tenacious, and his habit throughout life was to preserve papers and to note down occurrences. It is not his fault if too many of those eminent men of whose peculiarities he preserved a lively record have ceased to be interesting to us. He himself, it is to be feared, is no longer an object of much curiosity. Such as he was, however, in his humdrum life of monotonous observation, we will endeavour to depict him.

John Thomas Smith was born on the evening of June 23, 1766, in a hackney coach, which was hurriedly bearing his mother back, from a visit to a brother in Seven Dials, to his father's house, No. 7, Great Portland Street, Marylebone. The child's grandfather, John Smith, had been a Shropshire clothier; his father, Nathaniel Smith, 'sculptor and printseller,' had been a student in the St. Martin's Lane School with Nollekens, and had proceeded to the studio of Roubiliac when the latter became the pupil of

Scheemakers. Nathaniel remained in the service of Roubiliac until, on January 15, 1762, he followed the body of that illustrious sculptor to his grave in St. Martin's Churchyard. The mother of John Thomas Smith had been a Miss Tarr, a member of the Society of Friends; her health was declining from his earliest infancy, and some of his infantile memories were connected with visits that she and he paid, for the benefit of her health, to the wells at Greenwich and at Kilburn. She died in 1779. It seems that Nathaniel Smith passed into the employment of his old friend and fellow-student, Nollekens, when the latter settled in London in 1770, and J. T. Smith was familiar from earliest childhood with the oddities of the remarkable artist whose biographer he was to become.

An old 'star-gazer and tea-grouter,' to whom his mother took the child, prophesied that John Thomas Smith would, throughout life, 'be favoured by persons of high rank.' This prediction was first realized in 1778, when Mr. Charles Townley looked over the boy's shoulder as he was drawing in Nollekens' studio, and gave him half-a-guinea to buy paper and chalk. Dr. Samuel Johnson, also, about this time, patted his head and praised him for his application. Smith had, indeed, a little later, an interesting experience of Dr. Johnson's spirit, for he 'once saw him follow a sturdy thief, who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face that it sent him off the pavement staggering.

On February 1, 1779, Smith followed the crowd to Westminster Abbey, and saw Garrick buried in Poets' Corner. When the boy was about fourteen he began to model, and he seems to have attracted the attention of Wilton, the sculptor, who gave him a letter of introduction to Bartolozzi, it having been decided that John Thomas should be an engraver. Bartolozzi was kind, but refused to take a

pupil, and in 1781 the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Hinchliffe) persuaded John Keyse Sherwin, the painter-engraver, to take him in. J. T. Smith had by this time passed with tolerable credit through the schools of the Royal Academy, and he stayed working under Sherwin until 1784. Here he was kissed by the beautiful Perdita Robinson, who drove to the studio in a sky-blue chariot, with a basket of flowers so artfully painted in the centre of each panel as to look like a coronet when the carriage was in motion. In 1782 he helped to adjust the light at the successive sittings which Mrs. Siddons gave to Sherwin for her portrait.

Sherwin was rapidly going down in the world, and in 1784 Smith, then eighteen years of age, was glad to leave him. Mr. Richard Wyatt, the amateur, now employed him to make topographical drawings of the neighbourhood of Windsor, and thus the favourite labour of Smith's life was started. He was helped by Thomas Sandby, R.A., and in this year he formed the acquaintance of Flaxman, Blake, Samuel Woodford, and Paul Sandby. On three occasions, each of which he minutely describes, George III. met him and spoke to him. His thoughts turned to the stage—for he was a good-looking fellow—and in 1787 he was promised an engagement as an actor at the Royalty Theatre. This came to nothing, and he was obliged to seek for employment as a drawing-master. For this purpose he settled in lodgings in Gerrard Street, Soho. In this same year, 1787, he exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy, sending a drawing, in black chalk, of a famous beech-tree in Windsor Forest, which was purchased by the Earl of Warwick, at this period a useful patron of Smith. In 1788 the artist married, and settled at Edmonton as a portrait-painter, under the patronage of Sir James Lake, Bart., of The Firs.

While at Edmonton, Smith gave increasing attention to local topography, issuing, in 1791, the earliest of his publications, 'The Antiquities of London and its Environs.'

To this followed, in 1797, his 'Remarks on Rural Scenery,' illustrated from nature by twenty original etchings of picturesque cottages. In May, 1798, the office of drawing-master to Christ's Hospital being vacant, J. T. Smith, warmly supported by half the Royal Academy, stood as a candidate, but was not successful; the testimonials which he received, however, were so flattering, and from artists of such high renown, that he gave himself the satisfaction of printing them. J. T. Smith left Edmonton in 1795, and came back into London, practising as a portrait-painter and an engraver, while not neglecting his topographical inquiries. In 1807 his laborious and valuable work on 'The Antiquities of Westminster' was published for a large body of subscribers, and he was invited to treat Lichfield in the same way, but could not be persuaded to leave the London to which he was so deeply devoted. The result of his further studies appeared, in instalments, between 1810 and 1815, as 'The Ancient Topography of London,' while in the last-mentioned year he issued his popular volume, 'The Streets of London,' a series of etchings.

On July 23, 1816, William Alexander, the recently-appointed and first Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, died of brain-fever. Smith was a candidate for the vacant post, and had by this time become so distinguished in his own line that the Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the three electors, 'was astonished he should think it worth while to waste his strength in pursuit of such a trifling office.' In September, 1816, Smith was appointed, and held the keepership until his death. He continued his literary work, and in 1817 published 'Vagabondana,' sixty portraits drawn and etched from life by himself, with biographical sketches of the most remarkable London beggars of the time. As the reader of the present volume will discover, Nollekens, when he died in 1823, was found to have made Smith joint executor of his will, in company with Sir William Beechy and Francis



Douce, leaving him at the same time, for his trouble, £100. The smallness of this legacy caused J. T. Smith, who had reason to expect a much larger benefaction, a violent disappointment, and his rancour against Nollekens could not be appeased. He revenged himself by writing what is perhaps the most candid biography ever published in the English language.

Smith did not long survive the publication of his 'Life of Nollekens.' He died, after a very few days' illness, at his house in University Street, Tottenham Court Road, on March 8, 1833, not having completed his sixty-seventh year. He was buried eight days later in the burial-ground of St. George's Chapel, Bayswater. The *Gentleman's Magazine* paid the following tribute to his memory :

'Mr. Smith was very generally known, both from the various works which he had published, and from the public situation which he filled at the British Museum. He was possessed of much kindness of disposition; many an instance might be mentioned of his charitable and friendly assistance to young artists who have sought his advice. He had good judgment to discern merit where it existed, sufficient good feeling to encourage it in a deserving object, and sufficient candour to deter from the pursuit where he found there was no indication of talent. In short, he was a very warm and sincere friend, and he will be greatly regretted by many who have enjoyed his good-humoured conversation and ever-amusing fund of anecdote, and particularly by the frequenters of the Print Room at the Museum, where his unremitting attentions ensured for him the regard and respect of some of the first characters in the country.'

At the time of his death, J. T. Smith had prepared for the press a pleasant olio of gossip and reminiscence, which was presently published under the title of 'A Book for a Rainy Day.' The pictorial works of Smith have considerable merit. His landscapes and architectural drawings, in

the eighteenth-century manner, have great accuracy, and he was a skilful etcher at a time when this art was but little practised in England. The reader of his 'Life of Nollekens' does not need to be assured that he was a most whimsical and vivacious writer.

E. G.

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES



## ORIGINAL PREFACE

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ROSCOE, who wrote the anonymous Preface to Daulby's 'Catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings,' says: 'The history of a man of genius is, in general, that of his productions.' In the following memoir I trust to do more than this; and to delineate the life, not only of a 'man of genius,' but of a most eccentric character.

To dispense with the old custom of presenting a letter of introduction, or sending in my card to those to whom I am unknown, would be irregular; the reader, therefore, is informed, that I believe there can be no one better acquainted with the extraordinary characteristics of the man of whom the following anecdotes are related than myself, having been his pupil for the space of three years, and intimately known to him for nearly sixty. When I was an infant he frequently danced me upon his knee.

With regard to pecuniary and domestic habits, I am convinced that England has not produced such a character since the death of Elwes.

In the course of these pages I have acknowledged my obligations to several friends for their kind communications, and here hope for their pardon for having reserved this place for my best thanks to my friend Mr. Richard Thomson, the well-known author and editor of numerous interesting works, for his kindness in many instances.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH,  
Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the  
British Museum.

*October, 1828.*

## CHAPTER I.

Nollekens' pedigree—His father frightened by the rebels in 1745—Nollekens placed with Scheemakers the Sculptor—His juvenile passion for tolling bells—He gains premiums in the Society of Arts—Leaves England for Rome—Patronized there by Garrick and Sterne—He gains the Pope's gold medal—Exposed to assassination by Barry the painter—Barry's rude and brutal conduct—Nollekens a dealer in antiques—Athenian Stuart—Nollekens a botcher up of ancient fragments—A lucky hit—Successful smuggling by Nollekens—His filthy mode of living in Rome—He returns to London, and is chosen a member of the Royal Academy—He falls in love and marries—Figure and wedding-dress of his bride—Fan-painting—London antiquities.

THE grandfather of Mr. Nollekens was baptized at Antwerp on March 24, 1665 ; he was a painter, and made a long residence in England, but subsequently settled at Roanne, in France. His son, who is recorded by the various names of Joseph Franciscus, or Cornelius Franciscus, or Old Nollekens, as he is called by Walpole, the father of Joseph, the subject of these memoirs, was born at Antwerp, in the parish of St. André, on June 10, 1702, and came to England on May 3, 1733, where he married Mary Anne Le Sacq. As he had studied under Watteau, his pictures, in point of subject and scenery, were somewhat similar to those of his master, though in other respects they were far short of that tasteful



artist's feeling ; however, he supported his family with respectability, and was even enabled to make some provision for the future.

The following anecdote of Nollekens' father was communicated to me by James Northcote, Esq., R.A., who received it from our mutual friend, the late eminent sculptor, Thomas Banks, Esq., R.A. 'Old Nollekens,' observed he, 'was a miserably avaricious man, and during the rebellion in 1745 his house was marked as belonging to a Roman Catholic, and one in which the mob thought themselves sure of finding money. However, they did not visit him ; but the idea had seized him so seriously that he lingered in a state of alarm until his death, which took place in Dean Street, Soho. He was buried at Paddington, in 1747,<sup>1</sup> under the names of Joseph Francis Nollekens, leaving a wife, by whom he had five children—viz., John Joseph, baptized January 29, 1735 ; Joseph, the subject of the present volume, born and baptized August 11, 1737, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields ; Maria Joanna Sophia, baptized May 3, 1739 ; Jacobus, baptized April 10, 1741 ; and Thomas Charles, baptized May 31, 1745.'

My late father, Nathaniel Smith, and Joseph Nollekens were playfellows, and both learned drawing together at Shipley's School, then kept in the Strand, at the eastern corner of Castle Court ; the house, now No. 229, is at present occupied by Mr. Helps. What renders the building the more

<sup>1</sup> Old Nollekens died in the parish of St. Anne's, Soho, on January 21, 1748.—ED.



interesting is that it was not only in this house that the Society of Arts had its first meetings, but it was subsequently inhabited by Rawle, the antiquary, and friend of Captain Grose. On August 7, 1755, my father was placed with L. F. Roubiliac;<sup>1</sup> and Joseph, in 1750, being then in his thirteenth year, under the care and instruction of Peter Scheemakers,<sup>2</sup> an eminent sculptor, at that time residing in Vine Street, Piccadilly, on the site of the present Court of Requests. Joseph's mother subsequently married a Welshman, named Williams, who some years before her death conducted her to his native place.

Joseph Nollekens was considered by all the neighbours of Vine Street as a civil, inoffensive lad, but not particularly bright; however, Mrs. Scheemakers used to give this character of him, that 'Joey was so honest that she could always trust him to stone the raisins.' His love for modelling was the greatest pleasure he possessed, though it is true that he had an idle propensity for bell-tolling, and in that art, for which many allowed him to have a superior talent, he would frequently indulge by running down George Court to St. James's Church to know how funerals went on. He was well known both to the sexton and his man, who generally accosted him with the joyous exclamation of, 'What, my little Joey, are you come? Well, you must toll to-day!' Whenever his master

<sup>1</sup> Where he remained until the death of that sculptor, January 11, 1762.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Scheemakers, born about 1700, was a native of Antwerp. He left England in 1769, and died soon after. He executed many monuments in London, and was a formidable rival to Roubiliac.—ED.

missed him, and the dead-bell was tolling, he knew perfectly well what Joey was at.

He had so little pride that he himself has stated he was often met slowly and steadily creeping along to save the head of a pot of porter, which the maids had sent him for on a washing day ; but notwithstanding all his childish inclinations, he was, as he grew up, not unmindful of his art, rose early, practised carefully, and being a true son of his father, passionately fond of money, started for the prizes offered by the Society of Arts ; and it gives me infinite pleasure to state that Joseph Nollekens and Nathaniel Smith, my father, carried off some of the first and best of its premiums, as will appear by the following extracts from the Registrar's books :

‘In 1759, to Joseph Nollekens was adjudged the sum of 15*l.* 15*s.* for a model in clay of figures. In 1760, for a model in clay, a bas-relief, 31*l.* 10*s.* ; and in the same year, for a model in clay of a dancing Faun, 10*l.* 10*s.*’

As Mr. Nollekens' mother had married a Welshman, who was partial to his native air, he easily persuaded her to accompany him into Wales ; and the brothers and sisters of Nollekens being all abroad, he had no motive to induce him to give up an inclination he had long entertained of travelling to see the works of Michael Angelo, and of other great men. He, therefore, after having served his friendly master full ten years, without the exchange of one unpleasant word, left England for Rome in the year 1760, with all the little property he had acquired.

Taking Paris in his way, he called upon his uncle, who, from his questions and cool manner of half opening the street-door, appeared to doubt the veracity of his visitor. However, upon his seeing him in possession of a gold watch, he was tempted to ask him in, and slightly pressed him to stay dinner, but this invitation Nollekens, who had felt a chill, proudly declined.

On his arrival at Rome, he found his purse reduced to twenty-one guineas, and, from a dread of want of money, he soon executed a basso-relievo in stone, which he consigned to England, and for which, in 1760, he had the honour of receiving a prize of £10 10s. ; but his spirits were exhilarated to a much higher degree in 1762, by the vote of a prize of £52 10s. for a basso-relievo in marble, which is thus clumsily noticed in the *Public Advertiser* of Tuesday, May 25, 1762 :

‘At a meeting of the Society of Polite Arts, on Friday last, for a marble basso-relievo, the subject Timocles conducted before Alexander, the premium of fifty guineas was given to Mr. Joseph Nollekens, pupil of Mr. Scheemakers.’

Whilst Mr. Nollekens was at Rome, he was recognised by Mr. Garrick with the familiar exclamation of, ‘What ! let me look at you ! Are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts ?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ being the answer, Mr. Garrick invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him £12 12s. ; and I have not only often heard Mr. Nollekens affirm that the payment

was made in 'gold,' but that this was the first busto he ever modelled.

Sterne also sat to him when at Rome,<sup>1</sup> and that bust brought him into great notice. With this performance Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head. During his residence in Italy he gained the Pope's gold medal for a basso-relievo, which will be afterwards noticed.

Barry,<sup>2</sup> the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him—Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens' was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night, and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.' Although Barry was of an irritable and vindictive spirit, yet, after ridiculing Nollekens upon almost every subject, he would not scruple to accept little acts of kindness at his hand, and then with the greatest brutality insult him.

<sup>1</sup> In the winter of 1765.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> James Barry (1741-1806), elected A.R.A. in 1772, R.A. in 1773, and expelled from the Royal Academy in 1799.—ED.

I remember an instance of this kind of conduct, which took place soon after Barry had completed the etchings from his pictures in the Adelphi. Nollekens, who was quite delighted in procuring him subscribers, once called out to him as he entered the studio, 'Well, Jem, I have been very successful for you this week: do you know, I have procured you three more subscribers to your prints from the 'Delphi pictures!' Barry, instead of even returning a smile for his kindness, or thanking him by a nod, flew into a most violent passion, and, uttering the coarsest imprecations, of which he possessed a boundless variety, bade him to attend in future to his own business, and not to solicit subscriptions to his works, adding, after the utterance of a most wretched oath, that if the nobility wanted his works, they knew where he was to be found, and they might come to him—he wanted no little jackanapes to go between him and those who ought to apply at once to the principal. And all this bombast was because Nollekens had declared his success in the presence of his workmen in the studio. Had he received the information in his parlour all would have been well, and he would have pocketed the money, as he had done frequently before; for to my own knowledge Mr. Nollekens procured him several names of personages of the highest rank.

During Mr. Nollekens' residence at Rome he purchased, among other articles, by which he made considerable sums of money, numerous pieces of ancient Roman terra-cottas, some of exquisite taste,

from the labourers who were employed in digging gravel at Porta Latina: they were mostly discovered at the bottom of a dry well, and must evidently have been placed there for security. Nollekens, who bought them for a mere trifle, sold them, upon his arrival in England, to Mr. Townley,<sup>1</sup> and, together with that gentleman's marbles, they have since been purchased by Government for a considerable sum, and are now let into the walls of the first room of the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum. In this collection there are many duplicates, which are so precisely like each other that, in all probability, they were pressed from the same mould. Independently of the graceful figures which are introduced in several of these compositions, the foliated ornaments are extremely light and beautiful.

Mr. Nollekens, from the year 1761 to the time he left Rome, consigned several of his productions to his friend, Athenian Stuart,<sup>2</sup> who had undertaken, in consequence of an early intimacy, to see them placed in the best of the exhibitions in London, which he certainly did until the establishment of the Royal Academy; and then, being inimical to the interests of that respectable body, he departed from his confidential trust, by suffering the works of Nollekens to be exhibited with those of the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Townley, born in 1737, died January 3, 1805. He was J. T. Smith's earliest admirer and patron.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> James Stuart, the architect, was born in 1713. He was one of the first men to make a minute study on the spot, between 1751 and 1755, of ancient Greek architecture. In 1762 he published a valuable work on the antiquities of Athens. He died in 1788.—ED.

rejected artists, who were certainly of the most inferior class.

Mr. Nollekens, upon his return to England, discovered the treachery, and was so highly exasperated with his pretended friend's conduct that he never entirely forgave him, though he certainly now and then visited him.

The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments, some of which he bought on his own account ; and after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favour, for enormous sums.

My old friend, Mr. George Arnald, A.R.A.,<sup>1</sup> favoured me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments : Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke,<sup>2</sup> of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas ; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses.

<sup>1</sup> A landscape-painter, born in 1763, and elected A.R.A. in 1810. He was never promoted to be an R.A., but survived until 1841. He was the brother of Sebastian Wyndham Arnald, the sculptor.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> William Locke, the amateur, born in 1767.—ED.

Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for £50, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself, and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the vendors of botched antiques, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labour, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now at Newby, in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqs., were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terra-cottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors, Michael Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, etc. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death.

The late Earl of Bes[s]borough and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at this time, but his greatest friend was the Lord Yarborough.<sup>1</sup> For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in

<sup>1</sup> This was Charles Anderson-Pelham, raised to the peerage as Baron Yarborough in 1794. He died in 1823. He was the father of the first Earl.—ED.



another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves and lace ; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the Custom House officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this : All his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts. I recollect his pointing to the cast of Sterne, and observing to the late Lord Mansfield : ‘ There, do you know, that busto, my lord, held my lace ruffles that I went to Court in when I came from Rome.’

His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy : he had an old woman, who, as he stated, ‘ did for him,’ and she was so good a cook that she would often give him a dish for dinner which cost him no more than threepence. ‘ Nearly opposite to my lodgings,’ he said, ‘ there lived a pork-butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle, and bits of fat, which he sold for twopence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt ; and, with a slice of bread and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.’ Whenever good dinners were mentioned he was sure to say : ‘ Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.’

By this time the name of Nollekens was pretty well known on the Stock Exchange of London as a holder to a considerable amount, and he arrived in

England time enough to take a lease of the premises, No. 9, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, then the property of Francis Milner Newton,<sup>1</sup> Esq., R.A., a very indifferent portrait-painter, who had been a pupil of Marcus Teuscher, an artist of no great talent, but a very good man. Mr. Newton was Muster-master of England, and generally wore the Windsor uniform, and had also been secretary to the Royal Academy ever since its establishment. This office he resigned in 1788, and died at his house at Barton, near Taunton, in August, 1794.

Mr. Nollekens soon turned the Muster-master's painting-room into a studio for sculpture, and was honoured with orders from some of the first personages in this country, who sat to him at all hours for their busts; and so fashionable was he in that department of his art that I have known him to have four sitters in a day. Our sculptor now exhibited in Pall Mall with the Royal Academy, to which he presented a fine cast of the torso, having brought it from Rome for that purpose. In 1771<sup>2</sup> the Academicians chose him an Associate, and in the following year elected him R.A. With this election our late gracious King, when he signed his diploma, de-

<sup>1</sup> Born in 1720; foundation member and first secretary of the Royal Academy.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Nollekens was invited to the funeral of Jonathan Richardson, jun., son of the author of the work on 'Painting,' and the collector of many fine drawings. He died at his house in Queen Square, and was buried in the ground belonging to the parish, behind the Foundling Hospital, where it is recorded that he departed this life on June 6, 1771, aged seventy-six.—SMITH.

clared himself pleased in the most flattering terms of approbation, and immediately honoured him still more by sitting for his bust.

Mr. Nollekens now, for the first time, fell desperately in love. The lady was Mary, the second daughter of Sanders Welch, Esq., the successor in the magistracy of his friend, Henry Fielding, on his departure for Lisbon. This lady, the pink of precision, bestowed her hand upon him, and they were married at the altar of Marylebone Church in the presence of her father and sister Anne. This lady, who will be mentioned hereafter, was mistress of seven languages. She was a Protestant when she attended her sister's marriage, but became a Roman Catholic shortly after her arrival at Rome.

In what style of language their courtship was carried on, how Miss Mary became better acquainted with Master Joseph, or how far he was speech-gifted in Love's soft lispings, I am totally ignorant; but it has been seen that Joseph was a 'thriving wooer.'

Mary's figure was rather too tall, but yet graceful; her eyes were good, and she knew how to play with them; her blooming complexion stood in no need of milk of roses; her nose, I must own, and it was the opinion of Nollekens, too, was rather of the shortest; her teeth were small, bespeaking a selfish disposition; indeed, the whole of her features were what her husband would sometimes call 'scorny,' particularly in their latter days during their little fracas, for, be it known, she had

no small sprinkling of pride, in consequence of a compliment paid her by Dr. Johnson. Her light hair shone in natural and beautiful ringlets down her back to the lower part of her tightly-laced waist—such a shaped waist as her father's friend, Fielding, has given Sophia Western in his 'Tom Jones.'

This lady's interesting figure on her wedding-day was attired in a sacque and petticoat of the most expensive brocaded white silk, resembling network, enriched with small flowers, which displayed in the variation of the folds a most delicate shade of pink, the uncommon beauty of which was greatly admired. The deep and pointed stomacher was exquisitely gimped and pinked, and at the lower part was a large pin consisting of several diamonds, confining an elegant point-lace apron, certainly at that period rather unfashionable, but on this happy event affectionately worn by the lady in memory of her dear mother, who had presented it to her—indeed, Mrs. Nollekens was frequently heard to declare that she was above 'the fleeting whimsies of depraved elegance.' The sleeves of this dress closely fitted the arm to a little below the elbow, from which hung three point-lace ruffles of great depth; a handkerchief of the same costly texture partly concealed the beauty of her bosom, wherein, confined by a large bow, was a bouquet of rose-buds, the delicate tints of which were imperceptibly blended with the transparency of her complexion, and not a little increased the beauty of a triple row of pearls, tied behind with a narrow white satin

ribbon. Her beautiful auburn hair, which she never disguised by the use of powder, according to the fashion of the day, was upon this occasion arranged over a cushion made to fit the head to a considerable height, with large round curls on either side, the whole being surmounted by a small cap of point-lace, with plaited flaps, to correspond with the apron and ruffles.<sup>1</sup> Her shoes were composed of the same material as her dress, ornamented with silver spangles and square Bristol buckles, with heels three inches and a half in height, as if she meant to exult in out-topping her little husband, whose head, even when he had his hat on, reached no higher than her shoulder.

Mrs. Nollekens' father was at the expense of her marriage wardrobe, which cost about £200: among her dresses was one of a fashionable Carmelite, a rich purple brown, and another consisted of a lavender silk, brocaded with white, and enriched with bouquets of carnations, auriculas, and jessamines the size of nature. The bridegroom's dress was a suit of 'Pourpre du Pape,' silk stockings with broad blue and white stripes, and lace ruffles and frill, the whole of which articles he had

<sup>1</sup> In looking at the dresses of former days, it is curious to see in what a short time fashions rise and fall from one extreme to another. In 1760, when the lace apron was declining in favour, a lady wore her hair short and thin, and quite close to her head, with a small flower or ornament on the top of her forehead, nor was it until 1769 that the head-dress was much increased; but in 1772 it became preposterously high, under the most fashionable leader of the day, D. Ritchie, hair-dresser and dentist, then living in Rupert Street, two doors from Coventry Street. In 1777 *sacques* disappeared, and the large bell-hoops came into fashion.—SMITH.

brought from Rome. His hair was dressed in curls on either side, with an immense toupée, and finished with a small bag tied as closely as possible to his neck. Mrs. Holt, who was Mrs. Nollekens' domestic companion for many years, and who attended Mr. Nollekens in his last illness, has enabled me to be thus minute in my description of the dresses worn by the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Nollekens had a tolerable stock of reading and a pretty good memory, but no sound knowledge of any of the superior accomplishments of her sex, as her youthful studies went very little beyond delicate needlework and translating French. She never knew the pleasures of a mother, for, in her opinion, 'children were serious responsibilities'; and her matrimonial amusements were not like those of the good Vicar of Wakefield's wife, for I never heard of her making gooseberry wine: a game at cribbage, or a rubber at whist, was her delight; but then she made it a rule never to risk more than sixpence the rub, for which resolution most well-thinking persons will give her credit; but then, when primly seated, she would insist upon the nice precision of the game, as her mother played it, 'according to Hoyle, Mr. Edward Hoyle.'<sup>1</sup> In this way of passing time, for she knew nothing of drawing or painting, she would now and then, when at home, coax her Nolly to join her; but rarely suffered him to touch a card when they were

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Nollekens recollected that Hoyle, the author of a treatise on the game of whist, was buried at Marylebone, August 23, 1769, and that he was ninety years old when he died.—SMITH.

visiting, on account of his playing so ill that he was sure to lose.

It gives me the highest gratification to observe that painting is now considered so essential a branch of polite education that many persons, who are distinguished both for elegance and fashion, are never more delighted than when they are engaged in its interesting pursuits. When Mrs. Nollekens was a girl, Goupy,<sup>1</sup> her father's intimate friend, was considered the most eminent of the fan-painters ; and so fashionable was fan-painting at that time, that the family of Athenian Stuart placed him as a pupil to that artist, conceiving that by so doing they had made his fortune. Stuart's genius, however, in a short time soared to the pinnacle of fame by flying to Athens for those inestimable treasures which will immortalize his name, notwithstanding Hogarth's satire upon the publication of his first volume ; for, indeed, we have not now a student who speaks of Stuart without the honourable surname of 'Athenian.'

Some years before I had any connection with Mr. Nollekens as an instructor, my intercourse with him was frequent, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages ; and he has often taken me to walk with him in various parts of London, when he seemed to feel a pleasure in pointing out curious vestiges and alterations to my notice, as well as in showing me some remarkable sights of the time. Perhaps these communications gave the first impetus to that love

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Goupy, a Frenchman, the drawing-master of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He died in 1763.—ED.

for Metropolitan antiquities which I entertained so early, and which even now continues unabated. His recollections of many of the places we visited often furnished me with curious and interesting pictures of London as it appeared in his own youth; and several of the most singular of them I have ventured to introduce into these anecdotes.



## CHAPTER II.

Execution of Sixteen-string Jack—Model of the King's state coach—Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland—Tradesmen's signs sometimes painted by eminent artists—Costly one of Shakespeare exposed for sale—Ignatius Sancho—Mortimer the painter and Mr. Payne Knight—Duke of Monmouth's house in Soho—Marylebone basin and gardens and Cockney Ladle—Fruit-gardens in Gower Street—Commencement of my own acquaintance with Nollekens—His servant Bronze—Hudson's sale of prints, and anecdote of Sir J. Reynolds—Nollekens' recollections of London—Athenian Stuart—Colonel King—Residents of rank in Soho—Streets visible at one point—Nollekens' first print and subsequent collection—Recollections of his mother—Farthing posts and early newspapers—Characteristics of Mrs. Nollekens—Dr. Johnson's bust by Nollekens—His odd conduct to his sisters—His parsimonious habits—His monument for Dr. Goldsmith.

I REMEMBER well, when I was in my eighth year, Mr. Nollekens calling at my father's house in Great Portland Street, and taking me to Oxford Road to see the notorious Jack Rann, commonly called 'Sixteen-string Jack,' go to Tyburn to be hanged for robbing Dr. William Bell, in Gunnersbury Lane, of his watch and eighteen-pence in money; for which he received sentence of death on Tuesday, October 26, 1774. The criminal was dressed in a pea-green coat, with an immense nosegay in the buttonholes, which had been presented to him at

St. Sepulchre's steps; and his nankeen small-clothes, we were told, were tied at each knee with sixteen strings. After he had passed, and Mr. Nollekens was leading me home by the hand, I recollect his stooping down to me and observing, in a low tone of voice: 'Tom, now, my little man, if my father-in-law, Mr. Justice Welch, had been High Constable, we could have walked by the side of the cart all the way to Tyburn.'

I also remember, one Sunday morning, going with my father and Mr. Nollekens to see the studio and workshop of the late Joseph Wilton,<sup>1</sup> Esq., R.A., father of the present Lady Chambers, and friend of Barretti. Wilton, on his return from his travels, brought Capizzoldi and Cipriani<sup>2</sup> to this country. Mr. Wilton's studio stood on the south side of Queen Anne Street East, now called Foley Place, upon the site of five houses, Nos. 22, 23,<sup>3</sup> 24, 25, and 26; in the house No. 27, at the corner of Portland Street, Mr. Wilton resided for many years. We viewed his works, and the model of King George III.'s state coach, a most beautiful little toy, exquisitely adorned with ornaments modelled in wax by Capizzoldi and Voyers, the panels being painted in water-colours by Cipriani. The designs consisted of figures and historical emblems, and

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Wilton (1722-1803), the sculptor. See prefatory essay.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Giovanni Battista Cipriani, born in Florence in 1727, arrived in England in 1756, became a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and died in 1785.—ED.

<sup>3</sup> No. 23 was the residence of Edward Malone, Esq., the well-known editor of Shakespeare.—SMITH.

Cipriani also painted the same subjects upon the coach itself ; but he was not the first eminent artist who had thus adorned a carriage, or even painted a sign. The old royal state coach was purchased by the City of London, the panels of which were repainted by Dance,<sup>1</sup> afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, Bart., who was the painter of that most admirable whole-length picture of Garrick in 'Richard III.,' now in the front drawing-room of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., in his town mansion, St. James's Square.

Mr. Smirke,<sup>2</sup> the celebrated artist, also served his time under a herald-painter, of the name of Bromley, who died lately in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

George Morland<sup>3</sup> painted a sign of a white lion for a public-house at Paddington.

Monamy,<sup>4</sup> the famous marine-painter, decorated a carriage for the gallant and unfortunate Admiral Byng, with ships and naval trophies ; and he also painted a portrait of Admiral Vernon's ship, for a famous public-house of the day, well known by the sign of the 'Porto Bello,' remaining until recently within a few doors north of the church in St. Martin's Lane. After the battle of Culloden, most of the old signs of military and naval victors gave way to the head of Duke William ; and Horace

<sup>1</sup> Nathaniel Dance (1734-1811), a foundation member of the Royal Academy.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Smirke (1752-1845), elected A.R.A. in 1791, and R.A. in 1793. He was a great illustrator of books.—ED.

<sup>3</sup> George Morland (1763-1804), the famous animal-painter.—ED.

<sup>4</sup> Pierre Monamy (1670-1749), an imitator of Van de Velde.—ED.

Walpole has noticed this change in his thirteenth letter to Mr. Conway, dated April 16, 1747.

‘I was,’ says that elegant author, ‘yesterday out of town, and the very signs, as I passed through the villages, made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke’s head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon’s, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond’s. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, Surely all glory is but as a sign !’

Clarkson, the portrait-painter, was originally a coach-panel and sign painter ; and he executed that most elaborate one of Shakespeare<sup>1</sup> which formerly hung across the street at the north-east corner of Little Russell Street, in Drury Lane ; the late Mr. Thomas Grignon informed me that he had often heard his father say that this sign cost £500. In my boyish days it was for many years exposed for sale for a very trifling sum at a broker’s shop in Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. The late Mr. Crace, of Great Queen Street, assured me that it was in his early days a thing that country people would stand and gaze at, and that that corner of the street was hardly passable.

Charles Catton,<sup>2</sup> Esq., R.A., was also in early life a coach and sign painter ; he painted a lion as a sign for his friend Wright, a famous coach-maker,

<sup>1</sup> Edwards has erroneously given Wale the credit of this sign.—SMITH. Nathaniel Clarkson was born in 1724, and died in 1795.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Catton, the landscape-painter, was born in 1728, was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and died in 1798.—ED.

at that time living in Long Acre. This picture, though it has weathered many a storm, is still visible at the coach-maker's on the west side of Well Street, Oxford Street. Baker,<sup>1</sup> a famous flower-painter, decorated coach-panels with borders and wreaths of flowers; and he made a most splendid display of his taste on the panels of the coach of the famous Dr. Ward, who enjoyed almost the whole practice of his profession, after he had so successfully set the sprained thumb of King George II. Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, once condescended to paint a sign of the 'Three Logger Heads,' for the house so called, near the spot where he died.

In June, 1780, Mr. Nollekens took me to the house of Ignatius Sancho,<sup>2</sup> who kept a grocer's, or, rather, chandler's shop at No. 20, Charles Street, Westminster, a house still standing at the south-west corner of Crown Court. Mr. Nollekens having recollected that he had promised him a cast of his friend Sterne's bust, I had the honour of carrying it; and as we pushed the wicket door, a little tinkling bell, the usual appendage to such shops,

<sup>1</sup> John Baker, born in 1736, was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and died in 1771.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> An extraordinary literary character, a negro, who was born on board a slave-ship in 1729. He was patronized by the Duke of Montague, who made him his butler, and left him a legacy and an annuity at his death, when he took the shop above-mentioned. In his leisure hours he indulged his taste for music, painting, and literature, which procured him the acquaintance of several persons of distinction. He was the author of some pieces of poetry and a tract on the 'Theory of Music'; and his letters, with his life by Jekyll, were published after his death for the benefit of his family.—SMITH.

announced its opening. We drank tea with Sancho and his black lady, who was seated when we entered in the corner of the shop, chopping sugar, surrounded by her little 'Sanchonets.' Sancho, knowing Mr. Nollekens to be a loyal man, said to him, 'I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Lord George Gordon is taken, and that a party of the guards is now escorting him in an old ramshackled coach to the Tower.' Nollekens said not a word, and poor Sancho either did not know or did not recollect that he was addressing a Papist.

I can also recall Sancho's visiting Mr. Nollekens' studio; he spoke well of art, and gave the following anecdote of the late Richard Payne Knight<sup>1</sup> and Mortimer<sup>2</sup> the painter, with the latter of whom he was extremely intimate. Mr. Knight happening to call upon Mortimer at his house in Church Court, Covent Garden, expressed his uneasiness at the melancholy mood in which he found him. 'Why, sir,' observed Mortimer, 'I have many noble and generous friends, it is true; but of all my patrons, I don't know one whom I could now ask to purchase an hundred guineas' worth of drawings of me, and I am at this moment seriously in want of that sum.' 'Well, then,' observed Mr. Knight, 'bring as many sketches as you would part with for that sum to me to-morrow, and dine with me.' This he did, and enjoyed his bottle. Mr. Knight gave him two

<sup>1</sup> This eminent antiquary and collector was born in 1750, and died in 1824.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> John Hamilton Mortimer, born in 1741, was an eminent cricketer and a painter of high ambition. He was elected A.R.A. at the close of 1778, but died of fever a few weeks later, February 4, 1779.—ED.

hundred guineas, which he insisted the drawings were worth; and on this splendid reception, Mortimer, who was no starter, took so much wine that the next morning he knew not how he got home.

About twelve o'clock at noon his bedside was visited by the late 'Memory Cooke,' who, after hearing him curse his stupidity in losing his two hundred guineas, produced the bag! 'Here, my good fellow!' cried Cooke, 'here is your money. Fortunately you knocked me up, and emptied your pockets on my table, after which I procured a coach and sent you home.'

Ignatius Sancho died December 14, 1780, at his house already mentioned, and was buried in the Broadway, Westminster.

Mr. Nollekens, on his way to the Roman Catholic chapel in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he was christened, stopped to show me the dilapidations of the Duke of Monmouth's house in Soho Square. It was on the south side, and occupied the site of the houses which now stand in Bateman's Buildings; and though the workmen were employed in pulling it down, we ventured to go in. The gate entrance was of massive ironwork supported by stone piers, surmounted by the crest of the owner of the house; and within the gates there was a spacious courtyard for carriages. The hall was ascended by steps. There were eight rooms on the ground-floor; the principal one was a dining-room towards the south, the carved and gilt panels of which had contained whole-length pictures. At the

corners of the ornamented ceiling, which was of plaster, and over the chimney-piece, the Duke of Monmouth's arms were displayed.

From a window we descended into a paved yard, surrounded by a red brick wall with heavy stone copings, which was, to the best of my recollection, full twenty-five feet in height. The staircase was of oak, the steps very low, and the landing-places were tessellated with woods of light and dark colours, similar to those now remaining on the staircase of Lord Russell's house, late Lowe's Hotel, Covent Garden, and in several rooms of the British Museum.

As we ascended, I remember Mr. Nollekens noticing the busts of Seneca, Caracalla, Trajan, Adrian, and several others, upon ornamented brackets. The principal room on the first-floor, which had not been disturbed by the workmen, was lined with blue satin, superbly decorated with pheasants and other birds in gold. The chimney-piece was richly ornamented with fruit and foliage, similar to the carvings which surround the altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, so beautifully executed by Grinling Gibbons. In the centre over this chimney-piece, within a wreath of oak-leaves, there was a circular recess which evidently had been designed for the reception of a bust. The beads of the panels of the brown window-shutters, which were very lofty, were gilt; and the piers between the windows, from stains upon the silk, had probably been filled with looking-glasses. The scaffolding, ladders, and numerous workmen rendered it too



dangerous for us to go higher, or see more of this most interesting house.

My father had, however, made a drawing of the external front of it, which I engraved for my first work, entitled 'Antiquities of London,' which has been noticed by Mr. Pennant<sup>1</sup> in his valuable and entertaining anecdotes of the Metropolis.

One Sunday morning Mr. Nollekens took me to see the boys bathe in Marylebone basin. As we were going, our attention was engaged by the beadles of the parish seizing the clothes of the lads who had gone into the small pond called Cockney Ladle, supplied with water by an arm which looked like a ladle from the basin; this Cockney Ladle stood on the north of Portland Chapel, very near the spot now occupied by Mr. Booth, the bookseller, in Duke Street. The basin—which was a very large circular and deep pond, fatal to many an inexperienced youth—was farther in the fields on the site of part of Portland Place and Mansfield Street. A small portion of the pond, denominated 'The Six-and-Thirty,' still remains on the west side of the once-intended Carmarthen Square, at the end of Upper Gower Street, nearly opposite to the house in which I now reside—a part of the town, until very lately, so perfectly healthy and free from the London smoke that at No. 33 in Gower Street—a house till within these few years inhabited by the late Colonel Sutherland, well known at print-auctions, as well as to portrait-collectors, as a most extensive embellisher of

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Pennant, the naturalist (1726-1798).—ED.

Clarendon's 'History of his Own Times'—grapes were ripened by the sun in the open air at the back-parlour window.

Lord Eldon often speaks of the fine fruit of Gower Street, which his lordship enjoyed when he lived in the house now No. 42; indeed, he has also spoken in open court of the sad effect the smoke of London had upon his garden in Gower Street. A still more extraordinary fact is, that even so late as the year 1800, William Bentham, Esq., of No. 6, Upper Gower Street (a gentleman whose well-chosen collection of English topography is unquestionably the most select and perfect of any formed within my memory), had nearly twenty-five dozen of the finest-looking and most delicious nectarines, all fit for the table, gathered from three completely exposed trees; and even since that time, the same garden, of the same gentleman, has produced the richest-flavoured celery in the greatest abundance.

The orchestra of Marylebone Gardens, before which I have listened with my grandmother to hear Tommy Lowe sing, stood upon the site of the house now No. 17 in Devonshire Place, and very near where Mr. Fountain's boarding-school stood, nearly opposite to the old church, still standing in High Street. Mr. Fountain, who succeeded Mr. De la Place in this school, was once walking with Handel round Marylebone Gardens, and upon hearing music which he could not understand, observed to Handel, 'This is d—d stuff!'—'It may be d—d stuff, but it is mine,' rejoined Handel.

Upon the death of my mother, in 1779, Mr. Nollekens, upon seeing some of my attempts in wax-modelling, kindly invited me into his studio. At that time my father was his principal assistant, and there I was employed in making drawings from his models of monuments, assisting in casting, and finally, though in a very unimportant degree, and with the humblest talent, in carving; but I must state that I was entirely supported by my father, and I solemnly declare that from the hour of my first seeing Mr. Nollekens till the time of his death I never received, either directly or indirectly, the slightest remuneration from him, though whilst I was with him I have often stood to him as a model. Indeed, the only present he ever made me was three boxes of what had been black chalk, which he brought from Florence; but it was so gray and rotten that it would not bear cutting, and was therefore worth nothing. This he knew upon asking me how I liked it, and his answer was, 'Well, never mind, I shall give you cause to remember me in a better way.'

My being often closeted with him as his model, assisting him in casting, etc., gave me frequent opportunities of seeing and hearing much, particularly of his domestic habits, and the observations made by his sitters and visitors, who were persons of learning, rank, or beauty. As I have sometimes diverted my friends with a good-humoured imitation of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, I shall occasionally insert a few of their dialogues, which have either fallen under my own notice or were related to me

by their old servant, Elizabeth Rosina Clements. She was a woman possessing a considerable share of drollery; and from her complexion being of a chestnut-brown colour, somewhat tintured with olive, she acquired from the shopkeepers, particularly those of Oxford Market, the nickname of Black Bet, but from the artists the more classical appellation of Bronze, under which she will hereafter be mentioned. Indeed, she might very well call to mind the expression of Petrarch, who describes his female servant as being 'brown as a Libyan desert, and dry as a mummy.'

Langford, who was the most fashionable auctioneer of his day, occupied the rooms in Covent Garden now held by Messrs. Robins, in the largest of which he sold that truly valuable collection of prints and drawings accumulated by Thomas Hudson,<sup>1</sup> the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the most celebrated portrait-painter of his time. Though no very great artist, Hudson showed considerable ambition and taste in his selection of the best specimens of art for his portfolios, particularly in the productions of the Dutch schools. The choice impressions which he had accumulated from the plates of Rembrandt, and his various and numerous drawings also from the hand of that wonderful master, would lead us to conclude him to have been his greatest favourite; indeed, so extensive and precious were they that, I am informed, any ten collections united would not have equalled his either in merit or in number.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hudson died in 1779, aged seventy-eight.—ED.

At this sale Mr. Nollekens was a constant attendant, and he generally took me with him. I recollect Sir Joshua Reynolds—who was present one evening when a drawing was knocked down to his pupil and agent, Mr. Score<sup>1</sup>—after he had expatiated upon the extraordinary powers of Rembrandt, assuring a gentleman with whom he was conversing that the effect which pleased him most in all his own pictures was that displayed in the one of Lord Ligonier on horseback, of which there is an engraving by Fisher, the *chiaro-oscuro* of which he conceived from a rude woodcut upon a halfpenny ballad, which he purchased from the wall of St. Anne's Church in Princes Street.

Another time, as we were going to view the same curious collection, Mr. Nollekens stopped at the corner of Rathbone Place, and observed that when he was a little boy his mother often took him to the top of that street to walk by the side of a long pond near a windmill, which then stood on the site of the chapel in Charlotte Street; and that a halfpenny was paid by every person at a hatch belonging to the miller for the privilege of walking in his grounds. He also told me that his mother took him through another halfpenny hatch in the fields between Oxford Road and Grosvenor Square, the north side of which was then building. When we got to the brewhouse between Rathbone Place and the end of Tottenham Court Road he said he recollected thirteen large and fine walnut-trees standing on the north side of the highway between

<sup>1</sup> William Score, the Devonshire portrait-painter.—ED.

what was then vulgarly called Hanover Yard, afterwards Hanway Yard, and now Hanway Street, and the Castle Inn beyond the Star Brewery.

I remember going with Mr. Nollekens to see his old friend Athenian Stuart, though he had treated him so scurvily. Stuart lived on the south side of Leicester Fields; he had built a large room at the back of his house, in which were several of his drawings, particularly those he had made for a continuation of his work; they were in body colours, and in style resembled those of Marco Ricci. His parlour, where we remained until a shower of rain was over, was decorated with some of Hogarth's most popular prints, and upon a fire-screen he had pasted an impression of the plate called the 'Periwigs,' a print which Mr. Stuart always showed his visitors as Hogarth's satire upon his first volume of 'Athenian Antiquities.'

Mr. Stuart, though short, was not a fat, but rather a heavy-looking, man, and his face declared him to be fond of what is called friendly society. In his later days he regularly frequented a public-house on the north side of Leicester Fields, of the sign of the Feathers, which then stood upon the site of part of the ground of Mr. Burford's Panorama; and of these friendly meetings he would frequently endeavour to persuade Nollekens to become a member.

When we had left Mr. Stuart's house, Mr. Nollekens pointed out the one in St. Martin's Street that had been inhabited by Sir Isaac Newton, which he said was then occupied by his

friend Dr. Burney,<sup>1</sup> who was visited by all the learned personages of the day. I have been favoured with a curious anecdote of Dr. Burney and Mr. Nollekens by my friend Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, one of the two surviving gentlemen who went round the world with Captain Cook, which the reader will find in a subsequent page.

Whilst we were standing at the end of Rathbone Place waiting for a coach—for Mr. Nollekens now and then indulged in a *shilling* fare, particularly when he was going into the city to purchase stock, or to the Royal Academy, when he was chosen visitor—he said, pointing to the house east of the undertaker's, now No. 23: 'There lived Colonel King,<sup>2</sup> one of my father's oldest friends; he was a very great collector of all sorts of singular things, and had a very curious old shield which belonged to the famous Dr. Woodward,<sup>3</sup> who was intimately acquainted with the great Sir Christopher Wren.

'Colonel King was very good-natured to me and my brothers, and whenever my father used to take us to drink coffee with him, we had our three-

<sup>1</sup> Charles Burney, the historian of music (1726-1814).—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Richard King died in 1767, in his eighty-fourth year. He was visited by Pope and other celebrated men, and was executor to Dr. Woodward.—SMITH.

<sup>3</sup> This shield, which is now in the British Museum, has been erroneously attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. It is certainly of the time of Henry VIII., but of very coarse and inferior workmanship. I find by a letter in the fourth volume of 'Biographia Adversaria,' in the British Museum, that the Doctor's shield sold at the sale of Colonel King, to whom he had bequeathed it, for the sum of £40.—SMITH.

cornered silver-laced hats on; so we had on Sundays, when we used to go into St. James's Park, with our ruffles and canes; I remember it very well.' When we had entered Soho Square, among many other remarks, he said that when he was a little boy, and lived in Dean Street, where he was born, at the house now No. 28, there were no fewer than four Ambassadors lived in that Square, and that at that time it was the most fashionable place for the nobility.<sup>1</sup> He also told me that Baptiste, the famous flower-painter, with whom he said his father was extremely intimate, lived and died in the corner house, pointing to the one now No. 18. 'And do you know,' added he, 'that I have often stood for hours together, to see the water run out of the jugs of the old river-gods into the basin in the middle of the square; but,' he continued, 'the water never would run out of their jugs, but when the windmill was going round at the top of Rathbone Place.' This windmill stood upon the site of Percy Chapel, in Charlotte Street, and the spring, which supplied the long pond before it, now remains in the cellar of Elisha, a bricklayer, behind the chapel.

When we arrived at the French 'Change, Nolle-

<sup>1</sup> It appears from the books of the parish of St. Anne, which I have frequently searched, that between the years 1708 and 1772 the following persons of rank had inhabited Soho Square, viz.: Lord Berkeley, Lord Byron, Lord Carlisle, Lord Grimstone, Lord Howard, Lord Leicester, Sir Thomas Mansel, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Morpeth, Lord Nottingham, Lord Onslow, Lord Peterborough, Lord Pierrepoint, Lord Pigot, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and several Ambassadors.—SMITH.





kens exclaimed: 'There, Tom, stand here, and you will see the entrances of nine streets; my mother showed them to me. There, stand just there, and don't turn your head, only your eyes'—placing me, with both his hands upon my shoulders, at about fifteen feet from Grafton Street, nearly in the centre of Moor Street. 'There, now look to the left: is not there Monmouth Street? now let your eye run along over the way to the first opening: that's Great White Lion Street; well, now bring your eye back to the opposite street in front of you: that's Little Earl Street. Throw your eye over the Seven Dials, and you'll see Queen Street and Earl Street; well, now look on the right of Little Earl Street, and you will see Tower Street: well, now stand still, mind, don't move, bring your eye back towards you, and turn it a little to the right, and you will see West Street; bring it nearer to the right, and there's Grafton Street; and then, look down at your toes, and you'll find yourself standing in Moor Street.'

He also made me his companion in his Sunday evening walks, as he of later years did Joseph Bonomi,<sup>1</sup> a truly deserving youth, to whom it was generally supposed that he would have left a considerable part of his immense property, from his long-continued attachment to him from his birth; but he, however, as well as many other real friends, was disappointed.

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman, who was born in 1796, survived until 1878. He was curator of the Soane Museum, and a distinguished Egyptologist.—ED.

In one of our amusing perambulations, he stopped opposite to a public-house in Vine Street, Piccadilly, very near the house formerly occupied by his master, Scheemakers, and said: 'There, Tom, stand just there; now, mind what I am going to tell, and listen to it; it was in that very house, over the way, I got the first print I ever possessed in my life.'

This was an impression of Pesné's engraving of the 'Death of Eudamidas,' after a picture painted by Nicholas Poussin; and the way in which Nollekens became possessed of this print was both cunning and curious. He knew that the landlord of the public-house, with whom he frequently held conversations as to bell-tolling, had sailed and fought with Admiral Vernon, and knowing, also, that he could purchase of another bell-tolling friend a large engraving of the 'Siege of Porto Bello,' for the small sum of one shilling, as it was the size of Poussin's print, he ventured to propose an exchange. To this proposition the landlord made no objection, nor did his wife; so away little Joey posted to his friend, who was a broker, living in Great Brewer Street, parted with his shilling, and on the next washing-day, when Mrs. Scheemakers requested him, as the maids were busy, to go for the porter, he took 'Porto Bello' under his arm, with as much joy as the old Admiral received the enemy's colours, and obtained the print which he had so often looked at with so longing an eye. Afterwards, when he became possessed of wealth, he formed a very capital collection of Poussin's

works,<sup>1</sup> from which it has been asserted that he borrowed many attitudes for his monumental figures. Poussin's draperies were likewise so highly esteemed by him that he frequently adopted them, as this painter's drapery falls well, mostly in grand and broad folds, and is unquestionably the easiest for carving, having no flutter, which is a style not only troublesome to execute in marble, but extremely expensive to cut, and bad in effect when accomplished.

At another time, when he took me with him to his stockbroker's, as we were going up Ludgate Hill, he said that he recollected his mother taking him, when he was only four years old, to see St. Paul's; and that, in going up that street, he observed a man running backwards and forwards shaking a box, into which many of the passengers put money, and that she told him it was for the poor prisoners in the Fleet, being called 'the running box.' In Marcellus Lauron's 'Cries of London,' published about the year 1710, there is a representation of such a person, with his cry of 'Remember the poor prisoners!' inscribed beneath him. At his back a capacious covered basket is suspended by leathern straps round his arms for broken victuals; and he carries in one hand a staff,

<sup>1</sup> This interesting and truly valuable collection of Poussin's prints, to which Mr. Nollekens had added even in his most feeble and childish state, was sold, after his death, by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall, together with many other fine engravings which Mr. Nollekens had indulged in from several of Langford's and Christie's sales, to the latter of which rooms he was a constant visitor for nearly half a century.—SMITH.

and in the other a small round deep box, with an aperture in the lid for receiving of alms in money.

Nollekens always spoke well of his mother, observing that she was a very curious woman, and in his recollections of her stated that she possessed an ivory model of the Holy Sepulchre; that she remembered seeing the rebels, in 1745, brought into London, confined at the backs of the horse-soldiers; that they were brought from Scotland through Tottenham Court Road, along Hog Lane, now called Crown Street, on their way to the Horse Guards; and that she used to take in a newspaper, entitled *All Alive and Merry; or, The London Daily Post*, which was published at a *farthing*, and printed by 'A Merry Man.'<sup>1</sup> The full title and imprint of this curious paper are, '*All-Alive and Merry; or, The London Daily Post. London: Printed for A. Merryman, and sold by the Hawkers.*' It consisted of a small folio half-sheet, having three columns of letter-

<sup>1</sup> The following anecdote, given at this place by Smith in the first edition of his 'Life of Nollekens,' was omitted in the second, I know not for what reason: 'I have several times heard Mr. Nollekens observe that he frequently had seen Hogarth, when a young man, saunter round Leicester Fields, with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder; and whilst we are speaking of that eminent and eccentric artist, I may remark that my father once asked Barry the painter if he had ever seen Hogarth. "Yes, once," he replied. "I was walking with Joe Nollekens through Cranbourne Alley, when he exclaimed, 'There, there's Hogarth.' 'What!' said I, 'that little man in the sky-blue coat?' Off I ran, and though I lost sight of him only for 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, 'D—n him! if I would take it of him! At him again!'"—ED.

press on each side ; and several specimens of it may be seen in the late Dr. Burney's Collection of Newspapers in the British Museum, vol. iii. for 1741. It is probable that the *London Gazette* may be considered as the origin of most of the cheap and popular news journals of the last century, since the name of that paper was derived from one first published at Venice, the price of which was a coin called a *gazet*, which, says Coryat in his 'Crudities' (London, 1776, 8vo., vol. ii., p. 15), 'is almost a penny, whereof ten do make a *liver*, that is ninepence.'

The first of this paper printed in England superseded the *Intelligence and News*, conducted by Roger L'Estrange, Esq., and appeared in 1665, No. 1 containing the public events from November 7 to 14, under the title of the *Oxford Gazette*, it being published in that city every Tuesday, since the Court was assembled there on account of the plague being in London. It was, however, also reprinted in the Metropolis, and upon the removal of the Court the name was altered to that of the *London Gazette*, the first of which, No. 24, February 1 to 5, 1665-66, was published on a Monday. Those papers, however, the names of which were expressive of their price, do not seem to have been published until half a century afterwards ; but on July 19, 1715, appeared No. 1 of *The Penny Post* ; on March 13 following, No. 1 of *The Penny Post* ; or, *Tradesman's Select Pacquet* ; on October 19, 1720, No. 1 of *The Penny Weekly Journal* ; or, *Saturday Evening's Entertainment* ; and in 1724-25

a yet cheaper publication was printed, called *The Halfpenny London Journal; or, The British Oracle*; whilst three other halfpenny posts were published three times every week (Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' London, 1812, 8vo., vol. i., p. 312; vol. iv., pp. 58, 86, 89, 90, 92, 94).

The farthing posts, however, appear chiefly to have been in circulation during the years 1740-1743; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1740, vol. x., pp. 557, 558, the 'Craftsman' of November 22 complains that the revenue was greatly defrauded by the printers and publishers of halfpenny and farthing posts, which were publicly vended about the streets, without stamps, in equal defiance both of the law and the penalty. It is added, that though they had been frequently informed against, yet that the persons concerned in them were supposed to be such 'poor, low wretches,' living in obscure parts of the town, or in the rules of the Fleet, and other prisons, that their discovery would be very difficult; whilst a suspicion is also hinted that they were supported by persons in power against the opposition papers and publishers. In plate iv. of the 'Rake's Progress' Hogarth has introduced a boy intently occupied in reading a paper, on which is inscribed, 'The Farthing Post.' The stamping of newspapers on single sheets or half-sheets first took place on August 2, 1712.

But to return now from Mr. Nollekens' reminiscences to his own memoirs. The parsimonious

disposition of his partner seemed to take no delight in alleviating the sorrows of the widow or assisting the endeavours of the fatherless ; at least, I never heard of her trespassing on her purse that way : on the contrary, she would, like Penny's picture of a quack-doctor,<sup>1</sup> look about for the bit of bacon to take from the distressed family, as will appear by the following trait of character. At the corner of her house there was a small part of the street railed in, on which she gave a poor woman leave to place a table with a few apples for sale upon a bit of an old napkin.

To this miserably-hooded widow she was seen to go, when she intended to treat the family with a dumpling, with the question of, 'Pray, Goody, how many apples can you let me have for a penny?' 'Bless your kindness! you shall have three.' 'Three!' exclaimed the lady, smiling; 'no, you must let *me* have four;' and touching her left thumb with the forefinger of her right hand, she continued, 'for there's my husband, myself, and two servants, and we must have one apiece!' 'Well,' observed the miserable dependent, '*you* must take them!' Whilst eighteen-pence was the price of half a calf's head, it was a dish of which she was 'passionately fond'; but when it exceeded that amount, something else was thought of 'by way of a change': indeed, she would observe that

<sup>1</sup> From this picture by Penny, who was Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, there is an engraving entitled 'The Rapacious Quack.'—SMITH. Edward Penny (1714-1791) was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and the earliest Professor of Painting there.—ED.

‘those people who live aloof from the blandishments of a Court have little occasion for a superfluity at their tables.’

When she went to Oxford Market to beat the rounds, in order to discover the cheapest chops, she would walk round several times to give her dog Cerberus an opportunity of picking up scraps. However, of this mode of manœuvring she was at last ashamed, by the rude remarks of the vulgar butchers, who had been complained of to her Nolly, for having frequently cried out: ‘Here comes Mrs. Nollekens and her bull-bitch!’

She took a particular pleasure in assisting her friends at card-parties with ‘economical recipes,’ of which she accumulated a tolerable stock; and the following was one she much recommended to the mammas of very delicate young ladies, for whom the physician had prescribed ass’s milk: ‘To make Mock Ass’s Milk.—Three parts barley-water and one part milk, to be boiled together, and sweetened with fine sugar; half an ounce of barley to a pint, the first water to be thrown away.’ There was one recipe which Mr. Nollekens always wrote himself on little ragged strips of paper, which he cut off the margins of his prints, and of which he kept several in his pocket-book, to give to any persons he met afflicted with the jaundice, and now and then a pert jackanapes, by way of a quiz, would apply for one: ‘For jaundice, take every morning a new-laid egg; let it be broke into a cup, and swallow it, the white and the yolk.’

During the time I was with him, he now and



then gave a dinner, particularly when his steadfast friend Lord Yarborough, then the Hon. Mr. Pelham, sent his annual present of venison ; and it is most surprising to consider how many persons of good sense and high talent visited Mrs. Nollekens, though it probably was principally owing to the good character her father and sister held in society. Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams were often there, and they generally arrived in a hackney-coach, on account of Miss Williams' blindness. When the Doctor sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street-door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined : ' Now, Doctor, you *did* say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.' To which the Doctor's reply was : ' Bow-wow-wow !'

The bust is a wonderfully fine one and very like, but certainly the sort of hair *is* objectionable ; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging !

Dr. Johnson also considered this bust like him, but, whilst he acknowledged the sculptor's ability in his art, he could not avoid observing to his

friend Boswell, when they were looking at it in Nollekens' studio: 'It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence:'<sup>1</sup> though, from want of knowing the sculptor, a visitor, when viewing his studio, was heard to say: 'What a mind the man must have from whom all these emanated!' Banks, in his tale of 'Every Man in his Way,' commences with:

'One art, philosophers maintain,  
Is full sufficient for one brain;  
And He who made us men, design'd  
For such a science such a mind.'

Defective as he was in many particulars, Nollekens' fame for bust-making will never be diminished; and I would have this truth 'written as with a sunbeam.' Possessed of such distinguished talent, he now became extremely popular, though he never sought employment; and perhaps no man had less intrigue:

'As spiders never seek the fly,  
But leave him of himself, t' apply.'

Most of his sitters were exceedingly amused with the oddity of his manner, particularly fine women, who were often gratified by being considered handsome by the sculptor, though his admiration was expressed in the plainest language.

I remember his once requesting a lady who squinted dreadfully to 'look a little the other way, for then,' said he, 'I shall get rid of the shyness in the cast of your eye;' and to another lady of

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Johnson, upon hearing the name of an eminent sculptor mentioned, observed, 'Well, sir, I think my friend Joe Nollekens can chop out a head with any of them.'—SMITH.

the highest rank, who had forgotten her position, and was looking down upon him, he cried: 'Don't look so *scornny*; you'll spoil my busto; and you're a very fine woman; I think it will be one of my best bustos.' I heard him ask the daughter of Lord Yarborough, in the presence of her husband, to prove to her that he had not forgotten all his Italian, if she did not recollect his dancing her upon his knee when she was a *bambina*. He was very fond of speaking Italian, though I have been told it was exceedingly bad; and he would often attempt it even in the presence of the Royal Family, who good-temperedly smiled at his whimsicalities.

Even the gravest of men, the Lord Chancellor Bathurst,<sup>1</sup> when sitting to him for his bust for the Chancery Court, in his large wig, condescendingly endured the following collection of nonsense, in which at last his lordship was obliged to join. *Nollekens*: 'Ah, there goes the bell tolling! No, it's only my clock on the stairs. When I was a boy, you would have liked to have seen me toll the bell; it's no very easy thing, I can tell you—look a little that way!—you must toll, that is to say, I did, one hour for a man, three times three; and three times two for a woman. Now, your lordship must mind, there's a moving-bell and a passing-bell; these the Romans always attended to.' 'You mean the Roman Catholics, Mr. Nollekens,' observed his lordship. 'Yes, my lord, they call that the moving-bell, which goes when they

<sup>1</sup> Henry Bathurst, the second Earl (1714-1794), author of 'The Theory of Evidence.'—ED.

move a body out of one parish to the next, or so on. The passing-bell is when you are dying, and going from this world to another place.' 'Ay, Mr. Nollekens,' observed his lordship, 'there is a curious little book, published in 1671, I think by Richard Duckworth, upon the art of ringing, entitled "Tintannologia."' "

But simple and half-witted as this artist certainly was, yet he always knew how to take care of what is called the main chance, as will be proved by the following anecdote :

A lady in weeds for her dear husband, drooping low like the willow, visited the sculptor, and assured him that she did not care what money was expended on a monument to the memory of her beloved : 'Do what you please, but do it directly,' were her orders. Industry was a principle riveted in Nollekens' constitution ; he rose with the lark, and in a short time finished the model, strongly suspecting she might, like some others he had been employed by, change her mind.

The lady, in about three months, made her second appearance, in which more courage is generally assumed, and was accosted by him, before she alighted, with 'Poor soul ! I thought you'd come ;' but her tripping down with a 'light fantastic toe,' and the snorting of her horses, which had been hard driven, evinced a total change in her inclination, and he was now saluted with : 'How do you do, Nollekens. Well, you have not commenced the model?' 'Yes, but I have, though,' was the reply. *The Lady* : 'Have you, indeed ?

These, my good friend, I own,' throwing herself into a chair, 'are early days ; but since I saw you, an old Roman acquaintance of yours has made me an offer, and I don't know how he would like to see in our church a monument of such expense to my late husband ; indeed, perhaps, after all, upon second thoughts, it would be considered quite enough if I got our mason to put up a mural inscription, and that, you know, he can cut very neatly.' 'My charge,' interrupted the artist, 'for my model will be one hundred guineas,' which she declared to be 'enormous.' However, she would pay it and 'have done with him.'

His singular and parsimonious habits were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens, and these he so rigidly economized that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening, and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was anything to be done ; and I have been assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year !

It happened one morning that poor old Daphne, the large yard dog, a constant market-companion of Mrs. Nollekens, barked incessantly, until Mr. Nollekens, who was then taking in the milk, which was his constant practice, could go to the gate, where he was addressed by a raw-boned man full six feet in height, who said he was a cutter of funeral inscriptions, come from the city of Norwich, and would be glad of a job. At this time the Literary Club, founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which met at the St. Luke's Head, in Gerrard Street, had signed a round-robin, addressed to Dr. Johnson, requesting him to alter into English the inscription for Dr. Goldsmith's monument, at that time executing by Mr. Nollekens, who promised the man at the gate the cutting of it as soon as it was sent back ; and this I saw him execute under a shed in the yard near the dog, who constantly eyed his movements. Trifling as the incident may at first appear, this person became a valuable assistant to his new master, under whom he made what is called a very pretty fortune. His name was William Arminger, and he carved many of Mr. Nollekens' best busts ; but farther particulars of him will be given in a future page.

The monument to Dr. Goldsmith was put up in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, over the entrance to the Chapel of St. Blaize, which has long been used as a vestry to the edifice.

## CHAPTER III.

Friends of Mrs. Nollekens—G. M. Moser and his daughter Mary—Her letters, and one from Fuseli in reply—Angelica Kauffmann and her marriage—Mrs. Carter—Old houses on Hampstead Heath—G. Steevens and his portraits—Nollekens' bust of George III.—Parsimonious management of Nollekens when a bachelor—Personal appearance of him and his wife—Economy of Mrs. Nollekens—The sculptor's figure and dress—White's Coffee-house, and the gamblers' address to the King.

MRS. NOLLEKENS was honoured with the friendship of three highly celebrated ladies—Miss Moser,<sup>1</sup> R.A., the famous painter of flowers, afterwards Mrs. Lloyd; Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, R.A., whose works are too well known to need any encomiums from me, both of whom were chosen members of the Royal Academy upon its establishment; and Mrs. Elizabeth Carter,<sup>2</sup> the well-known translator of Epictetus. Of the two former characters I shall now give a few anecdotes, which, from their being uncommon, at this distance of time may prove rather interesting.

Miss Mary Moser was the daughter of George Michael Moser, a truly worthy and clever man.

<sup>1</sup> Mary Moser lived until 1819. Her friend and rival, Angelica Kauffmann, died in 1807.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> This lady, born in 1717, died in 1806. Her famous translation of Epictetus was published in 1758.—ED.

He was originally a chaser ; but when that mode of adorning plate, cane-heads, and watch-cases became unfashionable, he, by the advice of his friend, Mr. Thomas Grignon, the celebrated watch-maker, applied himself to enamelling watch-trinkets, necklaces, bracelets, etc., from which occupation he became an excellent enameller of larger and more eminent works. He drew remarkably well, and was successively at the head of several drawing schools, until at last he was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy on its foundation, which situation he filled some considerable time with honour to himself and his brother Academicians. Moser died at his apartments in Somerset House on Friday, January 24, 1783, aged seventy-eight, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden.

Mr. Moser originally lived in Craven Buildings, Drury Lane—a street at the south end of the lane, which was built upon part of the premises of Craven House in the year 1723, as appears by an inscribed stone let into the north-west corner house of the street, at the bottom of which, against the wall, was a large equestrian portrait of William Lord Craven, painted by Paul Van Somer the younger, for there were two painters of that name. This picture, which is now destroyed, I have engraven in my ‘*Antiquities of London.*’

Miss Moser, though somewhat of a precise woman, was at times a most cheerful companion. My father knew her well, and was often delighted by hearing her relate the passing events of the day, specimens



of which I now present to the reader, in two letters addressed to her friend Mrs. Lloyd, the wife of the gentleman whom she afterwards married, with the loan of which entertaining epistles I was favoured by Mrs. Nichols, who was for many years the faithful companion of the writer :

‘ May 8.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ Come to London and admire our plumes. We sweep the sky. A duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milkmaid one at each corner of her cap. Your mamma desired me to inquire the name of something she had seen in the windows in Tavistock Street. It seems *she* was afraid to ask ; but *I* took courage, and they told me they were rattlesnake tippets. However, notwithstanding their frightful name, they are not very much unlike a beaufong, only the quills are made stiff and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster. Pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three-quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other. I should not have said so much about fashions, but I suppose it makes part of the conversation of country ladies. I hope my advice will not be stale. French trimming is quite the bon-ton.

‘ N.B.—The Queen and her ladies never wear feathers. They say here that the minority ladies are distinguished from the courtiers by their plumes. Mrs. Sheriff brought a terrible story of a trance, which I suppose your mamma has told you already ; but I have since inquired into the merits of the case, and have been assured by some of the lady’s relations, who are likewise cousins of mine by marriage, that the story is fabulous, and they fancy it was fabricated to amuse a good old aunt who delights in the marvellous. Is there no ghostly story propagated at Carnarvon that would petrify one’s friends ? For Heaven’s sake invent me some ! Let them be very wonderful indeed, that I may make a figure among the old ladies. I have found very good effects from telling a terrific story when I have held a doubtful, low hand ; pray keep this secret. I do not know one gossiping anecdote, or it should be at your service. My father and mother join in compliments to you and Captain Lloyd, and

‘ I remain, to all perpetuity,

‘ Your sincere friend and humble servant,

‘ MARY MOSER.’

‘Somerset House, Jan. 9.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘Your “Palace of Silence” has engrossed all my thoughts for these last six weeks ; I dream of it, and cry “Silence !” in my sleep. If your printer should not have mercy on me, and bring it out shortly, I shall certainly die with impatience.

‘The renewal of the year gives me an opportunity of wishing you in words what I always wish you in thought—many, many happy years. “May you live as long as you deserve to live !” says Lord Chesterfield to his son. Give me leave to conclude my wish in the same manner ; because, if my wish succeed, you will live for ever. Pray, if you have read Lord Chesterfield’s letters, give me your opinion of them, and what you think of his lordship. For my part, I admire wit and adore good manners, but at the same time I should detest Lord Chesterfield, were he alive, young, and handsome, and my lover, if I supposed, as I do now, his wit was the result of thought, and that he had been practising the graces in the looking-glass. I cannot help smiling at the fine compliments he desires his son to make to the Duke of Newcastle, and the delicate turn of his epistle to Voltaire. Witty sayings made yesterday, and compliments manufactured at leisure, I hate ; so I will not allow my Lord Chesterfield to have been a wit, unless you speak in his defence, which I think you will not do, because he has said the best of us are little better than things in leading-strings and forehead cloths. However, as I have heard that it is generous to acknowledge the merit of those we do not love, I will declare, if all the good things in Lord Chesterfield’s work were compiled in one volume, independent of his adoration of the Graces, it would be a most excellent little book.

‘I shall have the pleasure of seeing your mamma this afternoon at Mrs. Toussaint’s ; so adieu, my dear friend, and believe me,

‘Sincerely, with all love,

‘Your humble, humble servant,

‘MARY MOSER.

‘To Mrs. Lloyd.’

Mrs. Nichols has also indulged me with the loan of two other letters, one of which is warmly addressed by Miss Moser to Fuseli when at Rome ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fuseli left England in December, 1769, and arrived at Rome in January, 1770. In September, 1778, he left Rome for Switzerland, where he continued till the middle of 1779, when he returned to England.—SMITH.

the other is Fuseli's answer, and is certainly coldly written. However, with these epistles the reader will be highly pleased, as they contain some truly interesting particulars respecting the arts. I should have premised that Miss Moser was glancing at Fuseli, but his heart unfortunately had already been deeply pierced by Angelica Kauffmann :

'If you have not forgotten at Rome those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world, which flourishes in ruins ; tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers ; say if Old Tiber droops with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, and his swans look as white as those of Father Thames ; or write me your own thoughts and reflections, which will be more acceptable than any description of anything Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years.

'I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our Exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen ; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit ; and Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Druggier, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give an hundred guineas for the picture. Lord Carlisle half an hour after offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the lord, and the emolument to his brother artist. (He is a gentleman!) Angelica made a very great addition to the show, and Mr. Hamilton's picture of Brisëis parting from Achilles was very much admired ; the Brisëis in taste, *à la antique*, elegant and simple. Coates, Dance, Wilson, etc., as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine that I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse ; but when you are tired of my gossiping you may burn the letter, so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas ; but the Secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the preface to the "Travels." The Professor of History is comforted by the success of his "Deserted Village," which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France ; and Dr.

Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua a few days ago entertained the Council and visitors with callipash and callipee, except poor Coates,<sup>1</sup> who last week fell a sacrifice to the corroding power of soap-lees, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone. Many a tear will drop on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. (*Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*) My mamma declares that you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your mother did High-German. Mr. Meyer laughed aloud at your letter, and desired to be remembered. My father and his daughter long to know the progress you will make, particularly

‘MARY MOSER,

who remains sincerely your friend, and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself, “*Why did she send this d—d nonsense to me?*”

‘Rome, April 27, 1771.

‘MADAM,

‘I am inexcusable. I know your letter by heart, and have never answered it; but I am often so very unhappy within that I hold it matter of remorse to distress such a friend as Miss Moser with my own whimsical miseries. They may be fancied evils, but to him who has fancy, real evils are unnecessary, though I have them too. All I can say is that I am approaching the period which commonly decides a man’s life with regard to fame or infamy. If I am distracted by the thought, those who have passed the Rubicon will excuse me, and you are amongst the number.

‘Mr. Runciman,<sup>2</sup> who does me the favour to carry these lines, my friend, and in my opinion the best *painter* of us in Rome, has desired me to introduce him to your family; but he wants no other introduction than his merit. I beg my warmest compliments to papa and mamma, and am unaltered,

‘Madam,

‘Your most obliged servant and friend,

‘FUSELI.

‘To Miss Moser,

‘Craven Buildings, Drury Lane.’

<sup>1</sup> Francis Cotes (1726-1770). He was the first member of the Royal Academy to die.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Runciman, the Scotch historical painter. He was in Rome from 1766 to 1771. He died in 1785, in his fiftieth year.—ED.

The late Queen Charlotte, whose real worth as to private benevolence was not known until after her death, took particular notice of Miss Moser, and for a considerable time employed her at Frogmore for the decoration of one chamber, which her Majesty commanded to be called Miss Moser's Room, and for which the Queen paid upwards of £900.

It having been asserted that Angelica Kauffmann studied from an exposed male living model, which Mr. Nollekens said he believed, I was determined to gain the best information on the subject by going to Mr. Charles Cranmer, one of the original models of the Royal Academy, now living, in his eighty-second year, at No. 13, in Regent Street, Vauxhall Bridge, and he assured me that he did frequently sit before Angelica Kauffmann at her house on the south side of Golden Square, but that he only exposed his arms, shoulders, and legs, and that her father, who was also an artist and likewise an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, was always present. I have under my care, as Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, a most spirited study of hers, dated 1771, of a male Academy model, recumbent and half draped; it is in black and white chalk, upon brown paper, and is in the splendid collection left to the Museum by the late Richard Payne Knight, Esq., a trustee of that magnificent establishment, which will in a few years be the admiration of our own country and the envy of all the world.

Angelica, before she married Mr. Zucchi,<sup>1</sup> the artist, was most artfully deceived by a discarded servant of Count Horn, who had imposed himself upon her smiles with the title of his late master ; and being a very fine, handsome fellow, she was determined to show her friends, with whom she had flirted, that she had at last made a good hit, and therefore, without the least hesitation, immediately gave her hand to the impostor. The next time Angelica attended at Buckingham House upon the Queen, who was pleased by seeing her paint, she communicated her marriage to her Majesty, upon which she received the most condescending congratulations, with an invitation to her husband to come to Court ; who, however, was cunningly determined to keep himself within the house, from the sight of everyone, until his baggage had arrived, which he expected every day. At last Count Horn himself came to England, and, when at the levée, was much surprised by being complimented upon his marriage. Angelica, who soon received the mortifying information from the Queen, was for a time inconsolable ; but at last her friends prevailed upon the fortune-hunter to leave England upon a pension, and Angelica, who resumed the name of Kauffmann, which she retained till her death, was fortunately never troubled with him afterwards.

Mrs. Carter, of whom Mrs. Nollekens was in possession of a portrait, most exquisitely engraven

<sup>1</sup> Antonio Zucchi, the Venetian decorator (1726-1795), came to England early in life, was elected an A.R.A. in 1770, and married Angelica in 1781.—Ed.

by Hayward, from a picture by Lawrence, would often complain of her 'indefatigable headache.'<sup>1</sup> She was a truly sincere woman, and will be introduced in a future page.

Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens took me one Sunday morning with them in a glass coach to pass a day with their friend Mrs. Haycock, a very aged lady who resided near Hampstead Heath. She was quite of the old school in her dress, and so indeed was everything in and about her house. Her evergreens were cut into the shapes of various birds; and Cheere's<sup>2</sup> leaden painted figures of a shepherd and shepherdess were objects of as much admiration with her neighbours as they were with my Lord Ogleby, who thus accosts his friend in the second scene of the 'Clandestine Marriage':

'Great improvements, indeed, Mr. Stirling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the basin with Neptune in the middle are in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde Park Corner.'

The fine row of elms, which is now open upon the left hand of the green opposite to a garden wall, was, at the time we made the visit, within Mrs. Haycock's grounds, which were surrounded by a primly-cut holly-edge. After we had dined with this lady, who had lived several years beyond eighty, at which period she had received the small-

<sup>1</sup> Miss Elizabeth Carter's 'indefatigable headache' was the result of excessive attention to Greek and Latin studies in her early youth. She was a very fine linguist.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry Cheere, the statuary (? 1700-1781), was celebrated for his leaden figures for garden decoration. His shop was in Piccadilly.—ED.

pox, Mrs. Nollekens expressed a wish to view the grounds of her opposite neighbour, George Steevens,<sup>1</sup> Esq., better known under the appellation of ‘Shakespeare Steevens’; and she was more particularly anxious to see this spot, as she had often heard her father speak of its notoriety. It having been, too, a fashionable place of resort for the Londoners, when it was the Upper Flask Tavern, and Richardson having noticed it as the place where his Clarissa had fled to from Lovelace, the public at that time was generally talking about it.

Mr. Steevens ordered his gardener to show the grounds, which were beautiful beyond description.

I received no small pleasure last summer, when—Shepherd, Esq., the present possessor, politely gave me permission to revisit them, to find this highly enviable spot nearly in the same state in which it was in my youthful days.

Steevens early in life was rather conceited of his person, and had a miniature of himself beautifully painted by the celebrated Meyer,<sup>2</sup> the enameller and Royal Academician. He also stood, being fond of private theatricals, in which he often took a part, for a whole-length portrait in oil in the character of Barbarossa. Zoffany likewise painted a picture of him in oil, with a favourite little dog, which has been engraven for Boydell for his edition of Shakespeare. Fond as he was of having his

<sup>1</sup> The Shakespearian annotator (1736-1800).—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Jeremiah Meyer, a native of Wirtemberg, came to England in 1749, and was a foundation member of the Royal Academy. He died in 1789.—ED.



portrait taken in early life, in his latter days he not only refused to sit, but actually took the greatest pains to destroy every resemblance of his features, and never suffered himself to remain in the company of an artist for any length of time, lest he should steal his likeness. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, he was seriously annoyed by receiving an impression of an etching of his face, though not a very good likeness, taken by stealth by Sayer,<sup>1</sup> the caricaturist, at which liberty Steevens was so highly exasperated that he threatened 'to cane the fellow'—a mode of chastisement which, with a raised arm and a clenched fist, he often declared he would inflict upon most of those persons who offended him. Steevens, who certainly had remarkably handsome legs, which he generally covered with white cotton stockings, would frequently pique himself upon having walked from his house at Hampstead, half over London and back, without receiving a speck of dirt upon them.

Mrs. Swan, an aged woman, who lets ready-furnished lodgings in Hampstead, and who married Steevens' gardener, assured me that no creature on earth could be more afraid of death than Steevens; that on the day of his decease he came into the kitchen, where she and her husband were sitting at dinner, snatched at their pudding, which he ate most voraciously, at the same time defying the

<sup>1</sup> James Sayer, a Yarmouth man, who produced a long series of coarse but effective political caricatures. Born in 1748, he died in 1823.—ED.

grinning monster in the most terrific language. However, he died, and Flaxman has placed his effigy on his monument in white marble, placidly seated contemplating a bust of Shakespeare, which is erected in the north chancel of the East India Company's Chapel in Poplar.

I once heard Mr. Nollekens relate an anecdote in the presence of Mr. Richard Dalton,<sup>1</sup> then librarian to King George III., which will show how well his Majesty must have been acquainted with even the religious persuasions as well as the faces and family connections of his subjects.

'When I was modelling the King's busto,' observed Mr. Nollekens, 'I was commanded to go to receive the King at Buckingham House at seven o'clock in the morning, for that was the time his Majesty shaved. After he had shaved himself, and before he had put on his stock, I modelled my busto. I *sot* him down, to be even with myself, and the King seeing me go about him and about him, said to me, "What do you want?"—I said, "I want to measure your nose. The Queen tells me I have made my nose too broad."—"Measure it, then," said the King.'—'Ay, my good friend,' observed Dalton, who had been intimate with Nollekens during their stay at Rome, 'I have heard it often mentioned in the library; and it has also been affirmed that you pricked the King's nose with your said calipers. I will tell you what the King said of you when you did not attend according to

<sup>1</sup> A brother of John Dalton, the poetical divine. He died in 1797.—ED.

command one morning : “ Nollekens is not come ; I forgot, it is a saint’s day, and he is a Catholic.”’

Although it is true that Nollekens followed the old family persuasion of his father, and possibly he might at that time, as it was just after his arrival from Rome, have paid more attention to saints’ days, yet I am quite certain that during his latter years he cared very little for the Catholic religion, nor, indeed, for any other. As for Mrs. Nollekens, though she pretended to be a stanch friend to the National Protestant Church, yet she never contributed much to its support ; for she certainly never was known to indulge in the expense of a pew, or even in a single seat. She generally contrived, by standing near the pew of some one of her tenants, to catch an eye of observation, when she was sure of being accommodated with a seat, not only in the church, but very often in a carriage home ; and this latter attention often afforded her an opportunity of accepting an invitation to a card-party, or a seat in a box at the opera, of which entertainment she always declared herself to be excessively fond.

The following anecdote is current, but on what authority it rests I know not ; allowing the story to be true, it could come only from an attendant on the King—certainly not from his Majesty, nor from Nollekens ; however, I could name half a dozen persons who continue to relate it.

The story runs thus : When Mr. Nollekens attended the King the following day to receive his Majesty’s commands as to the time for the next

sitting, as he approached the royal presence, instead of making an apology on the saint's account, he merely wished to know when he might be allowed to go on with his busto. The King, however, with his usual indulgence to persons as ignorant as Nollekens was of the common marks of respect, observed, 'So, Nollekens, where were you yesterday?'

*Nollekens*: 'Why, as it was a saint's day, I thought you would not have me; so I went to see the beasts fed in the Tower.'

*The King*: 'Why did you not go to Duke Street?'

*Nollekens*: 'Well, I went to the Tower; and do you know, they have got two such lions there! and the biggest did roar so; my heart! how he did roar!' And then he mimicked the roaring of the lion, so *loud* and so close to the King's ear that his Majesty moved to a considerable distance to escape the imitation, without saying, like Bottom in the comedy:

'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

A modeller keeps his clay moist by spirting water over it; and this he does by standing at a little distance with his mouth filled with water, which he spirits upon it, so that the water is sent into all the recesses of his model before he covers it up; this, it is said, Nollekens did in the King's presence, without declaring what he was about to do. However, it was not the case with Mr. Bacon,<sup>1</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> John Bacon, R.A. (1740-1799). See prefatory essay.—Ed.

sculptor, who had provided a long silver syringe for that purpose before he attended the King, with which he could easily throw the water into the recesses of the model, without making so disagreeable a noise in his Majesty's presence. With the drapery of this bust of the King Nollekens had more anxiety and trouble than with any of his other productions; he assured Mr. Joseph,<sup>1</sup> the Associate of the Royal Academy, that after throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance. Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man in order to give her the money, when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away, 'Go, go, get the butter.' And he has frequently been heard to say that that drapery was by far the best he ever cast for a bust.

The reader is to be informed that when Mr. Nollekens was engaged upon this bust of our late gracious King, Miss Mary Welch was not in possession of the power of managing his domestic concerns. He was then a single man, and his servant, for at that time he kept but one, always applied to him for money to purchase every description of

<sup>1</sup> George Francis Joseph, the painter, born in 1764. In 1813 he was elected A.R.A., but was never promoted. He died in 1846. The sculptor Samuel Joseph was his cousin.—ED.

article *fresh*, as it was wanted for the approaching meal ; and by that mode of living, he concluded, as he kept his servant upon board-wages, he was not so much exposed to her pilfering inclinations, particularly as she was entrusted with no more money than would enable her to purchase just enough for his own eating. He generally contrived to get through the small quantity he allowed himself, never thinking of keeping any portion of a roll or a pat of butter for anyone who might pop in at his breakfasting-hour, or as a reserve for a friend as a bever before dinner.

I have frequently heard Miss Moser assure my father that, whenever she carried him a pot of jelly or a quince marmalade, she always, upon opening his closet, found the last presented pot entirely emptied, so fond was he of anything given to him, particularly when he had a sore throat, of which he frequently complained to those who made black-currant jelly.

Before the commencement of some other anecdotes, which may amuse the reader, I must indulge in a comparison betwixt the general appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, certainly not cheek-by-jowl, but by the simile of placing a pair of compasses and a short pair of calipers side by side ; the first opened at ten degrees, or perhaps not quite so much, the latter at full fifteen ; and then, I think, Mrs. Nollekens will stand pardoned for continuing to call her husband ‘ Little Nolly,’ which name, by-the-by, he originally received from her early admirer and sincere friend, Dr. Johnson, who

never failed to visit her, for the last three years of his life, at least three times a month, so that I had frequent opportunities of peeping at him. In the way in which the compasses and calipers will appear, when opened at the above degrees, so Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens' figures may be conceived—the lady with *legs tall, thin, and straight*, the gentleman with *limbs short and bowed*; thus *proportioned*, they would slowly move, on a Sunday morning, till they arrived at a certain corner in Mortimer Street, where they then parted, the one turning to the right, the other to the left; he to the Roman Catholic Chapel, and she to the Protestant Church.

Sometimes in the evening, when they had no engagements, to take a little fresh air, and to avoid interlopers, they would, after putting a little tea and sugar, a French roll, or a couple of rusks into their pockets, stray to Madam Caria's, a Frenchwoman who lived near the end of Marylebone Lane, in what were at that time called the French Gardens, principally tenanted by the citizens, where persons were accommodated with tea equipage and hot water at a penny a head. Mrs. Nollekens made it a rule to allow one servant—as they kept two—to go out on the alternate Sunday; for it was Mr. Nollekens' opinion that if they were never permitted to visit the Jew's Harp, Queen's Head and Artichoke, or Chalk Farm, they never would wash *themselves*.

Had the facetious Samuel Foote witnessed the following scene, it is probable he would have given

it a more humorous commemoration ; but I shall endeavour to narrate it in the manner Mrs. Bland, who kept a turner's shop, used to tell it to her customers. Mrs. Nollekens, upon opening Mrs. Bland's door, declared she had not seen her for some time, though they lived in the same street, and were close neighbours, only seven doors apart. *Mrs. Bland* : ' No, madam, I have not sold you a broom for these five years ! ' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' Five years ! my dear Mrs. Bland, how time passes ! though you don't look the worse for wear, my good friend.' *Mrs. Bland* : ' I thank you, ma'am, I have had my share of troubles, with my poor dear husband and my two boys.' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' Ah ! so we all have. My house opposite has been to let a good while now, ever since the General left it ; is it not a pity so good a house should remain empty ? Indeed it must be a great loss to *you*, Mrs. Bland, for I understand they had all their turnery of you.' *Mrs. Bland* : ' Yes ; and what is more, they always gave me my price, and paid punctually ! ' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' I will now put it in your power to gain a customer. Here is a bill, which I got *Little Smith* ' (myself) ' to write in a large hand ; allow it to occupy a pane of your shop-window, and as there is more sun upon this side of the street, the white paper will sooner catch the eye.' *Mrs. Bland* : ' I have no objection.' ' Well, then,' rejoined the lady, ' do desire your girl to clean the glass, and then put it up while I stay. Bless me ! I totally forgot to bring wafers ; can you oblige me with one ? ' *Mrs. Bland* : ' I will



see ; we have used them so little here since my poor dear husband died.' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' Pray don't mention the loss of him now ; we should never repine. Bless me ! what a miserable stock ! Stay, we will not mind the colours, we shall manage it.' The bill being stuck up, *Mrs. Nollekens* asked her neighbour what was the price of a good mop. *Mrs. Bland*, after taking one down, and striking it on the floor to make it appear bushy, and holding it as a buffetier would his halbert, replied, ' There, ma'am, there's a mop—half a crown.' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' What ! half a crown ? My good woman, why, I only gave two shillings and threepence for the last.' ' Yes, ma'am,' observed the shopkeeper, ' but that was ten years ago.' *Mrs. Nollekens* : ' Come, come, *Mrs. Bland*, don't be rude ; I know pretty well when it was. But what will you allow me, now, for an old stick ?' ' Three halfpence, ma'am.' ' No, *Mrs.* What's - your - name ; allow me threepence, and I will give you two shillings, and you may send in your mop.' As *Mrs. Bland* would not agree to this, *Mrs. Nollekens* shut the door without wishing her a good morning ; at the same time muttering, loud enough to be heard, that she would go to a man round the corner who had just opened a turner's shop.

Perhaps it now may be better, by way of variety, to give a few of *Mr. Nollekens*' recollections ; but before they are related a description of his person may not be considered as out of place.

His figure was short, his head big, and it appeared much increased by a large-crowned hat, of

which kind he was very fond ; but his dress-hat, which he always sported when he went to Court or to the Academy dinners, was nearly flat, and he brought it from Rome. His neck was short, his shoulders narrow, his body too large, particularly in the front lower part, which resembled that of Tenducci, and many other falsetto singers ; he was bow-legged and hook-nosed—indeed, his leg was somewhat like his nose, which resembled the rudder of an Antwerp packet-boat—his hips were rather thin, but between his brows there was great evidence of study. He was very fond of his ruffles, and continued to wear them long after they had become unfashionable—indeed, until they were worn out. A drab was his favourite colour, and his suit was generally made from the same piece, though now and then he would treat himself with a striped Manchester waistcoat, of one of which he was so fond that he sat to Abbott<sup>1</sup> for his portrait in it, an engraving from which may be seen in Messrs. Cadell's collection of interesting contemporary portraits, where he is represented leaning on his bust of Fox, which brought him into more notice than any other of his productions. His dress-stockings were also rather remarkable, being ornamented with blue and white stripes, similar to those constantly and so lately worn by Sir Thomas Stepney, an old member of White's, in St. James's Street, of which house of notoriety the annexed anecdote, extracted from the Rev. W. Cole's MSS. in the

<sup>1</sup> Francis Samuel Abbott, the portrait-painter (1760-1803). He was a pupil of Hayman. He painted several portraits of Nelson.—ED.

British Museum, shall conclude this chapter, and may probably be found entertaining to the reader :

'The following humorous address was supposed to have been written by Colonel Lyttelton, brother to Sir George Lyttelton, in 1752, on his Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White's Chocolate House, near St. James's Palace, was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had meetings and a society. It was given to me December 8, 1752.

*'The Gamesters' Address to the King.*

"MOST RIGHTEOUS SOVEREIGN,

"May it please your Majesty, we, the lords, knights, etc., of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, and our fortunes being ever at stake), and congratulate your Majesty's happy return to these kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all, both us, our wives, and children. We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty's great goodness and lenity in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed, while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them. And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person, and that next to the kings of diamonds, clubs, spades, and hearts, we love, honour, and adore you."

'To which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer :

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I return you my thanks for your loyal address ; but whilst I have such rivals in your affection as you tell me of, I can neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack* of *cards*, and shall *deal* with you accordingly."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Cole's MSS., vol. xxxi., p. 171, in the British Museum.

## CHAPTER IV.

Nollekens' dinner-parties and visitors—Mr. Taylor—Economical eccentricities of Mrs. Nollekens—Dr. Johnson—The sculptor and the snow model in Oxford Market—Mr. White of Fleet Street—Mrs. Nollekens and the modeller in butter—Salubrious air of Hampstead, and artists residing there—Manœuvres of Mrs. Nollekens in dress, etc.

ONE day, when some friends were expected to dine with Mrs. Nollekens, poor Bronze, labouring under a severe sore throat, stretching her flannelled neck up to her mistress, hoarsely announced 'all the Hawkinses' to be in the dining-parlour! Mrs. Nollekens, in a half-stifled whisper, cried: 'Nolly, it is truly vexatious that we are always served so when we dress a joint; you won't be so silly as to ask them to dinner?' *Nollekens*: 'I ask them! let 'em get their meals at home; I'll not encourage the sort of thing; or, if they please, they can go to Mathias's; they'll find the cold leg of lamb we left yesterday.' *Mrs. Nollekens*: 'No wonder, I am sure, they are considered so disagreeable by Captain Gröse, Hampstead Steevens, Murphy, Nichols, and Boswell.'

At this moment who should come in but Mr. John Taylor<sup>1</sup> (who will be often mentioned in this

<sup>1</sup> John Taylor, the portrait-painter (1739-1838). He invested his earnings in the long annuities, so as to be safe to the age of one

work); he looked around and wondered what all the fuss could be about. 'Why don't you go to your dinner, my good friend?' said he; 'I am sure it must be ready, for I smell the gravy.' Nollekens, to whom he had spoken, desired him to keep his nonsense to himself. *Taylor*: 'Well, well, well, I own I ought to have nothing to do with family affairs. I see your dog Daphne has the mange! You should put some brimstone in his water; it is a very fine purifier of the blood; indeed, I take it myself now and then; and I recollect my old friend, Jonathan Tyers, never suffered any of his dogs to be without it. Heighday!' looking behind the screen, 'why, here's a boy naked! What, Tom, is it you?' 'Yes, sir,' replied I. *Taylor*: 'Why, what are you sitting for now? You were a Cupid the other day. Oh, a Mercury, I see—a pretty compliment, faith! Well, you must mind what you're about. However, Nollekens has made a god of you, you'll remember that. I say, who's coming here to dinner, do you know? He has never asked me to dine with him as yet; I don't know what he *may* do; nor did he ever send me a slice of the Yarborough venison. Well, perhaps I am as well without it, though I must own I like venison: Quin was fond of it, too. He and my master, Frank Hayman,<sup>1</sup> knew the taste of it full well; and I recollect when Lord Sandwich gave a

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hundred, and escaped penury only by dying in his ninety-ninth year.—ED.

<sup>1</sup> Francis Hayman (1708-1776) was a foundation member of the Royal Academy.—ED.

dinner to Lady Vane in Vauxhall Gardens the haunches were fifty shillings apiece.'

This dispute had lasted so long that perhaps the 'Hawkinses' overheard it, for they had silently let themselves out without even ringing the bell. Shortly after the *invited* party arrived, and I, who had been 'a very good lad,' was allowed to remain in the studio to finish my drawing for admission into the Royal Academy. Now, as this room was next to the dining-parlour, I could not avoid hearing part of the conversation, for, as there was not much to eat, there were many talkers; but before the company sat down they were requested to walk upstairs for a moment, to see Angelica Kauffmann's portrait of Mrs. Nollekens, who was painted in the character of Innocence, with a dove, of a three-quarter size, for which she had just received £15 15s. In the meantime Bronze, who had been assisting the cook to put on the dishes, called to me through the keyhole: 'Bless you, Master Smith, come and see our set-out!' And as the scanty display for so many persons astonished me, I shall endeavour to describe the 'spread,'<sup>1</sup> as it is called at Cambridge.

Two tables were joined; but as the legs of one were considerably shorter than those of the other, four blocks of wood had been prepared to receive them. The damask tablecloth was of a coffee-colour, similar to that formerly preferred by washers of Court ruffles. I recollect that the

<sup>1</sup> In English, 'A few things, sufficient to keep body and soul together.'—SMITH.

knives and forks matched pretty well ; but the plates of Queen's ware had not only been ill-used by being put upon the hob, by which they had lost some of their gadrooned edges, but were of an unequal size, and the dishes were flat, and therefore held little gravy. The dinner consisted of a roasted leg of pork, the joint scented by their friend Taylor ; a salad, with four heads of celery standing pyramidically ; mashed turnips neatly spooned over a large flat plate to the height of a quarter of an inch ; and, lastly,

'Lo ! a lobster introduced in state,  
Whose ample body stretches o'er the plate.'

The side-dishes were a chicken and a reindeer's tongue, with parsley and butter, but the boat was without a ladle, and the plate hardly large enough for it to stand in. Close to Mrs. Nollekens' left elbow stood a dumb waiter with cheese, a slice of butter, a few watercresses, and a change of plates, knives, and forks.

The dinner being announced, there was a great rustling of silks for preference of places, and I concluded, by the party drawing their chairs close, they were ready to begin ; but Bronze used to say : 'No one could eat till he was red in the face at master's table.' The set at the table consisted of Nollekens, his wife, and five on a side. No challenges at dinner that I heard of, nor do I think wine was even mentioned until the servants were ordered to 'take off.' Much about this time there was a great bustle, in which I distinctly heard Mrs. Nollekens' voice vociferate : 'I will have it

found !' At last Bronze entered, to whom she had given peremptory commands to fetch it. *Mr. Nollekens* : 'And, arter all, pray where did you find it?' *Bronze* : 'Why, sir, under the pillow of your bed.' 'There, Mr. N., I knew you had used it last night.' Nollekens ordered Bronze out of the room, saying 'he never liked that woman ; her mouth looked so much like the rump of a chicken.' This nameless article was then caught first by one elderly maiden, and then by another ; and as for Miss Welch, she declared a 'back-scratch' to be the most agreeable thing imaginable, and she was glad it was found, as it had been her mother's, adding that Cowper was perfectly correct in his assertion upon things mislaid :

'For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.'

*Mrs. Nollekens* : 'My dear Nolly, you had no occasion to have wasted the writing-paper for the claret, for, as it is the only bottle with a tall neck, we should have known it. My dear Mrs. Paradice, you may safely take a glass of it, for it is the last of twelve which Mr. Caleb Whitefoord sent us as a present ; and everybody who talks about wine should know his house has ever been famous for claret.' *Mr. Nollekens* : 'Don't crack the nuts with your teeth, Miss Moser ; you'll spoil them.' 'Ay, and what would Mr. Fuseli say to that?' asked Mr. Saunders Welch, who now spake for the first time. The ladies at last retired, and Bronze soon



declared tea to be ready, upon which the gentlemen went to the drawing-room, though without Mr. Nollekens, who remained to give orders for the salad to be put up again for the next day.

On the following morning Mr. Taylor popped in as usual, and wished to know, 'in the name of Fortune,' who had dined there yesterday; and being told of a few of the persons, one of whom had just lost his wife, his memory served him again as to his old master Hayman. 'Ay,' said he, 'my master, Frank Hayman, was a droll dog. I recollect when he buried his wife a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral. "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more, for me with pleasure."'

Mrs. Nollekens was a collector of prints, by receiving presents from those engravers who were candidates for the Associates' chairs in the Royal Academy. She had several engravings after Claude, with whom she always expressed herself delighted, and whenever she had occasion to show them would invariably make the following observation: 'It is very remarkable that Claude, Salvator Rosa, and Nicholas Poussin lived close beside each other on the Trinità del Monte.'

Mrs. Nollekens, well knowing her dear father to be fond of a glass of Yorkshire ale, endeavoured economically to procure a little, though her attempts were unsuccessful; and, indeed, she was frequently heard to declare herself by no means obliged to her neighbour, Mr. Sparrow, for so often declining to allow her something for the odd bottles she had in

her cellar. It was true that they were mostly of different shapes and sizes, but that she could not help, as they were all presents. 'However,' added she, 'as that is the case, they would better suit all sorts of purposes; he might have taken them, particularly as I have frequently told him Mr. Nollekens did not punish him for having his bills stuck against our yard-gates when he advertised for his son,' a fine youth, who was afterwards discovered to have been drowned when bathing in Marylebone Basin.

Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, who made a point of never visiting people at their country lodgings, where there was often too great a makeshift, had no objection to obey the truly kind commands of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, or Mr. Wilton,<sup>1</sup> at their delightful villas, where everything was perfection itself; but they were more particularly pleased when Sir Joshua accommodated Dr. Johnson and themselves with seats in his carriage.

By such an indulgence they not only avoided the fare to Richmond, but by keeping the carriage some time at the door, to the great annoyance of the Doctor, who once roared out, 'Come, Nolly! Nolly!' proved to the Rev. Mr. Martin,<sup>2</sup> and other

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Wilton, R.A., the sculptor. See Prefatory Essay.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Of this most respectable clergyman, who for many years was Mr. Nollekens' next-door neighbour, there are two most admirable likenesses, both painted and engraved by Linnell. Mr. Martin, whose literary works are well known, for many years had a chapel in Grafton Street, Soho, from whence he went to an entirely new one in Keppel Street, Russell Square.—SMITH.

neighbours in Mortimer Street, who were sure at that moment to be applied to for her lost cat, how much they were respected by the President of the Royal Academy and the renowned Dr. Johnson, the latter being at that time so popular that gentlemen continued to pass and repass, purposely to feed their sight upon so excellent and learned a character.

During a severe frost, after a heavy fall of snow, an Oxford Market butcher meeting Nollekens at the barber's, requested him to visit a snow house, which he and several other lads of the steel had erected, in which he said twelve pretty corpulent people could comfortably dine. Our sculptor, being always fond of sights, went with him, when a few greasy brothers of the knife surrounded him within, and swore they would not let him out unless he paid his footing. The R.A., however, gave them only sixpence, insisting that it was quite enough for a model in snow, which so exasperated the brutal architects that the wickedest son of Palladio thawed with a warm, smoky poker the name of Nollekens upon the outside of the hut, which induced the observers to believe and report that he had made it.

This most scandalous insinuation annoyed Mrs. Nollekens exceedingly, and the butchers insisted upon her giving them five shillings to take it out, which demand she paid, and afterwards went by the appellation of their Frosty Friend. Indeed, for a long time Nollekens was bantered by Barry, the painter—who, though he could not bear a joke, knew pretty well where to pass one, and was per-



fectly master of wit enough to render it a nuisance to those at whose door he thought proper to throw it—who gave Nollekens the nickname of a ‘Frozen-hearted Architect,’ who could ‘so coolly, in such an inclement season, deliberately erect a mansion with neither a door, a window, nor a fireplace. And how, in the name of Fortune, he could think of gaining a tenant to reimburse himself for two weeks together, was to his friends quite enigmatical. However, there was one thing which even his enemies could not charge him with—a fault too common among many modern builders—he had not laid a rotten foundation.’

No friend could perplex Mrs. Nollekens more than by presenting her with a turkey, when she was without a cook to draw the sinews of the legs, as every poulterer in the neighbourhood had repeatedly refused her custom, in consequence of her tiresome mode of offering them less than the market price for their chickens, and always leaving their shops without once making a single purchase, so that her only means of procuring poultry was of the higglers: their fowls, she found out, were either so ill fed, or of such an enormous age, that there was no gravy to follow the knife, a sure proof, she observed, that they could neither be the genuine Dorking nor the true ‘barn-door birds.’

There was one man, however, a cheesemonger, then living at the corner of Wells Street, who always got the whip-hand of her in an exchange for butter whenever she had more game in the house than would well keep for use; for as to

giving any away, that was an act she could not honestly record in her diary whilst she could get Mr. Mason's butter in return, cheese being never allowed nor seen in her house, but at set dinners, when, as there was a partition in the old family tray, she generally sported samples of two sorts, taking particular care that they should not be too heavy for Bronze to put on over the head of her master.

When straw hats had become unfashionable, Mrs. Nollekens hinted to old White, the hatter of Fleet Street, who frequently came to show Nollekens one of his Roman medals or a lamp, that possibly he could accommodate her with a Leghorn hat at a moderate rate. White, who was a cunning old fox, and well knew how to plough with another man's heifer, seldom visited Mr. Nollekens' studio, by way of getting the loan of a model, or a squeeze of something old or singularly curious, without first looking into the parlour to see how his dear friend Welch's daughter was, at the same time taking care to present her with an old-fashioned hat, well knowing that she cut them into more modern shapes, and covered them either with velvet from an old tippet, or a silk hatband. Nollekens, finding his wife always benefited by these visits, never refused White a squeeze of a patera, or anything that would answer his purpose; and at the same time, when he was gone, he readily joined in the laugh against old Gerrard, and the other fools who had been for years duped by old White, who had turned his wine-cellars into manufactories for the

produce of cast coins, and modern squeezes from Roman lamps.

These imitations White put into auctions and venders' shops for sale, and they were actually bought with avidity by the profound judges and collectors of such trash, who would, when the secret was discovered, rather than acknowledge their own want of judgment in such matters, boldly insist upon their originality, and call the man who declared himself as their fabricator 'an impudent impostor.' White has not been the only one whose performances have deceived unwary collectors; and even the learned have sometimes been pleased to impose copies upon themselves, to the no little injury of the man of real taste and talent, who produced some of their boasted treasures from the rough material. There can be little doubt as to the possibility of deceiving collectors in almost every pursuit; and I should expect that if the imitations of Greek and Roman art could declare themselves, many a curious tale could be told by some of those now hoarded up in cabinets, for which pretty heavy sums have been given by their happy possessors.

I must own Mrs. Nollekens had one quality which dignifies a superior woman—she seldom interfered in her husband's profession and concerns with the world, and during the whole of my observations upon that lady's deportment I witnessed only two liberties, if, indeed, they may be called so, that she took with her Nolly's professional career, and one was when that great article of consumption, butter, was concerned. One morn-

ing a very handsome woman, who lodged in the first-floor of No. 5, Oxford Market, modestly rapped at the door. Mr. Nollekens, who was giving me instructions to knead the clay for a bust of Mr. Mathias, according to his usual custom, answered the knock, and when he saw the beautiful creature, whom I had seen over the window-blinds, he said: 'Come in, my dear; who sent you to me?' 'No one, sir; my friends tell me I have a peculiar talent for modelling in butter, and I have brought a few pigs and sheep in this butter-boat to show you.' 'Walk in, walk in; this is only my pupil, and he won't say a word about it.' 'I beg your pardon, sir, for the intrusion; perhaps I ought to have informed you that I am a housekeeper in want of a situation, and finding that the knowledge of modelling animals in butter would greatly add to my recommendation, I have taken the liberty of submitting the little things I have done to your inspection.'

At this moment the studio-door was opened, and Mrs. Nollekens, with her usual precision of words, stepped up to her husband, and, putting her finger upon his sleeve, said: 'Surely Mr. Nollekens will not suffer himself to be looked upon in the light of a pastrycook! What have you, my dear sir, to do with modelling in butter? the world will say that you have taught Mrs.—what is your name, my good woman?' 'Wilmot.'—'Mrs. Wilmot to model in butter! Pray, are you married, Mrs. Wilmot?' 'No, I can't say I am married, ma'am.' 'Mr. Nollekens, I wish to speak

with you in the next room.' What was said there I know not, but Mrs. Wilmot observed to me, 'She is jealous—so far my good looks are against me.'

In what way Mr. Nollekens was prevailed upon I cannot tell, but true it is he did not return into the room, though his wife entered, who delivered the following address to the handsome housekeeper: 'Mr. Nollekens is extremely sorry to say that his professional engagements at this season of the year will not permit him to attend to your wishes, but that, if you will leave your address with me, he will consider himself your debtor.' Mrs. Wilmot gave the address as before mentioned, and then, after replacing her lambs, sheep, and pigs in the butter-boat, retired gracefully; at least, in my opinion, though at that time, I must own, my ideas of grace were not very extensive. It was curious to remark that for some time after the visit from the beautiful butter-modeller of Oxford Market, Mrs. Nollekens made her husband pass the lady's door, in order to discover how far he had an inclination to improve her acquaintance.

After this rencontre, Mrs. Nollekens ventured occasionally to give an opinion as to the propriety of professional applications to Mr. Nollekens; for I recollect another intrusion upon him of a similar kind, by a person who cut out castles, rocks, and mountains upon the backs of shells, and all with a common penknife. Here, for the love of the true character of Nolly's professional life, she again interfered, observing to him that he ought not to attend to such visitors. 'You might just as well,'



continued she, 'praise the carvings upon a Wycherley comb, so carefully preserved by the collectors of old china and such gimcracks. Why, bless my heart! soon, sir, you will have the man who dresses Dr. Lettsom's glass wig, to know how he ought to replace a deficient curl, or how much of its possessor's face it should cover, so that his forehead might be seen to the best advantage.'

Mrs. Nollekens, from her mother's experience, insisted that it was by far the cheapest and least troublesome plan for a single person, whose health required fresh air, and was unattended by a servant, to lodge at a regular boarding-house, as the lower class of people, in general, who let lodgings, were much addicted to pilfer from every article of consumption.

Towards the later part of her life she expressed a wish to go once more to Hampstead, a spot considered by most physicians and landscape-painters as the most salubrious and beautiful of all the Montpeliers of England; but she could neither make up her mind as to the enormous expense of its accommodations, nor as to the peculiar fragrance of its seven sorts of air, which of them she ought then to prefer. The latter perplexity afforded her at times much conversation; and when she was requested to name the seven airs, she, in an elevated voice, stated them thus: 'My dear sir, there are the four sides of the hill, each receiving freely the air from the four quarters. There is the hill itself, very clear, but certainly often bleak. Then there is the "Vale of Health,"

as it is called, in a stagnate bottom ; a pit in the heath, where, if a bit of paper is whirling in the air, it can never rise above the high ground about it. And is there not also the mild air of the centre of the town, where the situation, though high, is entirely sheltered by surrounding buildings ?'

Wilson, Gainsborough, Louthembourg, and Kirk for several years had lodgings at Hampstead, and made that spot the seat of their morning and evening study ; and Collins and Linnell, now inhabitants, are constantly seen culling its beauties. It is also occasionally the residence of Beechey, Phillips and Westall ; and I have seen Callcott, Arnald, the Reinagles, Burnet, and Martin enjoying its luxuriant windings. Old Oram,<sup>1</sup> the landscape-painter, and member of the Board of Works, who was a man of some genius, inhabited the house south of Jack Straw's Castle. And it was to Hampstead that Hayley's friend, Romney, the painter, retired in the decline of his life, when he built a dining-room close to his kitchen, with a buttery-hatch opening into it, so that he and his friends might enjoy beef-steaks, hot and hot, upon the same plan as the members of the Beefsteak Club are supplied at their room in the Lyceum.

No persons could more cordially hate each other than Romney and Nollekens ; Mr. Greville, Hayley, and Flaxman were stanch friends of the former, who, from some pique, objected to the latter modelling from any of his portraits. Flax-

<sup>1</sup> William Oram, a decorator of country houses, and from 1748 master carpenter of all his Majesty's works.—ED.

man, on the contrary, was so great a favourite with Romney that, in his letters to Hayley, he absolutely idolizes him ; and in one, written at the time he was hourly expected in London from Rome, he exultingly exclaims: ‘Huzza ! Flaxman’s arrived !’

To return. Hampstead has been for years resorted to by Barret, Fielding, Glover, Hills, Hunt, Prout, Pyne, Robson, the Varleys, and all the other celebrated water-colour draughtsmen, whose productions have so astonishingly surpassed those of their predecessors, both in this and in every other country.

My old school-fellow, Smith, the grocer, of Margaret Street, has been frequently heard to declare that, whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father’s shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth ; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected : so that, with Nollekens’ nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices without any expense whatever.

Mrs. Nollekens’ friends, after frequently wondering to see her in shoes so varied in their embroidery, and being well aware that she would never think of indulging in such expensive articles in a spick-and-span new state, all agreed that she certainly must have purchased them second-hand ; and by their maids, who were encouraged to ‘pump’ Bronze, were satisfied that it was really

the fact ; and were also informed that her muffs and parasols were obtained in the same way. Mrs. Nollekens would often plume herself with borrowed feathers ; a shawl or a muff of a friend she never refused when returning home, observing that she was quite sure they would keep her warm, never caring how they suffered from the rain, so that her neighbours saw her appalled in what they had never before seen her wear.

## CHAPTER V.

Mr. Nollekens' fancies and his wife's jealousy—Anecdote of the sculptor, Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Thrale—Lord Bes[s]borough—Charles Bannister—The sculptor's assistants and pupils—Dr. Johnson's encouragement of the author—Instances of benevolence and eccentricity in Mr. Nollekens—Notices of his relations—Saunders Welch, his father-in-law—Anecdote of Wilkes—Henry Fielding and his character from life—Dr. Johnson's intimacy with the Welch family—Death, epitaph, and will of Mr. Welch—Recollections of him by Mrs. Nollekens—His prudence and resolution as a magistrate—Silver teapot and other relics of Dr. Johnson—Mr. Welch's humanity—Anecdotes of Wilson.

OF all the varieties of itinerant amusements before Mr. Punch came into vogue, none seemed to give Nollekens more pleasure than the milkmaids' dance on May Day, of which he was so avowed an admirer that Mrs. Crosdale, my old schoolmistress and his opposite neighbour, assured me that she one May Day witnessed no less than five garlands, and their lasses, who had danced at his parlour window, to each of whom he had given half a crown.

This indulgence of his was considered by Mrs. Nollekens as a great piece of extravagance, until she discovered from Bronze that it was the custom of most of the abandoned women who sat to him for his Venuses to hire themselves as dancers upon those occasions; and as he constantly promised to

give each of them something when they came, he always made a point of staying at home to see them display their agility. Sometimes Mrs. Nollekens, whose exquisite feelings induced her to stand at a distance to watch their lascivious movements, would rate him for descending to such low pleasures. 'A man like you,' she would say, 'who could obtain orders at any time for the Opera House, where you could see Vestris, and who is visited by the Noveres—how you can agitate your feet as you do, at such strumming, is to me perfectly astonishing! See! look over the way at the first-floor window of the Sun and Horseshoe; the landlord and his wife are laughing at you: and I declare, there is Finney, your brute of a mason, yes, and his son Kit, ay, and old John Panzetta, the polisher, looking over their shoulders. How can you so expose yourself, Mr. Nollekens? I wish from my heart Dr. Burney would come in just now! and I am quite sure that Miss Hawkins, poor as her ear is for music, whose playing, as the Doctor says, distracts one to hear—even she, I say, could never be pleased with such trash as you are now listening to.' But he was deaf to all her remonstrances, and continued to move his head to the movement of the feet of the girls, with as much gratification as the man of real taste and feeling expresses at this day, when he is riveted to the magic sweetness of Samuel Wesley's<sup>1</sup> voluntaries.

Bronze, my informant, also stated that, as soon as Nolly had left the room to get his half-crown,

<sup>1</sup> The organist and musical composer (1766-1837).—ED.

Mrs. Nollekens, after slowly and silently creeping to his abdicated place at the window, made the spot just in time to catch a hussy's wanton and decoying leer, intended for her husband, at the very tantalizing moment that the blind disciple of Geminiani was striking up Arnold's rondo of 'Come, thou rosy dimpled boy!' Upon his re-entering the room, her face being reddened and her anger raised, she recommenced her lecture with redoubled vociferation till the dance was over; after which, finding her jobations of no avail, and having paced the carpet pretty often, and as often convinced herself that her gloves fitted closely to her fingers, she, bursting with passion, vowed to tell her sister. 'So do,' returned Nolly; 'and then she'll tell you what a great fool you *was* for having me, as she always does.' 'You filthy thing!' rejoined Mrs. Nollekens; 'your grovelling birth protects you from my chastisement.' 'Come, I like that vastly,' rejoined her husband; 'true it is, your father possessed a "plum";<sup>1</sup> but then it was only a grocer's one. Why, I had five times the money he died worth when I made you my wife; and you know what you whispered to me in bed about your mother. Come, let us have no more of your impertinence; I won't stand it—now, once for all, I tell you that.' Just as Mrs. Nollekens opened the door, she exclaimed: 'What, you're here, Mr. Eavesdropper! and pray, Mr. Christopher, what do you want?' 'Why, ma'am,

<sup>1</sup> A 'plum' in former days was indicative of a definite amount (£10,000), just as 'a pony' or 'a monkey' is now. But a 'grocer's plum' must evidently must have been much less.—ED.

there's the woman that Mr. Cosway recommended at the yard-gate, dancing to "Jack-in-the-Green," and wants to see master.' 'Indeed! There, sir! there is another of your women! What! and you will go to her, too! It's very well, sir! mighty well, sir! Oh, fie! fie! The first year of our marriage you told me you should dispense with such people; but you are like all the rest of your sex, always seeking for new beauties!'

Just as Nollekens had closed his leathern bag, and was about to leave Jack's lady, a high personage, who came to sit for her busto, was announced; and then the lecture rested till the nocturnal curtains were drawn, when Bronze heard the culprit mumble for some time, as is usual in such cases, before the curtains of his eyes were suffered to drop for the enjoyment of balmy and refreshing sleep.

Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens' studio, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, to see the bust of Lord Mansfield, when the sculptor vociferated: 'I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much. He tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer, over the water: his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stocking people.' 'Nolly, Nolly,' observed the Doctor, 'I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a bluebag.' At which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the Doctor: 'My dear sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block.'

The late Earl of Bes[s]borough<sup>1</sup> was so well

<sup>1</sup> William, second Earl of Bessborough, who died in 1793, in his ninetieth year. He was a statesman of some temporary eminence.—Ed.



known to Nollekens' dog, that whenever the animal saw his lordship's leg within the gate he ceased barking, and immediately welcomed the visitor, who always brought a French roll in his blue great-coat pocket for him, with which his lordship took great pleasure in feeding him. But whenever he had been thus fed, Nollekens would say, when cutting his meat, 'There, that's enough for you; you have had a roll to-day, the other half will do for to-morrow.'

Whilst I am speaking of this truly benevolent nobleman, I will take the opportunity of observing that I have heard my father relate the following anecdotes of him :

His lordship was once standing to see the workmen pull down the wooden railing and brickwork which surrounded the centre of Cavendish Square, when a sailor walked up to him and asked him for a quid of tobacco. His lordship answered : ' My friend, I don't take tobacco.' ' Don't you ?' rejoined the sailor ; ' I wish you did, master, for I have not had a bit to-day.' As he was turning away, his lordship called to him and said, ' Here, my friend, here is something that will enable you to buy tobacco,' and gave him half a crown.

At another time, a poor woman with two children, who appeared much distressed, but was remarkably clean, curtsied to his lordship as he was passing ; he drew out his purse, but in attempting to give her two shillings they dropped, and rolled into the kennel, upon which his lordship, after picking them up, wiped them with his pocket-handkerchief before he gave them to the distressed widow.

Mr. Nollekens, who was honoured with frequent visits from his lordship, once asked his assistants in the studio if they had noticed his diamond buckles, adding that, as they had belonged to his wife, he had worn them in common ever since her ladyship's death.

I was one time assisting Mr. Nollekens in the parlour, in piling up clay for a bust of General Paoli, when his attention was called away by Mrs. Nollekens, who cried out: 'Nolly, Nolly, come here! There's old Bannister over the way, who used to mimic the cats in the gutter at Marylebone Gardens, when my father's friend, Tommy Lowe, was manager!' *Nollekens*: 'He's a good-looking John Bull; his son was a student in our Royal Academy, he studied under Louthembourg (called Leatherbag in the play). I remember he used to frighten our old John devilishly with his tragedy tricks.' Miss Moser and Mrs. Carter being present at these remarks, 'My father,' observed the former, 'was glad when he left the Academy, though he liked him so well that he took a whole box at his first appearance; and he was nobly received, I assure you.' *Mrs. Nollekens*: 'He is a most excellent actor.' 'Ay,' observed the celebrated Mrs. Carter, as she was returning to the fireside, 'and what is still more, he bears the best of characters off the stage, for he is known under the friendly appellation of Honest Jack.'

It is related of Charles Bannister that, when returning to town from Epsom in a gig, accompanied by a friend, they found themselves pennyless when they

arrived at Kensington Gate, where the man would not let them pass without paying the toll. Bannister, however, offered to sing him a song, and immediately struck up the 'Tempest of War'; his voice was heard afar, and 'Bannister, Bannister!' was the cry. The gate was soon thronged, and he was loudly encored by the voters returning from Brentford; this he complied with, and the turnpike man declared him to be 'a noble fellow,' and that he would pay fifty tolls for him at any gate.

By this time William Arminger, the young man whom Nollekens had employed in cutting Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph, had become extremely useful to him, for he had by slow degrees improved himself in the art of cutting marble as a sculptor. My father was then Nollekens' principal assistant; and Delvaux, a nephew of the sculptor of that name, Plara, the elder Gahagan,<sup>1</sup> and Green,<sup>2</sup> were among his best workmen.

<sup>1</sup> Sebastian Gahagan, an Irishman, and the most skilful of a family of modellers.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> The son of the celebrated actress, the daughter of Hipplesley, and pupil of Kitty Clive. At this time Mr. Charles Townley was a constant visitor to the studio, and I remember him as being the first patron who ever gave me money as an encouragement to proceed in my studies; for upon his noticing a drawing which I was then making, he took out his purse and presented me with half a guinea to buy chalks and paper. But what is more singular in my humble history is that Dr. Samuel Johnson came up to me the same day, and feeling for my head, put his hand upon it, and said, 'Very well, Aratus!' that being the bust I was copying. I can perfectly remember the figure of that awkward and mighty man, whose benevolence, loyalty, and strict religious principles will ever stand high examples to mankind, notwithstanding the numerous attacks which have frequently been made upon his reputation.—SMITH.

It is not because it has been stated that Mr. Nollekens was little more than one remove from an idiot that I should omit mentioning an act of charity bestowed by him on a fellow-creature.

The first act of his relaxation from meanness which I witnessed was the following: An artist, named George Richardson, who published several useful works,<sup>1</sup> particularly upon architectural decorations, was an old man at the period I speak of, and lived at No. 105, Titchfield Street, for many years, during which time he occasionally walked around the studio. One day he was asked by Mr. Nollekens what made him look so dull. 'I am low-spirited,' he replied. 'Then go to the pump and take a drink of water,' was the advice in return. The poor old man, after remaining a few minutes looking vacantly about him, went away in tears. Mr. Nollekens, who had just before been summoned to dinner, upon his return observed to my father that Richardson 'looked glumpish.' 'Ah, sir!' rejoined my father, 'he is distressed, poor fellow! and you have hurt his feelings by desiring him to go to the pump for relief. He was in tears when he left us.' 'Bless me, I hurt him!' cried Nollekens, and hastily walked out with his head foremost, putting both hands into his pockets.

The next morning Mr. Richardson was waiting at the studio for my father, to whom he gratefully expressed himself for what he had said to Mr. Nollekens, who had been with him the preceding

<sup>1</sup> He was the author of 'The New Vitruvius Britannicus,' and of 'A Complete System of Architecture.'—ED.

evening, and, after asking if he were offended with him for recommending the pump, stated that when he was low-spirited the pump always brought him to. Mr. Richardson, upon disclosing his circumstances, expressed a wish to leave the world in the same room in which his wife died. 'Well,' observed Nollekens, 'and why should you not die there? it's only a garret. Let the rest of the house, man; you'll live rent free. One room will do for you; sell your furniture. Here, I have brought you twenty guineas; and I'll allow you the same sum every year as long as you live.' Indeed, my opinion of Mr. Nollekens is that, had he been led into good actions, he would have performed more; and it is only to be lamented that some kind-hearted individual had not endeavoured to make him understand in the latter part of his long life, when he had heaped up such immense sums, that he should have recollected his poor cousins at Antwerp—if they were his cousins. At all events, he should not have forgotten the near relations of his wife at Aylesbury, then and now declining in the deepest sorrow and aged infirmity, either within the walls or the precincts of the workhouse.

It is, however, unaccountable that, at the very time when he was so very humane to poor Richardson, he absolutely suffered his own uncle and aunt to sell their beds to support them in water-gruel; and it was not until the kind interference of Mr. Saunders Welch, who had, with his daughter Anne, seen them in Paris, that he allowed them

£30 a year. Their melancholy situation has been proved by several letters addressed to Mr. Nollekens, and lately produced before the Master in Chancery by Mr. Nelson Beechey, with a sight of which I have been favoured by John Stone, Esq., of Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, solicitor to Mr. Jasper Peck, one of Nollekens' first cousins, to whom he had left some very trifling remembrances, considering his near relationship to his own mother. To the Rev. Mr. Kenrick Peck, another of his first cousins, nothing was left, and that gentleman has several children dependent on him for support.

In speaking of these relations, it seems proper that I should now lay before my readers some little account of Saunders Welch, Esq., the father of Mrs. Nollekens. He was born at Aylesbury, was educated in the workhouse of that town, and was apprenticed to one of the most popular men of his day, Mr. Clements, the celebrated trunk-maker, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, in London. But I must pass him on to manhood, for the want of intermediate information, with which his relative, Mr. Woodcock, is not able to furnish me, and fix him in trade, for he was many years a grocer, occupying the shop, No. 1, at the south-west corner of Museum Street, late Queen Street.

My worthy friend, William Packer, Esq., of Great Baddow, in Essex, and many other venerable persons, recollect seeing him as High Constable of Westminster, dressed in black, with a large, nine-story

George II.'s wig, highly powdered, with long flowing curls over his shoulders, a high three-cornered hat, and his black bâton tipped with silver at either end, riding on a white horse to Tyburn with the malefactors. Mr. Welch was a member of the Beefsteak Club, when founded by Mr. Rich and George Lambert, the scene-painter, with whom he was intimate ; and I have often heard Mrs. Nollekens say it was her business to dress up for him a round hat with ribbons, similar to those worn by the Yeomen of his Majesty's Guard, which the gentlemen of that club then wore ; she added, too, that her father was so loyal a man that, when Wilkes was admitted a member, he withdrew himself.

My friend, the late Mr. Thomas Grignon, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, informed me that as Mr. Wilkes was passing the house in which he then lived, in a hackney-chair, his father tapped at the window to him, which notice Mr. Wilkes returned by kissing his hand ; but he had not gone three yards before he ordered one of the chairmen to go to the gentleman who had tapped at the window, and inform him that he wished to speak with him. Mr. Grignon immediately went to him, and was addressed in nearly the following manner : 'Grignon, you are intimate with Sir John Fielding. I am going to him upon a very singular business ; will you accompany me ?' 'Certainly,' he replied ; 'let me fetch my hat.' They went, and Mr. Wilkes, to the great astonishment of his friend, addressed the sitting magistrate, Mr. Spinnage, Sir John Fielding

being absent, to this effect: 'Sir, *I demand a warrant* to arrest the persons of the Secretaries of State, by whose order my bureau, desk, and escritoire have been broken open, and all my papers seized!' 'God bless me!' said Mr. Grignon; 'Friend Wilkes, you are another John.' 'Whom do you mean? John Hampden?' 'No; John Lilburn,' he rejoined. '*Well, it's all one,*' observed Wilkes.

Mr. Spinnage, however, refused to grant the warrant; and Mr. Wilkes, after persisting in his right, and threatening the magistrate, went to Justice Welch, who smiled at his threats and refused his request. It must here be observed that Mr. Grignon was not aware of Mr. Wilkes's business or intention when he first accompanied him; but, as he was a most liberal man, he would not desert him in a moment of difficulty. My friend Grignon assured me that his father's inadvertence deprived him of many of his best customers; though he added that his father had no other acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes than that of frequently meeting him at the Beefsteak Club.

Mr. Henry Fielding, in his 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon,' in 1754, published in 1755, when stating his great difficulty of moving himself, being dreadfully afflicted with the dropsy, says: 'By the assistance of my friend Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem, I conquered this difficulty.' This was when he was getting into the vessel at Rotherhithe. When they were at Gravesend, Monday, July 1, he says: 'This



day Mr. Welch took his leave of me, after dinner.' Henry Fielding was fond of colouring his pictures of life with the glowing and variegated tints of Nature, by conversing with persons of every situation and calling, as I have frequently been informed by one of my great-aunts, the late Mrs. Hussey, who knew him intimately. I have heard her say that Mr. Fielding never suffered his talent for sprightly conversation to mildew for a moment, and that his manners were so gentlemanly that, even with the lower classes, with which he frequently condescended particularly to chat, such as Sir Roger De Coverley's old friends, the Vauxhall watermen, they seldom outstepped the limits of propriety. My aunt, who lived to the age of one hundred and five, had been blessed with four husbands, and her name had twice been changed to that of Hussey: she was of a most delightful disposition, of a retentive memory, highly entertaining, and liberally communicative; and to her I have frequently been obliged for an interesting anecdote.

She was, after the death of her second husband, Mr. Hussey, a fashionable sacque and mantua maker, and lived in the Strand, a few doors west of the residence of the celebrated Le Beck, a famous cook, who had a large portrait of himself for the sign of his house, at the north-west corner of Half-moon Street, since called Little Bedford Street. One day Mr. Fielding observed to Mrs. Hussey that he was then engaged in writing a novel, which he thought would be his best production, and

that he intended to introduce in it the characters of all his friends. Mrs. Hussey, with a smile, ventured to remark that he must have many niches, and that surely they must already be filled. 'I assure you, my dear madam,' replied he, 'there shall be a bracket for a bust of you.' Some time after this he informed Mrs. Hussey that the work was in the press; but, immediately recollecting that he had forgotten his promise to her, went to the printer, and was time enough to insert in vol. iii., p. 17, where he speaks of the shape of Sophia Western:

'Such charms are there in affability, and so sure it is to attract the praises of all kinds of people. It may, indeed, be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Hussey.' To which observation he has given the following note: 'A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the shapes of women.'

Mr. Boswell states that Dr. Johnson maintained a long and intimate friendship with Mr. Welch, who succeeded Fielding as one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for Westminster, and kept a regular office for the police of that district. The Doctor begins a letter addressed to Saunders Welch, Esq., at the English Coffee-house, Rome, dated February 3, 1778:

'DEAR SIR,

'To have suffered one of my best and dearest friends to pass almost two years in foreign countries without a letter has a very shameful appearance of inattention. But the truth is that there was no particular time in which I had anything particular to say; and

general expressions of goodwill, I hope, our long friendship is grown too solid to want.'

The Doctor, speaking of Miss Welch in another part of the same letter, notices that lady thus: 'Miss Nancy has doubtless kept a constant and copious journal.' It was not, however, towards Miss Welch that the Doctor had serious thoughts, but of her sister Mary; and I have heard Mr. Nollekens say that the Doctor, when joked about her, observed: 'Yes, I think Mary would have been mine, if little Joe had not stepped in.' I must now, in order of time, state that Death spread his mantle over the family, and that everyone grieved for the loss of Mr. Welch, who died at Taunton Dean, in the county of Somerset. Upon a mural monument erected within the porch over the centre entrance of the Parish Church of St. George, Bloomsbury, is engraven the following inscription, written by Sir John Hawkins, Knight, father of John Sidney Hawkins, Esq., one of the editors of 'Ignoramus,' Henry Hawkins, Esq., and Matilda Letitia Hawkins, with whose writings the public is well acquainted:

'In the cemetery belonging to this Church lie the remains of Saunders Welch, Esq., late of this Parish, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Buckingham, and for the City and Liberties of Westminster. He was born and educated at Aylesbury, in the County of Buckingham, and married Mary, the daughter of Will. Brotherton, Gent., by whom he had issue two surviving daughters, Maria and Ann. He departed this life 31st day of October, 1784, in the 74th year of his age.

'As long as Themis with impartial hand  
Her blessings shall disperse throughout this land ;

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Or lenient statutes, or vindictive law,  
 Protect the good, or hold the bad in awe ;  
 Or Mercy, blending Grace with Justice, shed  
 Her milder beams on the delinquent head ;  
 While Probity and Truth shall be rever'd,  
 And legal power as much belov'd as fear'd,  
 So long shall fame to each succeeding day  
 Thy virtues witness and thy worth display.'

Mr. Welch, in his will, dated December 10, 1775, left his daughters Mary and Anne equal proportions of his leasehold estates ; but nearly all his movables he bequeathed to Anne, for her tenderness towards him in his decline of life. Tillotson's 'Sermons,' etc., fell to the lot of Mary. To Sir John Hawkins he left five guineas ; to his son-in-law Nollekens he left fifteen guineas, to be laid out in a set of silver castors ; and to his steadfast friend Samuel Johnson, LL.D., whose memory must ever be revered, he left five guineas, which, says the entertaining Boswell, the Doctor 'received with tenderness as a kind memorial.' Mr. Welch's will has all the appearance of being genuine, and the greatest mass of the testator's property very properly devolved to his daughters. Indeed, Mr. Welch was of such sound sense that no one dared to direct his conduct, or even to delude him by flattery or presents.

Whenever Mrs. Nollekens related any anecdote of her father, she always elevated her person by standing upon her toes at the conclusion of every extraordinary mark of his benevolence, courage, or sensible magisterial decision.

Mrs. Nollekens often spake of his going, in 1766,

into Cranbourne Alley unattended, to quell the daily meeting of the journeymen shoemakers, who had struck for an increase of wages. Immediately her father made his appearance he was recognised, and his name shouted up and down the alley, not with fear, but with a degree of exultation. 'Well,' said the ringleader, 'let us get him a beer-barrel and mount him;' and when he was up, they one and all gave him three cheers, and cried: 'Welch! Welch for ever!' In the mildest manner possible, Mr. Welch assured them that he was glad to find they had conducted themselves quietly; and at the same time, in the most forcible terms, persuaded them to disperse, as their meetings were illegal. He also observed to the master shoemakers, who were listening to him from the first-floor windows, that as they had raised the prices of shoes on account of the increased value of provisions, they should consider that the families of their workmen had proportionate wants. The result was that the spokesmen of their trade were called into the shops, and an additional allowance was agreed upon.

The men then alternately carried Mr. Welch on their shoulders to his office in Litchfield Street, gave him three cheers more, and set him down. Welch was a tall man, and when in the prime of life robust and powerful. But though his benevolence was unbounded in cases of distress, yet whenever necessity urged him to firmness, he was bold and resolute, as may be seen by the following anecdote:

When the streets were entirely paved with pebble-

stones up to the houses, hackneymen could drive their coaches close to the very doors. It happened that Mr. Welch had good information that a notorious offender, who had for some time annoyed the Londoners in their walks through the green lanes to Marylebone, and who had eluded the chase of several of his men, was in a first-floor of a house in Rose Street, Long Acre. After hiring the tallest hackney-coach he could select, he mounted the box with the coachman, and when he was close against the house he ascended the roof of the coach, threw up the sash of a first-floor window, entered the room, and actually dragged the fellow from his bed out at the window by his hair, naked as he was, upon the roof of the coach, and in that way carried the terror of the green lanes down New Street and up St. Martin's Lane, amidst the huzzas of an immense throng, which followed him to Litchfield Street.

Sir John Fielding took cognizance of those offenders who were nearest Bow Street, such, for instance, as the inhabitants of Lewkner's Lane, Vinegar Yard, and Short's Gardens; but more particularly that most popular of all gardens—I mean that which is within and in the middle of St. Paul's parish, which garden became infamous when its splendid inhabitants exchanged their residences for the newly-built mansions in Hanover, Grosvenor, and Cavendish Squares, and Holles and the other streets adjacent. It was at that period that Mother Needham, Mother Douglass (*alias*, according to Foote's 'Minor,' Mother Cole), and

Moll King, the tavern-keepers, and the gamblers, took possession of the abdicated premises ; so that Sir John Fielding was in the hotbed of the three principal of all the vices.

Saunders Welch's attention was for the most part confined to the abandoned women and pickpockets, who frequented Hedge Lane, the Haymarket, Cranbourne Alley, and Leicester Fields, the last of which, from the rough and broken state of its ground, and the shadow of a lofty row of elms which then stood in the road in front of most of the houses on the eastern side, was rendered a very dangerous part to pass, particularly before the streets were paved and publicly lighted.

In addition to these, Mr. Welch had visitors among the frequenters of Marylebone Gardens, the highwaymen who committed nightly depredations in the adjacent lanes, the pickpockets who attended Whitfield's Meeting House in Long Acre, and the thousands of his Sunday friends who congregated in Marylebone Fields before the new road was made from Paddington to Islington ; when the public newspapers announced an inhabitant of the city to have arrived safely at his house in Marylebone ! It was the practice of Mr. Whitfield, before his chapel in Tottenham Court Road was finished in 1759, to preach of a Sunday evening in these fields ; and I have been credibly informed by William Packer, Esq., a gentleman now living in his ninetieth year, that he was there when it was supposed 50,000 persons were present, so much were the Marylebone fields frequented by the

Londoners on a fine summer evening, and so great was the popularity of the preacher. Mr. Welch also derived no small share of business from the depredators who attended the executions at Tyburn. His office on those mornings, as well as Fielding's, was thronged by gentlemen who had lost their watches and pocket-books, or ladies who had been robbed of their velvet cardinals or purses.

Dr. Johnson soon followed his friend Welch to the grave, as he died on Monday, December 13, 1784, in the back room of the first-floor of his house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, of which room I made a drawing just before Mr. Bensley, the printer, pulled that part of the house down to make way for a staircase.<sup>1</sup>

As few persons are aware of the following anecdote, I am sure that the curious reader will pardon my inserting it: Whilst I was assisting Mrs. Maria Cosway<sup>2</sup> with my advice as to disposing of the collection of her late husband, and thus putting some thousands of pounds in her purse, I was one morning agreeably surprised by a letter which she put into my hand, written by W. Hoper, Esq., giving me permission to make a drawing of Dr. Johnson's silver teapot in his possession, an article which had been described to me by W. V. Hellyer,

<sup>1</sup> There is not a vestige of the original house now remaining.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Cecilia Louisa Cosway, whose maiden name was Hadfield, married Richard Cosway, R.A., in 1781. She was herself a painter and a person of the highest eccentricity. She became the lady superior of a religious house at Lyons, after running away from her husband.—ED.



Esq., of the Middle Temple, through whose kindness the owner had sent it to his friend, Mrs. Cosway, first for me to have tea from, and then to draw it, both of which I did with no little delight.

Upon the side of this teapot the following inscription is engraven :

‘We are told by Lucian that the earthen lamp which had administered to the lucubrations of Epictetus was, at his death, purchased for the enormous sum of three thousand drachmas : why, then, may not imagination equally amplify the value of this unadorned vessel, long employed for the infusion of that favourite herb whose enlivening virtues are said to have so often protracted the elegant and edifying lucubrations of Samuel Johnson, the zealous advocate of that innocent beverage, against its declared enemy, Jonas Hanway. It was weighed out for sale under the inspection of Sir John Hawkins, at the very minute when they were in the next room closing the incision through which Mr. Cruickshank had explored the ruined machinery of its dead master’s thorax—so Bray, the silversmith, conveyed there in Sir John’s carriage thus hastily to buy the plate, informed its present possessor, Henry Constantine Nowell, by whom it was, for its celebrated services, on November 1, 1788, rescued from the indiscriminating obliterations of the furnace.’

The ensuing is an answer to one of my interrogatory epistles, affording me another opportunity of recording the fate of two other articles which had been the property of the late Dr. Johnson, and as it was received from my friend, the Rev. Hugh Bailye, Canon of Lichfield, I shall print it with a double gratification :

‘LICHFIELD, *May* 1, 1821.

‘DEAR SIR,

‘I certainly am in possession of the late Dr. Johnson’s watch, which I purchased from his black servant, Francis Barber (*vide* Boswell’s “Life” for an account of this watch). Dr. Johnson’s

punch-bowl is likewise in my possession, and was purchased by the Rev. Thomas Harwood, the historian of Lichfield. It was bought at Mr. Harwood's sale by John Barker Scott, Esq., banker, who afterwards presented it to me.

'I am, dear sir,

'Yours faithfully,

'HUGH BAILYE.

'To John Thomas Smith,  
Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum.'

In vol. xxiv., p. 72, of Cole's MSS. in the British Museum, the reader will find a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Cole by George Steevens, dated May 14, 1782, and as it will afford the collector of the various portraits of Dr. Johnson a notice of one little known, I have here inserted it :

'As some return for the portrait of Mr. Gray, and the specimen of his handwriting, I present you with the original sketch Dr. Johnson made for his "Life of Pope." Be not angry when you find that the same parcel includes his "Deformities," a Scottish pamphlet, written by a club of Caledonian wits. Every bookseller of credit in London has refused to sell it. The Doctor (who, by-the-by, is very ill, and I have many fears about him) laughs at such ribaldry, and offered, by way of frontispiece to it, a very ugly head of himself, which was meant to have been prefixed to his "Beauties," but was cancelled at my desire.'

Mr. Welch, who was never happier than when he was rendering assistance to those among his numerous friends who stood in need of it, once kindly blamed Wilson, the landscape-painter, when he found him in a dejected state. 'You never come to dine with me now,' said he, 'though you used to partake of my round of beef, and I am sure we have had many pleasant hours together.' Poor Wilson, who had existed for some time without selling a picture, regretted that Mr. Welch was not

a collector of paintings. 'I certainly do not understand them, my good fellow,' said he; 'however, if you will dine with me next Monday week, I will then bespeak a fifteen-guinea picture of you.' Wilson pronounced him to be a noble creature, and, taking him by the hand, added: 'Heaven knows where I may be by that time.' Mr. Welch then asked him: 'Are you engaged to-morrow?' 'No,' replied he. 'Well, then,' returned his friend, 'if you will send a picture to my house, and join me at dinner, I will pay you the money.'

What person possessing the feelings of an English artist can hear the name of Wilson mentioned without secretly exulting that he was a native of our envied island? And those who have perused the works of Dr. Wolcot must have been pleased at the homage which even that sarcastic genius paid to 'Red-nosed Dick.' With my humble share of knowledge in painting, I must, without fear of depriving either Turner, Callcott, or Arnald of one jot of their high celebrity, affirm that Wilson was a leviathan in his profession; and this also was the opinion of a skilful practitioner and one of the first judges of art—I allude to the ever-to-be-lamented Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who is deservedly entitled to the wreath of everlasting honour for presenting so choice a collection of pictures to our glorious National Gallery.

Mr. Welch, in the course of a few months, repeated to Wilson the proposition of sporting a round of beef and of making another fifteen-guinea purchase; and in this manner he became possessed

of the two beautiful pictures which descended to Mr. Nollekens, of which some further particulars will be found in another part of this work. As to the picture of Dover Castle, which Mr. Nollekens also possessed, Mr. Welch purchased it at a furniture sale, by Wilson's recommendation, assuring him that it was the best picture he had ever painted. The town residence of that excellent connoisseur, Richard Ford, Esq., boasts a most splendid collection of Wilson's pictures in every variety of his manner. This incomparable assemblage, which consists of nearly fifty specimens, had been the property of Lady Ford, his mother, who, upon his marriage, most liberally presented them to him; her ladyship became possessed of them at the death of her father. The same gentleman has also many of Wilson's finest drawings from nature, which he principally made when studying at Rome, one of which is particularly interesting, since it contains Wilson's own figure, seated on the ground in his bag-wig, making a drawing of Raffaele's villa.

The late Paul Sandby,<sup>1</sup> Esq., once showed me a fine collection of Wilson's drawings, to which he attached the following anecdote: Wilson, well knowing the frequent intercourse Mr. Sandby had with some of the highest persons in the country, solicited him to show a portfolio of his drawings to his pupils. Paul Sandby, with his usual liberality, did so, and spake highly in their favour; but found

<sup>1</sup> Paul Sandby (1725-1809), the father of English water-colour painting.—ED.

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that the amateurs, or gentlemen draughtsmen, preferred highly-finished drawings to mere sketches, and finding his repeated attempts to serve his old friend Wilson fruitless, was induced to make the purchase himself, without allowing him to know that he had been unsuccessful in his applications.

## CHAPTER VI.

Interview between Mr. Nollekens and Nathaniel Hone—Hone's satirical picture on Sir Joshua Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann—Account of Hone's exhibition of it, with extracts from his statement—Other notices of Hone and his pictures—Short stature of Garrick and Nollekens—Anecdote by Mrs. Garrick of Dance's picture of her husband as Richard III.—Mrs. Nollekens' dog—Sagacity of that of Mrs. Garrick—Norman the dog-doctor—Mrs. Radcliffe's dogs.

ONE day<sup>1</sup> Daphne, the dog, announced the approach of a stranger in the yard, and a tall, upright, large man, with a broad-brimmed hat, and a lapelled coat buttoned up to his stock, with measured and stately steps entered the studio, walked up to Mr. Nollekens, who was then modelling a bust of Sir Charles Eyre Coote, and, full of self-importance, saluted him with 'Joseph Nollekens, Esquire, R.A., how do you do ?'

Nollekens, who never liked him, answered, ' Well, now, I suppose, you're come to get me to join you in the Academy to-night against Sir Joshua, but you're very much mistaken ; and I can tell you more, I never will join you in anything you propose. You're always running your rigs against Sir Joshua ; and you may say what you please, but I have never

<sup>1</sup> It must have been in 1775.—ED.

had any opinion of you ever since you painted that picture of the "Conjurer," as you called it. I don't wonder they turned it out of the Academy. And pray, what business had you to bring Angelica into it? You know it was your intention to ridicule her, whatever you or your printed paper and your affidavits may say; however, you may depend upon it, *she* won't forget it, if Sir Joshua does.'

The visitor, who proved to be no other than Nathaniel Hone,<sup>1</sup> the enamel-painter, replied, 'Why, now, how can you be so ill-tempered this morning? I have brought you two prints which I bought in a lot at old Gerard's.' *Nollekens*: 'Well, I don't care; you don't bribe me in that way; I know what you are going to do to-night, and I'll vote against you, so you may take your prints back again.'

*Hone*: 'Why, one of them is by Captain Baillie, one of the Commissioners of the Stamp Office.'

*Nollekens*: 'Ay, he's another swaggering fellow, too; he was praising the print you have engraved in mezzotinto, of Grose and Forrest, from another picture that did you no good. It proves you to be a man of no religion, or you would not sport with the Roman Catholics in that way.' Here the dialogue ended, by Hone wishing Joseph Nollekens, Esquire, R.A., a good morning.

As few people now living are aware of the particulars of Hone's attack upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, I shall here insert some extracts from a paper which

<sup>1</sup> He was born in Dublin in 1718, was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, and died in 1784.—ED.

had been industriously distributed by Hone among those persons who he thought were most likely to take part with him in the abuse of the honourable President ; but before I introduce them, the reader should be apprised of the following particulars : Mr. Hone, who had been a fashionable miniature-painter in enamel, commenced oil-painting upon a large scale ; but in that branch of the art he was not so successful as in the former. Indeed, he found Reynolds carry away the principal patronage, which rendered him so jealous that he took every opportunity of endeavouring to defame him. And well knowing that Sir Joshua had borrowed the attitudes of some of his portraits from those of Vandyke, etc., he painted a picture of an old man in a gown, holding a wand in his hand, in the act of commanding the very engravings which he affirmed Sir Joshua had used, to rise out of the flames, which picture Hone called the ‘*Conjurer*.’ There was at first some indelicacy which he had introduced in the centre of the picture, but which he afterwards painted out, respecting a slanderous report which had been whispered as to Sir Joshua and Angelica Kauffmann.

This picture of the ‘*Conjurer*’ being considered by the members of the Royal Academy as a most malicious satire upon their President, they very honourably agreed in Council that it should not be exhibited by them ; upon which decision Mr. Hone, as the picture had been the subject of much conversation, determined upon having an exhibition of his own works, consisting of sixty-six in number,



in which the rejected one of the 'Conjurer' held the most conspicuous place. The room in which they were exhibited is now a workshop behind the house of Messrs. Mouchett and Wild, No. 70, St. Martin's Lane, opposite to Old Slaughter's Coffee-house. Upon my questioning the late Associate, Mr. Horace Hone, upon this transaction of his father, he favoured me with a sight of the original catalogue; and as it is now considered the greatest rarity in the Academic annals, I insert the following extracts from it:

'Many false reports having been spread relating to a picture called the "Conjurer," painted by Mr. Hone, and offered to the Royal Academy Exhibition this season, he is advised by some very respectable friends to give a short statement of facts to the public, which he hopes will clear his character from the malicious aspersions attempted to be fixed on him, as well as excuse him from the presumption of making an exhibition singly of his own works.

'After the picture in question had remained several days, and was actually hung up in the Royal Academy Exhibition, Sir William Chambers, with another gentleman of the Council of the Academy, came to Mr. Hone at his house, and informed him that it had been rumoured that he had made an indecent figure or caricature of an eminent female artist, and that they should be sorry such an indelicacy should be offered to the public, or words to this purpose. Mr. Hone was greatly surprised at the accusation, and assured the gentlemen that he had always had the highest esteem for the lady alluded to, both on account of her reputation as an artist, as well as for her other accomplishments; and that, to remove the possibility of such a suspicion, he would alter any figure she or they chose the very next day, or before the exhibition; and that he did not intend to represent any female figure in that picture, except the child leaning on the conjuror's knee, and hoped they would do him the justice to remove any prejudice the lady might have. The next morning two more gentlemen of the Council (with that other gentleman who had been the night before with Sir William) called upon Mr. Hone, who were all of them so obliging to do him the justice to say they had carefully looked at the figures, and would clear him of the supposition of there being any

woman figure, that they were well assured they were intended to mean the contrary sex. Mr. Hone assured them, as before, of his respect for the lady; nor did he trust to this alone, but went himself twice that day to wait on the fair artist to convince her of the error, but was refused admittance. He thereupon sent a letter by his son, who delivered it into her own hands, and whereof the following is an exact copy :

“ Pall Mall, *April 19, 1775.*

“ MADAM,

“ The evening before last I was not a little surpris'd at a deputation (as I take it) from the Council of our Academy, acquainting me that you was most prodigiously displeas'd at my making a naked Academy figure in my picture of the ‘Conjurer,’ now at the Royal Academy, representing your person. I immediately perceiv'd that some busy meddler, to say no worse a name, had impos'd this extravagant lie (of whose making God knows) upon your understanding. To convince you, madam, that your figure in that composition was the farthest from my thoughts, I now declare I never at any time saw your works but with the greatest pleasure, and that respect due to a lady whom I esteem as the first of her sex in painting, and amongst the loveliest of women in person. Envy and detraction must have work'd strangely, for yesterday morning some more gentlemen from the Academy assur'd me that your uneasiness was very great. I assur'd them I would so far alter the figure that it would be impossible to suppose it to be a woman, though they clear'd me of such a supposition themselves, as they understood it to be but a male figure, and that I would put a beard to it, or even dress it to satisfy you and them. I did myself the honour of calling at your house twice yesterday (when I had the misfortune not to meet you at home) purposely to convince you how much you have been impos'd upon, as you will perceive when you see the picture yourself, and likewise to convince you with how much respect,

“ I am, madam,

“ Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ NATHANIEL HONE.

“ To Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann.”

“ To which the day following this answer was return'd :

“ SIR,

“ I should have answer'd yours immediately, but I was engag'd in business. I cannot conceive why several gentlemen, who

never before deceived me, should conspire to do it at this time ; and if they themselves were deceived, you cannot wonder that others should be deceived also, and take for satire that which you say was not intended. I was actuated, not only by my particular feelings, but a respect for the arts and artists, and persuade myself you cannot think it a great sacrifice to remove a picture that had even raised suspicion of disrespect to any person who never wished to offend you.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your humble servant,

“ ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

“ To Nathaniel Hone, Esq.,  
Pall Mall.”

‘ Mr. Hone was exceedingly hurt to find the lady’s prejudices were so strong that she was averse to being convinced, and would not trust her own senses to be undeceived. So forcibly had malice and detraction wrought the mischief that a whole city was to laugh at the imposition, whilst a party concerned was resolved to remain obstinate in error, and oppose the most condescending offer that could be thought of to break the spell that Mr. Hone’s enemies ensnared her in. However, other motives worked the concluding part, though this was to be the ostensible reason for the extraordinary conduct of rejecting the works of an Academician honoured by his Majesty’s sign-manual, and whose character had been hitherto unimpeached by the breath of slander during a residence in this capital of upwards of thirty years.

‘ He was still in hopes that all ill-grounded prejudices would be dispersed ; but how was he disappointed in his prospects when, to his astonishment, he received the following letter from the Secretary of the Academy !

“ Exhibition Room, Pall Mall,  
*Tuesday evening, 9 o’clock.*

“ SIR,

“ I am directed to acquaint you that a ballot having been taken by the Council whether your picture called the ‘ Conjuror ’ should be admitted in the Exhibition, it was determined in the negative.

“ You are therefore desired to send for the picture as soon as it may be convenient.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ F. M. NEWTON, R.A., Secretary.

“ Nathaniel Hone, Esq.”

‘He was now reduced to a dilemma, to acquiesce supinely under the heavy reproach of having offered a picture unfit for the public eye, and suffer the affront of his labours being rejected and his character traduced. What in such a case could he do? but by appealing to the public, to whose candour and judgment he submits himself and his art, being sure that at that tribunal the mist will be dispelled, truth will be prevalent, and that his labours, which have for many years given satisfaction and pleasure to his employers, will not now be disapproved of on a more general inspection by the indulgent public.

‘He trusts that this explanation, with the following affidavit, will prove, first, that the accusation was frivolous and nugatory, and that he is not in the least guilty of having given any real cause of offence to Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann; and, secondly, that it will excuse the presumption of offering to the public an exhibition singly of his own labours :

“MIDDLESEX TO WIT.—*I, Nathaniel Hone, of the Royal Academy, do make oath that in the picture of a ‘Conjurer,’ offered for exhibition to the said Academy for the present season, I never introduced, or intended to introduce, any figure reflecting on Mrs. Angelica Kauffmann, or any other lady whatever; and I gave the most explicit declaration of this to Sir William Chambers and three other gentlemen of the Academy, who called at my house for the purpose of examining into that circumstance; and I at the same time told them the figure they pitched upon as giving offence should be taken out.*

“NATH. HONE.

“*Sworn before me this 2d day of May, 1775,*

“W. ADDINGTON.”

‘N.B.—The figure said to have been intended for Mrs. A. K. is not only taken out, but all the other naked figures, lest they should be said to be likenesses of any particular gentlemen or ladies, which Mr. Hone never meant, as the merit of the picture does not depend upon a few smoked Academy figures, or even those well-dressed gentlemen who supply the place of those figures which were said to be so indecent, though Mr. Hone had shown the picture to ladies of the most refined taste and sentiment at his own house.’

The following is a copy of Mr. Hone’s advertisement, which appeared in several of the public papers :

## ' EXHIBITION, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

' Mr. Hone's exhibition of the "Conjurer" and one hundred other pictures and designs, all by his own hands, may be seen every day (Sunday excepted) opposite Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, the upper end of St. Martin's Lane, from ten in the morning till seven in the evening. Admittance one shilling. Catalogues, with Mr. Hone's apology to the public, gratis.

' May 9th, 1775.'

Hone's picture of a Brick-dust man, which was exhibited at Spring Gardens, first raised his name as a painter. In 1769<sup>1</sup> he was elected a Royal Academician, but in consequence of some pique against Sir Joshua Reynold he became a turbulent member. He died at his house, now No. 44 in Rathbone Place, in his sixty-seventh year, and was buried August 20, 1784, at Hendon. Mr. Hone etched a portrait of the Rev. Mr. Greenaway, and engraved his own likeness in mezzotinto, as well as a large plate of Two Gentlemen in Masquerade (Captain Grose and Theos. Forrest), No. 17 in the catalogue of his works. This picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Graham, and hangs over the sideboard of her dining-room at her house on Clapham Common.

In the sale of his effects in Rathbone Place was a plaster mask of King Charles II., taken from his face when dead. When his pictures were offered for sale at Mr. Hutchins's, in King Street, Covent Garden, in March, 1785, I saw Sir Joshua Reynolds most attentively view the picture of the 'Conjurer' for full ten minutes.

<sup>1</sup> This is incorrect. Hone was a foundation member.—ED.

Whenever Garrick's name was mentioned, it was generally accompanied with the appellation of *little*; but I have often heard my father observe that he never knew anyone who spake of *little* Hogarth, though he was half a head shorter. Perhaps this appellation might have arisen from Garrick's appearing on the stage with tall men, such as Quin, Barry, Woodward, Reddish, John Palmer, William Smith, Charles Bannister, Brereton, Lewis, etc. Dodd was a little man, and he was often called 'Little Dodd'; and Quick is now often noticed, when walking in Islington Fields, as 'Little Quick.' In like manner, Nollekens was called 'Little Nolly' by those who spake of him with freedom, and as 'Little Nollekens' by strangers who knew nothing but his person; and yet he was the only one of that name in England, though there are several bearing it in Antwerp to this day, some of whom have boldly declared their relationship to him. It has recently been proved that these pretended relatives are from a different stock and of another country.

That great and good man, Flaxman, the 'Sculptor of Eternity,' as Blake styled him, was often called 'Little Flaxman, the sculptor,' though there was no other Flaxman a sculptor—indeed, I was going to say, nor ever will be; and if I had, my opinion surely could not possibly be called in question in less than *five hundred years*. Hogarth has insisted upon it that Garrick, if seen alone, would have appeared as tall as Quin, on account of the former being a thin and neatly-made man, and the latter,

though tall, an awkwardly large one. This assertion he has exemplified, as may be seen in an etching by F. Cook, from a sketch by himself,<sup>1</sup> entitled 'Facsimile of the proportions of Garrick and Quin.'

Hogarth's assertion as to this point is also most glaringly visible in J. Dixon's<sup>2</sup> engraving of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, from a picture by Zoffany, in which there is nothing to enable the observer to draw a comparison, as Garrick is the only object in the print. Now, the impression made upon the spectator is quite the contrary, when he is viewing him in the company of Subtle and Face, where a chair is also introduced, which, without any other auxiliary, acts as a tolerably good scale for the height of figures.

For a further corroboration of this remark, the reader has only to look at the large print by J. Dixon, also after Zoffany's picture from the same play, in which Barton, Palmer, and Garrick form the composition, and, in consequence of Palmer's height, Garrick appears *small*. Garrick might have appeared as a *large man* if he had taken a hint from Zoffany, who has painted him in the 'Farmer's Return,' where he is seated in his kitchen, relating the sights he had witnessed in London, and particularly the story of the Cock Lane ghost, to his *little* wife and *short* children. In this beautiful picture Garrick is represented as a man of good height, as

<sup>1</sup> The original drawing was in the possession of the late J. P. Kemble, Esq.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> John Dixon (1740-1780), the mezzotint engraver.—ED.

may be seen in J. G. Haid's<sup>1</sup> engraving from it, published by Boydell, March 1, 1766.

But I must not forget Nollekens in these ramblings; he also appeared tall when warming his hands in the hall of the Royal Academy, surrounded by the young students, who were listening to his good-natured stories of what happened to him when at Rome.

As he was once enjoying himself in this manner, Mrs. Malum, the housekeeper, applied to him for the poker, adding, 'You always hide my poker. Why, you need not care how many coals we burn; you don't buy them here.'

So good-natured, indeed, was Mr. Nollekens during his conversations with the students, that his familiarity sometimes exposed him to the ridicule of those who knew not or forgot the respect which they ought to have entertained for him as an Academician. Once an impudent fellow brought an old brown worsted stocking, similar to one worn by the R.A. when he had a sore throat, which, to the great amusement of a few of his fellow-students, he tied round his neck, and stood by the side of Mr. Nollekens when he was Visitor in the Life Academy. However, it should be observed, to the honour of the well-disposed part of the students, that the ignorant scoffer was sent to Coventry, and for a twelvemonth three-fourths of them would not speak to him.

<sup>1</sup> Johann Gottfried Haid, a German engraver, who worked much in England, but retired to Wirtemberg before his death in 1776.—ED.



I must acknowledge that at the time Mr. Carlini<sup>1</sup> was Keeper, the Royal Academy students took those liberties with their superiors which would not be noticed now but by expulsion ; and it must give every well-thinking parent pleasure to know that their moral conduct was strictly noticed by the late worthy Keeper, Henry Thomson, Esq., R.A.,<sup>2</sup> and that that gentleman's successor, William Hilton, Esq., R.A., will most assiduously promote the same rectitude of conduct.

Mrs. Garrick visited the print-room of the British Museum on August 21, 1821, for the purpose of looking over the volume of Mr. Garrick's portraits, which had been collected by the late Dr. Burney. When she came to J. Dixon's print from Dance's picture of her husband in the character of Richard III., now in the front drawing-room of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's house, she looked at me, and with a firm emphasis whispered : ' Ay, sir, Mr. Dance used me scurvily as to this picture ; it was to have been mine at one hundred guineas, and a place was cleared for it, when to my great astonishment he informed Mr. Garrick at our dinner-table, where he had been always welcome, that he could sell it for fifty or a hundred guineas more to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. " Well, sir," observed Mr. Garrick, " and you mean to take it ? " " Yes," replied

<sup>1</sup> Agostino Carlini, R.A., the sculptor, succeeded Moser as keeper in 1783. See Prefatory Essay.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> The historical painter (1773-1843). He resigned the keepership in 1827 in consequence of ill-health. Hilton held the office till his death in 1839.—ED.

Mr. Dance, for he was not then Sir Nathaniel, "I think I shall."

"Think no more of the picture," whispered Mr. Garrick to me; "in a short time you shall see a better one there"—which was the case, though he meant the compliment to me, for the first morning after he had a looking-glass, to the value of one hundred and twenty-five guineas, put up in the place which had been allotted for Dance's picture. He requested me to go in and look at it, when he with his usual playfulness peeped over my shoulder. Sir Watkin, who never knew a word of Dance's ingratitude to Mr. Garrick—who had introduced him to all his friends—purchased the picture, and bestowed a most splendid frame upon it at an enormous expense.'

Mr. Dance, in this picture of Garrick, has been guilty of an egregious anachronism. He has actually given Richard III. the star of the Order of the Garter, when he ought to have known that it was not introduced before the reign of King Charles I.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Ashmole's 'History of the Order of the Garter'; Lond., 1672, folio, chap. vii., pp. 215, 216. The origin of the Star, according to that authority, was a badge consisting of the cross of the Order, surrounded by the Garter, to be worn upon the left side of the ordinary cloaks, etc., of the Sovereign and Knights-Companions. This was added to the insignia by King Charles I. at a Chapter held April 27, in the second year of his reign, 1626. 'And,' adds Ashmole, 'it seems it was not long after ere the glory, or star, as it is usually called, having certain beams of silver that spread in the form of a cross, was introduced and added thereunto, in imitation, as it is thought, of the French, who after that manner wore the chief ensign of the Order of the Holy Ghost, being the resemblance of a dove

Mrs. Nollekens had a little dog, which her father brought as a present to her from France ; it was considered a great beauty of its kind, being perfectly white, having a long curled woolly mane, and its body half shorn from its hinder parts ; the extremities of its tail and legs were left tufted, like an heraldical lion, and the eyelids were rather of a red colour, as those of the French breed generally are. With this animal I formed a particular acquaintance ; and, as she was very good-tempered towards me, I used to lay out my pocket-money in buying alternately a pink and a blue ribbon to make her a collar, with which Mrs. Nollekens was highly delighted. I recollect Mr. George Keate<sup>1</sup>—whose politeness always procured him the good opinion of the ladies—making much of this animal, and telling it that he had written some lines upon Mrs. Garrick's little dog, not unlike her in feature, of which *Favorie*—for she went sometimes by that name—ought to be very proud, since they were considered extremely beautiful. At this Mrs. Nollekens caught the bait, and in polite terms declared she would send for his poems, concluding

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irradiated with such-like beams.' The anachronism of introducing the Star of the Garter before it was invented has, however, been committed by a much better antiquary than Dance, since it is introduced in the year 1578, in the romance of 'Kenilworth,' by the author of 'Waverley' (edit. Edinburgh, 1821, vol. i., chap. vii., p. 149). 'The embroidered strap, as thou callest it, around my knee,' says the Earl of Leicester, 'is the English Garter, an ornament which Kings are proud to wear. See, here is the Star which belongs to it, and here is the diamond George, the jewel of the Order.'—SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> George Keate (1729-1797), the amateur versifier and antiquary.—ED.

that the lines were to be found there. ‘Yes, madam, said he, ‘I have introduced them in the book, and I will send it, not only for your inspection, but acceptance.’ ‘You are extremely polite,’ answered Mrs. Nollekens ; ‘I shall be most happy to possess what you have said of Mrs. Garrick’s dog.’

Before I entirely leave this subject, to prove the wonderfully sagacious and retentive memory of Mrs. Garrick’s little dog Bidly, and how much she must have noticed her master when rehearsing his parts at home, I shall give the following most extraordinary anecdote, as nearly as I can, in the manner in which Mrs. Garrick related it to me a short time before her death. ‘One evening, after Mr. Garrick and I were seated in our box at Drury Lane Theatre, he said, “Surely there is something wrong on the stage,” and added he would go and see what it was. Shortly after this, when the curtain was drawn up, I saw a person come forward to speak a new prologue in the dress of a country bumpkin, whose features seemed new to me ; and whilst I was wondering who it could possibly be, I felt my little dog’s tail wag, for he was seated in my lap, his usual place at the theatre, looking towards the stage. “Aha!” said I, “what! do you know him? Is it your master? Then you have seen him practise his part?”’

When I last had the gratification of conversing with the relator of this anecdote, she spake in the highest terms of his present Majesty, George IV., and said that the last time she had the honour of seeing him, when Prince of Wales, the kind and

condescending manner in which his Royal Highness sat by her side at Hampton, and asked after her health, gave her heartfelt pleasure : ‘ And I am not a little proud,’ added she, ‘ of the privilege of being allowed to drive through St. James’s Park.’

Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, whose venerable age is not beyond his politeness, has also favoured me with the following anecdote of the late Queen Charlotte and Mrs. Garrick. By some mistake the Queen was announced to Mrs. Garrick at her house at Hampton, without the usual notice previous to a royal visit. Mrs. Garrick was much confused at being caught in the act of peeling onions for pickling. The Queen, however, would not suffer her to stir, but commanded a knife to be brought, observing that she would peel an onion with her, and actually sat down, in the most condescending manner, and peeled onions. The Colonel, who often relates anecdotes of his youth and the distinguished characters whom he has known, never forgets to observe, when speaking of Queen Charlotte : ‘ Ay, very few persons knew the goodness of her Majesty’s heart, and the great good she had done, until after her death.’

I shall now give a dialogue which was held, as nearly as I can recollect, between Mrs. Nollekens and Mrs. Norman, the wife of a celebrated dog-doctor, who at the time I was with Sherwin lived in Fox Court, St. James’s Street, into one of the houses of which court Sherwin’s premises extended, and were used by him and his pupils as engraving-rooms. The name of Norman was so

extensively known that I consider it hardly possible for many of my readers to be ignorant of his fame ; indeed, so much was he in requisition that persons residing out of town would frequently order the carriage for no other purpose than to consult Dr. Norman as to the state of Bidley's health, just as people of rank now consult Partington or Thompson as to the irregularities of their children's teeth. The room in which Sherwin's pupils were placed was on the first-floor, looking immediately into the court, so that it was impossible for them to be unacquainted with the patients' complaints, which were made known in the court either to the doctor or his wife, who always answered from an upper casement. Bijou, Mrs. Nollekens' favourite lap-dog, was put under the doctor's regimen by Nollekens, who, it appeared, had left her early one morning, before we had taken possession of our room.

One day, about noon, we heard a female, who had tapped at the doctor's door with the stick of her parasol, inquire if Mr. Norman was at home. 'Who calls?' interrogated Mrs. Norman from within. 'Mr. Norman, I ask if he lives here?' Mrs. Norman, who had then put her head out at the window, answered: 'Yes, he does, good woman; what's your pleasure?' '“Good woman, what's your pleasure!” is that the way to speak to a lady? Know, then, my name is Nollekens.' 'Oh dear, I beg your pardon: you are the person who sent a little man here with a French dog the other day: how does she do?' 'Do! why don't you

come down, Mrs. Norman?' 'I come down! what, and leave all my dogs! Bless you, there'd be the devil to pay when Norman comes home! You don't know the *disponsibility* I am in: why, we have got Mrs. Robinson's mother Mrs. Derby's dog; and we have got the Duke of Dorset's French lady's dog, Fidelle, just come from Duke Street. Mrs. Musters, of Portland Place, has sent three dogs, and we have Monsieur Goubert's from South Molton Street. What! but is your bitch ill again? I am sure we brought it about—it was fed upon nothing but bread and milk.' 'Bread and milk!' exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens; 'why, we give it some of the best bits of our yard-dog's paunches.' 'Bless you, good woman! then it will never be well: the doctor can do nothing for it, that I can tell you.' By this time a fellow silenced Mrs. Nollekens, by inquiring in a rough voice if Dr. *Normandy* was at home. 'No,' was the reply. 'Well, then, when he comes home, he must come to Lady Bunbury's; one of her dogs has had no rest for these three nights, and her life is despaired of.'

I do not wish to reflect upon Mrs. Nollekens or the peculiar attachment of any other lady to the brute creation, as there are, I am certain, tens of thousands who, though many of them pet their dogs, also find delight in walking miles to alleviate the wants of their fellow-creatures with the balmy hand of sincere benevolence. Mrs. Radcliffe,<sup>1</sup> the justly-celebrated authoress of 'The Romance of

<sup>1</sup> Anne Radcliffe (1764-1823).—ED.

the Forest,' 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' etc., was one of that description, and she had two pets. The name of one was Fan, that of the other Dash; both obtained board and lodging, not as presents from Lady Sarah Bunbury or Mrs. Garrick, but taken up by her in the streets, when they were outcasts and unowned, when, as poor old Bronze would frequently say of her master's broken antiques, no one would think of offering a brass farthing for their services.

Mrs. Radcliffe's attention was one day arrested by a boy who stood silently weeping under the gateway of the Little Stable-yard, St. James's; he held a cord, to the end of which a most miserable spectacle of a dog was tied, shivering between him and the wall. She requested to know the cause of his grief, and the poor little fellow, after sobbing for some time, with a modest reluctance stammered, 'My m-m-m-mother insists upon my hanging Fan; she won't keep her because her skin is bare. Don't touch her, ma'am; she has got the mange.' 'Well, my little fellow, if you will walk back with me, I will not only give you half a crown, but will keep your dog, and you shall come and see it.' When the poor animal was safely lodged at No. 5, Stafford Row, Pimlico, her new mistress placed her under proper care; and when she was again coated, she became excessively admired for her great beauty, and, being under the tuition of so amiable a protectress, she so improved in manners as to be often noticed by the late Queen and the Princesses, when walking with her



mistress in Windsor Park, at the time Mrs. Radcliffe had a small cottage in the town. My informant related the following proof of Fan's good breeding and respect for a dog under superior protection.

One of the Princesses' dogs, a spaniel exactly of Fanny's size, caught one end of a long bone, at the moment Fan had found it, who, instead of snarling as a dog generally does when an interloper attempts to carry off a prize, very good-temperedly complied with the playfulness of the Princess's dog by continuing to walk by her side, just like two horses in a curricie, each holding the extreme end of the bone, to the no small amusement of the royal equestrians, who frequently recognised and noticed Mrs. Radcliffe as the authoress and Fanny's mistress.

The other dog was of a large size, and the latter part of his history is as follows. One day it happened, as Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe were walking along the Strand, to visit the exhibition of the Royal Academicians at Somerset Place, they saw a poor half-starved dog that had just been drawn upon the pavement, a coach-wheel having broken one of its legs. When they got up to the crowd, as there was no master near or willing to own it, each person was giving his opinion as to the most expeditious mode of putting the unfortunate animal out of his misery. Upon this Mrs. Radcliffe, with her accustomed humanity, requested her husband to procure a coach; and instead of proceeding to the exhibition to feast upon the works of art, they

preferred following the impulse of good-nature, by ordering the coachman to Stafford Row, where, by skilful attention, the once-wretched animal was not only in a short time restored to perfect health, but repaid his life-preserver with the most frolicksome agility, who ever after called him Dash.

## CHAPTER VII.

Anecdotes of Seward and James Barry—Conversations in Westminster Abbey on waxen figures, fees, alterations, monuments, and the Gate-house—Norfolk House, the birthplace of George III.—Mr. Nollekens' restoration of the Townley Venus—Colonel Hamilton—Conversation between Mr. Nollekens and Panton Betew on artists and the china manufactories at Bow and Chelsea—Characteristic anecdotes of Betew—Early engravings by Hogarth.

MR. SEWARD,<sup>1</sup> of anecdotic memory, who lodged at the Golden Ball, No. 5, Little Maddox Street, where the sign is still pendent, was perpetually complimenting those persons of eminence who appeared to him most likely to contribute to his budget. I recollect, when I was a student in the Royal Academy, seeing him one night make up to Barry, who was descending from the rostrum, and hearing him, after he had expressed his admiration of his lecture, solicit the pleasure of walking part of the way home with him. Mr. Nollekens and I overtook them at a baker's shop in Catherine Street, when Barry, who detested Seward for his avowed attachment to Fuseli, requested him to wait while he purchased a loaf, and when he came out, had the audacity to ask Seward to assist

<sup>1</sup> William Seward was born in 1747. He was the author of 'Biographiana,' and died in 1799.—ED.

him in stuffing it into a ragged pocket of his long great-coat. When he had accomplished the task, Barry exclaimed, 'It's in! that's the way to be independent; I have no fixed baker, so where I like the appearance of the bread, I buy it.' Nollekens, who had stopped with me to notice them, observed, 'Ay, Tom, when they get themselves under the Piazza, Jem will lose him; I know his tricks well, when he dislikes a man. Why, do you know, that fellow Seward sadly wanted me the other day to give him my Michael Angelo model of Venus!' This beautiful little gem now sparkles over the chimney-piece of Sir Thomas Lawrence's front parlour, a room enviably rich in inestimable jewels. The cabinets are filled with the choicest drawings, by Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Rubens, and Rembrandt, many of which were formerly dispersed through the portfolios of King Charles I., Rubens, the Earl of Arundel, Sir Peter Lely, the two Richardsons, Hudson, Moser, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barnard, Ralph Willett, Udney, Earl Spencer, West, and several grand collections abroad, from which they were selected, and brought into this country by Mr. Ottley and Mr. Samuel Woodburn, two most excellent judges of art, to whom England is much indebted for numerous works of the old and great masters, which might at this moment have been locked up in foreign cabinets, had it not been for their zeal and liberality.

Mr. Nollekens having received an order for a monument, similar in size to one which his employer

had pointed out, erected in Westminster Abbey, asked my father to accompany him thither, and they took me with them to assist in the measurement. I recollect the morning with pleasure; the sun enabled us to look into every corner of the Abbey; and I now wish I had then been older, to have benefited more by the interesting remarks by my parent and friend.

Mr. Nollekens, during the time his men were moulding parts of monuments in Westminster Abbey, had the following conversation with the late Mr. John Catling, the verger, to the great amusement of my father, who was also present. *Mr. Nollekens*: 'Why, Mr. Catling, you seem to be as fond of the Abbey as I am of my models by Michael Angelo. My man, Finny, tells me you *was* born in it.' *Catling*: 'No, not in the Abbey; I was born in the tower, on the right hand, just before you enter into the little cloisters.' *Nollekens*: 'Oh, I know; there's some steps to go up, and a wooden rail to hold by. Now, I wonder you don't lose that silver thing that you carry before the Dean, when you are going through the cloisters. Pray, why do you suffer the schoolboys to chalk the stones all over? I have been spelling "pudding," "grease," "lard," "butter," "kitchen-stuff," and I don't know what all.' *Catling*: 'Why, thereby hangs a tale—do you know that the Dean married a woman?' *Nollekens*: 'Well, so he ought; the clergy are allowed to marry nowadays; it is not as it was formerly; you know, I have been at Rome, and know enough about their customs.' [Here Mr.

Catling gave Mr. Nollekens an admonitory pinch upon the elbow, for at that moment the Bishop was passing through Poets' Corner from the Deanery, on his way to the House of Lords.] *Nollekens*: 'What does he carry that blue bag with him for?' *Catling*: 'It contains his papers upon the business of the day.' *Nollekens*: 'Oh, now you talk of papers, Mrs. Nollekens bid me to ask you where Ashburnham House is, that held the Cotton paper, I think it was.' *Catling*: 'Your good lady means the Cottonian Manuscripts, sir; it is in Little Dean's Yard, on the north side; it has a stone entrance, designed by Inigo Jones, and is now inhabited by Dr. Bell, who was Chaplain to the Princess Amelia.' *Nollekens*: 'Oh, I know, he was robbed by Sixteen-string Jack in Gunnersbury Lane; thank ye. And she wants to know what you've done with the wooden figures, with wax masks, all in silk tatters, that the Westminster boys called the "Ragged Regiment"; she says they *was* always carried before the corpse formerly.' *Catling*: 'Why, we had them all out the other day, for John Carter and young Smith to draw from; they are put up in those very narrow closets, between our wax figures of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Chatham in his robes, in Bishop Islip's Chapel, where you have seen the stained-glass of a boy slipping down a tree, a slip of a tree, and the eye slipping out of its socket.' *Nollekens*: 'What! where the Poll Parrot is? I wonder you keep such stuff; why, at Antwerp, where my father was born, they put such things in silks outside in the streets.'

I don't mind going to Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork, in Fleet Street, where Mother Shipton gives you a kick as you are going out. Oh dear! you should not have such rubbish in the Abbey; and then for you to take money for this foolish thing and that foolish thing, so that nobody can come in to see the fine works of art without being bothered with Queen Catherine's bones, the Spanish Ambassador's coffin, the lady who died by pricking her finger, and that nasty cap of General Monk's you beg of people to put money into, just like the money-box that I recollect they used to put down from the Gate-house. You had better tell Mr. Dean to see that the monuments don't want dusting, and to look after the Westminster boys, and not let them break the ornaments off to play at sconce with in the cloisters. Now, at Rome, and all other churches abroad, a man may go in and draw; but here he must write and wait, and be brought up like a criminal before the Dean. Why, do you know, I have been told that Stothard, one of our Academicians, had a great deal of trouble with the man; and then he talked about the proper fees! Bless my heart, it's very bad!<sup>1</sup> *Catling*: 'My good sir, you are very severe with us this

<sup>1</sup> When all the demands for viewing the various curiosities of Westminster Abbey are added together, the sum will amount to a *little more now* than it did 151 years ago, as can be proved by a reference to Peachau's truly interesting tract, entitled 'The Worth of a Penny,' published in the year 1667, in which the author says:

'For a penny you may hear a most eloquent oration upon our English kings and queens, if, keeping your hands off, you will seriously listen to David Owen, who keeps the monuments in Westminster.'—SMITH.

morning. Let me ask you what would become of the gentlemen of the choir, and myself, as well as the Dean, if we did not take money?' *Nollekens*: 'What's become of that curious old picture that used to hang, when I was a boy, next to the pulpit?' *Catling*: 'You mean the whole-length portrait of King Richard II. in his robes: that is now put up in the Jerusalem Chamber in the Deanery; I have a print of it by Carter.' *Nollekens*: 'My mother had one by Virtue; she was acquainted with him, and at that time he lived in Brownlow Street, Drury Lane. Well, and what has become of Queen Catherine's bones?' *Catling*: 'Oh, the remains of her bones have been gone long ago!'

They were now interrupted by old Gayfere, the Abbey mason, who exclaimed, as he came toddling on: 'Ah, Mr. Nollekens, are you here?' *Nollekens*: 'Here! yes; and why do you suffer that Queen Anne's altar to remain here, in a Gothic building? Send it back to Whitehall, where it came from. And why don't you keep a better look-out, and not suffer the fingers of figures and the noses of busts to be knocked off by *them* Westminster boys?' *Gayfere*: 'Why, what an ungrateful little man you are! Don't it give you a job now and then? Did not Mr. Dolben have a new nose put upon Camden's face the other day at his own expense? I believe I told you that I carried the rods when Fleetcraft measured the last work at the north tower when the Abbey was finished.' *Nollekens*: 'There's the bell tolling. Oh no, it's the quarters. I used to



hear them when I was in the Abbey working with my master Scheemakers. There's a bird flying!' *Gaufere*: 'A bird? Ay, you may see a hundred birds; they come in at the broken panes of glass.'

*Nollekens*: 'Here comes Mr. Champneys. Well, you have been singing at St. Paul's, and now you are come to sing here. Why don't you put a little more powder in your wig? Why, it is as brown as my maid Bronze's skin now is; that's what is called a Busby, ain't it?' *Champneys*: 'It is, Mr. Nollekens. Pray how is Mrs. Nollekens? I was once a beau of hers.' *Nollekens*: 'Oh dear! I was looking at his monument, to see if it was the same wig, but he has a cap on.' *Champneys*: 'That's a fine monument, Mr. Nollekens.' *Nollekens*: 'Yes, a very good one; it was done by Bird.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Nollekens said he was fond of flogging the Westminster boys.' *Champneys*: 'It is said so. Our friend Roberts, of the Exchequer, has Busby's house at Ealing, where Busby's Walk still remains, on which the doctor used to exercise of a morning, to "wash his lungs," as he used to say.' *Nollekens*: 'What have you done with the old Gothic pulpit?' *Catling*: 'It has been conveyed to our vestry, the Chapel of St. Blaize, south of Poets' Corner—a very curious part of the Abbey, not often shown: did you ever see it? It's very dark; there is an ancient picture, on the east wall, of a figure, which can be made out tolerably well, after the eye is

<sup>1</sup> Francis Bird, called the founder of English sculpture. He was born in 1667, and died in 1731.—ED.

accustomed to the dimness of the place. Did you ever notice the remaining colours of the curious little figure that was painted on the tomb of Chaucer?' *Nollekens*: 'No, that's not at all in my way.' 'Pray, Mr. Nollekens,' asked Mr. Champneys, 'can you give me the name of the sculptor who executed the basso-relievo of Townsend's monument? I have applied to several of my friends among the artists, but I have never been able to obtain it: in my opinion, the composition and style of carving are admirable; but I am sorry to find that some evil-minded person has stolen one of the heads.' *Nollekens*: 'That's what I say. Dean Horsley should look after the monuments himself. Hang his waxworks! Yes, I can tell you who did it—Tom Carter had the job, and he employed another man of the name of Eckstein<sup>1</sup> to model the tablet. It's very clever. I don't know what else he has done besides; his brother kept a public-house, the sign of the Goat and Star, at the corner of Tash Court, Tash Street, Gray's Inn Lane. Bartholomew Cheney modelled and carved the figures of Fame and Britannia for Captain Cornwall's monument; Sir Robert Taylor gave him four pounds fifteen shillings a week.'

One afternoon, whilst I was drawing in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, Mr. Gayfere observed that he had met Flaxman. 'Yes,' answered

<sup>1</sup> In 1762 the above artist, Mr. John Eckstein, received from the Society of Arts, for a basso-relievo in Portland stone, the premium of £15 15s., and in 1764, for a basso-relievo in marble, the sum of £52 10s.—SMITH. Eckstein was a painter as well as a modeller. He disappeared in 1798, being then about sixty years of age.—ED.

I, 'he has just been so good as to point out to me those beautiful little figures that surround the tomb of Aymer de Valence, which he advises me to draw from.' *Gayfere* : 'He is a very clever man, and bears a good character.' [I can safely venture to say that, had Mr. Gayfere been living now, he would have said he was a great man, and bore the best of characters.] *Gayfere* : 'Pray, did your father ever see a print or a drawing of the Gate-house?' 'No, he never did ; I have often questioned him about it. I remember it, sir ; it stood, as you well know, across the street, at the end of the houses opposite to the west entrance of the Abbey ; one archway led into Tothill Street, and another, to the left, was opposite the entrance to Dean's Yard. I recollect walking under it with my grandmother, and seeing a tin box that was let down with a string for money out of one of the windows of the prison, and hearing a person in a hollow voice cry, "Pray remember the poor prisoners!" So I have at Old Newgate. That building stood across Newgate Street, near the south-east corner of St. Sepulchre's Church. Both these gates were not very unlike the old gate now remaining of St. John, Clerkenwell, in St. John's Lane, where Mr. Cave, the predecessor of the house of Nichols, first printed the *Gentleman's Magazine*.' *Gayfere* : 'Did you ever hear the echo on the centre of Westminster Bridge? If you go to one of the middle alcoves, and speak in a whisper, putting your mouth close to the wall, to a friend on the opposite side, after he has placed his ear close to the centre, of the other alcove, he will hear every

syllable you utter as distinctly as he would if you had both been in the gallery of St. Paul's.'

When going with Mr. Nollekens one Sunday morning to see Mr. Gainsborough's pictures, he stopped at the Duke of Norfolk's house in St. James's Square, and said, 'There! in that very house our King was born; my mother used to show it to me.' Recollecting this remark, I applied for confirmation of it to the Rev. James Dallaway,<sup>1</sup> who had been the late Duke of Norfolk's chaplain, and, with his usual liberality, he immediately favoured me with the following very satisfactory information, which I now give in that gentleman's own words. 'Arundel House was taken down in 1678, and its site converted into Norfolk, Surrey, Arundel, and Howard Streets, including what had been called Arundel Rents. The present Norfolk House, in St. James's Square,<sup>2</sup> was built from a design of R. Brettingham in 1742, by Thomas, Duke

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman has just completed a new edition of Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painters,' in which, I trust, there are not only many of Lord Orford's errors corrected, but new information given of English artists, of whom his lordship appeared ignorant. There certainly is a more interesting account of Vandyke than any that has yet appeared.—SMITH. Dallaway was born in 1763, and died in 1834.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> It had been previously the site of St. Alban's House, built by Henry Jermy, Earl of St. Albans, and was sold by Henry, Duke of Portland, for £10,000. In 1738 only the buildings on the north side of the inner court were completed, which were lent to Frederick, Prince of Wales, as a temporary residence till Leicester House was finished. On May 24, 1738, the late King George was born, and, being very sickly, was baptized the same day. He was a seven-months child. Prince Frederick presented the Duchess of Norfolk with miniatures in enamel of himself and the Princess, set in brilliants.—SMITH.



of Norfolk, and finished by his brother Edward in 176—.'

As we were turning round to proceed to Pall Mall, Mr. Charles Townley accosted Mr. Nollekens, who immediately, in the open street, loudly commenced his observations in what he thought the Italian language ; but as he was very noisy in his jargon, Mr. Townley requested him to confine himself to English, or the people in the street would notice them. Mr. Townley then desired him to send for his small Venus, in order to model a pair of arms to it. That gentleman also wished him to try them in various positions, such as holding a dove, the beak of which might touch her lips, entwining a wreath, or looking at the eye of a serpent. *Nollekens* : ' Well, I'll send for it, then ; shall you be at home when my man comes ? ' *Mr. Townley* : ' Send to-morrow at ten o'clock, when I shall be at home. ' *Nollekens* : ' Which way now are you going ? ' *Mr. Townley* : ' This way, Mr. Nollekens ; good-morning to you ! ' *Nollekens* called after him, ' Well, I'll send. ' Strange to tell, I stood to Mr. Nollekens for all the various positions he could devise for the arms, and after six changes the present ones were carved, the right one of which is too much like one of the arms of the Venus de Medici, which are looked upon as the work of Baccio Bandinelli. This statue is now in the British Museum, and measures three feet six inches and five-eighths, including the plinth. A modern editor has roundly asserted that Gavin Hamilton directed Mr. Nollekens in his restora-

tion of the arms of this statue. Gavin Hamilton<sup>1</sup> was in Rome at the time.

Upon our arrival at Mr. Gainsborough's, the third west division of Schomberg House, Pall Mall, the artist was listening to a violin, and held up his finger to Mr. Nollekens as a request of silence. Colonel Hamilton was playing to him in so exquisite a style that Gainsborough exclaimed, 'Now, my dear Colonel, if you will but go on, I will give you that picture of the boy at the stile, which you have so often wished to purchase of me.' Mr. Gainsborough, not knowing how long Nollekens would hold his tongue, gave him a book of sketches to choose two from, which he had promised him. As Gainsborough's versatile fancy was at this period devoted to music, his attention was so riveted to the tones of the violin that for nearly half an hour he was motionless; after which the Colonel requested that a hackney-coach might be sent for, wherein he carried off the picture. It has been engraved by Stow,<sup>2</sup> a pupil of Woollett. Mr. Gainsborough, after he had given Mr. Nollekens the two drawings he had selected, requested him to look at the model of an ass's head which he had just made. *Nollekens*: 'You should model more with

<sup>1</sup> Gavin Hamilton, a Scotch portrait-painter, born at Lanark in 1730, spent the greater part of his life in Rome, and was considered the leading authority on Roman antiquities. He died in that city in 1797 of a fever caused by anxiety lest the French invaders should destroy his beloved monuments.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> James Stow, a line-engraver, the son of an agricultural labourer. His precocious promise led to his being largely patronized; his talent, however, soon evaporated. He was apprenticed to Woollett, and then to W. Sharp.—ED.

your thumbs; thumb it about till you get it into shape.' 'What,' said Gainsborough, 'in this manner?' having taken up a bit of clay, and looking at a picture of Abel's Pomeranian Dog which hung over the chimney-piece—'this way?' 'Yes,' said Nollekens; 'you'll do a great deal more with your thumbs.'

Mr. Gainsborough, by whom I was standing, observed to me: 'You enjoyed the music, my little fellow, and I am sure you long for this model; there, I will give it to you'—and I am delighted with it still. I have never had it baked, fearing it might fly in the kiln, as the artist had not kneaded the clay well before he commenced working it, and I conclude that the model must still contain a quantity of fixed air.

Colonel Hamilton above-mentioned was not only looked upon as one of the first amateur violin-players, but also one of the first gentlemen pugilists. I was afterwards noticed by him in my art as an etcher of landscapes; and have frequently seen him spar with the famous Mendoza in his drawing-room in Leicester Street, Leicester Square.

The following dialogue took place in Greenwood's auction-room, during the sale of Barnard's collection of drawings, between Mr. Nollekens and Pantou Betew. Mr. Betew had been a silversmith of the old school, and also a dealer in pictures, drawings, and other works of art. I recollect him well in my boyish days, at his house in Old Compton Street, Soho, at which time he was generally accosted by his old friends under the

free-and-easy appellation of Panny. *Mr. Panton Betew* : 'Well, Mr. Nollekens, time has made little difference in your looks ; you walk just in the same way, with your cane and your ruffles, as you did twenty years ago, when I sold you Roubiliac's model, which he designed for General Wolfe's monument ; Wilton was the successful candidate, he gained the order.' *Nollekens* : 'I remember it very well ; you would have the odd sixpence of me. Pray what became of that poor fellow, Chattelain,<sup>1</sup> who used to work for Vivares ? I once saw several of his drawings in your window.' *Betew* : 'Yes, I bought many drawings of him ; and there's a great deal of spirit in what he did. But he died at the White Bear in Piccadilly ; the landlord came to me, knowing that I knew him, to ask me to attend his funeral. Poor fellow ! the parish buried him in the Pest Fields, Carnaby Market. I went, Vivares<sup>2</sup> went, and so did M'Ardell and several others. I recollect well, he was a Roman Catholic, and all the common people who frequented the Romish Chapel in Warwick Street followed ; and the boys called it an Irish funeral, for there were very few of us in black coats.' *Nollekens* : 'Poor fellow ! I lost sight of him for some years, and could not tell what had become of him. I remember a tallow-chandler used to lend me some of his drawings to copy when I was quite a youngster.'

<sup>1</sup> Jean Baptiste Claude Chatelaine (1710-1771). His real name was Philippe.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Vivares, the landscape engraver (1709-1780), a pupil of Chatelaine.—ED.



*Betew* : ‘ Ay, I had many drawings and pictures by young artists, very clever fellows; but they are nearly all gone now. There was Brooking,<sup>1</sup> the ship-painter: he died, poor fellow! just as he was getting into full song, as the saying is; and there was Tull,<sup>2</sup> the landscape-painter, he was a genius: he married the King’s butcher’s daughter, in St. James’s Market, and became the schoolmaster at Queen Elizabeth’s School in Tooley Street, in the Borough.

‘ I have a few of his pictures by me now; his style was an imitation of Hobbima’s. Vivares has engraved four of them, and very pretty they are. His colouring was rather black; but he was a self-taught artist, as people call those who don’t regularly study under others, but pick up their information by degrees. Well, and then there was your great Mr. Gainsborough; I have had many and many a drawing of his in my shop-window before he went to Bath. Ay, and he has often been glad to receive seven or eight shillings from me for what I have sold: Paul Sandby knows it well.’ *Nollekens* : ‘ What do you want for that model of a boy? I suppose you have got it still?’ *Betew* : ‘ Why, now, why can’t you say Fiamingo’s boy? You know it to be one of his, and you also know that no man ever modelled boys better than he did: it is said that he was employed to model children for Rubens to put into his pictures.’

<sup>1</sup> Charles Brooking (1723-1759), who painted in the dockyard at Deptford.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Nathaniel Tull, who died in 1762.—ED.

*Nollekens* : 'Well, what must I give you for it?'

*Betew* : 'Fifteen shillings is the money I want for it.'

*Nollekens* : 'No; ten.' *Betew* : 'Now, my old friend, how can you rate art in that manner? You would not model one for twenty times ten; and if you did, you could not think of comparing it with that. Why, you are obliged to give more at auctions when Lord Rockingham or Mr. Burke is standing by you. No, I will not 'bate a farthing.'

*Nollekens* : 'Well, I'll take it. Do you still buy broken silver? I have some odd sleeve-buttons, and Mrs. Nollekens wants to get rid of a chased watch-case by old Moser—one that he made when he used to model for the Bow manufactory.'

*Betew* : 'Ay, I know there were many very clever things produced there. What very curious heads for canes they made at that manufactory! I think Crowther was the proprietor's name; he had a very beautiful daughter, who is married to Sir James Lake. Nat. Hone painted a portrait of her in the character of Diana, and it was one of his best pictures. There were some clever men who modelled for the Bow concern, and they produced several spirited figures: Quin in Falstaff; Garrick in Richard; Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, striding triumphantly over the Pretender, who is begging quarter of him; John Wilkes, and so forth.'

*Nollekens* : 'Mr. Moser, who was the keeper of our Academy, modelled several things for them. He was a chaser originally.' *Betew* : 'Bless you! I knew him well. My friend Grignon, the watch-maker, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, advised

him to learn to enamel trinkets for watches; and he succeeded so well that the Queen patronized him, and he did several things for the King. It is said his Majesty was so pleased with him that he once ordered him a hatful of money for some of his works.' *Nollekens*: 'So I've heard.' *Betew*: 'Chelsea was another place for china.' *Nollekens*: 'Do you know where that factory stood?' *Betew*: 'Why, it stood upon the site of Lord Dartery's house, just beyond the bridge.' *Nollekens*: 'My father worked for them at one time.' *Betew*: 'Yes, and Sir James Thornhill designed for them. Mr. Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, has a dozen plates by Sir James, which he purchased at Mrs. Hogarth's sale in Leicester Square. Paul Ferg<sup>1</sup> painted for them. Ay, that was a curious failure. The cunning rogues produced very white and delicate ware; but then they had their clay from China, which when the Chinese found out, they would not let the captains have any more clay for ballast, and the consequence was that the whole concern failed.'

Many of my readers may recollect Fielding's descriptions of the Man of the Hill, in his 'Tom Jones,' and such another human form Nature displayed in Panton Betew: his dress differed from the general mode; he wore a loose dark-brown greatcoat, with, generally, a red cloth waistcoat, black shalloon small-clothes, dark-gray worsted

<sup>1</sup> Francis Paul Ferg, an Austrian landscape-painter, born in Vienna in 1689. He came to London in 1718, and worked here until his death in 1740.—ED.

stockings, easy square-toed shoes, with small silver buckles, and a large slouched hat with a close round crown, without the least nap, being often brushed, for cleanliness' sake, with the shoe, shining, or table brush.

He was well known to all the fish-vendors in Lombard Court, Seven Dials, as a purchaser of fish for two; which provender he was not ashamed to carry home in a dark snuff-coloured silk handkerchief, always taking care to hold it in his right hand, that he might display a brilliant ring, which he said he wore in memory of his mother. The watchman shut and opened his shop. I remember his leaving Old Compton Street for one of his mother's houses in Nassau Street, St. James's Market, and afterwards his living in a house in Chelsea, beyond what was formerly called the Five Fields: upon which a new city of most magnificent mansions is now in course of building, to the wonderful increase of the princely income of the Earl Grosvenor.

In his house at Chelsea, where Betew died, my father and I have often visited him. Independently of his knowledge of the origin of the artists of the last century, he was a well-informed person upon the general topics of conversation; and he has been heard to say that he liked to converse with a man whom he could *swop* an idea with. He was intimate with Hogarth, and frequently purchased pieces of plate with armorial bearings engraved upon them by that artist, which he cleared out for the next possessor; but, unfortunately for

the Stanleyean Collection, without rubbing off a single impression.

This was not the case with Morison, a silversmith, who at that time lived in Cheapside; he took off twenty-five impressions of a large silver dish, engraved by Hogarth, which impressions he not only numbered as they were taken off, but attested each with his own signature. Should this page meet the eyes of any branches of the good old-fashioned families which have carefully preserved the plate of Oliver their uncle or Deborah their aunt, I sincerely implore them, should the armorial bearings be the production of the early part of the last century, to cause a few impressions to be taken from them; for I am inclined to believe it very possible that some curious specimens of Hogarth's dawning genius may yet in that way be rescued from future furnaces.

The following use was made of Hogarth's plates of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, by the late John Adams, of Edmonton, schoolmaster: The prints were framed and hung up in the schoolroom, and Adams, once a month, after reading a lecture upon their vicious and virtuous examples, rewarded those boys who had conducted themselves well, and caned those who had behaved ill.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Nollekens' opinion of colossal sculpture—Restorations of the paintings at Whitehall—Increase of the value of modern pictures—Remarkable old houses and customs—Mrs. Nollekens' visits—Ireland's 'Vortigern'—London cries—Sir Peter Lely's sale—Nollekens at the Academy Club and at Harrogate—His Venus model—Meanness of Mrs. Nollekens—Miss Hawkins and her anecdotes.

NOLLEKENS at all times strongly reprobated colossal sculpture, more especially when commenced by the too daring student in the art; and, indeed, whenever anyone led to the subject, he would deliver his opinion, even to persons of the first fashion and rank, with as much freedom as if he were chiding his mason's boy, Kit Finny, for buying scanty paunches for his yard-dog Cerberus. 'No, no, my lord!' he would vociferate, with an increased nasal and monotonous tone of voice, 'a grand thing don't depend upon the size, I can assure you of that. A large model certainly produces a stare, and is often admired by ignorant people; but the excellence of a work of art has nothing to do with the size, that you may depend upon from me.' In this he unquestionably was correct, as the graceful elegance of a Cellini cup or a bell for

the Pope's table does not consist in immensity. I have a cast from an antique bronze figure only three inches in height, which, from its justness of proportion and dignity of attitude, strikes the beholder, when it is elevated only nine inches above his eye, with an idea of its being a figure full thirty feet in height.

I well recollect my playfellow, John Deare,<sup>1</sup> the sculptor, powerfully maintaining that grandeur never depended upon magnitude. A preposterously large figure, like Gog or Magog in Guildhall, or the giant and giantess of Antwerp, would, without dignity and breadth of style and just proportion, exhibit nothing beyond a mass of overwhelming lumber. 'What!' he would exclaim, 'is not that beautiful gem of Hercules strangling the lion a work of grand art? and that figure is contained in less than the space of an inch.' This is also my own humble opinion, for I think that Simon's<sup>2</sup> Dunbar medals, of which I have now some most beautiful casts before me, are quite as grand as any of the finest busts by Nollekens. I am quite certain that if a talented medallist were to execute a series of heads from the finest of Nollekens' busts of persons of the highest eminence, his labours would meet with great encouragement; but he must honestly copy, and not attempt even the slightest alteration, for by such sophistications he

<sup>1</sup> This very remarkable man was born at Liverpool in 1759, and died at Rome in 1795. See prefatory essay.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Simon, chief medallist at the Mint to Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II. He was an artist of admirable merit.—ED.

would make a botched medal, for which he never should, if I had my wish, receive more than the weight of the metal. Many of Chantry's finest busts have been in this manner most disgracefully misrepresented. That a figure should be of increased dimensions the higher it is placed above the eye of the spectator is beyond a doubt, since if it were only the size of life it would dwindle into insignificance, particularly if placed on the top of the monument on Fish Street Hill; for that pillar being 202 feet in height, it would require a statue of full 14 feet. The figures of the Apostles sculptured by Bird on the top of St. Paul's are more than twice the height of a man; but what appeared most astonishing to me when a boy was the enormous magnitude of the figures surrounding the apotheosis of King James I., painted upon the ceiling of Whitehall by Rubens.

My father being intimately acquainted with Cipriani, took me up to the scaffold when that artist was repairing the picture, and to our great astonishment they measured the enormous height of 9 feet. This appears hardly credible, as they look no larger than life when viewed from the floor. Upon an investigation, in consequence of a report that there was a very fine copy of this work of Rubens as a fixture in a house on the south side of Leicester Fields, I found that the curiously ornamented papier-maché parlour ceiling of No. 41 had been painted, though very indifferently, by some persons who had borrowed groups of figures from several of Rubens' designs, which



they had unskilfully combined. This ceiling is divided into three compartments; in the centre one there is a figure with a head resembling King Charles I., and in that at the south end of the room is another of King James I., evidently painted from recollection, as it is so ill done, of that of the same sovereign at Whitehall. I consider this visit, however, as well bestowed, since it may possibly, in some measure, set at rest the assertion so roundly and fallaciously propagated, should the premises ever be destroyed, and the loss of the ceiling be deplored by those who had never seen it. Cipriani excelled as a draughtsman; his style of colouring in oil-pictures was rather cold, and sometimes hard, particularly when compared with the luxuriantly sunny glow of Rubens' pictures. However, it was a very profitable employment for him, as it is said he had £1,000 for repairing it, and an enormous sum for retouching it only. I verily believe he must have repainted it wholesale, or such an amount would never have been sanctioned by the officers in whom payment was invested. I am quite certain such a charge would be closely looked into at present.

It is a curious fact that though this ceiling of Whitehall is so grand in its design, and is, indeed, I believe, the only work of such magnitude from the mind of Rubens in England, few people, comparatively with the tens of thousands who pass the building daily, know anything about it. However, I consider it but fair for the high reputation of Rubens as a colourist to state that this picture has

been *restored, repainted, and refreshed* not fewer than three times.

In the reign of King James II., 1687, Parry Walton, a painter of still life, and Keeper of the King's Pictures, was suffered to retouch this grand work of art, which then had been painted only sixty years, as appears by the Privy Council book, in which Mr. Parry Walton's demand of £212 for its complete restoration was considered by Sir Christopher Wren 'as very modest and reasonable.' Mr. Cipriani, as above stated, repainted it a second time; and last of all, Rigaud was employed to refresh it.

There is a most excellent engraving of this ceiling, in three sheets, by Gribelin, the same artist who executed that pretty set of prints from the Cartoons, by Raffaele, at Hampton Court. This *design* of Rubens—for, as it has been so often cleaned and painted upon, there can be but little of his *colouring* visible at this moment—would still afford employment to the living; at least, to the novelist, who might, by stating all its multifarious vicissitudes under Folly's innovations, render it a subject for a work fully as entertaining and equally lucrative as 'The History of a Guinea,' 'A Shilling,' or 'A Gold-headed Cane.'

For instance, let us suppose Rubens, shocked at the contaminated effect of his own canvas, petitioning his great and liberal patron, Charles I., to invoke St. Luke to leave his easel, and to order an investigation into the conduct of the Surveyors-General, commencing with Sir Christopher Wren,

and proceeding with others of the craft who have flourished from his time to the late reign, in order, if possible, to discover how they could ever have sanctioned so barefaced a change. This inquiry should be wholly confined to the honour of Rubens' pencil, and in no degree whatsoever as to the orders given for the barbarously smearing or refreshing, as Rigaud termed it, of the lively portraiture of King James I., a monarch whom no one could possibly think of sending to heaven for his patronage of the fine arts ; nor would St. Luke be willing to introduce him there, though that saint, according to Spence's anecdote, had some influence with St. Peter when Sir Godfrey Kneller was admitted.

The umpires ought to consist of Sir Peter Paul's seven brother knights of the pallet, who have practised from the reign of the above monarch to the present day, viz., Sir Anthony Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir James Thornhill, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Beechey, and, lastly, Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, like Rubens, was honoured with a gold chain from the hand of a King of England. By such chronological arrangement, and as the four first-named gentlemen must, beyond a reprieve, agree to the execution of the culprits, the latter three would not be under the necessity of signing for the rope for two of the scrubbers and smudgers. As several of those fraternities which are now fitly nicknamed 'painters and glaziers' so impudently recommend old pictures that have been thus 'restored,' 'repainted,' and 'refreshed' as the only things worthy the attention of

the man of fortune, I have great pleasure in recording the triumph lately obtained over them in the sale of Lord de Tabley's pictures by modern English artists, which actually produced twenty-five per cent. more than they cost his lordship, though they were purchased of the artists at what they considered most liberal prices. On this occasion the pretenders alluded to were severely exposed by Mr. Christie. Mr. Nollekens also died possessed of three pictures by an English artist, Richard Wilson, which cost his father-in-law, Mr. Welch, only about a tenth part of the sum the said Mr. Christie sold them for.

One spring morning, as I was passing through Covent Garden, I was accosted by Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who had accompanied Mrs. Nollekens thither for the purpose of purchasing some roots of dandelion, an infusion of which had been strongly recommended to her husband by Dr. Jebb. Twigg, the fruiterer, to whom Mr. Justice Welch, during his magistracy, had often been kind, was at all times gratefully attentive to Miss Welch and her sister, Mrs. Nollekens. He procured the roots she wanted from that class of people called 'simplers,' who sit in the centre of the Garden. The fruiterer was a talkative man, and was called by some of his jocular friends the 'Twig of the Garden'; he had been cook at the Shakespeare Tavern, and knew all the wits and eccentric characters of his early days.

Mrs. Carter, though she was seldom fond of noticing strangers, fell by degrees into a conversation with Twigg, and asked him which house it

was in Tavistock Row that Miss Wray, who was shot by the Rev. James Hackman, occupied before she resided with Lord Sandwich; to which he replied: 'It was that on the south-west corner of Tavistock Court, next to the one in which the famous William Vandevelde, the marine-painter, died.'<sup>1</sup> This corner house, No. 4, is now occupied by a tailor; and that in which Vandevelde lived, now No. 5, is inhabited by Irish Johnstone, as he is usually called, that once delightful singer and excellent actor of the characters of Irishmen. 'Pray,' continued the lady, 'which was Zincke's,<sup>2</sup> the celebrated enameller's?' 'Why, ma'am,' said he, 'it is No. 13, that in which Mr. Nathaniel Dance, the painter, afterwards lived. Meyer, another famous miniature-painter, resided in it, and the garrets are now occupied by Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot). I recollect, ma'am,' continued the fruiterer, 'old Joe, who was the first person who sold flowers in this Garden; his stand was at that corner within the enclosure, then called Primrose Hill, opposite to Low's Hotel. This spot was so named in consequence of its being the station of those persons who brought primroses to the Garden. Low had been a hairdresser in Tavistock Street before he took that large house, which he established as a family hotel, the earliest of that description in London, where he distributed medals, which procured him many lodgers.'

<sup>1</sup> On April 6, 1707.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Christian Friedrich Zincke (1684-1767), cabinet-painter to Frederick, Prince of Wales.—ED.

Mrs. Nollekens then requested to know which house it was in James Street where her father's old friend, Mr. Charles Grignon, resided, the engraver so extensively and for so many years employed upon the designs of Gravelot, Hayman, and Wale. 'No. 27,' said Twigg; 'I recollect the old house when it was a shop inhabited by two old Frenchwomen, who came over here to chew paper for the papier-maché people.' *Mrs. Nollekens*: 'Ridiculous! I think Mr. Nollekens once told me that the elder Wilton, Lady Chambers' grandfather, was the person who employed people from France to work in the papier-maché manufactory which he established in Edward Street, Cavendish Square.' *Twigg*: 'I can assure you, ma'am, these women bought the paper-cuttings from the stationers and bookbinders and produced it in that way, in order to keep it a secret, before they used our machine for mashing it.' *Mrs. Carter*: 'I recollect, sir, when Mr. Garrick acted, hackney-chairs were then so numerous that they stood all round the Piazzas, down Southampton Street, and extended more than half-way along Maiden Lane, so much were they in requisition at that time.' *Twigg*: 'Then I suppose, ma'am, you also recollect the shoeblacks at every corner of the streets, whose cry was "Black your shoes, your honour?"' 'Yes, sir, perfectly well; and the clergyman of your parish walking about and visiting the fruit-shops in the Garden in his canonicals. And I likewise remember a very portly woman sitting at her fruit-stall in a dress of lace, which it was said cost at

least one hundred guineas, though a greater sum was often mentioned.'

Here this dialogue about old times ended, by the entrance of several other customers, upon which Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Nollekens left the shop to pay a morning visit to Mrs. Garrick, and I made my bow.

Mr. Nollekens' uncultivated manners were at times so truly disagreeable to his sister-in-law, Miss Welch—whose talents were highly appreciated by the literati of the day—that whenever she received her friends at a card-party he was seldom invited; but Mrs. Nollekens, whom her sister was very fond of showing off, always attended them. To please her economical husband she would appear to acquiesce in his opinion, that her shape was better shown by a close simple dress; for, in doing this, she could save a shilling in coach-hire, by going early in a plain gown, time enough to dress at her sister's, where she had by slow degrees conveyed various articles of finery, until she had lodged a pretty good wardrobe in one of the spare upper closets. Upon entering the drawing-room close behind those who had last knocked, her name was announced as if just arrived, and she has been seen to make as formal a curtsy to her sister as to the rest of the party.

At these ceremonious card-parties Mrs. Nollekens, who, the reader will recollect, played the strict Hoyle game, would remain till she found herself in possession of more than she sat down with, and then inquired if her servant were below.

Poor Bronze then attended her to the upper chamber, where, after changing her dress, she remained in her camlet-cloak till the whole of the visitors were gone, and then the foot which had been that evening graced with a silver-spangled slipper was pressed into a wooden clog. Thus equipped, Mrs. Nollekens, on leaving the house, placed her delicately-formed arm upon that of her faithful servant, whose swarthy hue her mistress could scarcely by daylight bear to look upon, but upon these occasions she condescended to rest upon her with perfect confidence.

Nollekens was at times so ridiculously soft that, in several instances, he approached what was formerly called the 'Colley-Molley' class of beings—men who were fond of lacing the stays and carrying the fans or pattens of their spouses, whose character is so admirably portrayed by Foote in his 'Jerry Sneak.' In the exercise of some of his accommodating attentions to the will of his fair partner, his good-natured weakness exposed him to the notice of a friend, who was induced to watch him one night in Bloomsbury Square dangling a lantern in attendance upon his wife and her sister Miss Welch, on their economical pedestrian return home from a formal cribbage-party.

Nollekens, anxious to get home to bed, was generally foremost, and often proceeded, though with a toddling gait, so much too fast for the clogged ladies behind him that Mrs. Nollekens was often heard to cry, 'Stop, sir, pray stop!' but Miss Welch of late years seldom spoke to him.



He would then with due obedience slacken his pace into a dawdling creep, suffer them to pass, and lag so considerably behind that he was now and then openly and roundly charged with indulging in a nap. Upon these occasions they thought it wisest to wait his coming up with the lantern, upon pretence of seeing that all the umbrellas were safe under his arm ; but in reality for fear of a rude embrace from some boisterous perambulator of the streets, under the influence of Bacchus or Thrals's Entire ; and whenever there was a wide puddle to cross, Mrs. Nollekens always made a point of seeing her husband safe over first, by insisting upon his maintaining a proper precedence on such occasions.

Samuel Ireland<sup>1</sup> had entreated Mrs. Nollekens to persuade her husband to go to the representation of what he called Shakespeare's play of ' Vortigern ' ; and when he informed her that my father and I were going, she acquiesced, fully relying upon our taking care of him. The crowds which had assembled at the doors of Drury Lane Theatre long before the hours of admission were immense, and the anxiety of Ireland for the success of the play was so great that he caused a hand-bill to be printed and thrown crumpled up by hundreds among the people ; and as that bill is now esteemed rather a rare theatrical relic, the reader is presented with a copy of one which fell to my lot.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel William Henry Ireland, who wrote the spurious tragedy of ' Vortigern ' (1777-1835). He was the son of another Samuel Ireland (1750-1800), the author of ' Picturesque Tours. '—Ed.

## "VORTIGERN."

'A malevolent and impotent attack on the Shakspeare MSS. having appeared on the eve of representation of the play of "Vortigern," evidently intended to injure the interest of the proprietor of the MSS., Mr. Ireland feels it impossible, within the short space of time that intervenes between the publishing and the representation, to produce an answer to the most illiberal and unfounded assertions in Mr. Malone's inquiry. He is therefore induced to request that the play of "Vortigern" may be heard with that candour that has ever distinguished a British audience.

'\*.\* The play is now at the press, and will in a very few days be laid before the public.'

After great patience and much crowding we moved in, and, when safely seated in the pit, congratulated ourselves upon the possession of our shoes; whilst Mr. Nollekens recognised Miles Petit Andrews, Flaxman, and several others whom he knew. The play went on pretty well until Kemble appeared, when the noise of disapprobation commenced, and being considered by the audience as an atrocious fraud, it was at length completely condemned.

Frequently when Mr. Nollekens has been modelling, he has imitated the cries of the itinerant venders as they were passing by. I recollect the cries of two men pleasing him so extravagantly that he has continued to hum their notes for days together, even when he has been engaged with his sitters, measuring the stone in the yard for a bust or a figure, feeding the dog, putting up the bar of the gate, or improving the attitudes of his Venuses.

The late Dr. Kitchener, whose musical powers were so very generally acknowledged, kindly

condescended to note down the following music of these cries, from my recollection, whereby I am enabled to gratify the reader with the very sound itself.<sup>1</sup>

Buy a Bowl, Dish, or a Plat-ter; come buy my Wood-en Ware.

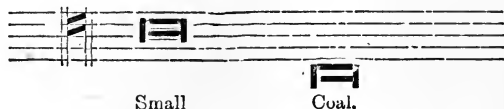
Buy an Al - ma-nack, a Sheet Al-ma-nack, or a Book Al-ma-nack.

In a copy of Hawkins' 'History of Music,' in the British Museum, at page 75 in the fifth volume, there is the following *manuscript* note respecting the famous Tom Britton, the musical small-coal man.<sup>2</sup> 'The goodness of his ear directed him to

<sup>1</sup> During the last nine years Dr. Kitchiner wrote the following works: 'Economy of the Eyes' (Part I, 'Of Spectacles'; Part II, 'Of Telescopes'), 'The Cook's Oracle,' 'Art of Invigorating Life,' 'Observations on Singing,' 'National Songs of England,' 'Life and Sea-Songs of Dibdin,' 'Housekeeper's Ledger,' 'Century of Surgeons,' 'Traveller's Oracle.' The Doctor composed and selected the music of the opera of 'Ivanhoe' for Covent Garden Theatre, composed the whole of the music for 'Love among the Roses,' for the English Opera, 'Fifty English Ballads,' 'An Universal Prayer,' 'The Hymn of Faith,' 'The English Grace,' and 'The Lord's Prayer.' Number sold, 55,250 volumes.—SMITH. Dr. William Kitchiner, born in 1775, died 1827.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Born 1654, died 1714.—ED.

the use of the most perfect of all musical intervals, the diapason or octave, his cry being, as some relate that remember it :



The public have frequently been amused at the theatres by actors who have mimicked the cries of London. I remember hearing Baddeley whine the cry of ‘Periwinkles, a wine-quart a penny, periwinkles. Come buy my shrimps, come buy my shrimps ; a crab, will you buy a crab ?’ I have also heard that excellent comedian John Bannister cry :

‘ Come, neighbours, see and buy ; here’s  
Your long and strong scarlet ware ;  
Scarlet garters twopence a pair,  
Twopence a pair ! twopence a pair !’

Upon my mentioning this to Mr. Bannister, he did not immediately recollect it ; though in a few moments he said : ‘ You are right, and it was at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Did you ever, my good fellow, hear of Ned Shuter’s imitations of the London cries ? He was the most famous chap at that sort of thing ; indeed, so fond of it that he would frequently follow people for hours together to get their cries correctly. I recollect a story which he used to tell of his following a man who had a peculiar cry, up one street and down another, nearly a whole day to get his cry, but the man never once cried ; at last, being quite out of temper, he went up to the fellow, and said, “ You don’t

cry ; why the devil don't you cry ?" The man answered in a piteous tone, " Cry ! Lord bless your heart, sir, I can't cry ; my *wife's* dead ; she died this morning."

Besides the musical cries mentioned above about sixty years back, there were also two others yet more singular, which, however, were probably better known in the villages round London than in the Metropolis itself. The first of these was used by an itinerant dealer in corks, sometimes called Old Corks, who rode upon an ass, and carried his wares in panniers on each side of him. He sat with much dignity, and wore upon his head a velvet cap ; and his attractive cry, which was partly spoken and partly sung, but all in metre, was something like the following fragment :

*Spoken.* ' Corks for sack  
I have at my back ;  
*Sung.* All handy, all handy ;  
Some for wine and some for brandy.  
*Spoken.* Corks for cholic-water,  
Cut 'em a little shorter ;  
Corks for gin,  
Very thin ;  
Corks for rum,  
As big as my thumb ;  
Corks for ale,  
Long and pale ;  
*Sung.* They're all handy, all handy,  
Some for wine and some for brandy.'

The other cry, which was much more musical, was that of two persons, father and son, who sold lines. The father, in a strong, clear tenor, would begin the strain in the major key, and when he had

finished, his son, who followed at a short distance behind him, in a shrill falsetto, would repeat it in the minor, and their call consisted of the following words :

‘ Buy a white-line,  
Or a jack-line,  
Or a clock-line,  
Or a hair-line,  
Or a line for your clothes here.’

In order to render this little work a book of reference to the London topographer as well as to the historian, I have occasionally given, and shall continue to give, the residences of persons of notoriety, as well as their places of birth, death, and burial—points which, I am sorry to say, are not always attended to by biographers.

The house in Great Queen Street, now divided into two, Nos. 55 and 56, was that in which Hudson lived ; it was afterwards the last habitation of Worlidge,<sup>1</sup> the etcher, who died in it. Hoole, the translator of Tasso, and the beloved friend of Dr. Johnson, next resided in it, and he was succeeded by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, after Garrick’s funeral, passed there the remainder of the day in silence with a few select friends. It was lately inhabited by Mr. Chippendale.<sup>2</sup> This house is one of those built after a design of Inigo Jones, and still retains much of its original architecture.

The street was named Queen Street in compliment to Henrietta Maria. ‘*My* old friend,’ Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Worlidge (1700-1766), called ‘*Seritch-scratch*,’ an imitator of Rembrandt.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Chippendale, the famous cabinet-maker.—ED.

Batridge, the barber, as Mr. Hone in his 'Every-day Book' has been pleased to call him, informed me that he very well recollected the gate-entrance into Great Queen Street from Drury Lane. It was under a house, and was so long and dark that it received the fearful appellation of 'Hell Gate.' Through this gate the Dukes of Newcastle and Ancaster drove to their houses in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at that time the seat of fashion; which can readily be conceived, when the reader recollects that Grosvenor Square was building when Mr. Nollekens was a little boy.

Covent Garden was the first square inhabited by the great; for immediately upon the completion of the houses on the north and east sides of Covent Garden, which were all that were uniformly built after the design of Inigo Jones, they were *every one* of them inhabited by persons of the first title and rank, as appears by the parish books of the rates at that time.

The chambers occupied by Richard Wilson were portions of the house successively inhabited by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill; and, by way of rather a curious treat to the connoisseur, I shall insert the advertisement for the sale of Sir Peter Lely's collection of works of art, which I copied from the *London Gazette* of February 16, 1687:

'Upon Monday, in Easter-week, will be exposed by Public Auction a most curious and valuable collection of Drawings and Prints, made with great expense and care by Sir Peter Lely, Painter to his Majesty. The Drawings are all of the most eminent Masters of Italy, being

originals and most curiously preserved. The Prints are all the works of Mark Antoine, after Raphael, and the other best Italian Masters, and of the best impressions and proof prints in good condition and curiously preserved, some are double and treble.

‘The Sale will be at the house in Covent Garden, where Sir Peter Lely lived.’<sup>1</sup>

Covent Garden even so late as Pope’s time retained its fashion, as may be seen by the following extract from the *Morning Advertiser* for March 6, 1730 :

‘The Lady Wortley Montague, who has been greatly indisposed at her house in Covent Garden for some time, is now perfectly recovered, and takes the benefit of the air in Hyde Park every morning, by advice of her physicians.’

The tracing out and examining the peculiar manners and customs of the inhabitants and visitors of the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, is a source of knowledge of considerable importance to every class of historian, both on account of the immense number of persons of the highest rank and title, as well as artists of the very first eminence, who at one time rendered it the most, and, indeed, the only, fashionable part of the town ; and also from the immense concourse of wits, literary characters, and other men of genius, who frequented the various and numerous coffee-houses, wine and cider cellars, jelly-shops, etc., within its boundaries, the list of whom particularly includes the eminent names of Butler, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, Otway, Dryden, Pope, Warburton, Cibber, Fielding, Churchill, Bolingbroke, and Dr. Samuel Johnson ; Rich,

<sup>1</sup> It was not the custom formerly to mention the name of the auctioneer in advertisements of sales.—SMITH.



Woodward, Booth, Wilkes, Garrick, and Macklin ; Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, the Duchess of Bolton, Lady Derby, Lady Thurlow, and the present Duchess of St. Albans ; Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill ; Vandavelde, Zincke, Lambert, Hayman, Hogarth, Wilson, Dance, Meyer, etc.

The diversified pleasure of procuring this information from numerous authentic sources, both written and related, together with several curious events which have fallen under my own observation, has occupied many years of my early life ; and I now find myself in possession of a truly interesting mass of intelligence, sufficiently extensive for a publication of two volumes, containing some curious collections towards the history of that most frequented of parishes, which I hope, with the blessing of health and continuance of memory (for the possession of which organ the friendly Dr. Spurzheim has given me some credit), to live to see published.

But at present I must not lose sight of Mr. Nollekens. He for many years made one at the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club ; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a year for his admission-ticket in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately ; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now, it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the

nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table ; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat-pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly and unobserved, as he thought, conveyed away the spice ; like the fellow who is stealing the bank-note from the blind man in that admirable print of 'The Royal Cock-pit,' by Hogarth.

I believe it is generally considered that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill, are accustomed to lay in what they call a good stock of everything, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to spread before them. This was certainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrogate in order to take the water for his diseased mouth. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world ; so that one day he managed to get through 'a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some nice jellies.' Another day he took nearly

two pounds of venison, the fat of which was at least 'two inches thick'; at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast, and he took good care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself.

Our sculptor would sometimes amuse himself on a summer's evening by standing with his arms behind him at the yard-gate, which opened into Titchfield Street. During one of these indulgences, as a lady was passing, most elegantly dressed, attended by a strapping footman in silver-laced livery, with a tall gilt-headed cane, she nodded to him, and smilingly asked him if he did not know her. On his reply that he did not recollect her, 'What, sir!' exclaimed she, 'do you forget Miss Coleman, who brought a letter to you from Charles Townley to show legs with your Venus! Why, I have been with you twenty times in that little room to stand for your Venus!' 'Oh, lauk-a-daisy, so you have!' answered Nollekens. 'Why, what a fine woman you're grown! Come, walk in, and I'll show you your figure; I have done it in marble.'

After desiring the man to stop at the gate, she went in with him; and upon seeing Mrs. Nollekens at the parlour-window, who was pretending to talk to and feed her sister's bullfinch, but who had been informed by the vigilant and suspicious Bronze of what had been going on at the gate, she went up to her, and said: 'Madam, I have to thank——' Mrs. Nollekens then elevated herself on her toes, and with a lisping palpitation began to address the

lady. 'Oh dear!' observed Miss Coleman, 'and you don't know me? You have given me many a basin of broth in the depth of winter when I used to stand for Venus.' Mrs. Nollekens, not knowing what to think of Joseph, shook her head at him as she slammed the window, at the same time exclaiming: 'Oh fie, Mr. Nollekens, fie, fie!' Bronze assured me that when her master went into the front-parlour he had a pretty warm reception. 'What!' said her mistress, 'to know such wretches after you have done with them in your studio!' The truth is that Mrs. Nollekens certainly did contrive to get a little broth ready for the models, such as it was, and she likewise condescended to take it into the room herself; and this, I am sorry to say, whatever her motives or other charitable intentions might have been, is the only thing I can relate of her that bears the semblance of kindness.

It is probable that Mrs. Nollekens never experienced that inexpressible delight which diffuses itself through the benevolent heart when alleviating the wants of others. Indeed, she would often remain at the window looking over the blind, and tantalizing the piteous supplicants who every moment expected relief from her hand; and she would indulge in this practice that passers-by might suppose the inhabitants of the mansion to be charitably inclined. One winter morning, when the weather was so severe that the blackbirds fell from the branches, two miserable men, almost dying for want of nourishment, implored her charitable aid; but little did the unhappy men-

dicants suppose that the only heart which sympathized in their afflictions was that of Betty, in the kitchen, who silently crept upstairs and cheerfully gave them her mite.

At this delicate rebuke Mrs. Nollekens hastily opened the parlour-door, and vociferated: 'Betty, Betty, there is a bone below with little or no meat on it; give it the poor creatures!' upon which the one who had hitherto spoken, steadfastly looking in the face of his pale partner in distress, repeated: 'Bill, we are to have a bone with little or no meat on it.' When they were gone, the liberal-hearted Betty was seriously rated by her mistress, who was quite certain she would come to want. 'What good will your wages do you, child, if you give alms so often to such people? Dr. Johnson has done all our servants more injury by that constant practice of his of giving charity, as it is called, than he is aware of, and I shall take an opportunity of telling him so when I next see him at Sir John Hawkins'; and 'I know Sir John and all his family will be on my side, for they are far from being extravagant people.'

My worthy friend, the late Dr. Hill, assured me that a gentleman of the faculty, who lectured upon medical electricity, and gave advice gratis to the poor twice a week at his house in Bond Street, was visited by a woman dressed shabbily-genteel, who received the shock, until one of the patients informed the doctor that she was no less a person than Mrs. Nollekens, the wife of the famous sculptor. He was therefore determined to expose

her the next day by getting all the poor into the room before she was admitted ; and what her shock was may easily be conceived, if we allow her to have possessed common feeling.

When she was seated in the electrical chair in the centre of the room, the doctor stood before her, and, making her a profound bow, addressed her as Mrs. Nollekens. ‘I wonder, madam,’ said he, ‘that a lady of your fortune, and the wife of a Royal Academician, could think of passing yourself off as a pauper—you, who ought to enable me to relieve these poor people. You are welcome, madam, to the assistance which I have given you ; but I hope and trust that you will now distribute the amount of my fees from persons in your station to your distressed fellow-creatures around you in this room.’ Mrs. Nollekens, after this electrifying shock, distributed the contents of her purse, which, unfortunately, on this occasion amounted only to a few shillings, though she left the room with a promise to send more. After this reproof, however, she was noticed to dress a little better, and to walk with her high-caned parasol as usual.

Mrs. Nollekens was not very fond of Miss Hawkins ; she said that she was always giving her tongue liberties when speaking of Dr. Johnson, and whenever Mr. Boswell’s name was mentioned she would throw herself into such a rage, because that gentleman had asserted that Sir John Hawkins, her father, was the son of a carpenter.

Poor Mrs. Nollekens ! what would she have said had she lived to have seen the three volumes of

'Anecdotes,' in one of which Miss Hawkins says : 'Now, as to the carpenter's son, I am almost shocked at using lightly a term that exists in Holy Writ?' But in my humble opinion, as she was not unconscious of overstepping sacred bounds, she ought to have been quite shocked for even glancing at Holy Writ upon such an occasion. There would have been an appearance of good sense in Miss Hawkins had she adopted the ingenuous manner in which Mr. Gifford, in his account of himself, speaks of his own origin prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, since he there tells us that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Again, too, she would also have done well had she recollected that Dr. Hutton had been a common workman in a coal-mine in the North of England ; and, indeed, there are innumerable instances of other great and good men who have arisen from the most humble calling to the pinnacle of fame and honour. That highly-respected character, the late Mr. Deputy Nichols, one of the editors of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, informed me that Cave, the original Mr. Urban, often when he made a visit desired the servant to tell his master that 'The cobbler's son had called.' Samuel Richardson, the author of 'Clarissa,' had no such feelings of false pride, since he scrupled not himself to say, 'My father's business was that of a joiner.'

As Miss Hawkins did not think proper to exempt me from Mr. Sherwin's<sup>1</sup> 'pupils in punch,' and as I have no wish to leave the world and my family

<sup>1</sup> John Keyse Sherwin, the engraver. He died in 1790.—Ed.

with the slander of drunkenness attached to my memory, when at no period of my life have I merited that stigma, I shall endeavour to show how little this lady, who is so fond of running a tilt at others, is to be believed in some of her assertions. At page 32, in the second volume of her Memoirs, she states, when speaking of Sherwin's eccentricities and follies (and well knowing that I was his pupil at that time), that 'he fired pistols out of his window half the night, and half drowned his pupils; for, sad to say, he had pupils in punch.'

Miss Hawkins states on the same page that 'Sherwin expired, forlorn and comfortless, in a poor apartment of a public inn in Oxford Street;' whereas the fact is that Sherwin died in the house of the late Mr. Robert Wilkinson, the print-seller, in Cornhill, who kindly attended him, afforded him every comfort, and paid respect to his remains; his body having been conveyed to Hampstead, and buried in a respectable manner in the churchyard, near the north-east corner of the front entrance, in the very grave where his brother George had been interred. Miss Hawkins states that her mother's portrait was painted 'by Prince Hoare of Bath'; she should have said *William Hoare*,<sup>1</sup> Esq., R.A., Prince Hoare's father. Miss Hawkins, who so often considers herself obliged to her brother for a *good* thing, allowed the following to be printed in page 218 of the first volume of her Memoirs.

<sup>1</sup> William Hoare, a Suffolk man, born in 1706, became a fashionable portrait-painter at Bath, where he died in 1792.—ED.



(H. H. *loquitur.*)

Speaking of Dr. Johnson, H. H. says : ‘ Calling upon him shortly after the death of Lord Mansfield, and mentioning the event, he answered, “ Ah, sir, there was little learning and less virtue !” ’

Now, unfortunately for Miss Hawkins and her brother H. H., this fabricated invective can never stand, for that highly respected and learned judge, Lord Mansfield, died on Wednesday, March 20, 1794, ten years after the death of Dr. Johnson, with whom H. H. so roundly declares he conversed upon his lordship’s death. As Miss Hawkins states in a note at the foot of page 227 of the first volume of her Memoirs, that ‘ violation of truth cannot be treated too harshly,’ I trust that I shall stand pardoned for what I am doing, especially as in the first volume, page 150, she says, ‘ Brought up, as my brothers and myself were, in strict regard to truth, and in abhorrence of all insincerity, even that of fashion.’

I think in charity I ought to plead Miss Hawkins’ chronological ignorance, or she never would have acknowledged that she applied to her brother, as she does in page 258 of the first volume of her Memoirs, for more of his anecdotes of Lord Mansfield and Dr. Johnson. In Dr. Birch’s ‘ Life of Lord Bacon,’ it is said of a biographer that ‘ he is fairly to record the faults as well as the good qualities, the failings as well as the perfections, of the dead ;’ but here the assertion begins with the emphatic word *fairly*. All I have to add to these

remarks is that, whether Miss Hawkins' grandfather or her father had been a carpenter or not—since she has asserted her descent from Sir John Hawkins, who fought against the Spanish Armada—her time would have been innocently employed if she had made out and favoured the public with her own pedigree, and proved that descent.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Nollekens' favourite amusements—Children's headcloths and go-carts—Bethlehem Hospital and Cibber's figures—Anecdotes of Dr. Wolcot and Mr. Nollekens, Boswell, H. Tresham, R.A., and Fuseli—Eccentricities of Lord Coleraine—Mr. Nollekens and his barber—Anecdotes of the Rev. John Wesley—Mr. Nollekens' restoration of antiques at Rome—Drawings at Rome by Mosman—Tailors—Family quarrels—Mr. Nollekens' manœuvres for importing a picture—Coarseness of his manners—Mr. Charles Townley and the Abbé Devay—Portrait, house, and antique marbles of Mr. Townley described—The Royal Cockpit—Immorality of Hogarth.

DURING my long intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, I never once heard him mention the name of the sweetest bard that ever sang, from whose luxuriant garden most artists have gathered their choicest flowers. To the beauties of the immortal Shakespeare he was absolutely insensible, nor did he ever visit the theatre when his plays were performed, though he was actively alive to a pantomime, and frequently spake of the capital and curious tricks in *Harlequin Sorcerer*. He also recollected with pleasure Mr. Rich's wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot like a dog; and the street-exhibition of *Punch and his wife* delighted him beyond expression.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He would probably have equally enjoyed the sight of the Traveller Twiss's large poodle dog walking in the open streets, with

In this gratification, however, our sculptor did not stand alone, for I have frequently seen, when I have stood in the crowd, wise men laugh at the mere squeaking of Punch, and have heard them speak of his cunning pranks with the highest ecstasy. Indeed, I once saw two brothers of the long robe involuntarily stop and heartily enjoy the dialogue of that merry little fellow with Jack Ketch, who was about to hang Punch for the murder of his wife and his innocent babe. These *brothers-in-law* discovered, however, before long that they had not only lost their handkerchiefs when they had been elbowing the motley group for the best places, but that they had deprived a baker, to whom they had too closely attached themselves, of his *flowery* influence.

Nollekens, when noticing nursery-maids with little children, would always make most anxious inquiries as to the cutting of the child's teeth; and so addicted was he to accosting strangers in the streets, that I remember once his stopping to express his sense of the kindness of a mother who had made a pudding for her child's head, by saying, 'Ay, now, what's your name?' 'Rapworth, sir.'

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an immense pair of spectacles upon his nose, cut out in pasteboard, between his master and that admirable organist, Samuel Wesley, when they have been perambulating Camden Town in close conversation; and have beheld the scene with as much pleasure as those who witnessed the attentive gravity of the traveller's dog, with his long shaggy hair hanging over his head, and a sagacity of look as if he was to decide the not unfrequently knotty points upon which these celebrated originals frequently conversed during their pedestrian relaxations.—SMITH.

‘ Well, Mrs. Rapworth, you have done right ; I wore a pudding when I was a little boy, and all my mother’s children wore puddings.’<sup>1</sup> As to the antiquity of this cap, which is now seldom seen, and I believe totally unknown in the nurseries of the great, I can safely observe that the child of the great painter Sir Peter Paul Rubens wore one ; as those mothers who are fond of showing their good sense by taking care of their children may see in that truly beautiful mezzotinto engraving by McArdell, of Rubens, his wife and child walking in a garden.<sup>2</sup>

By those readers who are fond of old household furniture, and also recollect the sensible uses of several articles of that denomination, many of which are now nearly thrown aside, the following notice of the go-cart may not be deemed irrelevant to the subject of this page. It was unquestionably one of the safest and most useful of all the comforts of the nursery and the infantile playground ; and elderly persons will recollect that it was so constructed that it safely enclosed and supported the child in an upright position, a little below its arms, which were allowed to be entirely free above it. As this machine moved upon castors, the child was

<sup>1</sup> This pudding consisted of a broad black silk band, padded with wadding, which went round the middle of the head, joined to two pieces of riband crossing on the top of the head and then tied under the chin, so that by this most excellent contrivance children’s heads were often preserved uninjured when they fell.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> The painting from which this engraving was made is now at Blenheim.—SMITH. James McArdell, the mezzotint engraver (1710-1765).—ED.

enabled with ease to go forward, whilst in consequence of its extending so widely at the feet, there was no danger whatever of its overturning ; and I fully expect, as most things come round again in their use, that the affectionate and considerate mother will take this most valuable invention again into favour.

The go-cart is supposed to be of considerable antiquity, since a figure of it appears upon a sarcophagus of a child, engraven in Montfaucon,<sup>1</sup> and it was also much used in Germany and Holland before it was known in England. In the British Museum, among the early German masters of the fifteenth century, there is a rare folio sheet woodcut, representing a man nearly bent double by age, with a long flowing beard, placed in a square go-cart, supported by six legs, tastefully and curiously carved with foliage. Upon a shelf at the top of the go-cart, which projects in front of him, is placed an hour-glass surmounted by a human skull ; but these he does not appear to notice, as his eye is looking straight forward and considerably above them. He is seemingly obeying the allurements of a boy who is riding on a stick, with a horse's head at the top. On one side, a little in advance of him and immediately before him, is a grave, which, if we may judge by the spade which is left on the ground, has been recently dug purposely for his reception. Behind him is another

<sup>1</sup> 'Supplément au Livre l'Antiquité Expliquée,' vol. v., Paris, 1724, fol., book v., ch. i., sec. ii., pp. 105, 106, plates xlii., xliii.—SMITH.

child pushing on the go-cart, seemingly with little exertion ; and in the distance there is a buck, which appears to be bounding back again after he had accompanied this aged man to the brink of eternity, into which the infant is so easily pushing him.<sup>1</sup>

In Quarles's 'Emblems' there is also a go-cart introduced ; and Rembrandt has etched one, where a nurse or mother is inviting the child who is in it to walk to her. This print is numbered 186 in Daulby's 'Catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings,' and is there called 'The Go-cart.' When I was a boy the go-cart was common in every toy-shop in London ; but it was to be found in the greatest abundance in the once far-famed turner's shops in Spinning-wheel Alley, Moorfields, a narrow passage leading from those fields to the spot upon which the original Bethlehem Hospital stood in Bishopsgate Street, and upon which site numerous houses were erected, and formerly called Old Bethlehem. In 1825-26, however, both Spinning-wheel Alley and Old Bethlehem were considerably altered and widened, and subsequently named Liverpool Street.

Upon the establishment of the late Bethlehem Hospital, and, indeed, down to the time of King Charles II., the men and women were crowded together in one ward. I have seen, by favour of

<sup>1</sup> A design, almost similar, has been attributed to Michael Angelo, of which there are two different prints, one being without any engraver's name or year of publication, though the other is dated 1538, and was published by Antonio Salamanca. Mr. Duppa, in his 'Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' London, 1806, has given an outline copy of this subject.—SMITH.

Dr. Haslam, several of the early manuscript account-books of this hospital, in one of which there was the following entry: 'This day the neighbouring flax-dressers were called in, who gave the unruly patients a good dressing.' Whenever Nollekens heard the figures of Raving and Melancholy madness mentioned, which were carved by Gabriel Cibber<sup>1</sup> for the piers of the gates of Bethlehem Hospital, built in Moorfields, he never expressed himself pleased with them. This was not the case with Roubiliac, the sculptor, who never left the city, when he went there to receive money, without going round, sometimes considerably out of his way, to admire them.

It is said that Cibber carved these figures, which are now preserved in the hall of the new hospital in St. George's Fields, at once from the block, without any previous drawing or model whatever. An instance of similar talent for extemporary productions I have heard mentioned by Mr. Joseph Cauldfield, a music-engraver, and a most excellent teacher of the pianoforte, who has declared that the celebrated Charles Dibdin assured him that he had frequently composed a song, with all its musical accompaniments, and played it in public on the evening of the same day entirely by memory, without the slightest written memoranda.

Those who recollect the figure of Dr. Wolcot in his robust, upright state, and the diminutive appear-

<sup>1</sup> Caius Gabriel Cibber, a Danish sculptor, settled in England. He was Carver to the Closet to William III., and the father of Colley Cibber, the playwright. He died in 1700.—ED.



ance of Mr. Nollekens, can readily picture to themselves their extreme contrast, when the former accosted the latter one evening at his gate in Titchfield Street nearly in the following manner : ‘ Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now. Pray, what is the reason ?’ *Nollekens* : ‘ Why, you have published such lies of the King, and had the impudence to send them to me ; but Mrs. Nollekens burnt them, and I desire you’ll send no more. The Royal Family are very good to me, and are great friends to all the artists, and I don’t like to hear anybody say anything against them.’ Upon which the Doctor put his cane upon the sculptor’s shoulder, and exclaimed : ‘ Well said, little Nolly ! I like the man who sticks to his friend. You shall make a bust of me for that.’ ‘ I’ll see you d—d first !’ answered Nollekens ; ‘ and I can tell you this besides—no man in the Royal Academy but Opie would have painted your picture ; and you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford in Wright’s shop. Mr. Cook, of Bedford Square, showed me his handkerchief dipped in your blood ; and so now you know my mind. Come in, my Cerberus, come in.’ His dog then followed him in, and he left the Doctor at the gate, which he barred up for the night.

Nollekens, who always expressed the highest pleasure when seeing French and Italian women dance, congratulated himself upon the burning down of the opera-house in the Haymarket by observing : ‘ Now the managers have hired the Pantheon in Oxford Street, I shall not have so far

to go in the rain!' When he first was a frequenter of the opera, which he never missed when 'bones' of admission were sent to him, gentlemen were obliged to go in swords and bags in full-dress, which custom, however, was dropped on the removal to the Pantheon; so that Nollekens was more at home, as he was now and then seen to take out a worsted stocking and tie it round his neck whenever he had a sore throat, to which he was often subject.

James Boswell, the faithful biographer of Dr. Johnson, meeting him in the pit of the Pantheon, loudly exclaimed: 'Why, Nollekens, how dirty you go now! I recollect when you were the gayest dressed of any in the house.' To whom Nollekens made, for once in his life, the retort courteous of, 'That's more than I could ever say of you.' Boswell certainly looked very badly when dressed, for, as he seldom washed himself, his clean ruffles served as a striking contrast to his dirty flesh.

Tresham,<sup>1</sup> the Royal Academician, who had been employed to decorate the front of the stage at the Pantheon, filled the tympanum with a profusion of figures displaying the sciences, of which performance he was not a little proud. Having taken his seat in the front to see the effect of his pencil, on looking behind him he found his nearest companion was Fuseli, to whom he addressed himself with: 'Well, Mr. Fuseli, how do you like my pedimental

<sup>1</sup> Henry Tresham (1749?-1814), an Irish historical painter, was elected A.R.A. in 1791, and R.A. in 1799. He was professor of painting from 1807 to 1809.—ED.

colouring?' to which he received no answer; but at last, after putting several other questions with as little success, he roused him by the interrogative of: 'How do you like the drawing of my figures?' To which Fuseli, who heard the bell ring, observed: 'The drawing bespeaks something clever—I mean the drawing of the curtain,' which the mechanists were just at that moment engaged in raising. Fuseli, however, soon alleviated the embarrassment of his brother R.A. by remarking that the conceited scene-painter, Mr. Capon,<sup>1</sup> to whom Sheridan had given the nickname of 'Pompous Billy,' had 'piled up his lump of rocks as regularly on the side-scenes as a baker would his quartern loaves upon the shelves behind his counter to cool.'

I believe every age produces at least one eccentric in every city, town, and village. Be this as it may, go where you will, you will find some half-witted fellow under the nickname either of Dolly, Silly Billy, or Foolish Sam, who is generally the butt and sport of his neighbours, and from whom, simple as he may sometimes be, a sensible answer is expected to an unthinking question: like the common children, who will, to our annoyance, inquire of our neighbour's parrot what it is o'clock. In some such light Nollekens was often held even by his brother artists; and I once heard Fuseli cry out, when on the opposite side of the street: 'Nollekens, Nollekens! why do you walk in the sun? If you have no love for your few brains, you should not melt your coat-buttons.'

<sup>1</sup> William Capon of Norwich (1757-1827).—ED.

The eccentric character is, however, sure to be found in London, where there are several curious varieties of this class of persons to be met with. In our walks, perchance, we may meet a man who always casts his eyes towards the ground, as if he were ashamed of looking anyone in the face, and who pretends when accosted to be near-sighted, so that he does not know even the friend that had served him. Indeed, he draws his hat across his forehead to act as an eyeshade, so that his sallow visage cannot immediately be recognised, which makes him look as if he had done something wrong, whilst his coat is according to the true Addison cut, with square pockets, large enough to carry the folio 'Ship of Fools.' Nollekens, though simple, was entirely free from any artful singularity of this kind, and he walked as if he meant to give everyone he met the good-morrow; and if he had a fault in his latter perambulations, it was that of exposing himself to the cunningly inclined.

No man was more gazed at than the late Lord Coleraine.<sup>1</sup> That eccentric and remarkable character, who lived near the New Queen's Head and Artichoke, in Marylebone Fields, never met Nollekens without saluting him with, 'Well, Nolly, my old boy, how goes it? You never sent me the bust of the Prince.' To which Nollekens replied, 'You know you said you would call for it one of

<sup>1</sup> Colonel George Hanger. He became fourth Baron Coleraine in 1810, but refused to take the title. His eccentric manners were too coarse even for the Prince Regent. He had spent many years in America, and in 1801 he made a curiously accurate prophecy of the Civil War in the United States. He died in 1824.—ED.

these days, and give me the money, and take it away in a hackney-coach.' I remember seeing his lordship after he had purchased a book, entitled 'The American Buccaneers,' sit down close by the shop from which he had bought it, in the open street in St. Giles's, to read it. I also once heard Lord Coleraine, as I was passing the wall at the end of Portland Road, when an old apple-woman, with whom his lordship held frequent conversations, was packing up her fruit, ask her the following question: 'What are you about, mother?' 'Why, my lord, I am going home to my tea. If your lordship wants any information, I shall come again presently.' 'Oh, don't balk trade! Leave your things on the table as they are; I will mind shop till you come back;' so saying, he seated himself in the old woman's wooden chair, in which he had often sat before whilst chatting with her. Being determined to witness the result, after strolling about till the return of the old lady, I heard his lordship declare the amount of his receipts by saying: 'Well, mother, I have taken threepence halfpenny for you. Did your daughter Nancy drink tea with you?'

Mr. Nollekens, on entering his barber's shop, was always glad to find another shavee under the suds, as it afforded him an opportunity of looking at his favourite paper, the *Daily Advertiser*. When his turn arrived, and he was seated for the operation, he placed one of Mrs. Nollekens' curling-papers, which he had untwisted for the purpose, upon his right shoulder, upon which the barber wiped his

razor. Nollekens cried out, 'Shave close, Hancock, for I was obliged to come twice last week, you used so blunt a razor.' 'Lord, sir,' answered the poor barber, 'you don't care how I wear my razors out by sharpening them.' Mr. Nollekens, who had been under his hand for upwards of twenty years, was so correct an observer of its application that he generally pronounced at the last flourish, 'That will do ;' and before the shaver could take off the cloth, he dexterously drew down the paper, folded it up, and carried it home in his hand, for the purpose of using it the next morning when he washed himself.

The following is a verse of a droll song which Nollekens used to sing when I was a boy, and with which he was always highly delighted.

'So a rat by degrees  
Fed a kitten with cheese,  
Till kitten grew up to a cat ;  
When the cheese was all spent,  
Nature follow'd its bent,  
And puss quickly ate up the rat.'

He observed that his mother, who was fond of curious sights, once took him to see 'Adams' Rarities' at the sign of the Royal Swan, in Kingsland Road, where he saw a pillory for a rat.

Nollekens' manners and sentiments were such, if we may with the least degree of propriety be permitted to denominate his deportment mannerly, that though he would often hold long, and sometimes entertaining, conversations with the commonest people with the utmost good-nature, he

would never suffer himself to be persuaded to model a bust of any of the sectarians in religion. The dignified clergy, and all persons holding high offices in the affairs of Government, were the characters he delighted to model. I recollect that several of the friends of John Wesley often applied to him for a portrait of their pastor ; but he never would listen to their importunities, though they repeatedly declared to him that he was one of the worthiest members of any society existing. I have been assured that Wesley never wished to make money by preaching, unless it were to enable him to extend his acts of charity to the poor, in proof of which I beg leave to repeat the following anecdote nearly, I believe, as I heard it from his nephew, Mr. Samuel Wesley.

An order was made in the House of Lords in May, 1776, for the Commissioners of his Majesty's Excise to write circular letters to all persons who they had reason to suspect had plate, and also to those who had not regularly paid the duty on the same. In consequence of this order, the Accountant-General for Household Plate sent to the Rev. John Wesley a copy of it, and the following was the answer returned to him :

'SIR,

'I have two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present ; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, sir,

'Your humble servant,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

When the death of Deare, the sculptor, was communicated to Nollekens, he observed : 'He's

dead, is he? That palavering fellow, Fagan,<sup>1</sup> promised me some of his drawings, but I never had any. I have got two of his four basso-relievos of the Seasons, and the two oval basso-relievos of Cupid and Psyche. They are very clever, I assure you; but he was a very upstart fellow, or he ought to have made money by sending over some antiques from Rome. I told him I'd sell 'em for him, and so might many of 'em; but the sculptors nowadays never care for bringing home anything. They're all so stupid and conceited of their own abilities. Why, do you know, I got all the first, and the best of my money, by putting antiques together? Hamilton, and I, and Jenkins generally used to go shares in what we bought; and as I had to match the pieces as well as I could, and clean 'em, I had the best part of the profits. Gavin Hamilton was a good fellow; but as for Jenkins, he followed the trade of supplying the foreign visitors with intaglios and cameos made by his own people, that he kept in a part of the ruins of the Colosseum, fitted up for 'em to work in slyly by themselves. I saw 'em at work, though; and Jenkins gave a whole handful of 'em to me to say nothing about the matter to anybody else but myself. Bless your heart! he sold 'em as fast as they made 'em. Jenkins had a great many pictures by many of the Old Masters. Mosman, the German, made drawings of 'em in black chalk for Lord Exeter, who was his encourager for many years.'

The cause of Mosman being thus employed was

<sup>1</sup> Robert Fagan, an art-dealer, who was in Rome for the purpose of collecting old pictures from 1794 to 1798.—Ed.



related by his patron, the late Earl of Exeter, nearly to the following effect: His lordship, when at Rome, having entered a church, was surprised by seeing a common soldier making a most elaborate drawing from one of the altar-pieces. He complimented him upon his talent, and at the same time expressed his astonishment in seeing a man of his extraordinary powers in the dress of a common soldier. 'Sir,' said the draughtsman, 'you are welcome to look at my drawing; but you have no right to remind me of my condition.' Lord Exeter, whose dress did not upon every occasion bespeak his rank, assured him of his power to serve him if he stood in need of a friend; and when Mosman found by whom he had been questioned, he stated in a few words that for eighteen years he had been tormented by a vixen of a wife, till at last he left her in full possession of all his household property, pictures, drawings, etc., and enlisted into a foreign regiment as a common man—that his officer, who had heard his story, was very kind to him, and gave him leave to make the drawing he was then engaged upon. Lord Exeter purchased his discharge, and employed him to make drawings of various fine pictures, of which at that time there were no engravings. These drawings now fill four immensely large volumes, and were given by his lordship to the British Museum; and at the commencement of the first of these splendid books is the following note:

'Mr. Nollekens, Statuary, in Mortimer-street, London, assured me that he was at Rome when the drawings in this book were made by

one Mosman, a German,<sup>1</sup> who was recommended to Brownlow, Earl of Exeter; and he worked at them several years at five shillings a-day. Afterwards Lord Exeter gave him half-a-guinea. Lord Exeter told Mr. Nollekens the book cost him 2,000*l.* Mosman was a pupil of Mengs.

‘FRA<sup>s</sup>. ANNESLEY.’

One day, what some persons would call ‘an old-fashioned boy’ brought Mr. Nollekens home a pair of inexpressibles, that his master, a botching tailor, who worked in an opposite stall, had seated for him. Nollekens, after paying him the eighteen-pence, which was the sum agreed upon for the job, asked the boy how old he was. ‘Sixteen,’ answered he. ‘Why, you’re rather short of your age,’ rejoined the sculptor; upon which the boy put the same question to the master of the small-clothes, who having answered, ‘Near sixty’—‘Why, you’re *very* short for *your* age, I am sure!’ retorted the son of Accutus.<sup>2</sup>

I shall now give my reader a sketch of one of the family disputes in which Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens sometimes freely indulged.

One day Bronze heard a more violent disputation

<sup>1</sup> It appears on the manuscript title-page of the first volume of these drawings that Joseph was considered as Mosman’s Christian name; but in numerous, and indeed all, instances where the artist has written his own name upon the drawings, he signs Nicholas Mosman. The same title-page states that he was a native of Rous, in Lorraine, and died August 14, 1787, aged fifty-eight years two months and eleven days.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> The great warrior, John Accutus, was originally a tailor. Those invaluable historians of everlasting reference, John Stow and John Speed, were also tailors; and I could introduce the names of many other worthy men now living, of the highest talents, who have exchanged the needle, thimble, scissors, and shopboard for poetry and painting.—SMITH.

than usual between her master and mistress : 'What !' cried he, 'what ! madam, you're at your old tricks again ? Twopence indeed ! I say I paid you the twopence for the letter, and I'll take my 'davy of it !' 'Very well, sir, very well ; it's mighty well, perfectly correct, and perfectly just, *Mr. Positive*, I dare say,' retorted Mrs. Nollekens ; 'you shall see, sir, from this very moment I will never pay for a letter of yours again !' Then, after a pause, her bit of slate was thrown on the floor, and the lady in a whining tone, which convinced Bronze she was wound up to the highest pitch, cried with a half-stifled sob, 'You know—you know—you vile little thing ! you paid me only two shillings and sevenpence on last Thursday's account.' 'I tell you this, and now mind what I say,' replied Nollekens, 'that if it was so, it's your own fault, for I never will pay a farthing more when you have once smeared the slate, that I tell you.' A knock at the door induced Bronze to go in, and say, 'Hush ! hush ! there's a knock at the street-door.' 'I don't care,' exclaimed the sculptor, 'she shan't colly-wabble me. Go and see who it is.' 'Want any fish to-day ?' asked an Irish fish-woman ; 'it's Friday, bless ye !' 'I don't care for Friday.<sup>1</sup> I've had dinner enough, quite enough,'

<sup>1</sup> Whatever a man's religion may be, some praise is due to him for his attention to the tenets of that faith. I fear Nollekens was not entitled to much credit for observances to what *he* called *his Mother Church*, for I have often heard him declare that the patronage of his friend Cardinal Albani, a great lover of sculpture, secured him from the observations of many persons, as to his neglect of religious duties.

—SMITH.

answered Nollekens, who walked out of the room with only one slipper on. 'Betty ! Betty ! shut the door ; it is very odd that people will not take an answer,' rejoined Mrs. Nollekens.

At three o'clock, however, some chops were produced, and the half-sullen pair began both to be sorry for their *little heat* ; but after the table-cloth was removed, upon Bronze going into the parlour with coals, she found them so perfectly reconciled that her master was patting her mistress's cheek with the backs of his fingers, and they both appeared

' Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.'

Or,

' Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
And play together when they've none.'

Nollekens, though his cunning was truly amusing, particularly whenever he could gain the whip-hand of his wife, yet at times, like Sir Giles Overreach, over-reached *himself* ; and this he did most completely when he returned from Rome, as will appear from the following anecdote, which was communicated to me by one of his relations.

When he was preparing to leave Italy for England, he wished to bring, among a quantity of other things, a large picture, but after reflecting upon the immense duty that might be put upon it on account of its enormous size, he very ingeniously hit upon the *sensible* expedient of cutting it into several pieces, cunningly concluding that the inspector at the Custom-house would pass them over

as useless mutilations. But lo ! when these cuttings were inspected, the officer, in placing them together, detected his countryman's intended deception, and by making it known to the Commissioners, he was made to pay for every portion as a distinct picture.

Nollekens knew so little of what is generally denominated good-breeding, that when he has been at the country-house of any of his employers putting up a monument, his conversation has been often so unguarded and vulgar as to occasion a table to be ordered for him in a room by himself, which deprived him of the agreeable society he might otherwise have been entitled to. I know this to have been the case when he was at the seat of a certain nobleman, of which he complained to Mrs. Nollekens on his return to town.

Mr. Charles Townley, however, did not follow this plan, for that gentleman, who had noticed Nollekens at Rome, kindly continued for years to entertain him at his house, No. 7, in Park Street, Westminster ; and whenever any person spake of good eating, Mr. Nollekens always gave his friend Mr. Townley the highest credit for keeping a most excellent table. 'I am sure,' said he, 'to make a good dinner at his house on a Sunday ; but there is a little man, a great deal less than myself, who dines there, of the name of Devay, a French abbé, who beats me out and out ; he is one of the greatest gormandizers I ever met with, though, to look at him, you would declare him to be in the most deplorable state of starvation.'

The Abbé Devay was an excellent man ; he conversed and wrote in many languages, and his reading and memory were so extensive and useful that Mr. Townley, who referred to him in his literary concerns, always called him his 'walking library.' The high qualifications of the Abbé were also known and acknowledged by other men of learning ; he was frequently present at the breakfast-table and conversazioni of Sir Joseph Banks, and instructed several persons of eminence in the classics.

The Sunday dinners of Mr. Townley, mentioned above, were principally for professors of the arts, and Sir Joshua Reynolds and Zoffany generally enlivened the circle. The last-mentioned of these celebrated characters painted a picture called 'Mr. Townley's Gallery of Statues'; it was a portrait of the library, though not strictly correct as to its contents, since all the best of the marbles displayed in various parts of the house were brought into the painting by the artist, who made it up into a picturesque composition according to his own taste. The likeness of Mr. Townley is extremely good. He is seated, and looks like the dignified possessor of such treasures ; at his feet lies his favourite dog Kam, a native of Kamschatka, whose mother was one of the dogs yoked to a sledge which drew Captain King in that island. Opposite to Mr. Townley is Monsieur D'Hancarville, seated at a table with a book open before him, behind whose chair stand two others of his friends, Thomas Astle, Esq., and the Hon. Charles Grevile, con-

versing. There is a large engraving of this picture, but unfortunately it is in an unfinished state. The painting itself has lately been sent to Townley Hall. This picture is of the same description, in point of subject and colouring, as the one painted by the same artist of the Florentine Gallery for the late King George III.

That excellent monarch, having heard this collection of marbles much spoken of, so highly respected Mr. Townley that his Majesty declared his intention of visiting him, though he never did. It happened, however, that when Mr. Townley petitioned the Board of Works to allow a tree in the Birdcage Walk which darkened his house to be cut down, the King, to whom this petition was submitted, at once most liberally gave permission, observing that Mr. Townley should have every possible accommodation. It is very remarkable that this gentleman was not only obliged by the King, but afterwards by an easterly wind, which, according to the proverb, seldom proves beneficial, for no sooner was the tree cut down than a tremendous hurricane arose, which tore up the one that had stood next to it, by which his rooms received an extensive and uninterrupted light from the north.

From what I have seen and heard described, in no instance can a private residence be found to equal that of the late Charles Townley, Esq. The possession of taste and an affluent fortune qualified and enabled that enlightened and elegant gentleman to indulge, in the course of his travels, in the purchase of those antiques which now grace the

Townley Gallery of the British Museum, which will do eternal honour to his memory, as well as to the Government which so liberally purchased them. These treasures still keep their estimation with the public, notwithstanding the Elgin marbles are now considered by the professors, in every branch of the polite arts, to comprise the artists' primer. I shall now endeavour to anticipate the wish of the reader by giving a brief description of those rooms of Mr. Townley's house, in which that gentleman's liberality employed me when a boy, with many other students in the Royal Academy, to make drawings for his portfolios.

As the visitor entered the hall, his attention was arrested by an immense sarcophagus on his left hand, measuring seven feet in length, opposite to which were two heads of lions, the size of life, one on either side of the chimney-piece. This hall was also adorned with bas-reliefs, sepulchral monuments, inscriptions, cinerary urns, etc., from the villas of Fonseca, Montalto, Pullucchi, Antoninus Pius, the Justiniani Palace, etc. The staircase was enriched with sepulchral urns and numerous Roman inscriptions, and a very curious and ancient chair of Pavonazzo marble. In the space over the dining-room door was a bas-relief of a mystical marriage, When the marbles were conveyed to the British Museum, this space was filled up with a cast of a boar taken from the celebrated one at Paris. The parlour or dressing-room in Park Street contained a rich display of votive altars, sepulchral urns, and inscriptions. Among the marbles was a most



spirited statue of a Satyr, the thumb of whose right hand is enclosed between his two fore-fingers ; it is now numbered 24 in the Townley Gallery in the British Museum, and this small but excellent specimen of ancient art was presented to Mr. Townley by his friend Lord Cawdor. The ancient, rare, and truly interesting collection of terra-cottas brought from Rome by Nollekens, which has been already noticed in an early page of this volume, was let into the walls of this room. Of the female figures in these specimens the tasteful Cipriani was so extremely fond that he has been heard to declare to Mr. Townley that they afforded him so much pleasure that he never knew when to leave them.

The dining-parlour looking over St. James's Park was a room in which Mr. Townley has entertained personages of the highest rank in this kingdom, as well as visitors from all nations who were eminent for the brilliancy of their wit or their literary acquirements, and it contained the greater part of his statues. Here stood those of Libera, Isis, Diana, the Discobolus, a drunken Faun, and an Adonis ; but, above all, that most magnificent one of Venus, which measures six feet four inches in height. Mr. Nollekens informed me that, in the conveyance of this statue to England, the following singular stratagem to save the immense duty upon so large and so perfect a figure was resorted to. In consequence of it having been discovered that the figure had been carved from two blocks and put together at the waist, at the com-

mencement of the drapery, it was separated, and sent at different times, so that the duty upon each fragment amounted to a mere trifle. It is now numbered 14 in the Townley Gallery in the British Museum.

Among the busts was that of Caracalla, and one of the most beautiful vases perhaps in the world. It is embellished with Bacchanalian figures, and was brought from the Villa of Antoninus, where other treasures of art have been discovered. Over the chimney-piece in the drawing-room, looking into Park Street, was a bas-relief in terra-cotta of a marriage ceremony, modelled by Mr. Nollekens from the one over the dining-room door. This performance was highly esteemed by Mr. Townley, who always spake of Mr. Nollekens as the first sculptor of his day.

The drawing-room, commanding a most beautiful view of the Park, contained principally the following heads and busts : Decebatus, Marcus Aurelius, Hadrian, Trajan, Hercules, Antinous, and Adonis ; but of all others, that of Isis upon the Lotus was considered by artists to be one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of sculpture. It was purchased of Prince Laurenzano, of Naples, in 1772. This bust of Isis, which Mr. Nollekens considered to be a portrait of the sculptor's model, was so much admired by him that he always had a copy of it in marble purposely for sale. The last one was sold, after the collection was purchased by Government, to John Townley, Esq., for one hundred guineas, who was delighted to see so

exquisite a copy placed in the situation which the original had graced for so many years.

The same room also contained a child asleep, a figure of Diana seated, and a lion's head with horns. Of this last specimen I have heard Mr. Chantrey speak in rapturous terms, particularly as to the animated manner in which the artist had used the drill in finishing the mane, for this tool, when judiciously introduced in hair, certainly gives wonderful vigour and depth of touch, as may be seen in the numerous portraits of persons of the highest rank and talent produced by Chantrey, whose busts alone have secured him unrivalled fame.

The library was highly interesting: it was lighted from above, and was in every respect an excellent room for study. The marbles in it were not so numerous as those in the dining-parlour, but they consisted of some choice specimens. Among the busts were those of Antoninus Pius, Titan, Caracalla's wife, Plautilla, Lucius Verus, and the celebrated one of Homer, which has been so repeatedly and admirably engraven. Here were also the heads of Adonis, and that beautiful one of a child with its locks uncut over its right ear, together with the exquisite little statue of Angerona, which is now called a Venus, and numbered 22 in the gallery of the British Museum. Mr. Nollekens renewed the arms of this figure, for which restoration I stood when his pupil.

Mr. Townley was so enamoured with his favourite busts of Isis, Pericles, and Homer, the most perfect

specimens of ancient art, that he employed the hand of Skelton, Sharpe's favourite pupil, to engrave them upon a small plate, which he used as his visiting-card. This elegant performance, always considered a great rarity, was left only at the houses of particular persons, so that an impression of it is now greatly coveted by the collectors of such bijoux.

Of all Mr. Townley's friends, I am perfectly convinced that no one respected him more than Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, and a member of the Dilettanti Society, for whose learning and classical acquirements Mr. Townley had the highest esteem, and to whom he always gave up the keys of his cabinets whenever he visited him. Mr. Townley was buried at Burnley, near Townley Hall, in Lancashire; and so much was he beloved by the country people far and near, that as his hearse passed the sides of the road were crowded and the windows of the town filled, the spectators being all silent and uncovered.

Mr. Townley's bust in the first room of the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum is considered a pretty good likeness, though the lower part of the face is certainly too full. Mr. Nollekens carved it after Mr. Townley's death, from a mask which he took from his face. Another bust by Nollekens, though by no means so good either in art or likeness, has been bequeathed to the same national institution by the late Richard Payne Knight, Esq.

The Dilettanti Society, as well as other learned

men, with whom Mr. Townley had lived in the most cheerful and instructive intercourse, were deprived of their accustomed pleasures by his death, which took place in the bedchamber on the second floor looking over the Park, on January 3, 1805. In this room also died his uncle, John Townley, Esq., a highly-respected gentleman, who had for many years been an eminent collector of Hollar's works, of English portraits for the illustration of Granger's 'Biographical History of England,' and of rare and valuable books, for the reception of which he had fitted up the dining and drawing rooms facing the Park, with accommodating galleries all round. The house is now inhabited by his son, Peregrine Edward Townley, Esq., a family trustee of the British Museum.

This house, which was purchased by Mr. Townley in that state denominated by builders 'a shell,' was finished according to his own taste; but the ground upon which it stands, as well as that of several adjoining mansions, belongs to Christ's Hospital. The late Royal Cockpit, which afforded Hogarth an excellent scene for his humour, remained a next-door noisy nuisance to Mr. Townley for many years. It is a curious fact that of this print of the Cockpit by Hogarth, as well as those of the Gates of Calais and Southwark Fair, I have never seen, read, nor heard of an etching, nor of any impression whatever, with a variation from the state in which they were published.

This is the more extraordinary as they are all highly-finished plates, and the artist must have



required many proofs of them in their progress before he could have been satisfied with their effect, particularly in that of Southwark Fair, which, in my opinion, is not only the deepest studied as to composition, and light and shade, but the most elaborately finished, and perhaps the most innocently entertaining of all his works. For great as Hogarth was in his display of every variety of character, I should never think of exhibiting a portfolio of his prints to the youthful inquirer; nor can I agree that the man who was so accustomed to visit, so fond of delineating, and who gave up so much of his time to the vices of the most abandoned classes, was in truth a 'moral teacher of mankind.' My father knew Hogarth well, and I have often heard him declare that he revelled in the company of the drunken and profligate—Churchill, Wilkes, Hayman, etc., were among his constant companions. Dr. John Hoadly, though in my opinion it reflected no credit on him, delighted in his company; but he did not approve of all the prints produced by him, particularly that of the first state of 'Enthusiasm Displayed,' which, had Mr. Garrick or Dr. Johnson seen, they could never for a moment have entertained their high esteem of so irreligious a character.

## CHAPTER X.

Mr. Nollekens' intelligence whilst abroad—Prints of Marc-Antonio—Distinction of draperies and flesh in sculpture—Dutch tables, and improvement in English taste—Difficulties attendant on the lighting of pieces of sculpture—Ignorance of persons employed to erect and repair them—Huge blocks of marble used by modern sculptors—Fatal consequences of piecing the stone—Works of a mender of antiques—Anecdote of Mr. Whitbread—Coquetry, death, and funeral of Angelica Kauffmann—Death and epitaph of Miss Welch—Mr. Nollekens' visits to the Opera—Instances of his economy and ignorance—Dog-Jennings.

It is reasonable to expect, in the course of repeated conversations with travellers, or with persons who have resided several years abroad, some little account of their particular pursuits and employments, as well as of their pleasures and amusements; but it is most extraordinary that Mr. Nollekens' observations on events which had taken place during his absence from England never led him to speak of works of sculpture unless he was questioned; and then his answers did not prove that he possessed any depth of knowledge of their history. Indeed, they amounted to little more than monosyllabic answers, though I am certain, if he had turned to his

memorandum-books, in which there were numerous sketches of groups, statues, and busts, with their mutilations and measurements, he certainly could have afforded much information. But this power he did not possess ; nor was he inclined to look them over until the later period of his life, when his mind, had it ever been qualified, would, according to the decay of nature, have been less capable to apply them to any use.

During the long period of my knowledge of him, Nollekens never once attempted to descant upon the sublimity of thought, the grandeur of the composition, nor the energetic expression of the Laocöon, the Apollo Belvidere, the Farnese Hercules, the Niobe, the Venus de Medici, nor the Diana of Ephesus. Nor did he ever appear to have an inclination to collect the rise, progress, and history of his art. A Babylonian seal with him would have been a thing of no further estimation than for its colour as a stone. A figure with its legs and feet closed together was never noticed by him as the first attempt of Egyptian sculpture, nor was he aware that the projection of one leg before the other was their first step to action, nor that the arms of two seated figures, male and female, across each other's back was the first instance of grouping with the Egyptians. He knew very little as to the introduction of Grecian art into Rome ; though he was certainly pretty well informed as to the works of Michael Angelo and John di Bologna, yet, at the same time, he expressed himself with as much pleasure when he saw Bernini's group in the coachhouse



of Sir Joshua Reynolds as he possibly could with the productions of the two preceding great men.

Nollekens' usual communications to his friends were the number of miles from Rome to Loretto ; the names of persons who walked together on a very hot day ; that Mr. Dalton's<sup>1</sup> conduct towards Mr. Strange,<sup>2</sup> the engraver, was shamefully cruel ; that little Crone,<sup>3</sup> the landscape-draughtsman, who was employed to collect prints in Rome for Mr. Mangin, of Dublin, was much ridiculed by the natives on account of his deformity ; or that such a Cardinal feigned a consumptive cough at the time of an election for a Pope. One curious anecdote, however, he frequently related when showing his prints—namely, that when he was at Rome, at the fair time, the original plates engraved by Marc-Antonio were printed for the bystanders at a shilling an hour, the employer finding ink and paper ; and that the eagerness with which these worn-out and repeatedly touched-up publications of Antonio Salamanca were collected induced the visitors to cry out : 'The next shilling's worth is for me ;' or, 'It is my turn now.' This will at once account for the great quantity of bad impressions from Marc-Antonio's plates which are now in existence.

Much has frequently been said by those persons who understand little of the matter respecting the

<sup>1</sup> Richard Dalton (1720-1791), engraver and surveyor of the royal pictures to George III.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Strange (1721-1792).—ED.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Crone. He was an epileptic, and died in a fit in 1799.—ED.

practice of modern sculptors, as it regards the manner in which the texture of the respective materials they represent should be carved. They insist that no attempt to particularize any specific substance should be made, but that every description of drapery should be treated alike, whether linen, silk, or woollen—so that it be drapery it is enough. Another states that the silk drapery given by Roubiliac to the statue of Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge is more often admired than the other parts of the figure ; and this may probably be the case, as the ideas of those persons who praise the statue for its silk mantle are confined to texture only. But surely it would have been highly improper if Roubiliac had given folds like those of linen or woollen, when he knew that he had to represent silk.

Chantrey's busts are valuable, in addition to their astonishing strength of natural character, for the fleshy manner in which he has treated them, which every real artist knows to be the most difficult part of the sculptor's task. Surely the man of taste, after he has admired and spoken of the fleshiness of a figure, would not think of blaming the sculptor for attending to the manner in which he had carved the ermine of a king's robe, the lawn sleeves of a bishop's rochet, the silk riband of an order of knighthood, or the woollen coat of an admiral. Each of these articles should be precisely attended to, or they will not remind us of the things which they are intended to represent ; and if the sculptor were wholly inattentive to texture, many a lawyer

would be deprived of his silk gown. Suppose the artist had to carve a negro's woolly head, should the hair be as sleek and oily as his skin? In my opinion, unquestionably not; nor should the foam of the fiery steed be glossy like its coat. The flesh of that truly beautiful figure of Charity, by Westmacott, now in his studio, is powerfully and properly contrasted by the coarseness of the dowlas drapery with which he has covered her limbs; and perhaps I cannot point out a more striking instance of the unequivocal influence of contrast than that which is displayed in this figure.

Nollekens, great as he certainly was as a sculptor of busts, never produced that lively fleshiness which we see so pre-eminently attended to by the best English sculptors of the present day; and yet he was fully aware of its beauty and high importance, for I have often heard him observe, when anyone was looking at an antique head of a Faun, which was afterwards purchased at his sale by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, that he never saw flesh better represented in marble, and that it was for that great excellence he bought it. But though texture of the mechanical materials is by no means to be neglected, it can be viewed by an intellectual person in a secondary light only; and it has often of late years given me great pleasure to observe that the same class of persons, who in my boyish days would admire a bleeding-heart cherry painted upon a Pontipool tea-board, or a Tradescant strawberry upon a Dutch table,<sup>1</sup> now attentively look,

<sup>1</sup> This description of table, the pride of our great-grandmothers, in which the brightest colours were most gorgeously displayed, was first

and for a long time, too, with the most awful respect at the majestic fragments of the Greek sculptors' art so gloriously displayed in the Elgin Gallery. These are indeed treasures, the merits of which, in my humble opinion, men of the first talent, however powerful might be their command of words, would find themselves at least inadequate to describe.

There is one truly lamentable disadvantage to which the works of our best sculptors are frequently exposed, namely, the want of a good light, without which their labours cannot be viewed with that essential assistance which the painter's productions can in most instances procure.

The exquisitely-finished and numerous beauties of a cabinet-picture can at all times be appreciated by placing it in its proper light upon an easel as the artist painted it, and intended it should be viewed ; and a large picture may be hung in a gallery under a certain admission of light falling upon it, according to the arrangement and intention of the artist. For the old historical painters always considered very attentively the portion and power of light, as well as the precise time it would fall upon those

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imported from Holland into England in the reign of William and Mary. The top was nothing more than a large oval tea-tray, with a raised scalloped border round it, fixed upon a pillar, having a claw of three legs. They are now and then to be met with in our good old-fashioned family mansions, and brokers' shops.

They were formerly considered by our aunts Deborah to be such an ornament to a room that, in order to exhibit them to advantage, they were put up in the corner of a waiting-parlour for the admiration of the country tenants when they brought their rents, or sat waiting their turn for an order for coals in a severe winter.—SMITH.

parts of the walls to which their labours were destined, and they painted their pictures either brighter or darker, modestly low or powerfully strong, according to existing or adventitious circumstances. Sometimes, however, when they were unavoidably compelled to occupy a gloomy recess in a small chapel, illumined only by a borrowed or a reflected light, they first of all considered the angle of reflection under which their performances could be best seen, and then painted their picture so as to meet it.

The sculptor, on the contrary, unaided by colours, has perhaps either too much or too little light for his monument, and is often obliged to erect it where there is hardly any at all, because that part of the church belongs to the family, or they insist upon having it as near as possible to their pew, which has always gone with the mansion they reside in; thus enshrouding themselves in their own primitive importance in the parish, at the same time, perhaps, being totally ignorant of the effect of a masterpiece of art, upon which they have expended a considerable sum; or not in any way evincing an interest for the fame of the artist employed, whose reputation has invited travellers to visit the church, which is often a great source of pleasure to the tourist.

I remember that Flaxman, after he had put up his monument to the memory of Lord Mansfield in Westminster Abbey, applied to the Dean for permission to cover a small portion of a window with a gray colour, in order to shut out an unpleasant

glare of light ; but the Dean, to the great mortification of the sculptor, would not comply with the request. Nollekens seldom knew, nor, indeed, did any of the English sculptors of former days care, in what part of a country church their monuments were to be placed ; they received the measurements of the space they were to occupy from the family, who had them from the carpenter, who was not at all times very correct, without any notice of the aspect, or stating whether the space were over or under a window, or against a pier, or near the altar, receiving a vertical light or a diagonal one ; and upon this carelessly-measured order the sculptor proceeded, never dreaming that his work was to be placed close to the vestry-door in a dark corner. Then, too, when it was up, the plasterer was to adorn it with a neat jet-black border of a foot in width ! so that it should match unostentatiously with a monument on the opposite side, in an equally forlorn situation, belonging to a family with whom the relatives of the last deceased had been for ages inveterately at variance ; whilst, to crown the whole of this unhappy injury to art, the putting up was generally entrusted to a mason, who, upon his return to London, was rarely questioned as to where it was erected, or as to how it looked.

To the praise of the artists, and the improved taste of their employers of the present day, there is very little of that monumental jobbing now permitted ; the aspect and situation are first seen and considered, accurate measurements are then made, and the sculptor either sends his own experienced

assistants from London to erect it, or superintends it himself. And here I consider it my duty to state, notwithstanding what I have said of a late Dean of Westminster, that even the country clergy of the present day, from their more general knowledge of works of art, are, with very few exceptions, both willing and desirous of affording the sculptor every possible assistance in their power, either by shutting out obtrusive light, or admitting a greater flood of it where the artist may consider it beneficial. I have also infinite pleasure in being able to state that our present sculptors of eminence will not submit to the directions of the ignorant employer to the deterioration of their productions, however powerful his station in life may be. It would be as well if our dressers for theatrical representations would be as honestly firm, and not attend to the ridiculous gew-gaw directions of an obstinate manager; we should then stand a good chance of seeing the true costume of place and period, instead of being obliged to sit out a play grossly defective in almost every scene.

Of the mode of producing a figure by what Nollekens called manœuvring the marble, and making it up of bits, our modern sculptors so completely disapprove that they have even worked nearly the whole of the groups of their monuments erected in St. Paul's Cathedral out of one piece of marble; and so immense are the blocks now imported into England for works of sculpture, that at this moment Mr. Chantrey has one weighing many tons, for which he paid about the sum

of £600. Flaxman's last and truly grand work of St. Michael overpowering Satan, which he executed for the Earl of Egremont's noble gallery of modern sculpture at Petworth, is likewise of one block ; and this is also the universal practice with all the other eminent sculptors. Westmacott's charming group of Venus and Cupid, which he is now executing for the same liberal nobleman, is from one block ; and Rossi's truly vigorous and masterly figure of the Boxer, just finished for the same gallery, is likewise cut out of one piece, as well as Bailey's animated statue of Earl St. Vincent, executed by order of Government.

And here I must earnestly request the reader, who may not at present be acquainted with the names of other sculptors, not to suppose for a moment that I confine these remarks to the members of the Royal Academy. I should then consider myself unworthy of the esteem of many young artists, whose works are shining ornaments to their country, and who must ultimately fill the honourable seats of the present members ; but as there are tares amongst the wheat, I considered it better to confine myself to those individuals only who have been acknowledged by so honourable a body as the Royal Academy, fully trusting that the time will arrive when I shall more extensively have it in my power to hand down a list of the productions of some of them with as much pleasure and impartiality as I have those who at present so deservedly flourish under the distinguished appellation of Royal Academicians.



To return to the subject, however, I should observe that the disadvantages of piecing the marble are often obvious, even to the most common observer ; as may be seen in many instances, where either the cramps have burst or given way, or, from their not having been properly covered with resin, the iron has so corroded the marble as entirely to disfigure some of our finest works of art. Another great objection which may be adduced to the joining of marble is that, where the joints are made in preponderating parts, it usually happens that they give way, fall, and are broken. And even this is not all, for sometimes, when such an accident happens at a great distance from the capital, the seat of most of our eminent artists, the common mason of the district is called in to reset the head or a broken limb—a fellow perhaps who, with all the kindred and impenetrable hardness of his own granite, as soon as he is admitted into your presence, puts his mallet-hand to his side in readiness to pull out his two-foot rule, which he is always sure to open at a right angle before he answers or even hears the question ; and then, immediately after rubbing the back of his right ear and most accurately measuring the fractured parts, hits upon a plan of cutting out the mutilations by taking about three inches from the arm of the statue ! The very thoughts of such masonic masters of the craft paint to my imagination the sort of fellow he must have been who put the left-hand glove upon the right hand of the effigy of Guy Faux, in Hogarth's humorously-entertaining

print, illustrative of Hudibras, called the 'Burning of the Rumps.'

However, should any of my readers exclaim with Osric, 'A hit, a very palpable hit!' I could, in compassion to those who blindly employ these masonic followers of Praxiteles, relate several things equally good of a wealthy man of some family, who turns his back upon all modern sculpture in consequence of his having been at Athens; and because he has become the happy possessor of some of the worst fragments of the antique in this kingdom, employs a mere mason to put them together, and is perfectly satisfied, though a right foot has been most ingeniously placed upon a left leg! Indeed, so fond is he of the antique, that I have known him to order his bungler to match a head with the best body he could find in the mass of his dearly-acquired treasures, and then to carve new limbs to match out of those that were too large for other purposes, so that he might have precisely the same stone. He is well acquainted with the quarries whence the marble of such and such a figure was taken, and is also quite perfect in recollecting the names of ancient marbles.

Mr. Nollekens informed me that the late Mr. Samuel Whitbread bought two fragments of antique, statues of him for £200, and that the man sent by Mr. Whitbread to pack them up for the country used screws instead of nails. 'Why,' said Mr. Nollekens, 'do you use screws, when nails would answer every purpose?' 'Lord, sir!' exclaimed the carpenter, 'I used screws to all the cases for

the Piccadilly leaden figures!' The fact was this: a man in the Borough had purchased the greater number of Cheere's leaden figures at the auction in Piccadilly. Mr. Whitbread bought nearly the whole of him, and had them put up and sent to his pleasure-grounds, with as much caution as if they had been looking-glasses of the greatest dimensions for his drawing-room.

The reader will probably recollect the manner in which Angelica Kauffmann was imposed upon by a gentleman's servant, who married her under the name of Count Horn, and the way in which his treachery was discovered, as related in the early part of this volume. Angelica, however, was universally considered as a coquette, so that we cannot deeply sympathize in her disappointment; and as a proof how justly she deserved that character, I shall give an anecdote which I have often heard Mr. Nollekens relate. When Angelica was at Rome, previously to her marriage, she was ridiculously fond of displaying her person and being admired, for which purpose she one evening took her station in one of the most conspicuous boxes of the theatre, accompanied by Nathaniel Dance and another artist, both of whom, as well as many others, were desperately enamoured of her. Angelica perhaps might have recollected the remonstrance of Mrs. Peachum, where she says:

'Oh, Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss'd:  
By keeping men off you keep them on.'

However, while she was standing between her two

beaux, and finding an arm of each most lovingly embracing her waist, she contrived, whilst her arms were folded before her on the front of the box over which she was leaning, to squeeze the hand of both, so that each lover concluded himself beyond all doubt the man of her choice.

On page 20 of Mr. Prince Hoare's 'Academic Annals for 1808' is recorded the following communication which was made to the members of the Royal Academy :

*'December 23rd.*—In the General Assembly the President declared the decease of Angelica Kauffmann Zucchi, one of the Members of the Academy.'

The account of the loss of this distinguished artist was received in a letter from Dr. Borsi, of Rome, who, after relating the circumstances of her illness and death, which happened on November 5 previous, proceeds to describe her obsequies, celebrated in the Church of S. Andrea de' Frati, under the direction of the sculptor Canova and others of her friends. 'The church,' says Dr. Borsi, 'was decorated in the manner customary on the interment of those of noble family. At ten in the morning the corpse was accompanied to the church by two very numerous fraternities, fifty Capuchins and fifty priests. The bier was carried by some of the brotherhood, and the four corners of the pall were supported by four young ladies, dressed suitably to the occasion. The four tassels were held by the four principal members of the Academy of St. Luke; these were followed by the rest of the Academicians and other 'virtuosi, each

one with a large wax-taper lighted in his hand. Two pictures, painted by the deceased, completed the procession.'

After the death of the footman who had married Angelica, and to whom she had allowed a separate maintenance, she became the wife of Zucchi, the painter, but continued to go by the name of Angelica Kauffmann.

Mrs. Nollekens at this time received a most severe and unexpected shock by the death of her sister, Miss Welch, with whom she had always lived in ties of the fondest love, paying the strictest respect to every observation or wish she uttered, according to the early advice given her by their mutual friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who generally spoke of Miss Welch as Miss Nancy. She died at Bath, and was buried in the abbey of that city, where an inscription was erected as follows :

‘Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Welch,  
of Aylesbury, in the County of Bucks,  
Daughter of Saunders Welch, Esq.

‘Admired by her friends, beloved by her acquaintance, blessed with distinguished abilities, she was so improved by the knowledge of various languages and science, that elegance of diction, beauty of sentiment, the majesty of wisdom, and the grace of persuasion, ever hung upon her lips. The bonds of life being gradually dissolved, she winged her flight from this world in expectation of a better on the 15th of January, 1810.

‘Her afflicted and affectionate sister, Maria Nollekens, in full assurance of their happy reunion, caused this monument to be erected.’<sup>1</sup>

I am at present ignorant of the name of the author of the above inscription ; but allowing Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> For this copy of Miss Welch’s inscription I am obliged to my amiable friend Mrs. Gwillim.—SMITH.

Nollekens to have breathed only half the feelings it sets forth, we shall be giving that lady credit for great forbearance, as her cousin, Mr. Woodcock, has informed me that she was much chagrined upon finding that her sister's house at Aylesbury, with its furniture, had been but a short time before her death willed to another person.

I have spoken of the partiality of Nollekens for the Italian Opera, at which place of amusement he used to exhibit himself in his sword and bag in the pit to hear Grassini sing, though, at the same time, he was so ignorant of music that he could not have discovered any difference between the major and minor keys. The portion of the performance which really attracted him was, I doubt not, the agile movements of the female dancers in the ballet. He was at that time so well known at the opera-house, that several of the military, who had an eye to his property, would attend him, though in their full uniform, to the door to see him safe into a hackney-coach, an expense he indulged in only when it rained hard. If, however, the reader be surprised at this, what will he say when he is informed that on the following morning he was sometimes seen disputing with the cobbler, his opposite neighbour, about the charge of twopence, and refusing to pay Crispin's demand unless he put three or four more sparables in the heels of the shoes which he had mended twice before!

One day Mr. Northcote the Academician, the best and favourite pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had just reached his door in Argyle Street, when

Nollekens, who was looking up at the house, put the following question to him: 'Why don't you have your house painted, Northcote? Why, it's as dirty as Jem Barry's was in Castle Street. I wonder Beverly would let him live in it!' Now, Nollekens had no right to exult over his brother artist in this way, for he had given his own door a coat of paint, and his front passage a whitewash, only the day before, and they had been for years in the most filthy state possible.

Miss Welch brought down upon herself his eternal hatred by kindly venturing to improve him in his spelling. She was a friendly and benevolent woman, and I am indebted to her and the amiable Mrs. Barker for many acts of kindness during the time I was labouring under a tremendous loss by fire. One evening, when I was drinking tea with her at her lodgings, No. 69 in Newman Street, she showed me a little book in which she had put down Mr. Nollekens' way of spelling words in 1780, with the manner in which they should be written. I copied a few of them with her permission, which, I must say, she gave me with some reluctance, notwithstanding she disliked Nollekens most cordially, though they were both Catholics. The following instances may serve as specimens: 'Yousual, scenceble, oblogin, modle, wery, gentilman, promist, sarvices, desier, English, perscription, hardently, jenerly, moust, devower, Jellis, Retier, sarved, themselves, could for cold, clargeman, facis, cupple, foure, sun for son, boath sexis, daly, horsis, ladie, cheif, talkin, tould, shee, sarch, paing, ould makes,

racis, yoummer in his face, palas, oke, lemman, are-bolloon, sammon, chimisters for chemists, yoke for yolk, grownd,' etc.

Let me, however, entreat my readers to believe that I detest the character of a critic of words, and that my only motive of touching upon Mr. Nollekens' ignorance in the year 1780 is to induce them to believe that, when he made so many codicils above forty years afterwards, he did not know the true meaning of many words that we now and then find in testamentary writings. A curious specimen or two will be given in a future page of this work of his ignorance of the true meaning of words pronounced by him, even at a moment when most persons believed him to be perfectly sane.

Towards the close of one of the hottest days in summer, as Mr. Nollekens was returning from the bench placed in front of the Queen's Head and Artichoke as a seat for those persons whose dress did not appear to entitle them to accommodation withinside the house, he asked his man Dodimy what charitable actions he had done lately. 'Charity, sir? Bless you! it's a long time since you gave any.' 'Well, then,' said his master, 'take the twopence out of your waistcoat-pocket that you had in change from the ale to that poor fellow walking there.' 'What, to that little man in the brown coat?' 'Yes, sir, to that little man in the brown coat.' 'Lord bless you! that's Dog-Jennings!' This eccentric gentleman, who was a person of high taste and considerable family fortune, received this name from his having brought



into England an antique sculpture of a dog, with several other fine pieces of art, which were sold by auction by the elder Christie. The dog brought one thousand guineas, and was purchased by Mr. Duncombe, of Yorkshire ; but a mould of it belongs to Sarti, the figure-maker, a cast from which makes a most noble appearance in a gentleman's hall. *Nollekens* : 'What ! my old friend, Noel Jennings ? What the devil does he do on this side of the water in Marybone Fields ? Does he look this way ?' 'No, sir,' was the reply. 'Ah, well, then, walk on this side ; don't let him see me. Why, Mrs. Palmer left him a good piece of the pigeon-pie last Sunday, when she made a day of it. I paid the coach for both of us ; and Jennings, according to custom, produced a bottle of champagne.' 'I know, sir,' rejoined Dodimy ; 'I heard Mrs. Nollekens tell Mary all about it ; and, I can tell you, mistress don't half like such ramblings.'

## CHAPTER XI.

The Elgin marbles brought to England—Inquiries on them by a Committee of the House of Commons, with answers by Nollekens, Flaxman, Westmacott, Chantrey, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and President West—Remarks on them by a riding-master—Contrast of the manners of Nollekens and Flaxman—Collection of medals made by the latter—Old medals of Italy, and those by Pisano—English medals by T. Simon—French medals of Andrieu—Coins collected by Mr. Nollekens—His loss by robbery—His prints, gems, and casts in plaster—Art not hereditary.

WHEN Lord Elgin's marbles arrived in England, his lordship invited all persons of taste to view them at his house, the corner of Park Lane, in Piccadilly, now the town residence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. They were shortly afterwards moved to the side premises of Burlington House, where they remained until a temporary gallery could be prepared for them in the British Museum by Government, which had purchased them for the use of the public and the advancement of art. During the time these marbles were Lord Elgin's property, Mr. Nollekens, accompanied by his constant companion, Joseph Bonomi—a truly amiable youth, to whom from his birth he had intended to be a benefactor—paid them many

visits ; and, indeed, at that time not only all the great artists, but every lover of the arts, were readily admitted. The students of the Royal Academy, and even Flaxman, the Phidias of our times, and the venerable President West, drew from them for weeks together.

As the mention of these marbles may bring to my readers the recollection of events which some of them may have nearly forgotten, I shall now introduce Mr. Nollekens' answers to the Committee of the House of Commons, contrasted with those of Flaxman, together with a few of those of Sir Thomas Lawrence and other great men of the highest eminence in our country, who were called upon for their opinion as to the excellence of those wonderful works of art :

*Chairman of the Committee.*—'Mr. Nollekens, are you well acquainted with the collection of marbles brought to England by Lord Elgin ?'—'I am.'

'What is your opinion of those marbles, as to the excellency of the work ?'—'They are very fine—the finest things that ever came to this country.'

'In what class do you place them, as compared with the finest marbles which you have seen formerly in Italy ?'—'I compare them to the finest of Italy.'

'Which of those of my Lord Elgin's do you hold in the highest estimation ?'—'I hold the Theseus and the Neptune to be two of the finest things—finer than anything in this country.'

'In what class do you place the bas-reliefs ?'—'They are very fine—among the first class of bas-relief work.'

'Do you think that the bas-reliefs of the Centaurs are in the finest class of art ?'—'I do think so.'

'Do you think the bas-reliefs of the frieze, representing the Procession, also in the first class of the art ?'—'In the first class of the art.'

'Do you conceive those two sets to be of or about the same date ?'—'I cannot determine upon that.'

‘Have you ever looked at this collection with a view to the value of it?’—‘No, I have not.’

‘Can you form any sort of estimate of the value of it?’—‘I cannot say anything about the value.’

‘Do you think it very desirable, as a national object, that this collection should become public property?’—‘Undoubtedly.’

‘Can you form any judgment as to the date of those works, comparing them with other works that you have seen in Italy?’—‘I suppose they are about as old; but they may be older or later.’

‘To which of the works you have seen in Italy do you think the Theseus bears the greatest resemblance?’—‘I compare that to the Apollo Belvidere and Laocöon.’

‘Do you think the Theseus of as fine sculpture as the Apollo?’—‘I do.’

‘Do you think it has more or less of ideal beauty than the Apollo?’—‘I cannot say it has more than the Apollo.’

‘Has it as much?’—‘I think it has as much.’

‘Do you think that the Theseus is a closer copy of fine nature than the Apollo?’—‘No; I do not say it is a finer copy of nature than the Apollo.’

‘Is there not a distinction among artists between a close imitation of nature and ideal beauty?’—‘I look upon them as ideal beauty, and closeness of study from nature.’

‘You were asked just now if you could form any estimate of the value of this collection; can you put any value upon them, comparatively with the Townley marbles?’—‘I reckon them very much higher than the Townley marbles for beauty.’

‘Suppose the Townley marbles to be valued at £20,000, what might you estimate these at?’—‘They are quite a different thing; I think the one is all completely finished and mended up, and these are real fragments as they have been found, and it would cost a great deal of time and expense to put them in order.’

‘For the use of artists, will they not answer every purpose in their present state?’—‘Yes, perfectly; I would not have them touched.’

‘Have you seen the Greek marbles lately brought to the Museum?’—‘I have.’

‘How do you rank those in comparison with these?’—‘Those are very clever, but not like those of Lord Elgin’s.’

‘Then you consider them very inferior?’—‘No; I consider them inferior to Lord Elgin’s—not very inferior, though they may be called inferior.’

‘When you studied in Italy, had you many opportunities of seeing

remains of Grecian art ?—‘ I saw all the fine things to be seen at Rome, both in painting and sculpture.’

‘ Do you remember a piece of bas-relief representing Bacchus and Icarus, in the Townley collection ?—‘ I recollect all those things ; I used to spend my Sundays there with Mr. Townley.’

‘ Do you happen to recollect particularly that piece ?—‘ No, I do not recollect it among the great quantity of things.’

‘ Have you formed any idea of the value of these objects in the light of acquisitions to individuals, as objects of decoration, if sold individually ?—‘ I cannot put a value upon them ; they are by far the finest things that ever came to this country.’

‘ Do you mean by that that you consider them so valuable that you cannot put a value upon them ?—‘ No, I do not know : as to fine things, they are not to be got every day.’

‘ Do you consider part of the value of the Townley collection to have depended upon the cost and labour incurred in restoring them ?—‘ As for restoring them, that must have cost a great deal of money ; I know Mr. Townley was there for years about them.’

‘ Have the Elgin collection gained in general estimation and utility since they have been more known and studied ?—‘ Yes.’

*John Flaxman, Esq., R.A., called in, and examined.*

‘ Are you well acquainted with the Elgin collection of marbles ?—‘ Yes, I have seen them frequently, and I have drawn from them ; and I have made such inquiries as I thought necessary concerning them respecting my art.’

‘ In what class do you hold them, as compared with the first works of art which you have seen before ?—‘ The Elgin marbles are mostly basso-relievos, and the finest works of art I have seen. Those in the Pope’s Museum, and the other galleries of Italy, were the Laocöon, the Apollo Belvidere ; and the other most celebrated works of antiquity were groups and statues. These differ in the respect that they are chiefly basso-relievos and fragments of statuary. With respect to their excellence, they are the most excellent of their kind that I have seen ; and I have every reason to believe that they were executed by Phidias, and those employed under him, or the general design of them given by him at the time the temple was built ; as we are informed that he was the artist principally employed by Pericles, and his principal scholars, mentioned by Pliny, Alcámenes, and about four others immediately under him ; to which he adds a catalogue of seven or eight others, who followed in order ; and he mentions their succeeding Phidias in the course of twenty years. I believe they are the works of those artists ; and in this respect they are superior to almost any works of antiquity,

excepting the Laocöon and Torso Farnese, because they are known to have been executed by the artists whose names are recorded by the ancient authors. With respect to the beauty of the basso-relievos, they are as perfect nature as it is possible to put into the compass of the marble in which they are executed, and that of the most elegant kind. There is one statue, also, which is called a Hercules, or Theseus, of the first order of merit. The fragments are finely executed, but I do not, in my own estimation, think their merit is as great.'

'What fragments do you speak of?'—'Several fragments of women—the groups without their heads.'

'You do not mean the metopes?'—'No; those statues which were in the east and west pediments originally.'

'In what estimation do you hold the Theseus, as compared with the Apollo Belvidere and the Laocöon?'—'If you would permit me to compare it with a fragment I will mention, I should estimate it before the Torso Belvidere.'

'As compared with the Apollo Belvidere, in what rank do you hold the Theseus?'—'For two reasons I cannot at this moment very correctly compare them in my own mind. In the first place, the Apollo Belvidere is a divinity of a higher order than Hercules, and therefore I cannot so well compare the two. I compared the Hercules with a Hercules before, to make the comparison more just. In the next place, the Theseus is not only on the surface corroded by the weather, but the head is in that impaired state that I can scarcely give an opinion upon it, and the limbs are mutilated. To answer the question, I should prefer the Apollo Belvidere certainly, though I believe it is only a copy.'

'Does the Apollo Belvidere partake more of ideal beauty than the Theseus?'—'In my mind, it does decidedly; I have not the least question of it.'

'Do you think that increases its value?'—'Yes, very highly. The highest efforts of art in that class have always been the most difficult to succeed in, both among ancients and moderns, if they have succeeded in it.'

'Supposing the state of the Theseus to be perfect, would you value it more as a work of art than the Apollo?'—'No; I should value the Apollo for the ideal beauty before any male statue I know.'

'Although you think it a copy?'—'I am sure it is a copy; the other is an original, and by a first-rate artist.'

'The Committee is very anxious to know the reason you have in stating so decidedly your opinion that the Apollo is a copy.'—'There are many reasons, and I am afraid it would be troublesome to the Committee to go through them. The general appearance of the hair and the

mantle of the Apollo Belvidere is in the style more of bronze than of marble ; and there is mentioned in the Pope's Museum (Pio Clementino) by the Chevalier Visconti, who illustrated that museum, that there was a statue in Athens—I do not know whether it was in the city or some particular temple, or whether the place is mentioned—an Apollo Alexicacos, a driver away of evil, in bronze, by Calamis, erected on account of a plague that had been in Athens. From the representations of this statue in basso-relievos, with a bow, it is believed that this figure might be a copy of that. One reason I have given is that the execution of the hair and cloak resembles bronze. But another thing convinces me of its being a copy. I had a conversation with Visconti and Canova on the spot, and my particular reason is this : a cloak hangs over the left arm, which in bronze it was easy to execute, so that the folds on one side should answer to the folds on the other ; the cloak is single, and therefore it is requisite that the folds on one side should answer to the folds on the other. There is no duplication of drapery. In bronze that was easy to execute, but in marble it was not ; therefore, I presume, the copyist preferred copying the folds in front ; but the folds did not answer to each other on one side and the other. Those on the back appear to have been calculated for strength in the marble, and those in front to represent the bronze, from which I apprehend they were copied. There is another reason, which is that the most celebrated figure of antiquity is mentioned by Pliny and its sculptor, the Venus of Cnidus by Praxiteles ; and he mentions it in a remarkable manner, for he says the works of Praxiteles in the Ceramicus not only excel those of all other sculptors, but his own, and this Venus excels all that he ever did. Now, it seems inconceivable that so fine a statue as the Apollo could have been executed without its name being brought down to us either by Pliny or Pausanias, if it had been esteemed the first statue in the world.' . . .

'Do you conceive practically that any improvement has taken place in the state of the arts in this country since this collection has been open to the public?'—'Within these last twenty years, I think, sculpture has improved in a very great degree, and I believe my opinion is not singular ; but unless I was to take time to reflect upon the several causes of which that has been the consequence, I cannot pretend to answer the question. I think works of such prime importance could not remain in the country without improving the public taste and the taste of the artists.' . . .

'What characteristic mark do you observe of high antiquity, as compared with the other works of antiquity?'—'In the first place, I observe a particular classification of the parts of the body ; and I have

adverted to the medical writer of that age, Hippocrates, and find that the distinctions of the body, when they have been taken from the finest nature, in the highest state of exercise, and in the best condition in all respects, which might be expected from those who possessed great personal beauty and cultivated habits of living most likely to produce it, and who were accustomed to see it frequently in public exercises—this classification, which they appeared to prefer, is conformable to the distinctions in the statues. It is well known that in the writings of Hippocrates a great deal of attention is paid to the economy of the human body and its interior parts, but that its exteriors are not described as our modern anatomists describe them, but in a simple manner by a general classification of parts and muscles. What I would particularly say on the subject is this: Hippocrates describes the edges of the ribs as forming a semicircle at the bottom of the upper thorax; he describes with some accuracy the meeting and form of the upper part of the scapula and acromion with the collar-bone (that part is particularly marked in these figures); he describes the knee-pan as a single bone: and that was their manner of making the knee in the statues of that time; and, if I remember right, he also describes the upper part of the basin-bone, which is particularly marked in the antique statues. In a few words, the form of the body has a classification of a simple kind in a few parts, such as I find in the ancient anatomists, and such as are common in the outlines of the painted Greek vases. Besides, as far as I can judge from our documents of antiquity—the painted Greek vases, for example—those that come nearer to the time in which these marbles are believed to be produced are conceived in the same character, and drawn in the same manner.'

'Did not that classification continue much later than the time of Pericles?'—'Yes, it did continue later, but it became more complicated, and in some cases more geometrical.'

'Does the anatomy of these figures agree with the anatomy of the Laocœon or of the Torso Farnese?'—'They agree most with the Torso Farnese. I cannot judge very accurately of that at this time, for it was about to be removed from Rome at the time I was there, and it is very much broken. In respect to the Laocœon, I believe it to be a very posterior work, done after a time when considerable discoveries had been made in anatomy in the Alexandrian school, which I think had been communicated not only among physicians, but among artists all over Greece; and in the Laocœon the divisions are much more numerous.'

'Do you observe any considerable difference in the conformation of the horses between the metopes and the Procession?'—'It is to be



recollected, both in the metopes and the Procession, that different hands have been employed upon them ; so that it is difficult, unless I had them before me, to give a distinct opinion, particularly as the horses in the metopes have not horses' heads. I do not think I can give a very decided opinion upon it, but in general the character appears to me very much the same.'

'Should you have judged the metopes and the frieze to be of the same age if they had not come from the same temple?'—'Yes, undoubtedly I should.'

'Have you ever looked at this collection with a view to its value in money?'—'I never have ; but I conceive that the value in money must be very considerable, judging only from the quantity of sculpture in it. The question never occurred to me before this morning, but it appears to me that there is a quantity of labour equal to three or four of the greatest public monuments that have lately been erected ; and I think it is said either in Chandler's "Inscriptions" or in Stuart's "Athens" that the temple cost a sum equal to £500,000.'

'Have you seen the Greek marbles lately deposited in the British Museum?'—'Yes.'

'In what class do you place those, as compared with the basso-relievos of Lord Elgin's collection?'—'With respect to the excellence of workmanship, the metopes and the basso-relievos of Procession are very superior to those in the Museum, though the composition of the others is exquisite.'

'Which do you think the greatest antiquity?'—'Lord Elgin's ; the others I take to be nearly twenty years later.'

'In what rate do you class these marbles, as compared with Mr. Townley's collection?'—'I should value them more, as being the ascertained works of the first artists of that celebrated age. The greater part of Mr. Townley's marbles, with some few exceptions, are perhaps copies, or only acknowledged inferior works.'

'Do you reckon Lord Elgin's marbles of greater value as never having been touched by any modern hand?'—'Yes.'

'In what class do you hold the draped figures, of which there are large fragments?'—'They are fine specimens of execution, but in other respects I do not esteem them very highly, excepting the Iris and a fragment of the Victory.'

'Do you consider those to be of the same antiquity?'—'I do.'

'Be pleased to account for the difference in their appearance.'—'I think sculpture at that time made a great stride. Phidias, having had the advantage of studying painting, first gave a great freedom to his designs. That freedom he was able to execute, or have executed, with great ease in small and flat works ; but as the proportions of the

particular drawings of the figures were not so well understood generally as they were a few years afterwards, there are some disproportions and inaccuracies in the larger figures, the necessary consequences of executing great works when the principles of an art are not established.'

'Do you recollect two figures that are sitting together with the arms over each other?'—'Yes.'

'Is your low estimation of the draped figures applicable to those?'—'My opinion may be incorrect, and it may be more so by not having the figures before me; but I meant my observation to apply to all the draped figures.'

'Were the proportions of those statues calculated to have their effect at a particular distance?'—'I believe not; I do not believe the art had arrived at that nicety.'

'You have remarked probably those parts, particularly of the Neptune and some of the metopes, that are in high perfection, from having been preserved from the weather?'—'I have remarked those that are in the best condition.'

'Did you ever see any statue higher finished than those parts, or that could convey an idea of high finish more completely to an artist?'—'I set out with saying that the execution is admirable.'

'In those particular parts, have not you observed as high a finish as in any statue that ever you saw?'—'Yes; and in some places a very useless finish, in my opinion.'

'Do you think the Theseus and the Neptune of equal merit, or is one superior to the other?'—'Chevalier Canova, when I conversed with him on the same subject, seemed to think they were equal. I think the Ilissus is very inferior.'

'You think the Ilissus is inferior to the Theseus?'—'Extremely inferior; and I am convinced, if I had had an opportunity of considering it with Chevalier Canova, he would have thought so, too.'

'Can you inform the Committee whether the climate of England is likely to have a different effect upon the statues from the climate from which they were brought, and whether it would be possible, by keeping them under cover, to prevent the effect of the climate?'—'Entirely.'

'You know the bas-relief in the Townley collection of Bacchus and Icarus?'—'Yes.'

'What do you consider the workmanship of that, comparatively with any of Lord Elgin's bas-reliefs?'—'Very inferior.'

*Richard Westmacott, Esq., R.A., called in, and examined.*

'Are you well acquainted with the Elgin marbles?'—'Yes.'

‘In what class of art do you rate them?’—‘I rate them of the first class of art.’

‘In what rate should you place the Theseus and the River God, as compared with the Apollo Belvidere and Laocœon?’—‘Infinjtely superior to the Apollo Belvidere.’

‘Which do you prefer—the Theseus or the River God?’—‘They are both so excellent that I cannot readily determine. I should say the back of the Theseus was the finest thing in the world, and that the anatomical skill displayed in front of the Ilissus is not surpassed by any work of art.’

*Francis Chantrey, Esq., called in, and examined.*

‘Are you well acquainted with the Elgin marbles?’—‘I have frequently visited them.’

‘In what class, as to excellence of art, do you place them?’—‘Unquestionably in the first.’

‘Have you ever looked at this collection with a view towards its value in money?’—‘I really do not know what to compare them with.’

‘Do you think it of great importance to the art of sculpture that this collection should become the property of the public?’—‘I think it of the greatest importance in a national point of view.’ . . .

*Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt., R.A., called in, and examined.*

‘Are you well acquainted with the Elgin marbles?’—‘Yes, I am.’

‘In what class of art do you consider them?’—‘In the very highest.’

‘In your own particular line of art, do you consider them of high importance as forming a national school?’—‘In a line of art which I have very seldom practised, but which it is still my wish to do, I consider that they would, namely, historical painting.’

‘Do you conceive any of them to be of a higher class than the Apollo Belvidere?’—‘I do; because I consider that there is in them a union of fine composition and very grand form, with a more true and natural expression of the effect of action upon the human frame than there is in the Apollo, or in any of the other most celebrated statues.’

‘You have stated that you thought these marbles had great truth and imitation of nature; do you consider that that adds to their value?’—‘It considerably adds to it, because I consider them as united with grand form. There is in them that variety that is produced in the human form by the alternate action and repose of the muscles that strikes one particularly. I have myself a very good collection of the best casts from the antique statues, and was struck with that

difference in them in returning from the Elgin marbles to my own house.'

*Questions sent to the President of the Royal Academy, his health not permitting him to attend the Committee, with his answers thereto.*

'Are you well acquainted with the Elgin collection?'—'I am, having drawn the most distinguished of them the size of the original marbles.'

'In what class of art do you rank the best of these marbles?'—'In the first of dignified art, brought out of nature upon uncertain truths, and not on mechanical principles, to form systematic characters and systematic art.'

'Do they appear to you the work of the same artists?'—'One mind pervades the whole, but not one hand has executed them.'

'As compared with the Apollo Belvidere, the torso of the Belvidere, and the Laocöon, how do you estimate the Theseus or Hercules, and the River God or Ilissus?'—'The Apollo of the Belvidere, the torso, and the Laocöon are systematic art; the Theseus and the Ilissus stand supreme in art.'

'Can you compare in money value Lord Elgin's marbles, or any part of them, with the money value of the Phygalian or Townley collection?'—'I judge of the Elgin marbles from their purity and pre-eminence in art over all others I have ever seen, and from their truth and intellectual power; and I give them the preference to the Phygalian and Townley collection, most of which is systematic art.'

The generality of my readers will be pleased with the following anecdote, and it must come home to every good rider when he mounts a horse. Shortly after the Elgin marbles were thrown open to the public indiscriminately, a gentlemanly-looking person was observed to stand in the middle of the gallery on one spot for upwards of an hour, changing his attitude only by turning himself round; at last he left the room, but in the course of two hours he again took his former station, attended by about a dozen young gentlemen, and there to them he made nearly the following observations: 'See, gentlemen, look at the riders all

round the room,' alluding to the friezes ; ' see how they sit ; see with what ease and elegance they ride ; I never saw such men in my life ; they have no saddles, no stirrups—they must have leaped upon their horses in a grand style. You will do well to study the position of these noble fellows ; stay here this morning instead of riding with me, and I am sure you will seat yourselves better to-morrow.' I need hardly tell the reader that this person was a riding-master, and that after he had been so astonished at the sight of the sculptor's riders, he brought all his pupils to whom he was that morning to have given lessons in his riding-school.

It was highly amusing to notice the glaring contrast of the two sculptors, Nollekens and Flaxman, whenever they came in contact in a fashionable party, which I own was rarely the case. The former upon these occasions, who was never known to expatiate upon art, generally took out his pocket-book, and, in order to make himself agreeable, presented his recipes, perhaps for an inveterate sore throat or a virulent humour, to some elegant woman with as much alacrity as Dr. Bossy, of Covent Garden fame, formerly did to the wife of a Fulham market-gardener.

The latter, however, like a true descendant of Phidias, was modestly discoursing with a select circle upon the exquisite productions of Greece, at the same time assuring his auditors that every motion of the body of a well-proportioned, unaffected person gave sufficient opportunities for the selection

of similar attitudes of equal grace ; that he considered himself frequently indebted to the simple and unadorned charity-girl for the best of his attitudes, and that these he had often collected during his walks in the streets, when the innocent objects themselves had been wholly ignorant of his admiration of their positions. I have also often heard him declare that the most successful of his figures displayed in his illustrations of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante were procured from similarly natural and unsophisticated sources. Flaxman, like Rubens, took infinite delight in his collection of Italian medals, the best of which he fortunately procured during his residence at Rome. They were mostly of the fifteenth century, and were always estimated by him as the richest treasures in art that he possibly could possess ; and perhaps no man of his refined erudition felt or expressed greater pleasure than he did when he conversed with any person possessed of sufficient feeling justly to appreciate their superior merit.

Mr. Samuel Henning,<sup>1</sup> a young artist of promising abilities as a medallist, asked Flaxman's permission to take an impression of one or two of these specimens ; upon which the sculptor, with his usual urbanity, not only instantly complied, but allowed him to mould a selection which he himself kindly made for him, and which he considered as the most interesting and beautiful of his collection. These

<sup>1</sup> This should, perhaps, be *John Henning*, the Scotch medallist (1771-1851), who produced a laborious restoration of the friezes of the Parthenon.—ED.

consisted of Don Inigo de Davalos, the face of which person is of low relief, and the features are expressive of a man of great depth of thought and a superior mind; Benedictus Depastis, a medal which was a great favourite with Flaxman, though I have frequently seen him laugh at the collops of fat at the back part of the neck; Leo Baptista, Albertus, Victorinus Feltrensis Summus, Sigismondus Pandulfus, Cardinal de Malatestis, Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardin. Generalis, the hair of which head differs materially from the preceding medals, it being singularly cut in a precise straight line over the forehead.

Few persons are aware of the superior excellencies of these Italian medals, which exceed all others in point of natural character, the beautiful productions of Thomas Simon excepted. Many of them were executed under the glorious auspices of Leo X. after the designs of Michael Angelo, Cellini, Raffaello, Julio Romano, etc., and possess as much fleshiness as Chantrey's busts.

Vasari, in his valuable work, mentions the names of the following medallists who flourished in his time, viz., Miseldone, Mathei de Pastis, Sperandei, and Villore; and we find that Vittore Pisano, a painter of Verona, was highly celebrated as the chief restorer of this branch of art; his medals, as well as those of his contemporaries, were first modelled in wax, and then cast; and a catalogue of his medallie productions is given by Vasari. In the British Museum there is a brass medal of Pisano, executed by himself, which is considered as

a rarity by collectors, it being one of those which were carefully worked up with the tool after they were cast. It displays rather a reserved set of features, short and close together, the nose of which inclines to that character commonly called the snub. His cap, which is an upright one with many folds, reminded me of that sort usually worn when I was a boy by the old glass-grinders of the Seven Dials.

I also remember seeing Smollett's man Strap, when he was a bookbinder, living near Chelsea Old Church, in a similar one ; he was afterwards, for several years before his death, keeper of the lodge of Buckingham Terrace, Strand, near Inigo Jones's water-gate, a truly correct engraving of which is given in Campbell's *Vitruvius*. In my opinion, the productions of Pisano<sup>1</sup> are by far the most spirited, as must unquestionably be the case whenever a painter executes a beloved task with his own hand. The medals by him are equal to pictures, as they display a fine breadth and a true character of nature, excellencies which a mere mechanical and perpetual copyist can never arrive at. How far more refreshing it is to a person possessing a moderate share of discernment to see an etching by Vandyke, with all its foul bitings, where the markings are firm and square, than an engraving by Vosterman or Bolswert, where every delineation

<sup>1</sup> I do not find Pisano mentioned in any of the dictionaries of painters, though I concluded Fuseli would have noticed him.—SMITH. Vittorio Pisano, called Pisanello, of Verona (1380-1456), the earliest and most illustrious of the medallists of the Italian Renaissance.—ED.



is rounded comparatively to a dull, inanimate smoothness ! How delighted, too, is the eye of taste with an old impression from the uncontaminated needles of Claude, Swaneveldt, Karel Du Jardin, or Rembrandt ! How the fretful, weak, and laboured engravings by French artists in the Poullein, the Praslin, and the Choiseul collections sink under the comparison when opposed to such treasures, delivered at once from the painter's mind and by his own hand !

So likewise it is with the works of Simon, our own countryman, engraved during the Usurpation ; that artist drew well, and his reliefs, which are low and broad, appear more like a fine chiaro-oscuro painting than sculptured productions. His manner of treating the hair is beautiful, and perhaps superior to that of every other medallist ; and nothing can surpass in that particular the specimens of his talents displayed in the head of Cromwell on the largest of the two Dunbar medals, and also that of Thomas Wriothsesley, Earl of Southampton. This silver medal, which exhibits the Earl in a cap, is considered one of great rarity ; but the one in gold, which was purchased of Mr. Young by the late Barry Roberts, Esq., for the sum of twenty guineas, now in the British Museum, is looked upon as unique, not only on account of its being the only one known in that metal, but also from its variation from those in silver, the cap having been cut down so as to exhibit the hair without one, which the artist has managed in a most tasteful manner. In the gold impression ' Tho. Simon ' is cut under the

projection of the shoulder, which is not the case with those in silver. Of this medal with the cap there is also a bad copy, an impression of which may also be seen in the British Museum. It is a curious fact that, upon comparing the above medal with the circular one of Oliver Cromwell, inscribed 'Oliverus. Dei. Gra: Reipub: Anglla. Sco. Et. Hib: &c. Protector. Tho. Simon F.,' the lower parts of the faces are so like each other that they would answer for either person.

I am well aware that there are numerous collectors who prefer dies engraven in France, and particularly the medallions and medals struck in favour of Napoleon, many of which unquestionably possess great merit, and are worthy of high admiration; but, in my opinion, none of them are equal in mind to those of Italy, produced under Leo X., nor do they in more than one instance in point of taste approach the productions of our own countryman, Thomas Simon.

The one I allude to is that which was struck of Buonaparte to commemorate the famous battle of Marengo. In the first state of the die I certainly esteem this medal as the most beautiful performance of Andrieu. I was not aware of the superior excellence of this medal in its first stage of publication, until an old and worthy friend put me in possession of impressions in two states, in which the head differs widely, and which is, I believe, the only portion of that medal wherein an alteration has been made. At the time that the battle was fought Buonaparte was a thin man, and conse-

quently the extraordinary markings of his features were particularly visible, and, I conclude, accurately attended to by the medallist. For instance, the eye, by not being surrounded by much flesh, is keen and penetrating, the nose and lips are thin, and, indeed, the whole of his countenance appears steadfastly determined upon prosecuting his intentions. In the second state of this medal the head and neck are so considerably enlarged that every feature is rounded by an increase of flesh as well as of years. In this state of corpulence Napoleon's medals were more generally collected by his adherents, as well as by those who had cabinets for the reception of such works of art; and it is supposed that Andrieu, in order that this Marengo medal of Buonaparte should be more like him when Emperor Napoleon, altered the head as we find it in its second state. He unfortunately, however, suffered the name of Buonaparte to remain, never caring for the periodical truth of physiognomy; and a distance of a few years made no difference to him. If an Englishman had been guilty of such a violation of truth, what would have been said of him? and this is a more glaring instance of anachronism, as Andrieu has placed the countenance of his experienced and fattened hero upon his youthful shoulders, before he had been bloated by successful ambition or had gone through half his depredations.

Mr. Nollekens, during his residence abroad, accumulated numerous coins, mostly the currency of the countries which he passed through, not with a

view to their increasing in value, or for their particular merit, but with the usual idea of a miser who is fearful of a change in affairs, or what is more commonly called a revolution in the country, and who fully relies upon the intrinsic value of gold and silver. He probably never dreamed of the great loss sustained by hoarding up foreign money, which seldom produces more than its weight. Had he sold his coins, and put the amount out to interest, he would have increased the principal in the course of sixty years to at least ten times its original value, and thereby have saved himself many years' vexation for the loss of all, which he actually suffered in consequence of thieves breaking into his house and stealing all those pieces of gold and silver, together with Mr. Welch's silver cruet-stand, and other articles to a considerable amount.

The depredators, having entered the house at the back-window on the staircase, went at once to the place where the above articles were deposited, in the very next room to that in which Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens were asleep, and let themselves out at the street-door, without any one of the family being aware of their visit till the next morning. The window was then discovered to be open, and the ladder by which they had ascended from the yard left to show the way by which they had gained admittance. It is a curious fact that, in a dirty book which they had dropped on their way out, bank-notes were found to a considerable amount by the person who restored them to Mr. Nollekens, who, whenever this robbery was mentioned, which

there was every reason to believe had been committed by persons connected with one of the numerous women who stood for his Venuses, observed that 'the rascals took away all my gold and silver coins, and left me all the copper ones.' These midnight moneyers also carried off to their melting-pot, after throwing away the rags in which they were folded, a few English silver medals of little value beyond their metallic gravity; fortunately, there were no brass sand-moulded Pisanos in danger in Mortimer Street, such treasures being securely deposited in the choice cabinets of Flaxman.

Mr. Nollekens now and then amused himself and a friend or two with his prints, but seldom spoke of the beauties of ancient bronzes; and as for expatiating upon the boldness and vigour of a Roman medal, that with him was quite out of the question. It is true that he had a collection of gems, impressions mostly taken from the antique, though certainly made with very little discrimination as to their superior excellence in point of art in comparison with those by his contemporaries Birch, Merchant, and Tassie; for he would be as highly pleased with an inferior imitation of an antique as with an original of the choicest excellence. In placing the various subjects in boxes, he never attended to any kind of classification whatever, since it was the same thing to him whether they were sacred or profane, and a figure of Eve or a Susannah was placed with that of a Lucretia or a Leda. His heads, though they were certainly kept by themselves, could boast of no better arrange-

ment, as that of Hannibal was placed next to one of Flora. This mode of jumbling of eminent characters together reminded me of Lingo, the schoolmaster, who, in 'The Agreeable Surprise,'<sup>1</sup> asks Cowslip, the dairymaid, if she had ever heard of Homer, Hercules, or Wat Tyler.

His assemblage of plaster-casts from the antique had experienced very little augmentation since his departure from Rome, where he had purchased most of them at a trifling rate from the boys of Lucca, who at that time exhibited them for sale at fairs. His studio certainly could not boast of a vestibule of statues as large as life—a most gratifying sight to the sculptor's visitors so beautifully displayed in the galleries of Chantrey and Westmacott—but, on the contrary, Nollekens' walls were principally covered with heads, arms, legs, hands, and feet, moulded from some of the most celebrated specimens abroad, together with a few casts of bas-reliefs of figures, and here and there a piece of foliage from the Vatican, all of which were hung up without the least reference whatever to each other.

Nollekens paid but little attention to the productions of the ancients, though, indeed, I have seen him finish up the feet of his female figures from those of the statue of the Venus de Medicis, the English women, his constant models, having very bad toes in consequence of their abominable habit of wearing small and pointed shoes. My

<sup>1</sup> 'The Agreeable Surprise' was a musical farce, by John O'Keefe, brought out at The Haymarket in 1781. It was long a great favourite with the public.—ED.

worthy friend, Joseph Bonomi, was sure to incur his displeasure whenever he discovered him studying the antique, and Nollekens would often chide him for not trusting more to Nature. I am, however, perfectly convinced that if Nollekens had looked with more love towards the antique his Venuses would have been considerably benefited, particularly in their ankles, which in many instances are too thick, and certainly remind me of Fuseli's observation, that 'they were Goltzius' legs.'

We seldom find hereditary succession in art, nor can I recollect a single instance in which the son of an eminent painter or sculptor has equalled the talent of his father; neither have I been able to discover in the works of any pupil merit equal to that of his great master; and I believe that it will be found that the artists of the highest genius have sprung from the lowest schools, or have arisen to the pinnacle of fame by their own strength of mind and persevering application.

I do not mean here to insert an extended list of the bright living instances of a Lawrence, or a Wilkie, a Chantrey, a Westmacott, a Turner, a Stothard, a Collins, etc., in support of my position, but shall principally confine my assertion to other eminent men who have already quitted this world, commencing with some of foreign countries and concluding with those of England. Michael Angelo, during the time he was with his master Domenico, corrected one of that artist's drawings to the astonishment of all the schools. The sublime Raffaele soon excelled his master, Pietro Perugino; and

Antonio Correggio owed all his wonderful powers to Nature, his master, Francesco Bianchi, being but of slender talent. The instructor of the inimitable Claude Lorraine, Agostino Tassi, merely taught him the method of preparing his colours ; whilst Claude's famous contemporary, Nicolo Poussin, had for his master Ferdinand Elle and L'Allement, who were both men of feeble abilities. How much did Rubens surpass his preceptors, Tobias Verhaccht, Adam Van Oort, and Octavio Van Veen ! How wonderfully did Rembrandt exceed his tutors, Zwanenburg, Lastman, and Pinas ! Albert Cuyp's pictures eminently stand before those of his father ; and how far superior are the pictures of our own Dobson to the productions of the English artists who preceded him, for his master was nothing more than a stationer and a picture-dealer ! The immortal Hogarth was the apprentice of Ellis Gamble, a silversmith, who employed him to engrave arms and shop-bills ; and that exquisite landscape-painter, Richard Wilson, courted Nature alone, under every variety of aërial tint, and his finest pictures display all her sparkling sunny freshness after a summer shower.

Gainsborough was another of Nature's pupils ; and it might be said of him, as it has been said of Shakespeare, that he 'warbled his native wood-notes wild.' The portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds' master, Thomas Hudson, would hardly be admitted into our present minor exhibitions ; and the pictures painted by the instructor of the late venerable President West, Raffaele Mengs, sink exceedingly low



when they are mentioned with the works of his pupil. It will also be recollected that Zoffany was originally only a decorator of clock-dials.

Our three most eminent engravers, too, have never been equalled in any part of the globe, though William Woollett's master, Tinney,<sup>1</sup> was so insignificant an artist that Strutt, in his 'Biographical Dictionary,' has not thought proper to give the least account of him; Sir Robert Strange's tutor was Cooper,<sup>2</sup> an obscure engraver in Scotland; and William Sharp,<sup>3</sup> who has immortalized himself in his production from Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of John Hunter, was originally an engraver of the letters upon pewter-pots, dog-collars, door-plates, visiting-cards, etc., and he assured me that the only difference he ever had with William Byrne,<sup>4</sup> the landscape-engraver, was respecting the quantity of door-plates they had engraved, Sharp insisting upon his claim to the greatest number by some hundreds.

<sup>1</sup> John Tinney, a mezzotint engraver, died in Paris in 1761.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Cooper was the father of Richard, the drawing-master, who lately died at Eltham. The errors into which Mr. Strutt has fallen respecting the two Coopers will, I doubt not, be entirely rectified by Mr. Ottley in his 'Dictionary of Engravers,' a work which, in the expectation of everyone who is acquainted with that gentleman's great accuracy and most extensive knowledge of the subject, will supersede all others hitherto published.—SMITH. This elder Cooper was also Richard. He died in 1764, and was both engraver and portrait-painter.—ED.

<sup>3</sup> Born in 1749, died 1824. He was one of the ardent supporters of Joanna Southcott.—ED.

<sup>4</sup> 1743-1805.—ED.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Nollekens' new drawing-room—Caleb Whitefoord's attentions to Nollekens—Cross-readings—Goldsmith's 'Retaliation'—Whitefoord's letter to his nephew—Mrs. Nollekens, her servant, and her acquaintances—Her death and funeral—Subsequent conduct of Mr. Nollekens—Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Paradise—A Garrick play-bill—Mrs. Lloyd's will—Her death—Eccentricities of Mr. Nollekens—Mr. Barnard's Italian drawings—Jernigan's lottery medal—Nollekens and his sitters—George III.'s wig—The sculptor's family—Bat Pidgeon's shop.

UPON the demise of Miss Welch,<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Nollekens, her sister, who had been most grievously disappointed in the bequest of her household furniture, to the great astonishment of her friends, and particularly of her husband, purchased articles perfectly new in order to improve her drawing-room, which had remained for years as it was originally fitted up, increasing in nothing but dirt. So great was the change for the better, that for some time she only allowed her friends to take a peep in at the door now and then, while she held it what is often called ajar. Nor could she think of per-

<sup>1</sup> The late Mrs. Lloyd, R.A., informed Mrs. Nichols, her confidential domestic, that Miss Welch, after her father's death, whilst she was abroad, frequently travelled as a man, with sword and bag, attended by a man-servant only.—SMITH.

mitting even her set visitors to stay the evening in that room, as the stupid servant had forgotten to light a fire in it; so that, after they had been shown up, they were unavoidably obliged to be entertained—if it might be allowed that her parties were ever entertained—in the parlour with Nolly, where there had been a comfortable fire constantly kept up during the whole of the inclement season.

In the summer, in order to let in a little fresh air, the sashes were thrown up, either to enable her to appear blowing the chaff from her canary bird's trough, or watering a delicate sprig or two of myrtle, which had been kindly presented to her by Mr. Whitefoord, whose sharp little eyes had been for some years so closely fixed upon No. 9, Mortimer Street that he never suffered a week to pass without inviting them by some small present to recollect his kind remembrance of them, and by way of a pretty good instance of his tender anxiety for the continuance of his dear Nolly's health. By way of proving my assertion, I here insert a copy of an endearing epistle shown to me by Nollekens. This 'wine merchant' and excellent connoisseur in old pictures had more prudence in sending his presents to a man enormously rich than to a fellow-creature whose frame was shivering for the want of a trifle to procure him a basin of broth and a night's lodging :

'DEAR NOLLY,

'Here is a fleecy hosiery shirt for you—put it on immediately, and also the breastplate. They will keep you warm and comfortable during the cold weather—keep you free from rheumatism, and prolong your life.

‘I intended’ to have delivered this myself, but I have not been out to-day.

‘Yours sincerely,

‘C. WHITEFOORD.

‘Wednesday evening.’

At this time Caleb was so constant a guardian of Nollekens’ knocker, that no one ventured to cope with his wit on that sculptor’s threshold, for, like Goldsmith’s goose,<sup>1</sup> he stoutly kept up his right to the pond’s side.

‘The pond,’ she said, ‘was hers, and she would maintain her right in it and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens—nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper.’

Advanced on the journey of life as Nollekens was, little did this ‘cross-reader’ imagine that the road he was treading was straiter for him, and that an earlier period was fixed for his own departure from what most persons are scrambling for—the good things of this life, as they are called by the worldly traveller. Whitefoord left us, and by his death, though Nollekens lost his primest of wits, his high reputation as a stockholder gained him a host of flatterers, for he was immediately and constantly assailed by foxes from all quarters ; and one considered himself sure of the prey, by inviting him to take a peep at a jackdaw which perched every morning upon a pretty almond-tree in full blossom, near to which he himself lay, at a short distance from the Metropolis.

<sup>1</sup> See Goldsmith’s ‘*Essay on the Irresolution of Youth.*’—SMITH.

Whitefoord, who never ventured abroad but with a full determination to be noticed, dressed himself foppishly, particularly so in some instances. It is true he did not upon trivial occasions sport the strawberry embroidery of Cosway, yet he was considered extravagantly dashing in a sparkling black button, which for many years he continued to display within a loop upon a rosette on his three-cornered hat, which he was sure to take off whenever he considered bowing politically essential. The wig worn by him for years when he was at the summit of notoriety had five curls on each side, and he was one of the last gentlemen who wore the true Garrick cut.<sup>1</sup>

So delighted was Mr. Whitefoord with his celebrated 'cross-readings,' that he liberally distributed among his friends specimens of some of the most whimsical, which he had been at the expense of printing upon small single sheets. As one of these trifles, which are now considered rarities, was preserved by my father, I am enabled to treat the reader with a few specimens, which may be considered, by those who are not fond of long digressions, quite enough :

'Yesterday Dr. Pretyman preached at St. James's—  
And perform'd it with ease in less than sixteen minutes.'

'The sword of state was carried—  
Before Sir John Fielding, and committed to Newgate.'

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<sup>1</sup> This peculiar wig, with five curls on each side, was brought into fashion by David Garrick, and its cut is precisely engraven by Sherwin in his portrait of the actor done for Davies' Memoirs.—SMITH.

‘Several changes are talked of at Court—  
Consisting of 9,050 triple bob-majors.’

‘Removed to Marylebone, for the benefit of the air—  
The City and Liberties of Westminster.’

‘We hear a treaty of marriage is concluded—  
For £50 a side, between the noted Dyer and the famous Naylor.’

‘Sunday night many noble families were alarmed—  
By the constable of the watch, who apprehended them at cards.’

An assertion has been credited by many persons that Goldsmith was not the author of the postscript now printed with his poem entitled ‘Retaliation,’ but that it was written by Caleb Whitefoord, whom it celebrates, and who now and then endeavoured to imitate his manner. It may be true that the lines were conveyed to the editor of the fifth edition<sup>1</sup> by one of their mutual friends, and that they were not produced before the Doctor’s death ; but certainly the length of praise bestowed upon Whitefoord in the postscript has been considered unconscionably long as well as uncommonly great, especially for a man whose qualifications could never rank him with Burke or Reynolds. The author of ‘Retaliation,’ however, thought proper to confine his praise of those immortal men to a considerably less number than *eighteen lines*.

The late Charles Smith,<sup>2</sup> painter to the Great

<sup>1</sup> This edition is of 1774. The additional lines were accompanied by an anonymous letter, purporting to authenticate them. Curiously enough, although Whitefoord lived on till 1810, no further light was ever thrown on the subject, and in all probability he forged both lines and letter.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Born in 1749, he went to India in 1793, returned three years later, and died in 1824.—ED.

Mogul, favoured me, through my worthy friend, Thomas Gilliland, Esq., author of the celebrated pamphlet of 'Diamond cut Diamond,' and, I believe, about sixteen or seventeen others in defence and support of the English Government, with a letter which he received from his uncle, Caleb Whitefoord, who was particularly anxious to witness his nephew's advancement; and as it is in some instances connected with the arts, I shall here introduce a copy of it, leaving out two or three paragraphs of a private family nature :

'DEAR CHARLES,

'I have intended to write to you for several days past, but have delayed it in expectation of a frank, which I have got at last.

'I received your Nymph with the Infant Bacchus and a Satyr, which I think a very pretty picture. I also asked some Royal Academicians to view it, viz., Northcote, Cosway, etc., who approved of it much; it is well composed, and beautifully coloured; but the hangmen at the Exhibition have not hung it in a conspicuous situation; it is placed in the ante-room, and pretty high; but they have done the same with two very pretty pictures of the President himself, so you must not complain. . . . I have been proceeding in my canvas for the Associateship, and have great hopes of success—indeed, it is a thing I have much at heart, for I wish much to see you a Royal Academician. Sir Joshua's pictures are *not* to be sold *this* year; but in a few days Sir Thomas Dundas's collection is to come under Greenwood's hammer. What a pity it is that we are not rich!

'I am now completing the arrangement of the Octagon Room;<sup>1</sup> but

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<sup>1</sup> This Octagon Room, with an upper light, one of a suite in the Adelphi, built purposely for him by his friend Adam, was considered by Mr. Christie of so excellent a shape for the exhibition of pictures that he adopted it when he fitted up his great room in King Street, St. James's Square; so that all pictures consigned to him for public sale are sure of receiving an equally good light. The advantage derived from the octagonal shape is that pictures are not continued up to the corners, as they most commonly are in a square room, where it is impossible to stand to view them to that advantage under which

my Correggio is too fine to hang up. It is put into a handsome mahogany case, and kept under lock and key.

'Mr. Barry has been to see it, and declares it to be the most capital picture he had ever beheld; and I bought it at a public sale for £9 9s.

'I am, with compliments to Sir John,<sup>1</sup>

'Dear Charles, yours, etc.,

'C. WHITEFOORD.

'Since your worship has been gone, I have taken mightily to the young kitten; she is a very clever kit-cat, and I have taken some pains about her education; she skips about like a monkey, and sits up like a Christian.'

In closing these notices of Mrs. Nollekens, I must not forget to mention her servant, Mary Fairy. Her features, though tolerably handsome, were not equal to her figure—her arms were excellent; but it is pretty well known that her master was rather afraid of her, since she scolded him as well as Mrs. Nollekens, and, indeed, was frequently so rude to his visitors that her conduct appeared more like an overbearing mistress of a mansion than a dependent. Mr. Joseph, an associate of the Royal Academy, when painting the portrait of the Hon. Mr. Perceval from Mr. Nollekens' mask, taken from that gentleman's face after death, happened once to mention Mary Fairy in the

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they are seen when the corners of a square are brought out to form the octagon.—SMITH.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Macpherson, who had been Governor of Bengal, and to whom Charles Smith dedicated a musical entertainment in two acts, entitled 'A Trip to Bengal,' to which a portrait of the author is prefixed, engraved by S. W. Reynolds from a picture painted by himself. This entertainment, consisting of fifty-two pages, was printed in 1802 for J. Ridgway, and Black and Parry, London. At the end is a Glossary of Hindostanee words used in the work.—SMITH.



presence of Mrs. Nollekens, who, with her precision of emphasis, said, 'Yes, sir; she is Mr. Nollekens' Venus, sir.' Mrs. Nollekens was at this time recollecting, with tears in her eyes, that she had herself in former days been flattered with that appellation from no less a character than the Marquis of Rockingham, who observed to Mr. Nollekens, soon after his marriage: 'Ah, Nollekens, we now see where you get your Venuses!'

One morning, when a fifer and drummer were row-de-dowing to a newly-married couple at the Sun and Horseshoe at the opposite house to Nollekens', she observed that her father, Mr. Welch, used to say that fifing-boys were first introduced in the army by the Culloden Duke of Cumberland. I do not recollect an earlier representation of a fifing-boy than that introduced by Hogarth in his picture of the 'March to Finchley.'

Mrs. Nollekens' female acquaintances were not all equally well or wisely selected, some of them having been opera-singers, and others servants to their husbands, or in some instances worse. Upon this egregious want of common decorum, her late steady, amiable, and universally-respected friend, Mrs. Carter, would now and then rate her roundly, particularly when she perceived her to pay increasing attention to ladies for whom the world never cared, nor even spoke to till after their marriage.

'You can clearly see,' she observed one day during a sale of choice china at Christie's, 'that duck-footed woman, your "dear friend," as you

have just been pleased to call her, is not at all noticed by the wives of those gentlemen to whom her husband is known. They all shun her as they would a wife who had been made over to her husband with what her former possessor considered a handsome consideration. Indeed, my old friend, you should at all events be a little more cautious in your epithets, or you will at last, like her, pass unnoticed.' The truth was, that Mrs. Carter began to perceive that whenever persons of rank noticed Mrs. Nollekens, it was only with the distant condescension of, 'I hope Mr. Nollekens is well?'

Having given the reader a sufficient number of anecdotes concerning the manners and peculiarities of Mrs. Nollekens, the Pekuah<sup>1</sup> of Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas,' who will always retain a lasting seat among my most pleasant recollections, I come now to speak of her death, long previously to which her emaciated frame had existed without the use of its limbs. She was at length relieved from her sufferings in the drawing-room of her husband's house, No. 9, Mortimer Street, on August 17, 1817, in the seventy-fourth year of her age, and was interred in the public vault under Paddington Church, on

<sup>1</sup> A short time before Mrs. Nollekens' death a gentleman, in looking round Nollekens' studio, inquired after her health, observing that he had not seen her for some time. 'Oh!' answered the artist, 'she's bad, very bad; she's now in bed. There's a mould of her spine down in that corner; see how crooked it is.' Little did Pekuah think, when her elegantly-formed figure was attired in her wedding-dress, that her admiring husband would one day display a cast of her deformed spine.

—SMITH.

the 25th of the same month. The funeral was handsome. There were eleven mourners, namely, Mr. Nollekens, and Mr. Peck of the Temple (one of his two cousins), Mr. Woodcock (one of Mrs. Nollekens' cousins), Mr. John Taylor (Frank Hayman's only surviving pupil), Mr. Joseph Bonomi (Mr. Nollekens' pupil), Mr. Gahagan (one of his principal carvers), etc.

Mrs. Nollekens, who was fond of using lofty sentences, even upon the most trifling occasions, in her will styled her husband 'The sun of my life.' Upon this expression a literary man, who at that time was slightly known to Mr. Nollekens, passed many compliments; though, as a reader, he might have known that the idea was borrowed from old Fuller, who says, when speaking of a female who had been kind to him in sickness, 'She was the medicine of my life.'

Upon the death of Mrs. Nollekens, her husband, who had received the condolence of Mrs. Zoffany, Mrs. Lloyd, and other steady old friends, conducted himself with all possible dolefulness and customary propriety, pacing his room up and down with his hands in his pockets, and for a time, I really believe, felt the want of her company, deplorable as it had been for the last three years. However, many ladies stoutly maintain an opinion that very few gentlemen die of grief for their departed wives; and that short and not very distant removals to a lively prospect where new faces may be seen generally bring about a change in the worldly affairs of men. And as if he had been for too

long a time what is usually denominated 'hen-pecked,' Mr. Nollekens soon sported two mould-candles instead of one, took wine oftener, sat up later, laid in bed longer, and would, though he made no change whatever in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visitor to dine with him ; and I have been informed that the late Rev. Thomas Kerrich, principal librarian of the University Library of Cambridge, to my very great astonishment, had stomach enough to partake of one of his repasts. As for my part, his viands were so dirtily cooked with half-melted butter, mountains high of flour, and his habits of eating so filthy, that he never could prevail upon me to sicken myself at any one of his feasts.

He continued now and then to amuse himself with his modelling-clay, and frequently gave tea and other entertainments to some one of his old models, who generally left his house a bank-note or two richer than they arrived. Indeed, so stupidly childish was he at times, that one of his Venuses, who had grown old in her practices, coaxed him out of £10 to enable her to make him a plum-pudding ; and he grew so luxuriantly brilliant in his ideas of morning pleasures, that he would frequently, on a Sunday particularly, order a hackney-coach to be sent for, and take Taylor, Bonomi, Goblet, and sometimes his neighbour, the publican's wife from the Sun and Horseshoe, a ride out of town of about ten or twelve miles before dinner. Now and then, however, in consequence of his neglecting his former cautious custom of bargaining

for the fare before he started, he had a dispute with the coachman on his return as to the exact distance, to the no small amusement of Bronze and his brawny old Scotch nurse, a woman whose blotchy skin and dirty habits even Nollekens declared to be most obnoxious to his feelings, and wretchedly nasty in her mode of dressing his victuals.

I must freely declare that in some respects Nollekens, aged as he was, attempted to practise the usual method of renovation of some of that species of widowers who have not the least inclination whatever to follow their wives too hastily. Mrs. Nollekens had left him with his handsome maid, who became possessed of her mistress's wardrobe, which she quickly sold and cut up to her advantage. Her common name of Mary soon received the adjunct of Pretty from her kind master himself, who seldom took the liberty of addressing her without it. As it soon appeared, however, that 'pretty Mary,' who had an eye to her master's disengaged hand, took upon herself mightily, and used her master rather roughly, she was one day very properly, though unceremoniously, put out of the house before her schemes were brought to perfection.

I must not, however, quit Mrs. Nollekens without mentioning some circumstances of her survivor, Mrs. Lloyd. She now and then gave the retort-courteous to Mrs. Paradice, a woman she detested, and who once allowed her passion to overpower her good sense, of which in general she had a pretty good share; which overflowing of her gall took place at Mrs. Nollekens' table when Dr. Johnson

was present. Mrs. Paradise's figure was so neat and small that Mrs. Lloyd called her a sylph. 'Better to be so,' rejoined Mrs. P., 'than to be as dull-looking and blind as a mole.' 'Mole as I am,' said Mrs. Lloyd, 'I never added to the weight of Paul Jodrell's phaeton.' 'Fie! fie! my dears,' exclaimed the Doctor, 'no sparring; off with your mufflers, and fight it fairly out!'

At this time Miss Welch, who communicated this anecdote to me, frowned at Mrs. Nollekens for suffering her house to be made the seat of discord; and that lady particularly requested Mrs. Paradise, for whom she entertained no high respect, to suspend the altercation, adding that such remarks were not altogether ladylike. Mrs. Lloyd, though she was pretty honest in what she at any time said, continued to bear no ill-will towards her little antagonist, as will appear by the following extract of a letter which she wrote to Mr. West in 1805:

'I am glad that our old acquaintance, Mrs. Paradise, got safe to America. Although she and I used to say unkind things sometimes to each other, I should have been sorry any harm had happened to her, as I think she has many worthy qualities; in consideration of which, when she is out of my sight I like her very well, and can think of her with commiseration.'

Mrs. Lloyd was so near-sighted that her nose, when she was painting, was within an inch of the canvas; and it is astonishing, with such an infirmity, about which Mrs. Paradise exposed herself by ignorantly comparing her to a mole, that she could display such harmony in her performances. Her pictures of flowers, for which she was so deservedly famed, possess a tasteful elegance of

composition, a clearness of colouring, and, in most instances, exquisite finishing. She was remarkably choice in the colour she used, preferring ultramarine upon all occasions wherever blue was required. My worthy friend Mr. Sharp,<sup>1</sup> the painter of 'The King, God bless him!' purchased Mrs. Lloyd's colour-box, in which he found a curious colour twisted up in one of Garrick's playbills, which, with his usual good-nature, he gave to me. This bill is valuable for more points than one, as the play which it announced was to be performed on May 7 for the benefit of the poor debtors in the Marshalsea Prison; and as it has been considered a great curiosity by many of the numerous playbill collectors to whom it has been shown, I shall here insert a copy of it.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRISONERS

*Confined for Debt in the Marshalsea Prison, Southwark.*

(Being their first application of this kind.)

THEATRE ROYAL, in *Drury Lane*,

On *Monday next*, being the 7th of *May*,

Will be presented a Comedy, called,

THE PROVOKED WIFE.

The part of *Sir John Brute* to be performed  
by Mr. GARRICK.

*Constant*, by Mr. Havard.

*Heartfree*, by Mr. Palmer.

*Col. Bully* (with proper Songs), by Mr. Beard.

*Razor*, by Mr. Yates.

*Lord Rake*, by Mr. Blakes.\*

*Lady Fanciful*, by Mrs. CLIVE.

*Belinda*, by Mrs. Willoughby.

*Mademoiselle*, by Mrs. Green.

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<sup>1</sup> Michael William Sharp, a painter of jocose and social pictures. He survived until 1840.—ED.

And the part of *Lady Brute*, to be performed by

Mrs. PRITCHARD.

With Dancing,

By Mons. Grandchamps, Mad. Aurette, Mr. Mathews, &c.

To which will be added a Farce, called,

DUKE AND NO DUKE.

The part of *Trappolin* to be performed

by Mr. WOODWARD.

Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. First Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s.

Tickets to be had at the *Marshalsea Prison, Southwark*, and of Mr. Hobson, at the Stage-door, of whom places may be taken.

On *Tuesday* next, *Love's Last Shift*. For the Benefit of Mr. *Dunbar*, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Atkinson*, Mr. *Prichard*, and Mr. *Bride*.

Mrs. Mary Lloyd leaving a will which she wrote herself, and in which appear the names both of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, Mrs. Benjamin West, with her usual kindness, has enabled me to lay the following copy before the reader :

‘ Written in the year one thousand eight hundred and one.

‘ This is the last Will and Testament of me, Mary Lloyd, widow of the late Hugh Lloyd, Esq. I am now residing in John Street, in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. First, I direct that all my just debts, funeral expenses, and the charges of the Probate of this my Will, shall be paid by my Executors hereinafter named. I give and bequeath unto Joseph Nollekens, Esq., of Mortimer Street, and Joseph Moser, Esq., of Princes Street, Spitalfields, and the survivor, and the executors, administrators, or assigns of such survivor, all my money in the public funds called the Long Annuities, upon trust that they the said Joseph Nollekens and the said Joseph Moser, or the survivor of them, or the executors, administrators, or assigns of such survivor of them, shall and do, during the natural life of my cousin Elizabeth Graham, wife of John Graham, pay and apply out of the interest or dividends in the Long Annuities, forty pounds every year to her use ; and I direct that the said Elizabeth Graham shall receive the dividends herself at the Bank ; and I direct that the said Elizabeth receive the forty pounds a year free and clear of and from all tax, charge, and deductions whatever ; and after the decease of the aforesaid Elizabeth Graham, I direct that the eight hundred



pounds, from which the dividends of forty pounds were paid, shall be divided amongst the children of the said Elizabeth in equal shares, if she should not make a will; but if she should make a will in favour of any child or children, the eight hundred pounds, after her decease, shall be divided according to such will; but the money must not be willed by the said Elizabeth Graham to any person or persons except her children, unless she should survive them all; in that case she may give the eight hundred pounds to whom she pleases after her decease; and I direct that the said Elizabeth Graham shall not make over to any one person or persons the beforenamed dividends of forty pounds per year, but always receive the interest herself of the eight hundred pounds. I give and bequeath to my dear friend Mary Nollekens, the wife of Joseph Nollekens, fifty pounds, to be transferred to her out of the Long Annuities. I give and bequeath to Juliet Moser, the wife of Joseph Moser, fifty pounds, to be transferred to her out of the Long Annuities. I give and bequeath to John Graham, husband of Elizabeth Graham, fifty pounds, to be transferred to him out of the Long Annuities. I give and bequeath to Conradt Habbick, of Schafhausen, the nephew of my father George Michel Moser, twenty guineas; if he should be dead, the money to be divided among my executors. I give and bequeath to my cousin Rachel Schewier, the wife of Jacques Schewier, late residing at Neuwied, twenty guineas. If the said Rachel Schewier should be dead, I direct the twenty guineas to be paid to her son; if he should be dead, I give it to my executors. I give and bequeath to Elizabeth West, wife of Benjamin West, Esq., fifty pounds, to be transferred to her out of the Long Annuities. I give and bequeath to George Panbury the Elder, twenty guineas. I give my silver teapot, and my silver caddy, and silver milk-ewer, to Charlotte Harward, the wife of Charles Harward, Esq., with my best wishes for her prosperity. I give and bequeath to Maria Cosway, the wife of Richard Cosway, twenty guineas for a ring. I desire that my drawings, prints, and books of prints, may be divided between Benjamin West, Esq., and Joseph Nollekens, Esq., and that they may make them into two parcels, and draw lots for them. I desire that Richard Cosway, Esq., may choose any three pictures he pleases. I give to Francis Ellis, daughter of Hugh Ellis, Esq., of Carnarvon, my ring with my late husband's hair; it is set round with diamonds; and twenty guineas. To the servant who lives with me at the time of my death I give ten pounds.

'The residue of my fortune of every kind I give to my cousin Joseph Moser, Esq.

'As I have written the above with my own hand, I am informed

a witness is not required ; and I do constitute, nominate, and appoint the aforesaid Joseph Nollekens and Joseph Moser executors of this my last will.

‘MARY LLOYD,  
22nd Aug., 1801.

‘I request to be buried in the same grave with my late husband, Hugh Lloyd, Esq., if I should die in this country.

‘MARY LLOYD.’<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Lloyd, who was much respected by the Royal Family, was visited by the late Queen Charlotte, and had also the honour to receive the following letter from her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth :

‘MY DEAR MRS. LLOYD,

‘To show you that though out of sight you are not out of mind, I send you a very quiet, sober-coloured gown, to show you that you have a sincere and old friend in

‘ELIZA.’<sup>2</sup>

‘Jan. 20th.’

Mrs. Lloyd died at ten o’clock on Sunday morning, May 2, 1819, in the front second-floor room of her lodgings, No. 21, Upper Thornhaugh Street, Tottenham Court Road, and was buried on the 10th of the same month at Kensington, in the grave of her husband, according to her request.

Mr. Nollekens was not very particular as to the material he used to render his skin clean. Whenever he had been modelling, a small bit of clay commonly answered the purpose, and, after shaving,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lloyd, when Miss Moser, obtained the following premiums from the Society of Arts :

In 1758, for a drawing, £5 5s.

In 1759, for a ditto, £5 5s.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> The original is in the possession of Mrs. Nichols, who kindly permitted me to copy it.—SMITH.

the barber's cloth, upon which a variety of customers had already wiped themselves, was considered both convenient and economical.

He took snuff, but seldom used his handkerchief; and the custom of the common drovers was too often practised by him to render the assistance of that truly cleanly article necessary upon all occasions. By long experience he was convinced that employing the common shoe-cleaner was by far the cheapest mode, for that by standing over him when he was putting on the blacking to the brush he had a pennyworth for his halfpenny, so that when he wanted to go out two days running, the quantity of blacking enabled him, with a little moisture applied to his own shiner, to make them do. He chewed tobacco, it mattered not to him whether shag or pigtail; and for the most part his supply was gratuitous by his sawyer or his polisher, who both kept in his good opinion by continuing the habit of chewing it, and they both were equally eager to allow their polished iron-box to shine in the sun whenever he came to converse with them, upon either the clearness or softness of the stone upon which they were engaged.

Snuff was a luxury he at all times expected to find in the studio, and was highly pleased that the generality of its takers preferred rappee, and also that they confined their custom to the same shop—Simpson's, in Princes Street—as the varieties of manufacture were apt to render his nose sore. But it was very remarkable that at one time, when he was an extensive snuff-taker, he would put up with

an early pinch of Scotch from a North Briton, who industriously made seven days in the week by attending an hour earlier and staying an hour later than the rest of his workmen. Nollekens certainly kept a box, but then it was very often in his other coat-pocket, an apology frequently made when he partook of that refreshment at the expense of another.

If any one of his labourers found a feather and tied it to the string of the oil-bottle, to enable Nollekens to oil the locks, bars, bolts, and hinges of the doors, without wasting the oil upon a worn-out quill, he was delighted beyond measure. The man who put it there was sure to be questioned as to the place he found it in ; and if he happened to say Oxford Market, Nollekens exulted upon reflecting that he stood some chance of having his sixpennyworth for the money the butchers exacted of him for exhibiting to him their house of snow.

Nollekens had no wish to visit those gardens of Damascus at Kensington, shaded by lofty trees and adorned by fragrant shrubs, under whose refreshing shades he might have enjoyed the cooling breezes from the waters. The place in which he most delighted was Primrose Hill, where he was to be seen in the summer season, either fagging up or running down its heated declivities, almost destitute of even bramble or brier. Often have I been nearly scorched to death when walking with him, as he invariably gave preference to the sunny side of the street, while his dog Cerberus, by way of a treat, walked in the shade.

John Barnard, Esq., nicknamed Jacky Barnard, who was very fond of showing his collection of Italian drawings, expressed surprise that Mr. Nollekens did not pay a sufficient attention to them. 'Yes I do,' replied he; 'but I saw many of them at Jenkins's, at Rome, while the man was making them for my friend Crone, the artist, one of your agents.' This so offended Mr. Barnard, who piqued himself upon his judgment, that he scratched Nollekens out of his will.

Walking with Mr. Nollekens to see Mr. Grignon's pictures, consigned to him from Rome by his brother Charles, just as we were going up to his door, No. 10, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, Mr. Nollekens regretted that he had left home without putting the Jernigan medal into his pocket, as Mr. Grignon had promised to give him some account of it.

What information Mr. Nollekens obtained I know not; but I find that in one of Mr. Grignon's interesting letters to me upon my Covent Garden collections, he mentions it in the following words:

'Henry Jernigan was a silversmith and Roman Catholic banker, residing in London, and had offices in Jermyn Street and Great Russell Street, and in the house in which I now reside. He had a lottery for jewellery which he could not dispose of,<sup>1</sup> and to those persons who were unfortunate he presented medals. The number of his tickets amounted to 30,000, at seven or ten shillings each.'

Jernigan died October 8, 1761, was buried in the churchyard of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and upon

<sup>1</sup> A large cistern of silver was the grand prize.—SMITH.

his tombstone are the following lines by Aaron Hill :

‘ All that *accomplished body* lends mankind,  
 From earth receiving, he to earth resign’d.  
 All that e’er graced a soul, from *Heaven* he drew,  
 And took back with him, as an angel’s due.’

‘ You must sometimes be much annoyed,’ observed a lady, addressing herself to Mr. Nollekens, ‘ by the ridiculous remarks made by your sitters and their flattering friends after you have produced a good likeness.’ ‘ No, ma’am, I never allow anybody to fret me. I tell ’em all, “ If you don’t like it, don’t take it.” ’ This may be done by an artist who is what is usually termed ‘ tiled in ’; but the dependent man is sometimes known to submit to observations, as the witty Northcote has stated, even from ‘ nursery-maids, both wet and dry.’ This observation occurs in a paper addressed to Prince Hoare, dated June 20, 1807, in an entertaining work edited by that gentleman, entitled ‘ The Artist.’

Notwithstanding the professed independence of Nollekens, however, he not unfrequently has been known to appear to comply with the wishes of his employers, who in most instances consider they have an unequivocal right to maintain their ignorant opinions for articles bespoke by them, and for which they are to give cheques ; and so they certainly have, if they confine their observations to their household furniture. But I must declare that persons of real taste and good sense are at all times better pleased with a work of art that has

emanated entirely from the mind of a talented man, who has deeply studied his subject. Nollekens, I was about to observe, at times, like many other sculptors, played off the old practice by pretending to cut away whenever the employer pronounced a lip too pouting, an eye too crow-footed, or a brow too severe. This deception of cutting away is effected by the help of a little stone-dust, which the sculptor allows to fall gradually from his hand every time he strikes his chisel or moves his rasp, until the *critic* cries, 'Stop, stop! don't cut away too much; that will do admirably well. Now, don't you see, my dear sir, how wonderfully that has improved it?'

Nollekens observed one morning, after he had attended Sir Joshua's lecture at the Royal Academy the preceding evening, that he believed all the deformed students in the Academy had assembled together upon one spot while waiting the opening of the lecture-room, since he had noticed Ryley, Flaxman, the two Edwards, Crone, and Feary.

Whenever Nollekens was asked in the presence of his wife if he had any family, she would answer, pointing to his figures, 'A very great family, sir. All these are Mr. Nollekens' children; and as they behave so well, and never make a noise, they shall be his representatives,' at the same time making a most formal curtesy to Mr. Nollekens.

He seldom wrote long letters: Lady Newborough was one of the most favoured of this friends. To her he wrote long epistles; and so 'unbosomed

himself,' as he called it, by offering his advice about her domestic concerns, that she was pleased, when she wrote in reply, to call him her father.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, when such immense numbers of priests threw themselves upon the hospitality of this country, Nollekens was highly indignant at the great quantity of bread they consumed. 'Why, do you know, now,' said he, 'there's one of 'em living next door but one to me that eats two whole quartern loaves a day to his own share ! and I am sure the fellow's body could not be bigger if he was to eat up his blanket.'

Whenever Nollekens crossed the water he always carried the money the waterman was to have for his fare in his mouth : he kept it between his teeth, not in imitation of Egyptian mummies, whose mouths held a piece of gold to pay old Charon his fare, but in order that he might not, in getting out of the boat, lose his money by taking more out than he wanted.

He never suffered his tenants to remain long after their rents were due without reminding them how matters stood ; and when he applied by letters, he stated that a quarter's rent was due on November 10 last, for which he requested payment to be made on or before Thursday next, by twelve o'clock at noon, having occasion for a sum of money. Of late years, however, in consequence of his having so many houses, he employed an agent to collect for him, so that, at all events, his bodily fatigue was lessened.



Mr. Browne,<sup>1</sup> one of Nollekens' old friends, after having received repeated invitations to 'step in and take pot-luck with him,' one day took him at his word. The sculptor apologized for his entertainment by saying that, as it was Friday, Mrs. Nollekens had proposed to take fish with him, so that they had bought a few sprats, of which he was wiping some in a dish, whilst she was turning others on the gridiron.

One day, when Mr. Nollekens was walking in Cavendish Square, attended by his man Dodimy, he desired him to take up some sop which a boy had just thrown out of a beer-pot, observing that it would make a nice dinner for his dog Cerberus. 'Lord, sir! I take it up!' exclaimed Dodimy. 'What, in the sight of your friends, Lord Bes[s]-borough and Lord Brownlow? See, sir, there's Mr. Shee looking down at you. No, sir, I would not do it if you were even to scratch me!' Whenever Dodimy displeased his master he commonly threatened to scratch him, meaning out of his will, which he finally did, and gave his intended annuity of £30 to his principal assistant, Mr. Goblet, as the long promised provision for himself and family!

As I have given so many instances of the meanness of the wealthy sculptor, I should feel very considerable regret if I omitted to record any act of his which bears the least appearance of liberality ;

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Browne was father to George Howe Browne, Esq., the highly-respected Secretary to the Westminster Fire-Office.—SMITH.

and it gives me pleasure to say that I have been assured by Mr. Turner, the Royal Academician, that when he solicited Mr. Nollekens for his subscription to the Artists' Fund, he inquired how much he wanted from him. 'Only a guinea,' was the answer; upon which the sculptor immediately opened a table-drawer and gave Mr. Turner *thirty guineas*, saying, 'There, take that.' Mr. Bailey,<sup>1</sup> the Royal Academician, was also equally surprised when he applied to him on behalf of the Artists' Society, to which he is a subscriber. And yet this man was continually exercising his thoughts to devise the cheapest meal he could possibly take; and has been seen disputing with a half-starved and slipshod cobbler because he refused to put a few more nails in his shoes, having entered into an agreement to pay him the sum of twopence for their mending!

As a piece of topographical gossip relative to an old house, the fame of which has been perpetuated in the *Spectator*, I shall close the present chapter with the following information touching the renowned shop of Bat Pidgeon.

Mr. Nollekens informed me that his mother took her children to have their hair cut at the Three Pigeons, in the Strand; and having heard my friend Mr. Shel Drake state that that shop had been the one formerly kept by the famous Bat Pidgeon, I begged of him to favour me with what he knew

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hodges Bailey, the sculptor (1788-1867), a pupil and imitator of Flaxman.—ED.

about it, and the following letter is the result of my inquiry :

*' January 18, 1823.*

*' DEAR SIR,*

*' I well remember Bat Pidgeon's house in the Strand ; it was nearly opposite Norfolk Street. It bore a sign of Three Pigeons, underneath which was written, "Bat Pidgeon"; beneath which was another inscription, "late Bat Pidgeon."*

*' Since our conversation I have examined the spot ; the original brickwork of the house is there, but the shop-front has been modernized. The house is now numbered 277, and is inhabited by Mr. Wilson, manufacturer of ornamental hair, etc. I talked with Mr. Wilson, who has no knowledge of his ancestors, if I may so call them, but said he well knows that his house bore the sign of "The Three Pigeons." I remember them and the inscriptions many years of my early life, long after the year 1770, but I cannot recollect the names of Bat's successors.*

*' I enclose Mr. Wilson's card, which will lead you to the house.*

*' I am, dear Sir,*

*' Yours sincerely,*

*' T. SHELDRAKE.*

*' J. T. Smith, Esq.'*

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Nollekens' confessor—Description of the sculptor's house, paintings, etc.—His indifference towards religion and sacred subjects in art—Decoration of churches and exhibition of Westminster Abbey—Mr. Nollekens and Sir William Staines—Anecdotes of Biagio Rebecca—The Pond family—Anthony Pasquin—Canal excursions—Mrs. Lobb and living models—Mr. Nollekens' visit to the British Museum—Recollections of his manners, etc.—Eccentricity in persons of eminent talent—The advantages of greatness—Mr. Nollekens and his patrons and visitors.

MR. NOLLEKENS was in possession of a set of those extremely rare engravings from the Aretin subjects, so often mentioned by print-collectors ; but it so happened, as he was glancing at them one day, that his confessor came in, who insisted upon their being put into the fire before he would give him absolution. I once saw them, and he lent them to Cosway to make tracings from them. However, this loan Cosway stoutly denied, which when Nollekens heard, he exclaimed : ' He's a damned liar ; that everybody knows ! And I know this, that I could hardly get them back again out of his hands.' Upon Nollekens being asked how he, as an artist, could make up his mind to burn them, he answered, ' The priest made me do it ;' and he was now and then seen to shed tears for what he called his folly.

He was frequently questioned thus: 'Where did you get them, sir? Whose were they?' His answer was: 'I brought them all the way from Rome.'

The rigid economy and eccentricity of Mr. Nollekens were scarcely more remarkable in his person and manners than in his dwelling, of which I shall now give the reader a short description. The kitchen was paved with odd bits of stone, close to the dusthole, which was infested with rats. The drains had long been choked up; and the windows were glazed with glass of a smoky-greenish hue, having all the cracked panes carefully puttied. The shelves contained only a bare change of dishes and plates, knives and forks just enough, and those odd ones, the handles of which had undergone a 'sea-change,' from a gray pea-green tint to the yellow tone visible in an overgrown cucumber. No Flanders-brick was ever used to them, a piece of true English was preferred, and brought to Bronze from Marylebone Fields by her master. Nor was the sink often stopped with tea-leaves, since they were carefully saved to sprinkle the best carpet, to lay the dust, before it was swept. The remainder of the furniture consisted of a flat candlestick, with a saveall; but for snuffers Bronze used her scissors, or indeed, upon most occasions, her fingers. Of the dining and sitting-parlour, the description will be familiar to many of the most elegant, witty, and noble characters of the country who have been sitters for their busts to Mr. Nollekens.

That which we will call the dining, sitting, and

sitters' parlour, was the corner room, which had two windows looking south, the entrance to it being on the right hand in the passage from the street door in Mortimer Street. The visitors will recollect that over the chimneypiece there was a three-quarter portrait of the sculptor himself, with a modelling-tool in his hand, leaning with his right elbow upon the bust of the Hon. Charles James Fox, the execution of which brought him both reputation and profit.

The artist's modelling-stool was placed near the street-door window, and the sitter's chair nearer the door, whilst facing the window there were several small models of Venus upon the chimney-piece, over which, and under his own portrait, hung three miniatures, one being of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Edridge, taken from the picture in the club-room in the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street. The other two were of Mrs. Nollekens and Miss Welch, painted by Smart,<sup>1</sup> all of which were presented by the artists.

Between the chimney and the corner window hung two beautiful impressions, one of Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' by Martin Rota, and the other, Raffaele's 'St. Cecilia,' by Marc-Antonio, both from the Blackburn Collection. On the closet-door was suspended a beautiful picture of flowers, by Deheim, which had been the property of Miss Moser, and for which Mr. Nollekens said he gave her forty guineas; and nearer the window hung a drawing of 'Cupid and Psyche,' by Tresham,

<sup>1</sup> John Smart, the elder (1740-1811).—ED.

with another portrait of Nollekens drawn by Smart. This drawing is now in the possession of Mr. Taylor, to whom Mr. Nollekens had formerly promised it.

For many years two pieces of old green canvas were festooned at the lower parts of the windows for blinds, but of late a pretty good glass was placed against the pier. On the west side of the parlour, from the window to the north of the room, hung Mr. Taylor's drawing of Mr. Pitt's statue in a black frame, which almost destroyed its effect; and over it were two pictures, one of Nymphs, by 'Old Nollekens,' the other was of a dog, by Stubbs. Under these appeared the print of 'Three Marys,' after Carracci; and close in the corner by the window upon a bracket was placed a small copy of Raffaele's model of Jonah; whilst between the door and the north end was a small picture with sheep, by Bourgeois; and at the north end, also upon a bracket, stood a small copy of Michael Angelo's figure of Moses.<sup>1</sup>

On the north side of the room hung two landscapes, drawn and presented by Gainsborough; two drawings by Zoffany, also presentations; a drawing by Mr. Taylor of Mr. Nollekens' monument to the memory of Mrs. Howard, of Corby, and a drawing from Cipriani were suspended against the door. Near these were a picture of flowers, by Mrs. Lloyd, and a portrait of Mr. Welch, by Brompton;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Casts of the magnificent originals of these statues are now exhibiting by Mr. Day in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Brompton, portrait painter to the Empress Catharine. He died in St. Petersburg in 1782.—ED.

beside which hung Barry's picture of 'The Origin of Music.' On each side of the chimney was a drawing by Paul Sandby ; and close to the fireplace, though rather out of sight, hung two bits of slate dangling upon a nail, on which Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens kept their separate memoranda of the day's expenditure, for they kept distinct accounts against each other, as to letters, porters employed, or things purchased for the house, etc. Near the corner window was a closet, in which were placed candles—though, as for soap, Bronze declared the house had never known any for forty years—and a few preserves, pickles, or other little presents from persons who had great expectations. Caleb Whitefoord's wine also found a safe depository in this closet, together with an uncut loaf, or a bit of fresh butter, a little scalded milk, a paper containing the academic nutmegs, fragments of string, and old screws and nails, which were picked up as things that might be wanted some time or other.

The drawing-room contained a three-quarter portrait of Mrs. Nollekens, as 'Innocence with a Dove,' painted by her friend Angelica Kauffmann ; on the chimneypiece were several models, particularly the one of Mercury,<sup>1</sup> for which I was standing when Mr. Taylor smelt the leg of pork. There were also three landscapes by Wilson, two of which had been painted for Mr. Welch, and came to Mrs. Nollekens at the death of her sister ; a picture by West, four friezes by Bartolozzi, after

<sup>1</sup> This was promised me by Mr. Nollekens ; however, I purchased it at the sale of his property.—SMITH.



Cipriani, and a drawing by Clarisseau, which hung against the door. This room was decorated with some of the furniture of Mrs. Nollekens' mother.

Mr. Welch's library, which also descended to Mrs. Nollekens, was closely locked up in a small back-room, where she had deposited eleven hundred guineas. They were accumulated after the one and two pound notes were issued, for Mrs. Nollekens, not trusting in the safety of paper currency, prevailed upon most of her tenants to pay her in gold ; which request she walked all the way to Mr. Alderman Combe's brewhouse to make as to the payment for a house rented of her by that firm in Drury Lane. These guineas she would look over pretty often, and weigh in her hands against each other, partly from the enjoyment she felt in counting her wealth, and partly to discover if anyone had been deceiving her with coin short of weight. Her feeling of delight in this occupation is not unhappily expressed in the following lines :

' As these alternate poising in each hand,  
He cries, " This doth—no—no—this weigheth most  
By half a grain or so ; and half a grain  
Of gold is something worth—I'd buy me scales,  
But scales cost *money* ; so I *must* do without 'em."

I very much fear that Mr. Nollekens had no innate love of religion, nor ever dedicated much time to devotion. He was a Roman Catholic because his father had died in that faith ; but his attendance at Warwick Street Chapel, and subsequently at the one in Sutton Street, Soho Square,

was confined, I am sorry to say, to fine Sunday mornings ; his regard to Christianity on a rainy day never extended beyond his own threshold ; nor was he, according to Bronze's assertion, ever known to be in private meditation. He now and then, however, according to the custom of an observant Catholic, received visits from a priest, who confessed him and gave him absolution. He was never known to give money to benefit the Roman Church, but at times he has certainly been seen to extend his charity to a mendicant at the door of the chapel, who cunningly moved him by soliciting alms in the name of St. Francis, the favourite saint of Antwerp, the native city of his father.

In the course of my long acquaintance with his pursuits in art, I never saw a single model by his hand of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, nor even St. Francis ; nor do I believe, during his long practice, that he has once erected a monument to which the cross has been attached ; no doubt he would have been employed by many of the Catholic profession had he applied to them ; though perhaps it was owing to his careless inattention to his duty that those of his own persuasion did not employ him. Whenever Mr. Nollekens spake of the Bible, he did not appear to have a general knowledge of its contents, nor do I recollect his selecting a subject for the exercise of his art from Holy Writ ; and, even farther, I never once heard him observe that such and such a subject would model well.

How different, on the contrary, was the pious mind of Flaxman ; for though he was passionately fond

of Homer, and other authors never noticed by Nollekens, he was never more delighted than when he was engaged upon sacred subjects, as witness his noble designs from the Lord's Prayer ; for how sweetly, and, I was going to say, in how heavenly a manner he has treated them ! I will venture to assert boldly in the face of the unbeliever who may laugh at this page, that if our churches were decorated with sculptured subjects taken from the best and oldest book in the world, their religious sentiments would be much more strongly excited when in a place of public worship than by the filthy exhibition of General Monk's cap, the shoe-buckles worn by Lord Nelson, or a favourite ' Poll Parrot ' of the deceased lady, ' modelled,' as the showmen of the Abbey are pleased to tell the gaping visitors, ' as naturally as life !'

I sincerely hope, however, that a time will come when Westminster Abbey, and all other buildings dedicated to sacred purposes, will be cleared of such mummery and laid open to the free inspection of the public, who may walk about such noble edifices and see the works of ancient and modern art without being invited to pay for the exhibition of wax-work and models of churches which have nothing whatever to do with the edifice itself ; indeed, the former were better destroyed, and the models presented to the Society of Arts. I will also ask the inquiring reader whether it be fair that the public should be obliged to pay for a sight of those monuments which the Government has so liberally erected to perpetuate the memory of those to whom

they have been inscribed? I speak as an artist, my present theme being principally upon works of the sculptors of them. The doors should be opened for certain hours daily, so that the public might see how extensively liberal, particularly of late years, the nation has been in voting monuments to the memory of men of departed genius, and more especially to those military and naval victors who have so nobly shed their blood and fallen in their country's service.

To view the Abbey of Westminster unencumbered of its waxen effigies would be a gratification for many a morning; and the servants, instead of expecting a few pence for their own pockets, might still be employed to walk about to see that no mischief was done to the treasures of that venerable structure.<sup>1</sup> Surely it would be far better were a man to be thus healthfully exercised than to shut him up in a small recess at the entrance of Poets' Corner, where now the contribution is demanded, and where he closes upon the visitor, as a pair of snuffers top the wick of a candle, and as if the money-taking business, according to the custom of a playhouse, was to be looked after first. Now, I will venture to say that a regular citizen never calls upon anyone for payment before sight; nor do the servants of the very few high families which still suffer their domestics to take money expect to receive what the visitors choose to give them before

<sup>1</sup> I must, however, add that I should like to see the curious old iron-work put up again which inclosed the most ancient monuments in the Abbey.—SMITH.

they are attended back to the portal. Again, I will ask this question, How far is the London investigator of religious structures to go before he meets with anything to be compared with such a specimen of sacred architecture as Westminster Abbey, mutilated and metamorphosed as it has been? St. Albans Abbey, I believe, is the nearest to the Metropolis.

When Nollekens once had occasion to visit the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, he asked me to walk with him; and as we entered Jewin Street we met Sir William Staines, who informed him of his having been chosen Mayor, and that he should send him a ticket for the civic dinner. *Nollekens*: 'Dinner! bless your heart, I'd rather dine at home; you citizens make such a noise, and I get my clothes spoiled. You've seen me in my Pourpre du Pape, and do you know, that at our last Academy dinner a stupid fool spilt the butter-boat upon it? Have you any comforts in your pocket? I've got such a cold! Now, pray tell me, will they let you smoke your pipe in the Mayor's coach?' *Staines*: 'Bless you! I don't mean to attempt such a thing; but when I'm in my private carriage they can't hinder me; then if they offer it, I'll take them up! Have you bought any stone lately? I've some very close Yorkshire.' *Nollekens*: 'No, I don't want any.' *Staines*: 'Well, then, you won't dine on my day?' *Nollekens*: 'No; but I suppose my friends, Sir William Beechey and Sir Francis Bourgeois, will be there. Well, good-bye; I am going into the church.' *Staines*: 'What, into our church?

Stay, I'll save you a shilling. I'll ring the bell for Mrs. Richardson, the sexton's wife. Oh, here she comes. We want to go into the churchyard; I want to show my wife's tombstone to Mr. Nollekens and his friend.' *Mrs. Richardson*: 'Do you know, Sir William, there's a corner off?' 'Ay, I am sorry for it; I had the largest I could get for money, and, as I am a dealer in stone, you see, I had a little pride about me on that occasion.' *Nollekens*: 'What a thick one it is!—why did you waste so much stone?' *Staines*: 'That's the reason; I was determined to have the thickest for its size that ever came to London; it measures nine feet eight inches in length, by seven feet three inches and three-quarters in width.'

I was present one morning when Mr. West was sitting to Nollekens for the bust which the British Institution had honoured him by ordering for their gallery, when, among other anecdotes, the President related the following of Biagio Rebecca,<sup>1</sup> an artist principally employed in painting staircases and ceilings with allegorical subjects in arabesque decorations, formerly much in fashion in England, Mortimer, Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, Zucchi Hamilton, and many other eminent artists being often engaged upon such works: George III. had commanded Rebecca to adorn some of the royal apartments at Windsor, during which employment his Majesty, with his usual affability, would frequently converse with him; but in such conversa-

<sup>1</sup> Biagio Rebecca was born in Italy in 1735, became an A.R.A., and died without further promotion in 1808.—Ed.

tions the artist, who was not a little conceited of his talents, attempted to conduct himself in the presence of his Majesty as Verrio did before Charles II., being so silly as to believe that his conduct would be laughed at by the condescending monarch. In this, however, the impudent Rebecca was mistaken, for whenever he was guilty of the slightest impropriety of that kind the King never failed to mention it to Mr. West.

One day, at Windsor, after Rebecca had received a considerable sum of money, he proposed to share the expense of a postchaise to London with Mr. West ; and just as they reached Hounslow Heath the King, who was returning to Windsor, looked into their chaise. The next time Mr. West was in the royal presence, the King asked him who the foreign nobleman was that he had in the chaise with him the last time they met on Hounslow Heath. Mr. West declared Rebecca was his only companion. 'Oh no,' observed his Majesty ; 'it was a person of distinction.' Mr. West, upon inquiry, found out that Rebecca, who expected to meet the King, and knew his Majesty to be near-sighted, had the impudence to fix a paper star on his coat, which he had cut out for the purpose of attracting the King's notice, supposing that he would certainly laugh at it as a jest.

Rebecca, being fully aware of the great fondness people in general have for money, would, in whatever company he was, pass his jokes, purposely to amuse the frivolous part of them, and the following trick in particular he was sure to practise : He had

prepared a drawing in imitation of a half-crown piece, which he would unobservedly place upon the floor, and then laugh immoderately at the eagerness with which even a gentleman in full dress, with his sword and bag, would sometimes run and scuffle to pick it up.

One day I was standing with Mr. Nollekens at his gate in Titchfield Street, when a man, with full staring eyes, accosted him with : ‘ Well, Mr. Nollekens, how do you do? You don’t remember me ; but you recollect my grandfather, Arthur Pond.’<sup>1</sup> ‘ Oh yes, very well ; he used to christen old drawings for Hudson—ay, I have often seen him when I was a boy.’ ‘ The same,’ observed the stranger ; ‘ my name’s John, commonly Jack ; his son, my father, was a livery-stable keeper,<sup>2</sup> and so Anthony Pasquin<sup>3</sup> always called me “ Horse Pond.” ’ Of this man’s sister there is a mezzotinto head, nearly as large as nature, drawn and engraved from the life by John Spilsbury, and published by him

<sup>1</sup> The painter and engraver (1705-1758).—ED.

<sup>2</sup> This stable-keeper was the compiler of the ‘ Racing Calendar.’—SMITH.

<sup>3</sup> Many persons know that Anthony Pasquin’s real name was Williams, but I believe very few are aware that he had been articled to learn the art of engraving of Matt. Darley, of the Strand, the famous caricaturist. A particular friend of mine has a set of coat-buttons, upon every one of which Anthony engraved a boat, as the badge of a member of a club entitled ‘ The Sons of Neptune,’ consisting of youths who strictly observed the Lord Mayor’s rules of Swan-Upping, for the enjoyment of the scenery of the banks of Old Father Thames, confining the stretch of their oars from Wapping Old Stairs to the Bush at Staines.—SMITH. ‘ Anthony Pasquin’s’ name was John Williams. He was a pungent critic of contemporary art. He died in the United States in 1818.—ED.



December 1, 1766, then living in Russell Court, Covent Garden. This female has been celebrated by Dr. Johnson, in his 'Idler,' as the lady who rode a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have a portrait of her in her gray hairs, which I drew when I was studying the various expressions of insane people in Bethlem Hospital, of which institution she was an unfortunate inmate. An engraver of the name of Smith published in 1787 a quarto portrait of the above John Pond, who being notorious for nothing but getting drunk, it did not sell; but in order to make it answer his purpose, he, to the great annoyance of Dr. Wolcot, erased the name of John Pond, and substituted that of Peter Pindar, without making the least alteration in the features or person, when in a few days he distributed impressions in the shop-windows all over the town, and many a portrait-collector has 'enriched' his book with it, as the true and lively effigy of the man who cared not whose character he traduced.

I ought to have noticed in a former page that, when it was customary for so much company to visit Uxbridge by the barges drawn by horses<sup>1</sup> gaily decked out with ribands, Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, with all the gaiety of youthful extravagance, embarked on board, and actually dined out on that gala-day at their own expense. The sights they saw on this memorable aquatic excursion afforded them mutual conversation for several weeks; and Mrs. Nollekens actually tired her friends with letters upon their canal adventures

<sup>1</sup> The Grand Junction Canal was opened to Uxbridge in 1801?—ED.

from Paddington to Uxbridge, and from Uxbridge to Paddington. In these epistles she most poetically expatiated upon the clearness of the water, the fragrance of the flowers, the nut-brown tints of the wavy corn, and the ruddy and healthful complexions of the cottagers' children, who waited anxiously to see the vessel approach their native shores. The only fatigue was the hasty walk from Mortimer Street to Paddington, and the loitering return from Paddington to Mortimer Street, where, soon after their arrival, they refreshed themselves with an additional cup of tea, and for that evening indulged in going to bed before sunset.

The pleasures of a similar excursion induced the late venerable President West to paint a picture of the barge he went by, on the crowded deck of which he has introduced his own portrait, and also those of several of his friends who were that day on board. This pleasing and singular picture adorns the splendid gallery of West's works, daily exhibiting at his late house in Newman Street.

These excursions to Uxbridge were, like many other fashionable entertainments, soon laid aside. Air-balloons were also formerly much sought after; but now on a summer's afternoon, if one be announced, few people will turn up their eyes to look at it. And steamboats, which have engaged the thoughts of the aquatic travellers, are already talked of with indifference, since a steam stage-coach<sup>1</sup> is about to start without horses.

<sup>1</sup> This ran several times from Hyde Park Corner to Reading and back, but did not prove a success.—ED.

One May morning, during Mrs. Nollekens' absence from town, Mrs. Lobb, an elderly lady, in a green calash, from the sign of the Fan, in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, was announced by Kit Finney, the mason's son, as wishing to see Mr. Nollekens. 'Tell her to come in,' said Nollekens, concluding that she had brought him a fresh subject for a model just arrived from the country; but upon that lady's entering the studio, she vociferated before all his people: 'I am determined to expose you, I am, you little grub!' 'Kit!' cried Nollekens, 'call the yard-bitch,' adding, with a clenched fist, that 'if she kicks up any bobbery here I will send Lloyd for Lefuse, the constable.' 'Ay, ay, honey!' exclaimed the dame, 'that won't do. It's all mighty fine talking in your own shop. I'll tell his Worship Collins, in another place, what a scurvy way you behaved to young Bet Belmanno yesterday! Why, the girl is hardly able to move a limb to-day. To think of keeping a young creature eight hours in that room, without a thread upon her, or a morsel of anything to eat or a drop to drink, and then to give her only two shillings to bring home! Neither Mr. Fuseli nor Mr. Tresham would have served me so. How do you think I can live and pay the income-tax? Never let me catch you or your dog beating our rounds again; if you do, I'll have you both skinned and hung up in Rats' Castle.<sup>1</sup> Who

<sup>1</sup> 'Rats' Castle,' a shattered house then standing on the east side of Dyot Street, and so called from the rat-catchers and canine snackers who inhabited it, and where they cleaned the skins of those unfortunate stray dogs who had suffered death the preceding night.—

SMITH.

do you laugh at ?' she continued, at the same time advancing towards him. 'I have a great mind to break all your *gashly* images about the head of your fine miss, in her silks and satins'—mistaking his lay-figure for a living model of the highest sort. 'I suppose you pay my lady well enough, and pamper her besides !'

Nollekens, perceiving Mrs. Lobb's rage to increase, for the first time, perhaps, drew his purse-strings willingly, and, putting shilling after shilling into her hand, counted four and then stopped. 'No, no,' said she ; 'if you don't give me t'other shilling, believe me, I don't budge an inch !'<sup>1</sup> This he did ; and Kit, after closing the gates, received peremptory orders from his master to keep them locked for three or four days at least, for fear of a second attack.

Soon after I had the honour of being appointed Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, Mr. Nollekens, accompanied by Mr. Gibson and Mr. Bonomi, the sculptors, came to visit me. Upon my being apprised of my old friend's arrival in the gallery I went to meet him, in order to see that he had a chair, as he was then very feeble. I remember, when he was seated in the middle of the Elgin Room, he put the following question to the late Mr. Combe, loud enough to be heard by everyone present who approached to see him : 'Why did not you bring the *Ægina* marbles with you, they are more clever than the *Phygalian*

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Lobb succeeded the notorious Dame Phillips, formerly of the sign of the Fan, in Orange Court.—SMITH.

marbles? How could you be so stupid as to miss them?’

Mr. Combe, thinking to divert him from the subject, said: ‘I thought you wore hair-powder, sir? I continue to wear hair-powder, and always use the best I can get.’ Mr. Nollekens, not hearing him, repeated nearly the same question in a louder voice: ‘I say, why did you let them go?’ Fortunately for Mr. Combe, however, he was sent for, and so escaped a further interrogation. Mr. Nollekens then walked up to No. 64, the fragment of a male figure, and exclaimed: ‘There, you see, look at that shoulder and a part of the breast, look at the veins! The ancients *did* put veins to their gods, though my old friend, Gavin Hamilton, would have it they never did.’

When he was again descending to the Townley Gallery, he stopped at the first flight of steps, and, taking hold of a button of my coat, desired me to go and stand there, adding, ‘Now you stand where Queen Charlotte *sot* when she came to see the Museum. She was very tired; they brought her a chair, and I stood upon the steps below.’

As we were passing along the gallery, he said: ‘Ay, I remember seeing the tears fall down the cheeks of Mr. John Townley when the Parliament said they would buy the marbles. He didn’t wish ’em to take ’em; and he said to me, “Mr. Nollekens, if Government don’t take my nephew’s marbles, I’ll send ’em down to Townley Hall, and make a grand show with ’em there.” Poor man, I never shall forget how forlorn he looked.’ When we

arrived at the terra-cotta room, he exclaimed, looking up : 'How white these things are getting! Now, I dare say they put 'em into the wall with wet plaster ; they should have put 'em in with what Mr. Townley used to call bitumen, and then they won't moulder. Well, make my compliments to Mr. Planta ; I've remembered him, and so I have Combe, though he did let the marbles slip through his fingers, and so I have you, Tom. Well, good-bye! This Museum will be a fine place very soon.' 'Ay, sir,' observed I, 'suppose you were to leave us your fine heads of Commodus and Mercury ;' to which he answered, 'Well, perhaps I may. Townley wanted 'em very much, but I could not get my price. He sent to me about 'em just before he died.'

To continue these recollections of Mr. Nollekens at this period, I shall present my readers with a few more anecdotes communicated to me by friends.

The late Mr. Garrard,<sup>1</sup> the Associate of the Royal Academy, said to Nollekens : 'Well, they tell me I shall be elected an R.A.' *Nollekens* : 'Indeed! why you've told me that these seven years.' When Garrard had taken his leave, a friend present observed : 'He's a sculptor as well as a painter.' *Nollekens* : 'Yes, he paints better than he sculps. He's jack-of-all-trades ; the rest we'll leave out.'

<sup>1</sup> George Garrard, born 1760 ; elected an A.R.A. in 1802 ; died 1826, without having been promoted to the R.A.-ship. He was an animal painter and sculptor.—ED.

A lady, with her three daughters, once visited Mr. Nollekens to show him the drawings of her youngest, who was a natural genius. Upon his looking at them, he advised her to have a regular drawing-master. 'And I can recommend you one,' added he; 'he only lives over the way, and his name is John Varley.'<sup>1</sup> The lady asked him if he were a man of mind. 'Oh yes!' said Nollekens, 'he's a clever fellow; one of our best. I'll ring the bell, and send my maid for him; he'll soon tell you his mind,' so ignorant was our sculptor of the lady's meaning.

Whenever he was in Chelsea with a friend, he was always pleased in pointing out the house in which his mother lived after her marriage with Williams, saying that 'when he took leave of her at the street-door upon his going to Rome, she said to him, "There, Joey, take that; you may want it when you are abroad." It was a housewife, containing needles, a bodkin, and thread; and, do you know,' added he, 'it was the most useful thing she could have given me, for it lasted all the time I was at Rome to mend my clothes with; ay, and I have got that very housewife by me now; and, do you know, I would not take any money for it.'

Desenfans, the famous dealer in old pictures, whose remains rest in a splendid mausoleum at Dulwich, erected after a design by Soane, was originally a dealer in Brussels lace and a teacher of the French language.

<sup>1</sup> Astrologer and water-colour painter (1778-1842).—ED.

A lady, however, one of his pupils, possessed of £5,000, fell so desperately in love with him that she soon after married him. During their honeymoon they, like most people in a similar situation, drove into the country for a little recreation, and there at an auction he purchased a few old pictures, which, on his return to London, he sold to such advantage that he considered it his interest to follow up the trade. By great industry and a little taste he at length amassed so considerable a sum that he finally was enabled to form a much better collection, which he left to his protégé, Sir Francis Bourgeois, who, at the suggestion of the late John Kemble, left it to Dulwich College, merely because that institution had been founded by an actor.

I mention these particulars because Nollekens told my worthy friend Arnald that he and a friend went halves in purchasing a picture by Pordenone; for which he gave £11 5s., and which they speedily sold to Desenfans for £30. In these brokering bargains Nollekens often showed considerable cunning, for he would, to my knowledge, seldom speculate without a partner.

I receive infinite pleasure whenever an opportunity presents itself in which I can exhibit the conduct of my old friend Mr. Nollekens to advantage; and I must do him the justice to prove his attachment to modern art, by mentioning the purchases which he made at various times, and which will clearly evince his general inclination towards his brother artists. He would certainly have more extensively indulged in these purchases



had not Mrs. Nollekens checked his liberality. I remember his giving £90 for a small picture by West; and that he also purchased at Barry's auction 'The Origin of Music,' a small specimen, but one of that artist's most interesting designs, and a remarkably good piece of colouring for him. It was bought at Nollekens' sale by the Earl of Egremont, one of the many noblemen who, upon all occasions, contribute liberally to the encouragement of modern art.

Nollekens had likewise a fine collection of the engravings from Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures, in which he took great delight, and was never better pleased than when he could add to their number. Some persons have said that many of them were presented to him by those mezzotinto engravers who were looking after Associates' places in the Academy; but, be this as it might, I never knew him to ask an engraver for a print. He certainly accepted impressions from the owners of private plates; and the Earl of Essex, who is in possession of a choice collection of impressions after Sir Joshua, gave him one which had been engraved at the expense of his lordship purposely to present to his friends.

It is very remarkable that many of our eminent characters, and it possibly may be so with those of other nations, sometimes glaringly expose themselves by descending to the most frivolous meanesses; particularly in preserving every insignificant article, which gratification as often excites astonishment in their friends as it exposes them to the un-

reflecting remarks of their enemies, who illiberally report such anecdotes without making the least allowance for the odd compound of ingredients of which the human mind is in general composed.

As corroborations of these imbecilities, I shall venture to give four instances, the first two of which the reader will not so much wonder at, as they certainly are related of persons of weak intellect, though standing on eminent ground as artists ; but he will be surprised at the two latter, as they relate to sensible men who have shone in society, and of the first talents, perhaps, in their respective classes which this country has produced.

Nollekens, who was born to shine as one of our brightest stars as a bust-modeller, whilst he was forming the beautiful bosom of Lady Charlemont, suddenly left her ladyship to desire the helper in the yard not to give the dog more than half the paunch that day, observing that the rest would serve him to-morrow, as Mr. John Townley had given him the greatest part of a French roll that very morning.

Nollekens, however, I firmly believe, had no idea whatever of making himself noticed by singularities. His actions were all of the simplest nature ; and he cared not what he said or did before anyone, however high might be their station in life. He so shocked the whole of a large party one night at Lady Beechey's that several gentlemen complained of his conduct, to which Sir William could only reply, ' Why, it is Nollekens, the sculptor !'

When Abraham Pether,<sup>1</sup> the painter of the celebrated picture of 'The Harvest Moon,' employed himself a whole day to make his wife a dust-shovel, he was so indiscreet, though he at that time stood in need of purchasers, as to refuse the admittance of two gentlemen who walked from London to Chelsea with the full determination to bespeak pictures of him. The painter, however, after he had whistled through a dozen new tunes and smoked as many pipes, at length finished his task, and remarked to a friend, 'There, my boy, if you were to give half-a-crown for a dust-shovel, I will be bound to say you could not get a better.'

Abraham Pether was one of those silly beings who endeavour to gain popularity by being called eccentric ; and, amongst others, he often practised the following trick : He would knock at a friend's door, and when the servant opened it, he was discovered striking a light to set fire to his pipe, and then when he had accomplished his task, he would walk in whiffing his tobacco.

It is reported of Sir Joshua Reynolds that one day, when the knight was looking about the house for old canvases, he found a mop-stick put up in the corner of the back-kitchen, and that he strictly charged Ralph to see to its preservation, in order that its value might be deducted when the next new mop was purchased. Who could imagine such a charge to proceed from the author of his noble Lectures, and the artist who painted the glorious pictures of 'Ugolino' at Knowle, 'The Infant

<sup>1</sup> 1756-1812.—Ed.

Hercules' at Petersburg, and Mrs. Siddons as the 'Tragic Muse' at Lord Grosvenor's? Sir Joshua Reynolds was an elegant man, and admired for the mildness of his manners.

It has been asserted also that Pope, when engaged in writing some of his most elegant works, would leave off to cook lampreys, in a silver saucepan, over his own fire. Pope piqued himself upon the high birth of those with whom he associated.

Nollekens, who was at one time passionately fond of seeing the soldiers relieve guard, was accosted one Sunday morning, when bustling down the Haymarket with his little protégé Joseph towards the Parade, by a little girl, who supplicated him to ring an upper bell. 'Ring a bell, ring a bell, my pretty little maid, that I will;' but he could not accomplish it. A Lifeguardsman, well-knowing the advantage of a few inches, coming down the street and seeing Nollekens on tip-toe, straining himself to enjoy his favourite amusement of bell-pulling, raised his arm at a right-angle from his body, and pulled the bell with the greatest ease, to the great surprise of Nollekens and the joy of the child, who had been squeezed by the crescent, tip-toe position of Nollekens against the door-post. This scene would be a good one for the spirited pencil of Cruikshank, and it might be called the 'Advantage of Greatness.'

Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the bust of a lady of high fashion, requested her to lower her handkerchief in front; the lady objected, and observed: 'I am sure, Mr. Nollekens, you must be

sufficiently acquainted with the general form ; therefore, there can be no necessity for my complying with your wish ;' upon which Nollekens muttered that ' there was no bosom worth looking at beyond the age of eighteen.'

Lady Arden had once been waiting some time in the parlour for Mr. Nollekens, who had the decency to attempt an apology, by assuring her ladyship ' that he could not come up before, for that he had been downstairs washing his feet ;' further adding that they were ' now quite comfortable.'

Nollekens being once in expectation of a very high personage to visit his studio, was dressed to receive him ; and after walking up and down the passage for nearly an hour, being deprived of the advantage of using his clay for fear of spoiling his clothes, he at length heard the equipage arrive. According to his usual custom, he opened the street-door, and as the illustrious visitor alighted he cried out : ' So you're come at last ! Why, you are an hour beyond your time ; you would not have found me at home if I had had anywhere to have gone to, I assure you !'

One day, when Lady Newborough, who was a great favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, was invited to dinner, they sent, just before they were about to sit down, to Taylor to make up the party ; Taylor's spirit, however, would not allow him to accept of so short a notice, and he preferred dining at home. The next day Mrs. Nollekens expressed her sorrow that she had not the pleasure of his company, stating that they had a venison pasty

which she could not eat, at the same time blabbing that the preceding week they had had a fine haunch, of which she was very fond, and, indeed, never tired.

When Tuppin, a carpenter, received orders for a packing-case, he was always obliged to state precisely what it would amount to, and then Mr. Nollekens would strengthen the bargain by insisting upon it being sent home well stuffed with shavings; but these he never suffered the servants to have at their mercy; they were locked up in a place called a wine-cellar, and given out by himself the night before they were wanted for morning use.

In some instances, however, Mr. Nollekens was, according to the old adage, 'penny wise and pound foolish'; and this was particularly the case as to sweeping his chimneys, since he thought that many persons had them swept too often. However, after having been several times annoyed by the fire-engines and their regular attendants—the mob—he was determined to have them more frequently cleaned, though some of them, for the want of fires, yielded no soot. He nevertheless consoled himself for this increased expenditure by discovering that such a practice kept up the fame of a consumption of coals, like one of the masters of *Gil Blas*, who always picked his teeth after the dinner-hour, to induce his neighbours to believe he had dined.

Mr. Nollekens once showed Mr. Gahagan a sketch in charcoal which he had made of Mrs. Palmer attending her daughter, who had been ill for a considerable time, having drawn the young lady with

a book in her hand which she had been reading. The sculptor, however, smeared out the book, observing to Gahagan: 'She is getting better now; she shan't have a book.'

The most insignificant eatable offered to him by the poorest of his labourers he would not only accept and eat, but was sure to make some observation upon it. I recollect a stone-polisher, of the name of Lloyd, giving him a cheese-cake, and Nollekens, after asking him where he had bought it, observed that the Kensington cheese-cakes, and those made at Birch's in Cornhill, Mrs. Nollekens allowed to be the best. Whenever my friend, Mr. John Renton, the portrait-painter, presented a melon to Mr. Nollekens, he always observed: 'This I like; it puts me so much in mind of Rome.'

Mr. Deville, well known for his fine phrenological collection of busts, etc., when a young man was employed by Mr. Nollekens to make casts from moulds which required oil, upon which he produced a little, saying: 'There, you'll find that to be more than enough.' Deville, having poured it out into a shallow basin, declared it to be insufficient. 'I don't wonder at that,' replied Nollekens snappishly; 'why did you not ask me for a wine-glass? You've wasted half of it on the broad bottom of the basin!'

## CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Nollekens' insensibility to ancient art and liberality to modern artists—Stewart's picture of Washington—Further instances of Mr. Nollekens' eccentricities and manners—His intended bequest to the Royal Academy—Condescension of the Princess of Wales to him—Bantering letters—Conduct of Sir F. Bourgeois—Mr. Nollekens' man Dodimy—Moses Kean—Nollekens' summons to his tenants for rent—His household economy and habits—His custom when Visitor at the Royal Academy—Caprice of his charities—Lord Mansfield's benevolence—Mr. Wivell—Nollekens' love of newspapers, and memoranda of remarkable events—Unfeeling treatment of his model—Other anecdotes of his domestic arrangements, art, and liberality—Frivolous presents, etc., sent him towards the close of his life—Beauty of foliated ornaments in sculpture—Inferiority of architecture to sculpture and painting.

My friend, Mr. Robertson,<sup>1</sup> the justly-admired miniature-painter, upon receiving an exquisitely beautiful picture by Raffaele, consigned to him by Mr. Trumbold, invited Mr. Nollekens, among many other artists of eminence, to see it; but, with all its excellence, it appeared to make no impression upon him whatever, and the only observation he made upon leaving the house was: 'Well, as you are pleased with it, I am glad you have got it.'

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Robertson, of Aberdeen (1777-1845), who became the doyen of the English miniaturists.—ED.



Insensible, however, as Nollekens generally was when looking at works of ancient art, I must do him the justice to say that in no instance, excepting when speaking of Flaxman, have I known him attempt to depreciate the productions of modern artists ; on the contrary, I have frequently heard him say, when he has been solicited to model a bust, ‘ Go to Chantrey ; he’s the man for a busto ! He’ll make a good busto of you ; I always recommend him.’ I have also known him to give an artist, who could not afford to purchase it, a lump of stone, to enable him to execute an order, though, at the same time, I have seen him throw himself into a violent passion with a favourite cat for biting the feather of an old pen, with which he had for many years oiled the hinges of his gates whenever they creaked. I can almost imagine I see him now standing before the cat, with the pen in his hand, actually showing her what mischief she had done, with as much gravity as a certain stupid sheriff manifested when he was counting the horse-shoe nails, or chopping his finger instead of the stick in the Court of Exchequer, when he was sworn into office by the Lord Chief Baron.

Mr. Nollekens once called out across the street to me, on the opposite side of Hay Hill : ‘ Smith, Peter Coxe has just knocked down General Washington, Stewart’s picture. Well, what do you think ? It fetched a great deal more than any modern picture ever brought by auction before, for he has just sold it at Lord Lansdowne’s for £540 15s. ! You know Stewart ; he was born in

America, He painted that fine portrait of Caleb Whitefoord. He's a very clever fellow ; just as clever as Dance—I mean, Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland.'

One evening, Bronze happening to place the tea-kettle over the fire, Nollekens immediately cried out: 'You careless devil, you don't care for the work you'll have in the morning to get it clean!' And when she left the room he angrily muttered, 'Extravagant creature, burning out the kettle!'

Mr. Nollekens, when he dined out of late years, always over-ate himself, particularly with the pastry and dessert. However, he contrived to purloin a small quantity of sweetmeats from the table, which he carried to Bronze, saying: 'There, Betty, you see what I have brought you home ; I don't forget you.'

When he was showing Mr. Rossi, the Academician, his design for a monument to the memory of the late Mrs. Coke, of Norfolk, Mrs. Nollekens, being the latest up that morning, came into the room, and immediately walked up to her husband, and then, after making a stately curtsy, with her accustomed precision of pronunciation said: 'Sir, your watch. My dear father never left his watch about.'

When Mr. Jackson was once making a drawing of a monument at the sculptor's house, Nollekens came into the room and said: 'I'm afraid you're cold here.' 'I am, indeed,' said Jackson. 'Ay,' answered the sculptor, 'I don't wonder at it. Why,

do you know, there has not been a fire in this room for these forty years!

The same artist having asked him what he meant to exhibit at the Royal Academy, Nollekens answered: 'Oh, nothing; I be done now!' 'Well,' replied the painter, 'but you should send something to add to our display of sculpture;' but his reply was still a selfish one: 'No; I be done.' For he had no idea of sending anything simply for the advantage of the establishment, of which he was so old a member, although at one period of his life he told me that he had left, in one of his wills, the sum of £100,000, to enable that highly respectable body to erect a new Academy.

Miss Gerrard, the daughter of the auctioneer, who received a legacy of £19 19s. after Mrs. Nollekens' death, frequently called to know how he did, and once the sculptor pressed her to dine with him, to which she at last consented. 'Well, then,' said he to his pupil, Joseph Bonomi, 'go and order a mackerel. Stay, one won't be enough; you had better get two, and you shall dine with us!' It must here be observed that his two servants were now on board-wages.

During the time Mr. Nollekens was modelling the bust of the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, her Royal Highness, upon seeing his ear filled with powder, observed: 'Mr. Nollekens, your hair-dresser has left some powder in your ear; it will make you deaf;' and immediately leaving her chair, she took up a handkerchief and wiped it away.

About this time he was courted by several legacy-hunters who were beating about the bush, and amusing trifles from various quarters were continually planted before him in his room. One brought him a tall and extended chimney-campanula, and, to make it look taller, had it placed upon a table within a foot of his nose, so that he was obliged to throw his head back to survey it ; and another brought the French giant in a coach, when he was delighted to ecstasy to see him touch the ceiling. During this visit Bonomi made a mould of his immense right hand.

Now and then Nollekens received letters that were written by way of hoax, one of which, I remember in particular, was in the name of a very high personage, to know what he would charge for cutting a figure in porphyry ten feet high. This application Mrs. Nollekens absolutely answered, addressing her letter to the nobleman in whose name it was written, which brought his lordship the next day, when, to make amends for the trouble Mrs. Nollekens had taken in answering the silly writer's letter, he bespoke a bust of his lady.

For many years, every summer's morn, Mr. Nollekens was up with the rising sun. He began his work by watering his clay, when he modelled till eight o'clock, at which hour he generally breakfasted, and then, as he entered his studio, would observe to his workmen that every man should earn his breakfast before he ate it.

It is occasionally proper to expose in public print the cruel manner in which some persons

treat their nearest relatives, in order that other hardened offenders may repent of their conduct before it be too late. Such a person was the late Sir Francis Bourgeois,<sup>1</sup> who left his property to Dulwich College, without leaving a farthing to his niece and her poor, innocent, and unoffending children. I recollect Mr. Nollekens once showing me a letter which he had received from Sir William Beechey, and, to the best of my recollection, the purport of it was that the bearer of it was the niece of Sir Francis Bourgeois, who had been walking about the streets all night with her children for want of a lodging. Sir William applied to Mr. Nollekens to give her a trifle, directing his attention to her miserable looks and state of apparel. God forbid we should have other instances of such pride and cruelty!

A candle with Nollekens, as is generally the case with misers, was a serious article of consumption, indeed, so much so that he would frequently put it out and, merely to save an inch or two, sit entirely in the dark, at times, too, when he was not in the least inclined to sleep. So keen was he in watching the use of that commodity, that whenever Bronze ventured into the yard with a light, he always scolded her for so shamefully flaring the candle. One evening his man Dodimy, who then slept in the house, came home rather late, but quite sober enough to attempt to go upstairs unheard without his shoes ; but, as he was passing Nollekens' door,

<sup>1</sup> Born of Swiss parentage in 1756 ; made A.R.A. in 1787 and R.A. in 1793 ; knighted by the King of Poland in 1791. He was thrown from his horse and killed in 1811.—ED.

the immensely-increased shape of the keyhole shone upon the side of the room so brilliantly, that he cried out: 'Who's there?' 'It's only me, sir,' answered Dodimy; 'I am going to bed.' 'Going to bed, you extravagant rascal! Why don't you go to bed in the dark, you scoundrel?' 'It's my own candle,' replied Dodimy. 'Your own candle! Well, then, mind you don't set fire to yourself. Well, how did you come on at Lord George Cavendish's? You have been cleaning bustos there these six days. I told you, Dodimy, things could not be done so soon—no, things are not to be done in a hurry, Master Dodimy.' 'Lord bless you, sir, I had some turtle-soup there to-day, and such ale!' 'Well, well, take care of yourself. I say things must not be done in a hurry.'

One day Dodimy opened the studio door, and cried out, 'Sir! sir! here comes the Chelsea pensioner to have his shoulders moulded for your busto of Mr. Perceval!' 'What,' said Nollekens, 'the man with his two wooden-legs and a crutch?' 'Yes, sir,' answered Dodimy. 'Lord, sir, he has left off his crutch, and is swaggering on his buttocks, twirling a little switch just as Moses Kean used to do.'

The late Moses Kean was a tailor, a stout-built man with black bushy hair and a wooden leg. He was always dressed in a dashing manner, in a scarlet coat, white satin waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, and a 'Scott's Liquid dye' blue silk stocking; he had also a long-quartered shoe, with a large buckle covering his foot, a cocked hat, and a ruffled shirt,

and never went out without a switch or cane in his hand. He was a very extraordinary mimic, particularly in his imitations of Charles James Fox, which he gave occasionally at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Alefounder<sup>1</sup> painted a whole-length portrait of him as large as life in the above dress, which was exhibited in the left-hand corner of the ante-room at Somerset House. There is also a whole-length etching of him of a quarto size. Mr. Edmund Kean, the celebrated actor, owes his education to the above person, who was his uncle, and when I was a boy lived at No. 9, Little St. Martin's Lane.

Mr. Nollekens in former days, when he was alive to the interest of money, before he suffered thousands of pounds to rest in his bankers' hands unemployed, would write to his tenants in the following style, in what he considered a lawyer's manner :

' Mr. Nollekens request Mr. ——— will pay him that quarter's rent, due the 29th, forthwith, without delay, on or before Thursday next, twelve o'clock at noon.'

Nollekens' old coal-box was of a square shape ; it had been a lawyer's wig-box that had been sent with a barrister's wig to be modelled from. This box had been mended with bits of tin, which he had picked up of a morning near the dust-heaps in the fields ; but his house contained neither coal-hods nor scoops, nor anything like the splendour of a

<sup>1</sup> John Alefounder, the miniature painter. He died at Calcutta in 1795.—ED.

certain created lord, who had his coronet painted upon his coal-scuttles.

Bronze, who, as the reader will recollect, was called 'Black Bet' by the Oxford market butchers, would, in her master's dotage, put her arm round his neck and ask him how he did. 'What!' observed Nollekens, 'now you want some money—I've got none.' 'Why, sir, how am I to buy things for your table without it? You have enough of it, fresh and blooming, and all alive at Chambers's.' *Nollekens*: 'Can you dance?' 'Dance, sir! to be sure I can. Give me the cat;' and then she jigged about with it, at which he would laugh heartily.

Nollekens often baited his rat-trap with an unusual quantity of cheese, thinking to catch all the vermin at once, never dreaming that when one was caught the trap would shut the rest out, and that the solitary visitor would eat up the whole. Why the rats infested his house, Bronze declared she never could make out. Food they certainly had not; and an old rat might have said to Nollekens when he was busy in setting his trap:

'Fear not, old fellow, for your board;  
I come to lodge, and not to board.'

A lady of high fashion once brought her child to have her beautiful arm moulded. Mr. Nollekens, who, as usual upon such occasions, began with his gibberish to the child, 'What a pretty handy-dandy!' was requested by the lady not to utter such nonsense, but to proceed with his task; adding, that her child's nurse was a well-educated woman.



So determined was Nollekens upon all occasions to have a pennyworth for his penny, that he has frequently been noticed, when visitor at the Royal Academy, to turn down the hour-glass whenever Charles, the model, got up to rest himself, in order that the students might not be deprived of one moment of the time for which the model was paid. However, one evening in doing this he let the glass fall and broke it. This, he observed, he would replace by one which he would bring from his studio, muttering, 'They don't make things so strong as they did when I was a boy.'

One day Mrs. Nollekens, after a trifling brush with her husband, who had declined taking further orders for the studio, rated him soundly for paying full wages to his man Dodimy, who had nothing to do but to sweep the yard and feed the dog. Nollekens, sidling up to Dodimy, in a whisper told him not to mind her, for that he would raise his wages two shillings per week purposely to spite her, that he would.

His acts of kindness, indeed, depended entirely on his momentary humour, for he had no fixed principle of generosity. In this he illustrated the remark of Mrs. Hannah More, in her 'Christian Morals,' vol. i., p. 187, where she says, 'We must not judge of our charity by single acts and particular instances, for they are not always good men who do good things, but by our general tendencies and propensities. We must strive after a uniformity in our charity, examine whether it be equable, steady, voluntary, and not a charity of times and seasons and humours.'

Mr. Nollekens was standing with the late Earl Mansfield in his lordship's farmyard at Kenwood, when a little girl came up to him and presented her mother's compliments to Farmer Mansfield, and she would be obliged to him for a jug of milk. 'Who is your mother, my little dear?' asked his lordship. 'She's just come to live in that small house close by the road.' His lordship, with his usual smile, called to one of the helpers, and desired him to fill the child's mug, and if he found the family deserving, never to refuse them milk. Although Nollekens was frequently heard to relate the above anecdote, yet he never felt the force of this noble example, as his contributions were generally capricious.

Mr. Wivell,<sup>1</sup> who is now an artist of ability, was, before the dawn of his talent, a hairdresser, and, as he himself relates, frequently shaved and dressed Mr. Nollekens, who took great notice of him, and from whom he now and then received some kindnesses. Mr. Wivell informs me that one day, when Mr. Nollekens was under his hand, or, as Rowlandson humorously styles it, 'a sufferer for decency,' Wivell stated to him that someone had stepped into his shop and carried off a new hat which had just been sent home. The sculptor, when the operation was over, took a one-pound note from his pocket-book, and giving it to him, said, 'There, that will buy you another.'

Wivell was also with him one day when shirts were mentioned. 'How many do you wear in a week?' asked Nollekens. 'Two, sir,' replied

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Wivell, the portrait-painter (1786-1849).—ED.

Wivell ; 'and that's all my stock, for I wear one while the other is washed.' 'Poor Wivell !' whispered he, and then gave him a one-pound note. Nollekens' own stock only consisted of three.

Wivell was frequently invited to spend the evening with him to look over his prints. After going through those after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Wivell recommended him to throw out his duplicates ; which he did, and then asked him to value them. 'Sir,' said he, upon looking them over, 'I think I could make two guineas of them.' 'What will you give me for them ?' demanded Nollekens. 'Thirty shillings,' replied Wivell. 'Then,' said the sculptor, 'I won't sell them ; I'll give them to you.'

Having had some success, Mr. Wivell published at his own expense an engraving in mezzotinto, from Sir William Beechey's portrait of his patron Nollekens ; and did himself the pleasure of presenting him with a proof impression, also indulging in the like liberality to Mrs. Nollekens. This plate, however, did not sell, and the engraver lost £25 in the undertaking. Some time after its publication Mr. Nollekens informed the artist that he wanted an impression to give away, and after asking the price of a proof, said, 'Well, I'll have a print.' Upon its delivery he asked the price of it. 'Seven shillings and sixpence, sir, was the price I put upon it,' observed Wivell. 'Well, then, what will it be to me ? You won't charge me that sum,' said Nollekens. 'Oh, sir, pray give me what you please,' returned Wivell, who felt grateful for past favours.

‘Well, then,’ returned he, ‘there’s three shillings for you.’

He also relates that Mr. Nollekens frequently spoke of a man that he met in the fields, who would now and then, with all the gravity of an apothecary, inquire after the state of his bowels. ‘At last,’ said he, ‘I found he wanted to borrow money of me.’

One morning, while he was under the razor, he told Wivell that the day before he had witnessed two scenes of the greatest contrast: the first was the inside of Newgate, where he had been to ask Mr. Alexander Davison how he did; the other was in one of the grand rooms in Carlton House, where he had been to see how the Prince was, and that there the tables were all set out with such grand plate for an entertainment, that he could not help exclaiming to himself, ‘What a difference!’

It was now and then amusing to hear Nollekens read the newspaper to his wife in his most audible voice, when she was unable to read it to him—a practice in which she indulged him from the period of her marriage till she became much affected by a paralytic seizure, which deprived her of that power. He gave up a considerable portion of the day for that description of mutual amusement, for so I may fairly state it to have been, as he was perfectly and equally satisfied with his own method of reading it—for he read the paper entirely through, beginning with the play-bills and ending with the editor’s address. His partner, however, notwithstanding her serious affliction, was often led into a smile by

his misnomers and bad pronunciation, which were at times most whimsically ridiculous.

Before he became the reader of these daily papers, he frequently amused himself by recording on the covers of letters what he considered curious daily events ; and by looking over these scraps he was not only pleased, but would endeavour to amuse his friends by now and then reading them aloud. As for works on art, he cared for neither Shée's 'Rhymes,' Flaxman's 'Homer,' nor Blake's 'Songs of Innocence.'

The following memoranda were copied from the back of one of his charcoal sketches, and will at once convince the reader of the estimation in which he sometimes held his leisure moments :

'1803, May 23d.—Lady Newborough brought forth a second sun.—Sweep the parlour and kitchen chimneys.—Clean the cestern in the kitchen.—Lent Northcot the cable rope and the piece of hoke tre.

'1805, Dec. 30.—Mrs. Whiteford brought to bed of a sun.

'1806, Feb. 8th.—Died Mrs. Peck, in Marlborough-street.

'April 14th.—The Duke of Gloster came to my house.

'June 28th.—The Duke and Duches of York came to my house.

'July 7th.—His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland made me a visit.

'July 19th.—Lord Wellesley began to set.

'August 4th.—Sent to Lord Yarborough the head of Sir Isack Nuton.

'1808, December 16th.—Sent Mr. Bignell, by order of Lady Jersey, Lord Jersey's head in a case.

'1809, Jan. 12th.—Cast-off Mr. Pitt for Mr. Wilberforce, by order of Lord Muncaster.

'April 11th. The Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge made me a visit.'

Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the statue of Pitt for the Senate House, Cambridge, threw his drapery over his man Dodimy, who, after standing in an

immovable position for the unconscionable space of two hours, had permission to come down and rest himself ; but the poor fellow found himself so stiff that he could not move. ‘What!’ exclaimed Nollekens, ‘can’t you move yourself? Then you had better stop a bit.’ I am sorry to say there are other artists who go on painting with as little compassion for their models.

Mr. Arminger has declared that in eating nothing could exceed the meanness of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, for whenever they had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons. The one half was roasted, and the other juggled.

Much has been said respecting those sculptors who have employed painters to make designs for their monuments. How far such assertions are correct at the present moment I will not take upon myself to say ; but this I know, that Sir Joshua made a sketch of his idea of what Mr. Nollekens’ monument erected to the memory of the three captains should be, and which certainly was attended to by the sculptor in his composition.

To the eternal honour of Mr. Nollekens, who was unquestionably a most curious compound of misery and affluence, it should be recorded that he gave £25 as his subscription to the widows and children of the brave soldiers who were killed or wounded in the glorious battle of Waterloo.

It is reported that once when Nollekens was walking round the yard with a brother artist, he

was questioned by him why he kept so many small pieces of marble, to which Nollekens replied : ' They'll all come into use.' ' What's the use of this lump ?' asked his friend. ' Oh, that will do for a small busto.' ' Why, it's only seven inches thick.' ' Ay, but then, you know, I shall model a busto for that piece with the head twisted, looking over the shoulder !'

About this time it was highly amusing to witness the great variety of trifling presents and frivolous messages which he daily received. One person was particularly desirous to be informed where he liked his cheese-cakes purchased ; another, who ventured to buy stale tarts from a shop in his neighbourhood, sent his servant in a laced livery in the evening to inquire whether his cook had made them to his taste ; while a third continued constantly to ply him with the very best pig-tail tobacco, which he had most carefully cut in very small pieces purposely for him. A fourth truly kind friend, who was not inclined to spend money upon such speculations himself, endeavoured once more to persuade him to take a cockney ride in a hackney-coach to Kensington, to view the pretty almond-tree in perfect blossom, and to accept of a few gooseberries to carry home with him to make a tartlet for himself ! A fifth sent him jellies, or sometimes a chicken, with gravy ready made, in a silver butter-boat ; and a sixth regularly presented him with a change of large showy plants to stand on the mahogany table, especially in his later years, when he was a valetudinarian, so that he might see

them from his bed. The sight of these plants certainly amused him, but as for the delightful odour they diffused, it mattered not to him, as his olfactories were not over delicate, a carrion flower or a marigold being equally refreshing to him as a sprig of jessamine or mignonette.

It is a very curious fact that during seventy years' constant practice in his art Nollekens was never known to hold up or to admire the elegance of a tendril, or even the leaf of a plant, nor to take casts of those simple and beautiful productions of Nature, the lily, the vine, the ivy, the olive-branch, the laurel, or the oak, which so often have been introduced in all ages and countries in monumental sculpture. This, however, is not the case with artists of the present day.

Flaxman, whose mind was elegance itself, was never more delighted than in the accumulation of such examples, nor has any sculptor displayed them with greater taste; and we find by the splendid and inestimable collection of foliated ornaments so liberally and tastefully displayed on the walls of the staircase and painting-rooms of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his house in Russell Square, that the ancient Greeks and Romans carefully and extensively studied that luxuriant branch of their art, particularly in their architectural decorations.

Thus far, too, Mr. Soane<sup>1</sup> may be considered correct in his assertion that the sculptor's art is the 'lace-work of architecture'; but that gentleman

<sup>1</sup> This eminent architect became Sir John Soane in 1830. He died in 1837, at the age of eighty-four.—Ed.



surely never could mean to say that busts, figures in niches, and groups of historical composition were ever meant to be so considered. Such a degradation, I believe, was never attempted. Indeed, it has been a matter of strong contention whether sculpture should not take the precedence of painting. Architecture should certainly be the last-mentioned of the sister arts, whatever ideas some architects may entertain upon the subject. Men of true taste visit a mansion upon the report of its statues, busts, and pictures. The architecture of a house, unadorned by such productions of art, would not induce the general traveller to drive twenty miles out of his road, or even five. How few allurements, indeed, would the Marquis of Lansdowne's, Lord Pembroke's, Lord Egremont's, Lord Farnborough's, Sir Abraham Hume's, Mr. Peel's, and many other noble mansions have, if totally destitute of their fine collections of statues and pictures! and however delightful may be the society of the truly amiable brothers, Samuel and Henry Rogers, surely their visitors receive double pleasure in being surrounded not only with some of the finest specimens of ancient art, but by the choicest works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Wilson, Stothard, and other professors of the highest eminence and merit.

## CHAPTER XV.

Cause of Mr. Nollekens dismissing his confessor—Songs of his youthful days—His bed—Unquiet nights productive of charity—Liberality to his domestics—Coarseness of his food and manner of eating—Inferiority of his wardrobe, and meanness of his domestic arrangements—Character of his drawings and those of other sculptors—His monumental designs and models—Infirmity of his latter days, and death—Attested copy of his will and codicils.

ONE rainy morning Nollekens, after confession, invited his holy father to stay till the weather cleared up. The wet, however, continued till dinner was ready, and Nollekens felt obliged to ask the priest to partake of a bird, one of the last of a present from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Down they sat. The reverend man helped his host to a wing, and then carved for himself, assuring Nollekens that he never indulged in much food, though he soon picked the rest of the bones. ‘I have no pudding,’ said Nollekens; ‘but won’t you have a glass of wine? Oh, you have got some ale!’ However, Bronze brought in a bottle of wine; and on the remove Nollekens, after taking a glass, went, as usual, to sleep.

The priest, after enjoying himself, was desired

by Nollekens, while removing the handkerchief from his head, to take another glass. 'Tank you, sare, I have a finish de bottel.' 'The devil you have!' muttered Nollekens. 'Now, sare,' continued his reverence, 'ass de rain be ovare, I vil take my leaf.' 'Well, do so,' said Nollekens, who was not only determined to let him go without his coffee, but gave strict orders to Bronze not to let the old rascal in again. 'Why, do you know,' continued he, 'that he ate up all that large bird, for he only gave me one wing; and he swallowed all the ale, and out of a whole bottle of wine I had only one glass!'

After this, being without a confessor, Mrs. Holt, his kind attendant, read his prayers to him; but when she had gone through them, his feelings were so little affected by his religious duties, that he always made her conclude her labours by reading either 'Gay's Fables' or 'The Beggar's Opera,' at the latter of which, when she came to certain songs, he would laugh most heartily, saying: 'I used to sing them songs once; and it was when I was courting my Polly.'

I recollect that the bedstead upon which Mr. Nollekens slept of late years was four-posted, the curtains being yellow, orange, red, and black, and when first put up they made a most gorgeous display, though he had for many years but one counterpane, of which he was so extremely choice that he would not suffer it to be washed; but Mrs. Holt, being ashamed to see it, put on one of her own of a much superior quality. When he saw it

upon the bed he swore at her, and asked her why it had been washed ; but upon her informing him that it was one of her own, he allowed it to remain, saying, ‘ Well, indeed, it does look very comfortable.’ When this counterpane required washing, Mrs. Holt put on his own, at which he angrily cried out : ‘ I won’t have it on ; I always sleep better without one. I don’t like a counterpane ;’ to which she answered that ‘ the poorest creature in a workhouse had a rug on his bed, and that she would have it on.’

Mrs. Holt, to whom I am obliged for many particulars in this volume, who had by her amiable disposition and strict attention to cleanliness rendered the two last years of Mr. Nollekens’ life more comfortable than any period of his existence, informed me that when he could not rest in his bed, he would frequently endeavour to raise himself up, and call to her to know if she was asleep. Mrs. Holt, who rested upon a hard sofa by the side of his bed, would answer : ‘ I’m here, sir. Can I give you anything ?’ *Nollekens* : ‘ Sit up ; I can’t sleep—I can’t rest. Is there anybody that I know that wants a little money to do ’em good ?’ *Mrs. Holt* : ‘ Yes, sir ; there is Mrs. ——.’ *Nollekens* : ‘ Well, in the morning I’ll send her ten pounds.’ ‘ That’s a good old boy,’ said she, patting him on the back ; ‘ you will eat a better dinner for to-morrow, and enjoy it.’ And Mrs. Holt has added that she never knew him to forget his promise.

With all his propensity for saving, he indulged for many years in the gratification of making his



household domestics a present of a little sum of money on his birthday; and lately, upon this occasion, he became even more generous, by bestowing on them, to their great astonishment, ten and twenty pounds each.

A broad-necked gooseberry bottle, leather-bunged, containing coffee, which had been purchased and ground full forty years, was brought out when he intended to give a particular friend a treat; but it was so dried to the sides of the bottle that it was with difficulty he could scrape together enough for the purpose, and even when it *was* made, time had so altered its properties, from the top having been but half closed, that it was impossible to tell what it had originally been. He used to say, however, of this turbid mixture: 'Some people fine their coffee with the skin of a sole, but for my part, I think this is clear enough for anybody!'

Mrs. Wilson, a most amiable lady, one of the daughters of Mr. Major,<sup>1</sup> the late celebrated engraver of the Stamp Office, was once asked to stay and drink tea with him. As Mr. Nollekens was putting in more tea than he would for himself, he was stopped by Mrs. Wilson, who observed that she was afraid he had misunderstood her, for she could not stay; on which he muttered, 'Oh, I'm glad you spoke!' and then returned half the tea out of the pot to the canister. I do not wonder that so

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Major, A.E. (1720-1799), the first engraver elected into the Royal Academy. He was for forty years Engraver to the King.—  
ED.

elegant a woman as Mrs. Wilson declined his invitation, particularly at this time, when the paralytic seizures which he had undergone rendered his society at some times insupportable, for, independent of his natural stupidity and ignorance in conversation, his bodily humours appeared in several parts of his person as well as his face, which was seldom free from eruptions, particularly about his mouth.

Indeed, poor man ! his appearance and want of decent manners rendered it impossible for anyone accustomed to tolerable society to associate with him ; and yet there were persons, whose servants would send such an object from their master's door, who actually sat down and partook of his boiled rabbit smothered with parsley and butter, even when he had thick napkins four times doubled under his chin. For my own part, I must say I always declined accepting an invitation, though I have seen ladies arrive in their carriages, with an expectation of being remembered when next he made his will, for it was pretty well known that, in the course of the last twenty-five years, he had made several, in some of which he had remembered all his old friends. However, I shall for the present drop this subject, and state to my readers the few amusements which he enjoyed at this period.

His principal attendant, Goblet, who at this time was empowered with the full control of the studio, stone-yard, and gate, cleared a space of ground which he formed into a small garden, purposely to be viewed from a window of an upper room, into

which he and Mrs. Holt, and sometimes poor Bronze, guided the castored chair with the man who had for years repeatedly promised to make them all happy for life.

Of these three persons, Mr. Nollekens made the most free with Bronze ; he listened to her silly nonsense with the full expectation of hearing what she had often said, and then would joke in his way in return ; and though she was not over-cleanly in her domestic habits or person, he voraciously ate the food prepared by her hands. His attendant, Mrs. Holt, always cooked her own dinner ; for lately, though Nollekens' savoury dish was sometimes relished by a crafty visitor, she declined eating with him, well knowing how negligent Bronze was as to the state of her culinary articles before she used them. Indeed, Bronze, in her gray-haired state, became addicted to drinking, and then Mrs. Holt would not allow her to dress anything more for her master, but kindly cooked his dinner herself.

Perhaps there never was a Royal Academician, or even a servant of one, whose wardrobes were so scantily provided with change of dress as those of Mr. Nollekens and his old servant Bronze. He had but one nightcap, two shirts, and three pairs of stockings ; two coats, one of them his *pourpre de pape*, one pair of small-clothes, and two waistcoats. His shoes had been repeatedly mended and nailed ; they were two odd ones, and the best of his last two pair. This was the amount of his dress : indeed, so niggardly was he as to his clothes, that when Mrs. Holt took possession of his effects, she

declared she would not live with him unless he had a new coat and waistcoat. With this reasonable request he complied, saying nothing about any other part of his dress.

Poor Bronze, who had to support herself upon what were called board-wages, had barely a change, and looked more like the wife of a chimney-sweeper than any other kind of human being. As for table linen, two small breakfast-napkins and a large old tablecloth, a descendant in the family, which, when used, was always folded into four, was the whole of his stock; for he possessed no doileys, and Bronze declared to me that she had never seen such a thing as a jack-towel in the house, nor even the nail-holes where one had been. She always washed without soap: there were no hearth-stones nor blacklead dust for the stoves; nor a cake of whitening for the kitchen-grate; nor even a yard of oil-cloth to preserve the stones from grease, much less an old bit of bedside carpet, to keep the bones of poor old Bronze free from rheumatism.

In this state Mrs. Holt found things at No. 9, Mortimer Street, and in a worse condition did they appear when the secrets of the prison-house were laid open, as will be found after the insertion of Mr. Nollekens' will in a future page of this volume.

Of late years he diverted himself with several sketch-books filled with outlines and measurements of busts, statues, groups, and basso-relievos, which he had most industriously and carefully made during his residence in Italy from numerous



fragments, and several celebrated antiques in the Vatican, the Palaces, and Villas Bassano, Belvidere, Bologna, Borghese, Frascati, Giustiniani, Loretto, Mantua, Massani, Tivoli, etc.

These sketch-books, which are now mostly in the possession of Mrs. Palmer, may very justly be considered to contain some of his best drawings, and are beyond doubt most valuable memoranda. Of the interesting subjects delineated—particularly as to their measurements, which in my belief are strictly accurate—the outlines in my mind bear too visibly the cold hand of perseverance only, since they are not executed with anything like the feeling with which Flaxman drew; and when compared with his Italian studies, also made from some of the same antiques, they fall far short of the mind visible in everything Flaxman touched, even in his earliest years.

However this may be, and feebly as Nollekens' copies were made, he unquestionably not only considerably out-stripped his master Scheemakers, but, to do him only common justice, his strides were considered greatly beyond the usual extent of the abilities in drawing of the sculptors of his early days—Rysbrack excepted, whose drawings, though certainly considerably mannered, possess a fertility of invention and a spirit of style in their execution seldom emanating from the hand of a sculptor of modern times. They are for the most part washed in bistre, and are frequently to be met with. Painters, and indeed engravers, at that time were much better draughtsmen than the sculptors. There

were Moser, Mortimer, Cipriani, West, Barry, Bartolozzi, Sherwin, Ryland, Strutt, Legat, and Grignon, who drew the figure well. Since their time we have been enabled to boast of Blake, Flaxman, Lawrence, Stothard, Burney, Ryley, Howard, Hilton, Etty, Briggs, and Morton, all faithful and constant delineators of form and muscular action. Michael Angelo's productions as a draughtsman were divinely magnificent, and they are pre-eminently placed in all collections where they are to be found; he drew with the pen or charcoal, and also in red chalk, but most of his finest drawings are in black chalk, in which he seemed to delight, if we may judge from the exquisite manner in which many of them are finished. When I had the honour of viewing Sir Thomas Lawrence's princely collection of drawings by Michael Angelo and Raffaele, their productions alone engaged my admiration from seven o'clock till past eleven. Jeremiah Harman, Esq., has also some most powerful drawings by Michael Angelo, which were brought into England by W. Y. Ottley, Esq.

During Nollekens' juvenile practice he received a few lessons in drawing from a sculptor now but little known, Michel Henry Spang, a Dane,<sup>1</sup> who drew the figure beautifully and with anatomical truth—a most essential component of the art, in-

<sup>1</sup> Spang, who produced that small anatomical figure so well known to every draughtsman who assiduously studies his art. He also designed and executed the figures on the pediment of Earl Spencer's house in the Green Park, and the decorations on the screen at the admiralty.—SMITH. Spang died about 1767.—ED.

dispensably requisite for all those who would climb to the summit of Fame; but this invaluable acquirement was neglected by Nollekens, nor did he at any period of his life venture to carve a subject in which a knowledge of anatomy would have been extensively wanted: his naked figures were of the most simple class, being either a young Bacchus, a Diana, or a Venus, with limbs sleek, plump, and round; but I never knew him, like Banks, to attempt the grandeur of a Jupiter or even the strength of a gladiator. His monumental effigies, too, were always so draped and placid that very little expression of muscle was exercised. Nollekens' large academical drawings, made when he was Visitor in the Royal Academy, were feebly executed: his men were destitute of animation, and his females often lame in the joints; their faces were usually finished up at home from his wife, and in compliment to her he generally contrived to give them little noses.

There were in the Academy at the time when Mr. Nollekens was Visitor, three young sculptors who drew remarkably well—Flaxman, Proctor<sup>1</sup> and Deare—whose abilities were so much noticed by their fellow-students that Nollekens gave up his practice of drawing for that of modelling the figure in basso-relievo, and many of his productions possessed great merit. Having throughout his long life had fewer vexations than most men, by reason of his natural imbecility, he was on all occasions

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Proctor, the sculptor and painter (1753-1793). See Prefatory Essay.—ED.

industriously inclined to his art, and was never known to riot in dissipation; on the contrary, whenever he was not engaged in modelling, he employed himself, particularly in the evening, in making designs upon the backs of letters and other scraps of paper for every description of monument of the simple kind, such as a female weeping or entwining festoons of flowers over an urn, or a child with an inverted torch; and for one and the same monument I have known him make half a dozen or more trials.

Quantities of these sketches were purchased at his auction by Mrs. Palmer, who, having so many of his works, at one time had an idea of building a room for their reception, as I have been informed by Mr. Taylor,<sup>1</sup> the pupil of Frank Hayman, who still continues an inquisitive and communicative man, notwithstanding his great age, which now and then screens him from the retort courteous.

These sketches were often in pencil, or sometimes finished in Indian ink, but many of his later ones were drawn only with charcoal; he kept them always at hand to show a gentleman who had lost his wife, or a lady who had been deprived of her husband or child; and he has often been heard to say when he has received an order for a monument, 'You see, I take 'em when the tear's in the eye.'

The greatest pleasure our sculptor ever received was when modelling small figures in clay, either singly or in groups, which he had baked; and in

<sup>1</sup> John Taylor, known as 'Old Taylor,' long outlived Smith, and died in 1838, in his ninety-ninth year.—ED.

consequence of his refusing to sell them, and giving very few away, they became so extremely numerous that they not only afforded a great display of his industry, but considerable entertainment to his friends.

His talent in this way was esteemed superior to many things executed by him of a large size, and it would ill become me, after venturing to amuse my readers with my old master's weaknesses, if I were, by my silence upon these beautiful models, to deprive him of one particle of that share of praise to which he was so deservedly entitled for their composition and spirit ; for though he was but a poor artist as a draughtsman, no one equalled him in his time as a modeller, particularly in his Venuses. There is in some of them, notwithstanding their want of that grace which he might have derived from the antique, a luxuriant display of Nature's elegance, of which there was then no sculptor better able to make a selection.

His models towards the decline of his practice were not possessed of much variety of composition ; and as for his attempts in his latter years, they very much resembled the productions of a dozing man. However, I will still do him the justice to own that they were in some points natural, and to the last evinced a strong attachment to his branch of the art, although produced in his second childhood. As a proof of my assertion, Sir William Beechey has a little group, possessing much merit, which Nollekens modelled from his design only a short time before his last attack ; though he would then occasionally leave off and give Bronze, his

poor old servant, money to dance his favourite cat, 'Jenny Dawdle,' round about the room to please him, and at which he would always laugh himself heartily into a fit of coughing, and continue to laugh and cough, with tears of pleasure trickling down his cheeks upon his bib, until Bronze declared the cat to be quite tired enough for that morning. This cat, the favourite of her master, his constant companion at his breakfast and dinner table, being no longer praised and petted by her master's visitors after his death, was kindly rescued from unthinking boys, or the stealers of cats for the sake of their skins, by Mrs. Holt, who took her to her home, which she had left to oblige Mr. Nollekens, where it now enjoys a warm-hearted fireside friend. As for the fate of poor Bronze, alas ! a future page will declare it.

In this state of imbecility he continued to exist for a considerable time, under the kind superintendence of his housekeeper, Mrs. Holt, who deserves the highest praise for the feeling manner in which she watched over him. As for his faithful servant poor Betty, whose name was dropped at the beginning of this work for that of Bronze, she was too old and feeble to do much ; her hair had become gray in his service, and she was not altogether unlike the figure of the poor old soul so wretchedly employed in lighting the fire in the miser's room, represented by Hogarth in his first plate of 'The Rake's Progress.' Goblet, his principal carver, who had slept in the house for some months, was at all times ready, night and day, to render him every

assistance in his power, for which he had been induced to give up his own domestic comforts. His medical attendant was Sir Anthony Carlisle,<sup>1</sup> who for a long time had visited him at all hours, and who was always with him at the shortest possible notice, and whose kind and skilful hand frequently relieved his sufferings, for he had been visited in the course of his life with three paralytic seizures.

Under these circumstances Mr. Nollekens at length departed this life in the drawing-room on the first floor, at the south-east corner of his house, April 23, 1823, in the presence of Mrs. Holt and Mr. Goblet, who immediately sent to inform the three executors, of which number he had, upon the death of my honoured friend, the Rev. Edward Balme, chosen me to be one. I considered it my duty to attend the same day, when I found Sir William Beechey. The next day Mr. Douce met us, and the will was read. The following is an attested copy.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, of Mortimer-street, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire: I desire that my body be decently deposited in the vault under the parish church of Paddington, in the said County; and that there be not any scarfs given at my funeral, but that I be buried in a plain black coffin, without any gilt ornaments. And that all such just debts as I shall owe at the time of my decease, and my funeral and testamentary charges and expenses be paid and satisfied. I give to Mrs. Frances Burslem, of Michleover, in the County of Derby, the sum of two hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Lee, late the widow of my esteemed friend Caleb Whitefoord, Esquire, deceased, the sum of one hundred pounds, to be paid into her own proper hands, for her sole and separate use, and for which

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<sup>1</sup> The eminent surgeon and physiologist (1768-1840).—ED.

her receipt alone (notwithstanding her coverture) shall be a sufficient discharge to my Executors hereinafter named. I give to Mr. Lee, the husband of the said Mary Lee, the sum of five hundred pounds, in trust for Maria Whiteford, Caleb Whiteford, Charles Whiteford, Harriet Whiteford, and John Whiteford, children of the said Mary Lee, by her said former husband, in equal shares, and to be paid them at their respective ages of twenty-one years; but if any, or either of them, shall happen to die before attaining that age, then as to the parts of him, her, or them, so dying, in trust for the survivors or survivor of them, equally between such survivors, if more than one; and the interest of their said several shares to be in the meantime paid or applied towards their respective maintenance or education. And I direct that the receipt of the said Mr. Lee shall be a sufficient discharge to my Executors for the same legacy. And that they shall not afterwards be liable to see to the application or disposition of the said legacy, or any part thereof, I give to the said Mr. Lee the sum of one hundred pounds, as an acknowledgment for the trouble he will have in the execution of the aforesaid trust. I give to Mary Ann Bonomi, Agnes Bonomi, Justina Bonomi, Ignatius Bonomi, Joseph Bonomi, and Charles Bonomi, children of my late friend Mrs. Rosa Bonomi, one hundred pounds each, to be paid them at their respective ages of twenty-one years; but if any, or either of them, shall happen to die before attaining that age, then I give the aforesaid legacy or legacies of him, her, or them, so dying, unto the survivors or survivor of them, equally between such survivors, if more than one. And I direct that the interest of their said several legacies may, if deemed necessary, be in the meantime paid or applied towards their respective maintenance or education. I give to my friend Mrs. Mary Lloyd, widow of the late Captain Hugh Lloyd, one hundred pounds. I give to my friend Sir William Beechey two hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Zoffany three hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Green, widow of the late Valentine Green, one hundred pounds. I give to my worthy friend, Francis Douce, Esquire, the book of all my prints by Albert Durer, together with the print of the Triumphant Arch of the Emperor Maximilian; also the golden medallion which I obtained at Rome, in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-eight; but I request that he do, at his decease, leave and bequeath the said prints unto the British Museum. I give to my worthy friend, the Reverend Mr. Kerrick, one hundred pounds; and I desire that he the said Mr. Kerrick do select from my Prints of Reubens, twelve of them for his collection, and which twelve Prints I hereby bequeath to him. I give to my



old friend, Benjamin West, Esquire, one hundred pounds, with the model of his bust. I give to my old friend, Richard Cosway, Esquire, one hundred pounds. I give to the Reverend Mr. Wollaston, of South Weale, one hundred pounds, as a token of my regard for him. I give to my old friend, Mr. J. Taylor, of Cirencester-place, Mary-le-bone, one hundred pounds. I give and remit to my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumsey, the principal and interest due from her to me, on her promissory note for one hundred pounds; and I direct that the said note be delivered up to her to be cancelled. I give to my esteemed friend, Mrs. Walford, one hundred pounds. I give to Mr. Charles Robertson, of Great Marlborough-street, fifty pounds, as a testimony of the regard I have for him. I give to Mrs. Byrne, widow of the late Mr. Byrne, Engraver, one hundred pounds. I give to Miss Susanna Devins, two hundred pounds. I give to the Reverend Doctor Charles Symmons, two hundred pounds. I give to Mr. John Woodcock, cousin of my late dear wife, three hundred pounds. I give to Mr. John Soilleux, of Notting-hill, Kensington, one hundred pounds. I give to Doctor Rudeman, of Bryanstone-street, fifty pounds. I give to Mrs. Mary Holt, fifty pounds. I give to Mrs. Gerrard, nineteen guineas. I give to Hancock, my Hair-dresser, nineteen guineas. I give to Mary Bailleux, now in Saint George's workhouse, forty pounds. I give to Mrs. Henshall, nineteen guineas. I give to Elizabeth Clements, my servant, nineteen guineas. I give to Mary Fearey, my late servant, all my wearing apparel, clothes, and body-linen. I give to Sebastian Gahagan, Alexander Goblet, and George Lupton, three of my workmen, one hundred pounds each, to be paid as soon as convenient after my decease; and to George Gahagan, another of my said workmen, twenty pounds, to be paid in like manner. I give to Louisa Goblet, daughter of the said Alexander Goblet, thirty pounds. I give to the said Mary Fearey, to Ann Clibbon, my late servant, and to Dodemy, (another of my workmen) an annuity of thirty pounds to each of them, for their respective lives, to be paid by equal half yearly payments, the first of such payments to be made at the end of six calendar months next after my decease. I give to the Trustees or Treasurer, for the time being, of the Saint Patrick Orphan Charity School, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said school. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Middlesex Hospital, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said hospital. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Parish Charity School of Saint Mary-le-bone, three hundred pounds for the benefit of the said school. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Society for the Relief of Persons imprisoned for

Small Debts, three hundred pounds, for the purposes of the said society. I give to the Treasurer or Treasurers of the Meeting or Contribution for the Relief of distressed Seamen, held at the King's Head Tavern in the Poultry, nineteen guineas, to be applied for the purposes of the said meeting. I desire that my collection of virtu in antiques, marbles, busts, models, printed books, prints, and drawings, (except such books and prints as I have hereinbefore given) be sold by public auction; and that the said Alexander Goblet be employed to arrange, repair, and clean my said marbles, busts, and models, to fit them for sale, under the direction of my executors; and that he, the said Alexander Goblet, be paid for his trouble therein, at the rate of one guinea per day, during such time as he shall be so engaged, and which I suppose may be effected in three or four days; and I desire that my said antiques, marbles, busts, models, books, prints, and drawings, (except as aforesaid,) be sold by Mr. Christie, of Pall Mall. I give to the said Francis Douce, Esquire, and to the Reverend Edward Balme, the Executors of this my Will, five hundred pounds each, as an acknowledgement for their trouble. I give to Mrs. Sadler my leasehold house, situate and being No. 66, Great Portland-street, now in her occupation; and all my estate, term, and interest therein. I give to Mrs. Hawkins my leasehold house, situate in Edward-street, Manchester-square, now in her occupation; and all my estate, term, and interest therein. I give to Jasper Peck, Esquire, my four leasehold houses, situate in St. James's-street; my four other houses, situate in Edward-street, aforesaid; my two ground-rents of two houses, in the same street; my leasehold house in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square; and my two corner houses in Norton-street and Clipstone-street, and all my estate and interest therein respectively. And as to my property in the funds at the Bank of England, the monies to arise by the sales hereinbefore directed, the debts that shall be owing to me at my decease, and all other the residue of my estate and effects whatsoever, I give the same to Mr. Francis Russell Palmer, of Cumberland-place, New-road, and the said Francis Douce, and Mr. Edward Balme, equally to be divided between them. And I appoint the said Francis Douce and Edward Balme, Executors of this my Will. And I declare that they, or either of them, or their respective Executors, shall not be charged or chargeable with, or answerable or accountable for any loss or damage that may happen of or to my estate and effects, or any part thereof, so as the same happens without their wilful neglect or default; and that they, or any, or either of them, shall not be answerable or accountable for the others or other of them, or for the receipts, payments, acts,

neglects, or defaults of the others or other of them, but each of them only for himself, and his own receipts, payments, acts, neglects, and defaults. And that they my said Executors, and their respective Executors, shall and may, by, from, and out of my estate and effects, or any part thereof, deduct, retain, and reimburse himself and themselves respectively, all such costs, charges, and expenses as they shall respectively pay, sustain, or be put unto, in or about the execution of this my Will or relating thereto. And I do hereby revoke and make void all and every other will and wills by me at any time or times heretofore made, and do publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. In witness whereof, I have to this my last Will and Testament contained in three sheets of paper, set my hand and seal (that is to say) have set my hand to the two first sheets, and to this third and last sheet have set my hand and seal, this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Joseph Nollekens the Testator, as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses thereunto.

HENRY JEANNERET, }  
EDWARD CARY GROJAN, } Golden-square.

No. 1.

I give to Mrs. Harness of Stanmore in the County of Middlesex a Cousin of my late dear wife *Mary* Nollekens, three hundred pounds and I publish and declare this to be a Codicil to my foregoing Will witness my hand and seal this twenty seventh day of March one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

Signed sealed and published by the said Joseph Nollekens in the presence of us

HENRY JEANNERET,  
W. T. STUBBS.

No. 2.

I will and direct that the annuity of thirty pounds by my Will given to Mary Fearey therein named be increased to an annuity of fifty pounds and that the annuity of thirty pounds by my said Will given to Ann Clibbon therein also named be increased to an annuity of

forty pounds which increased annuities I give to them respectively (in lieu of the said annuities given them by my said Will) and to be paid half yearly as in my said Will mentioned I give to Mr. Henshall of Mortimer street Stone Mason (over and above the legacy by my said Will given to Mrs. Henshall his wife) the sum of one hundred pounds and I publish and declare this to be a further Codicil to my said Will, witness my hand and seal this twenty fourth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

Signed, sealed, and published by the  
said Joseph Nollekens, in the pre-  
sence of us,

HENRY JEANNERET,  
EDW. CARY GROJAN.

No. 3.

Has a present to Maria Verninck, daughter of the Reverend Doctor and the Honorable Mrs. Verninck, of Camberwell, who was the Goddaughter of my late dear wife Mrs. Nollekens, and was in May last six years of age the sum of two hundred pounds Also, I have given to Sophia Baroness de Belmont the sum of two hundred pounds as a remembrance I had of her late worthy father. God bless them both. These are both paid October the 29th, 1818.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

I desire that Mr. Carlisle the Surgent be presented with a note of fifty pounds for his attendance on me.

No. 4.

It is my desier and request that my executors do make a present of the sum of two hundred pounds to each of the daughters of Mr. John Woodcock cousens of my late dear wife Maria Nollekens, that they shall not be at the expences of the legacy duty *videlicet*, Mary Ann Woodcock and her sister Mrs. Cockell, wife of Mr. Cockell, Surgen, of Bronwick Terrace, Hackney Road this 20th day of November, 1818.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Witness)

WM. WINGFIELD,  
George-street, Hanover-square.

No. 5.

I revoke the legacy or bequest in my foregoing Will contained of my property in the funds at the Bank of England the monies to arise by the sales in my said Will, directed the debis that shall be owing me

at my decease, and all other the residue of my estate and effects to Mr. Francis Russell Palmer, Mr. Francis Douce, and Mr. Edward Balme equally between them; and in lieu and stead thereof, I give and bequeath my said property in the funds at the Bank of England the said monies to arise by the aforesaid sales, the said debts that shall be owing to me at my decease and all other the said residue of my estate and effects whatsoever unto the said Francis Russell Palmer Francis Douse Edward Balme and the Reverend Mr. Kerrick in my said Will named equally to be divided between them the said Francis Russell Palmer Francis Douse Edward Balme and Mr. Kerrick And I publish and declare this to be a further Codicil to my said Will Witness my hand and seal this twenty-ninth day of January, One thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

Signed, sealed, and published by the  
said Joseph Nollekens in the presence of us,

HENRY JEANNERET,  
W. T. STUBBS.

No. 6.

I do hereby revoke every legacy and bequest by my Will or Codicils given to or in favour of, Dodemy, and also the legacy of one hundred pounds to Alexander Goblet and instead of the said last legacy, I give to the said Alexander Goblet an annuity of thirty pounds for his life to commence from my decease, and to be payable half-yearly. Witness my hand and seal the fifteenth day of April 1819.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

(Witness)

HENRY JEANNERET.  
JOSEPH BONOMI.

No. 7.

Mortimer street 27th September 1819.

It is my desire that my executors do give as a present from me to Mrs. Elizabeth Gee widow of No. 4, King-street, Golden-square the sum of fifty pounds, as a token of my regard for her.

And it is my desire that my executors do give, in the same manner as above, the sum of fifty pounds to Mrs. Ray, the wife of Lieut. Ray as a token of my regard for her and her family like of my friend Mr. Trumbold in America.

And it is my desire that twenty pounds shall be given to Mrs.

Rouw the wife of Mr. Rouw the Modler for the regard I have for her, for her sole use and benefit, and the long slabb of marble in my yard shall be given to him for his own use. Also, that young Pastorini shall be given twenty pounds as a token of my regard for him.

And it is my request that in case of the demise of my hair dresser Hancock a legacy of twenty pounds shall be given to his daughter.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Signed in the presence of me)

JOHN WORNINCK, D.D. &c.  
Camberwell Grove.

No. 8.

Whereas, by a former memorandum I had directed that the marble in the yard and the working tools in the study should be equally divided and one-half of the same given to Mr. Alexander Goblet I do hereby revoke such former direction and instead thereof do hereby will and direct that the whole of the said marble and all the working tools in the study be delivered by my Executors to the said Alexander Goblet for his sole use and benefit in consideration of his care and attention to me.

And whereas in the aforesaid memorandum, I had directed that my books, drawings and prints should be sold by Mr. King, I do hereby direct that they be sold by Mr. Evans, of Pall Mall.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

February the 7th, 1820.

No. 9.

It is my desier that I wish that my executors will give as a present the sum of fifty guineas unto Henry Goblet for the servises he has done for me.

J. NOLLEKENS.

August 14th, 1820.

No. 10.

All the working tools in the shop I give to his father with the marble in the yard and the boards and utenserals for working the jack I lent to Lupto above a year ago he ought to return it I have paid and for what.—

J. NOLLEKENS.

This 14th of August, 1820.

No. 11.

This 28th day of January, 1822.

Memorandum that in case of my death all the marble in the yard the tools in the shop Bankers mod tools for carving the rasp in the

draw with and the draw in the parlour shall be the property of Alex. Goblet.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

(Witness my hand.)

MARY HOLT.

No. 12.

*Codicil to my Will.*

It is my request that the legacy of fifty pounds per annum which I have left in my Will, besides my cloaths and body linen left to Mary Fiery, now Mrs. Edmonds, be revoked, and I give the said fifty pounds per annum to Mary Holt for her life, together with my cloaths and body linen, for the care she has taken of me in my weak state of body. This is my desire, to which I set my hand and seal, this thirtieth day of July, Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-two.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, L.S.

(Witness)

A. H. CHAMBERT.

WM. GADSBY.

No. 13.

Since executing this Will, the Reverend Edward Balme, one of the Executors therein named, has departed this life, and I do therefore appoint as my Executors Sir William Beechy, Knight; Francis Douce, Esquire; and Thomas Smith, Esquire, of the British Museum, the joint Executors of this my Will; and I do now hereby give to the said Sir William Beechy the sum of one hundred pounds for his trouble, and to the said Thomas Smith one hundred pounds for his trouble; I do likewise hereby give and bequeath to Henry Francis Goblet, the son of Alexander Goblet, one hundred pounds, and to Mrs. Mary Holt the additional sum of one hundred pounds to what I may have already given her by this Will, which I do in all other respects hereby confirm; as witness my hand, this sixth day of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-two.

J. NOLLEKENS.

(Signed in the presence of us)

JOHN MEAKIN.

THOMAS MATTHEW.

No. 14.

It is my desire that my Executors pay to Mr. Peter Rouw, the Modeller, the sum of one hundred pounds. As witness my hand, this twenty-eighth day of December, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty-two.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS.

Died April 23rd, 1823.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Funeral of Mr. Nollekens—His wardrobe—List of his intended bequests—Professional anecdotes of him—Modelling in full dress—Taking casts from dead subjects—His mask of Mr. Pitt—Statue erected at Cambridge—Mrs. Siddons's remarks on it—Economy and profits of the sculptor—Bust of Lord Londonderry—Economy in fuel—Fuseli's opinion of Nollekens—His bust of Mr. Coutts; anecdotes of its execution—His collection of casts and models—Wigs painted by Lely and Kneller—Wycherley and Fielding wigs—Old system of wig-stealing—Mr. Nollekens' features of likeness in his busts—His busts of Mr. Fox.

ON the day of the funeral, May 1, 1823, at eleven o'clock, the hour proposed for the meeting of the carriages invited to attend it, only four appeared, namely, the Hon. Thomas Grenville's, Mr. Chambers', Mr. Palmer's; and last of all, that which the mob saluted as my Lord Mayor's. The cry was, 'Lord Mayor! Lord Mayor!' 'Lord Mayor!' rejoined the stately coachman, drawing on his sable glove; 'the Duke of Wellington's, if you please—Lord Mayor, indeed!' and really the coach and dressings were truly splendid, and worthy of so noble a Duke. The Rev. Thomas Kerrick,<sup>1</sup> or, in true spelling, Kerrich, Principal Librarian to the

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Kerrick, of Dersingham, was University Librarian from 1797 to his death in 1828, at the age of eighty. He was a very skilful architectural and antiquarian draughtsman.—ED.



University of Cambridge, did not appear. The mourners were all in waiting ; and Mr. Douce arrived at twelve. The street-lamp-irons and windows were thronged to see ' The Miser's Funeral ;' and all was now in silent motion.

The first coach contained Francis Douce, Esq., an executor, and one of the residuary legatees. Sir William Beechey, also an executor, but not a residuary legatee, was obliged to attend his own interests in touching up his pictures in the Royal Academy Room, previous to the opening of the Exhibition. The second in the coach was the late Dr. Simmonds, of Chiswick, an old and steady friend to the deceased ; the third was Russel Palmer, Esq., the son of Mrs. Palmer, an acquaintance of some standing with the deceased ; and the fourth was myself, an executor, but, like Sir William Beechey, no residuary legatee. The other mourners were, Mr. Woodcock, a cousin of Mrs. Nollekens, to whom a small legacy had been left ; Mr. Nelson Beechey, for his father ;<sup>1</sup> Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, the gentleman who sold part of the property ; Raphael and Benjamin West, Esquires, sons of the late venerable President ; the Rev. Stephen Weston ; Mr. Jeanneret, who was sent for after Mr. Nollekens' death to read the will ; Mr. Gahagan ; Mr. Goblet, sen., and his son ; Mr. Rouw,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Soilleux.

Early on the day of the funeral, when Sir William Beechey and myself found that Mr. Peck,

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Beechey, R.A.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Peter Rouw, jun. (1771-1852), the gem-engraver.—ED.

one of Mr. Nollekens' two nearest relations, had not been included in the list of those invited, we immediately directed Mr. Turner, the undertaker, to send a coach to the Temple for that gentleman, but it arrived too late for him to attend.

Being now in a state of motion, the conversation between Dr. Simmonds and myself fell upon the notices in the newspapers respecting the very extraordinary manner in which it was stated that Mr. Nollekens' money was to be distributed. As the coach in which I was turned round Harley Street, I had a perfect view of the procession, and the crowd that followed the Duke of Wellington's carriage was immense; it was a new one, built for state occasions. By the time we got into the New Road, the concourse of people was beyond all conception; for it was May-Day, and the chimney-sweepers in their trappings, and the Jacks-in-the-green, or Bunter's Garland, had all followed what they still looked upon as my Lord Mayor's coach. Indeed, so strongly was this believed by the drivers of the Paddington stages, whose horses were gaily decked with ribbons of various dyes, that they, out of respect or fear of the City Magistrate, fell back and slowly followed the Duke's coach.

By the time we had arrived at the Yorkshire Stingo, a crowd of milkmaids and maidservants, who had been dancing and drinking on the green all the morning, so choked up the turnpike, that for some time a stoppage took place. At last, the mob finding it to be only a funeral, and that it was going to Paddington, the greater part of our

company left us, to follow their accustomed gambols. On our arrival at the churchyard, Old Dodimy was waiting to see the last of his master, with whom had he remained, most likely he would have had the annuity of thirty pounds once bequeathed him, but since transferred to Lewis Goblet, sculptor, as a reward for his long and faithful services. Before this time, however, Goblet was not noticed, though he had received many assurances from Mr. Nollekens that he had left him and his family comfortably in his will.

When the funeral was over, Mr. Douce returned from the churchyard to his house in Kensington Square and most of the other mourners returned to the house of the deceased, in order to hear the will read. This I, as an executor, firmly insisted upon, and it was accordingly read in the presence of many persons.

Some time was employed by two of the executors and the three solicitors, in looking over Mr. Nollekens' property, before the will was proved. At one of these meetings, Mr. Nollekens' wardrobe was inspected, when we found it to consist of his court-coat of *Pourpre de Pape*, in which he was married; his hat, sword, and bag; two shirts, two pairs of worsted stockings, one table-cloth, three sheets, and two pillow-cases; but all these were in such a state of decay, that, with other rags, Mrs. Holt informed me she could only procure *one pound five shillings* for her legacy. His smart green velvet cap, one of the two kindly presented to him by a lady, Mrs. Holt presented to a friend.

During the investigation of his papers, I was in anxious expectation of finding a will subsequent to the one produced, as he had been for years in the habit of signing many wills, in all of which he assured me he had recollected me and my family, 'That you may depend upon, Tom,' were his words. In the year 1810, he showed me a list of the names of one hundred persons, to every one of whom he said he intended to leave one thousand pounds !

Mr. Nollekens, who had been extremely intimate with Mr. Zoffany, when approaching his eightieth year, offered his hand to his widow, who very civilly declined it, prudently observing: 'No, sir; the world would then say, She has married him for his money.' Mrs. Zoffany, when she found poor Bronze had been set down in his will for only £19 19s., very generously gave Mrs. Holt a guinea for her, long before she received her own legacy.

Having illustrated the peculiar manners of Mr. Nollekens in his ordinary life, I shall now introduce a few professional anecdotes of him as an artist, which will probably be not less amusing to the reader.

During the time an illustrious personage was sitting for his bust, he could not refrain from smiling at his friend, who stood behind Nollekens, at the truly ridiculous manner in which the artist had inconvenienced himself for the occasion. His powdered toupet,<sup>1</sup> which was stiffly pomatumed,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Nollekens, when at Rome, wore his long hair tied up in a club. When he arrived in England he commenced wearing hair-powder, and continued the use of it till his hair became thin; he

stood pointedly erect ; and he had, for the first time, put on a coat, to which the tailor had given an enormously high buckramed cape, so that, like Allscrip's, in 'The Heiress,' his head appeared as if it were in the pillory. To look over this cape, Nollekens had for some time painfully exerted himself, by stretching his neck to its fullest possible extent ; but, as he proceeded with his model, his body by degrees relaxed, and his head at last was so completely buried within the cape, that nothing but the pinnacle of his toupet was visible above it. This ridiculous exit of Nollekens' head so operated upon the risibility of the noble sitter, that, at last, he irresistibly indulged in a liberal fit of laughter, which so irritated the little sculptor, who had for some time noticed their smiles, that, instead of good-temperedly finding fault with the tailor, he lost sight of propriety, and thrusting his thumb into the mouth of the model, impetuously exclaimed, with a treble wag of his head, 'If you laugh, I'll make a fool of ye !'

Nollekens, after reading the death of any great person in the newspaper, generally ordered some plaster to be got ready, so that he might attend at a minute's notice. One day, when a lady who had sent for him desired him not to make so free with her dear husband's corpse, he observed, 'Oh, bless ye, you had better let me close his eyelids ; for then, when I cast him in my mould, he'll look for all the world as if he was asleep. Why do

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then, at the recommendation of Caleb Whitefoord, had it all cut off, and wore a natural wig without powder.—SMITH.

you take on so ? you do wrong to *prey* upon such a dismal prospect ; do leave the room to me and my man ; I am used to it, it makes no impression on me ; I have got a good many noted down in my journal.'

Mr. Sebastian Gahagan, the sculptor, Mr. Nollekens' assistant, attended him to cast the face of Lord Lake, after his decease ; his lordship's brother was then inconsolably pacing the room, but Mr. Nollekens shook him by the elbow, and applied to him for a little sweet-oil, a large basin, some water, and pen, ink, and paper.

The gentleman, astonished at his want of decency, referred him to the servant ; and Nollekens, after he had taken the mask, muttered the following soliloquy : ' Now, let me see, I must begin to measure him ; where's my callipers ? I must take him from his chin to the upper pinnacle of his head ; I'll put him down in ink ; ay, that will do ; now, I must have him from his nose to the back part of his skull ; well, now let's take his shoulders ; now for his neck ; well, now I've got him all.'

On Mr. Nollekens' return from Putney Common, after taking Mr. Pitt's mask, he observed to Mr. Gahagan, pointing to it on the opposite seat of the coach : ' There, I would not take fifty guineas for that mask, I can tell ye.' He would have done wrong if he had ; for from this mask and Hoppner's picture, which was lent him by Lord Mulgrave, he was enabled to produce the statue erected in the Senate-house of Cambridge, for which he received

three thousand guineas. Mr. Gahagan carved this statue of Pitt, for which Mr. Nollekens paid him, I am sorry to say, a miserably small sum ; and I really think, those who now bask in the sunshine of Mr. Nollekens' immense wealth should take into consideration the letter which he addressed to the executors shortly after the death of his old master.

Mr. George Lupton, the statuary, of Keppel Row, New Road, informed me that he went to Cambridge with his men to put up Mr. Pitt's monument ; and when he had erected the pedestal upon which it was to stand, he wrote to Mr. Nollekens and informed him of its being ready ; but as he did not come immediately, Mr. Lupton placed the figure upon it. Soon after this Mr. Nollekens arrived, and exclaimed : ' Thank God ! it is up.' He went to Cambridge in a very shabby coat, notwithstanding he intended to accept the invitation of the heads of the University, and to feed upon what Lupton called ' the fat of the land ' ; the Rev. Thomas Kerrick being one of his feeders. It is said that Nollekens charged £1,000 for Pitt's pedestal ; but Lupton assured me that he had only £12 for the working expenses, and that Nollekens bought the stone remarkably cheap at Mr. Deval's sale, he thinks at about nine shillings the cube foot. He also farther observed that Chantrey was nothing to Nollekens, with respect to his charges.

The erection of this effigy was thus noticed by Prince Hoare, Esq., in his *Academic Annals* of 1809 : ' Statue of the Right Hon. William Pitt, to be placed in the Senate-house in the University of

Cambridge, by general subscription of the Members of the University. (Executed by Joseph Nollekens, R.A.) This great statesman and orator is represented in the act of speaking, holding a roll of paper in his left hand. The attitude is designed to convey an idea of that commanding energy and decision with which he was accustomed to address the House of Commons. He is habited in the gown worn by the Masters of Arts in the University. The statue is to be erected in the Senate-house, at the eastern end of the room, in the place where the figure of *Glory* at present stands.'

'The Guide through the University of Cambridge,' published in 1814, after describing the statue of the Duke of Somerset by Rysbrack, states, 'that on the right is a statue of the Right Hon. W. Pitt, erected at the expense of different Members of the University, upwards of £7,000 being subscribed for that purpose. This statue was executed by Nollekens, and is considered by many good judges to be his *chef-d'œuvre*.'

Mr. Knight, one of the principal superintendents of the works at the New London Bridge, informed me that when Mrs. Siddons arrived to look at this statue, Mr. Nollekens was touching up the drapery, and that he heard that lady remark to the sculptor that, in her opinion, he was frittering the folds. Nollekens at first replied only by a kind of double grunt; but when that lady left the studio he declared that he was glad she was gone, for she knew nothing about the matter. Now, in the opinion of several artists of eminence, Mrs. Siddons,



who has very fine taste, and a considerable share of talent as a modeller, was perfectly correct. Many of my readers may remember the head of Adam, which Mrs. Siddons exhibited at the Royal Academy some years back ;<sup>1</sup> but very few can recollect that performance with more pleasure than myself.

When Mr. Nollekens had finished the monument of the three Captains, ordered by Government to be erected in Westminster Abbey, it remained in his studio for nearly fourteen years, waiting for the inscription ; and he being at last out of all patience, petitioned the late King, then at Weymouth, to take it into his royal consideration. The late Mr. Pitt was so highly displeased at his interference that he never would sit to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, nor recommend him in any way whatever ; and yet it is a fact that, after the decease of that great statesman, Mr. Nollekens made no less a sum by him than £15,000, according to the following calculation. The statue and pedestal for Trinity College, Cambridge, £4,000.

He also executed at least seventy-four busts in marble, for almost every one of which he had one hundred and twenty guineas ; and there were upwards of six hundred casts taken at six guineas each. The marble for the figure did not ultimately cost him more than £20 ; for he had so cunningly economized the block that he cut from the corners several pieces for various busts : and even farther than this, the block not being long enough by the depth of Mr. Pitt's head, he contrived to drill out

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1802.—ED.

a lump from between the legs large enough for the head, which he put on the shoulders of the block. The arm was also carved from a single *piece*; and yet for this figure, *pieced* in a manner which the sculptors of Italy would have been ashamed of, he received the unheard-of price of three thousand guineas, and one thousand for the pedestal; giving the sculptor who carved it only the odd £300 for his trouble. For the busts in marble he paid Gahagan, Goblet, and another sculptor of inferior merit, £24 each upon the average.

When the late Marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals were at an enormous price; and the noble lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity, when the sculptor went out for more clay, of throwing some coals upon the fire. 'Oh, my good lord! I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say!' exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens, who was bolstered up and bound to an old night-chair by the fireside. 'Never mind, my good lady,' answered his lordship; 'tell him to put them into my bill.' Lonsdale,<sup>1</sup> the portrait-painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a handful of fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on; and before Mr. Nollekens could reply, on they were.

Lonsdale, strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced; and when he had reached the

<sup>1</sup> James Lonsdale (1777-1839). He took Opie's house, and succeeded to part of his practice.—Ed.

street-door, pretended to have forgotten something, reascended to the room, and found him, as he suspected, taking them off with the fire-feeder, so strongly recommended to him by the Bishop of St. Asaph, at the same time muttering to himself: '*Shameful!* shameful extravagance!' He never left the kind-hearted Lonsdale a legacy; at least, I know of none, though it was his intention to have put him down in a former will for £1,000.

John Knowles, Esq., the friend, and for many years the constant companion, of Fuseli, communicated to me the remarks which that artist made to him respecting the talents of Nollekens.

'Mr. Coutts said to me yesterday,' observed Fuseli, "'My family have urged me to sit for a bust to be executed in marble. Now, as you know, Fuseli, that the price is not an object, pray tell me who you think will execute it best?'" I had no difficulty in doing this, for, though Nollekens is superannuated in many particulars, yet in a bust he stands unrivalled. If Mr. Coutts had required a group of figures, I should have recommended Flaxman, but for a bust, give me Nollekens.'

This bust of the late Mr. Coutts, the banker, was one of Nollekens' last productions, and one in which he appeared to take much pleasure, but I must say that, as to likeness, it is certainly ridiculously severe. In my mind, it displays the distorted features of a distressed person labouring under the heavy pangs of poverty, penury, or peevishness, neither of which cheerless characteristics did Mr. Coutts at any period of his life

possess. Indeed, it is what I deem a Cruikshank-caricature countenance. Chantrey has succeeded much better, and, indeed, completely, in his statue of him. This statue is placed in the Duchess of St. Alban's drawing-room, in her Grace's town-house, Piccadilly. Mrs. Nollekens assured me that during the numerous sittings which that wealthy man gave Mr. Nollekens, no one could be more attentive to him than Mrs. Coutts, who never failed to bring with her in her carriage some of the most delicious and comforting soups or refreshments that could possibly be made, which she herself warmed in a saucepan over the parlour fire: 'and I declare, my good sir,' continued Mrs. Nollekens, 'I believe it did me as much good to see old Mr. Coutts enjoy every spoonful of it as it would have done had it passed through my own mouth.'

These savoury-soup scenes must have been comically curious, as well as truly melancholy; for at that time Mrs. Nollekens was in her last stage of existence, with her spine nearly bent double. A wry neck had much twisted her head, which, in the best possible position, reclined upon a wing of a nurse's old-fashioned high-backed night-chair, covered with a broad chequered red and white stuff; and her swollen legs, which were almost useless, were placed upon a stool for the day by her 'flesh-brush rubber,' a woman who regularly attended her for an hour every morning. In the latter part of Mrs. Nollekens' life her husband would frequently make drawings of her, either in her chair, or as her maid was leading her up or

down stairs; these sketches he showed to Mr. Jackson, observing to him, even in her presence, 'Only see how much she has altered in a short time! That drawing I made in July, and this in August.' 'Ay, sir,' observed Mrs. Nollekens, who was almost bent double in the great arm-chair, 'you never would make a drawing of me when I was fit to be seen.' Mr. Coutts was blowing his broth, attended by Mrs. Coutts, a lively woman, most fashionably dressed: whilst Nollekens, to use the commonest of all similes, nearly as deaf as a post, was prosecuting his bust, and at the same time repeating his loud interrogations as to the price of stocks to his sitter, who had twice most good-temperedly stayed the spoon when it was considerably more than half-way to his mouth, and turned his head to answer him. As for the old conversation upon his early amusement of bell-tolling, that was a pleasure our artist had given up ever since he became a patient of the celebrated aurist, Mr. Maule, who advised him by all means to keep his ears well stuffed with cotton.

Mr. Henning,<sup>1</sup> the sculptor, when employed by Lady Moira to make a model in wax from Lord Moira's bust by Nollekens, was under the necessity of going to the artist's house to take the likeness, and he was in hope, from a man standing so high in his profession, that he should derive considerable benefit from his conversation; but in this expectation he was, after repeatedly trying to bring him into discourse, most grievously disappointed. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> John Henning (1771-1851).—ED.

Henning had been previously introduced to Mr. Nollekens by his old friend, James Dawkins, Esq., who would now and then joke him as to his Venuses. Mr. Henning informed me, that Mr. Dawkins assured him that his uncle's work of Palmyra and Balbeck had cost him no less a sum than £50,000, his attendants in the deserts being so numerous that he seldom had fewer than three hundred men to protect him and assist in his discoveries. Surely this noble enterprise demands the most liberal notice of the future biographer of Mr. Dawkins.

Fiamingo's models of boys were great favourites with Mr. Nollekens: he had several originals in clay, which he procured from Antwerp, and upon which he placed so high a value that, though frequent and considerable offers were made, he would not part with them. Indeed, he would not even listen to his flattering friend Angelica Kauffmann, who practised her wheedlings to the fullest extent of her fascinating powers to become mistress of only one of the most inferior of his collection.

He laid out little money in England for plaster casts, for most of those he possessed he brought from Rome, unless Papera, who in the commencement of his career carried the new things round to the artists in baskets, brought him a Fiamingo child which he had never seen. I recollect a basso-relievo of boys which he admired very much until Papera named John Deare as the modeller, when his admiration, I am sorry to say, decreased into the following remarks: 'Yes, it is; he is a clever

fellow, certainly, but I don't see the wonderful merit in his *Marine Venus* that Sir Richard Worsley talks so much about; and there's Mr. Penn, with his *Landing of Julius Cæsar*, it's a clever thing, and so I have always told him.'

Nollekens, whenever he could contrive it, avoided a representation of flowing hair in marble, particularly in curled wigs, though in his bust of Lord Chancellor Bathurst he was obliged to attend strictly to costume. The manner in which the wig of that bust is modelled proves what I firmly believe to be the fact, that such profusion of hair either perplexed him or was too expensive in the workmanship. Indeed, his master, Scheemakers, never shone in the art of wig-making, as his bust of Sir Hans Sloane in the British Museum sufficiently proves. His predecessor, Bird, in the wig of Sir Cloudesley Shovel in Westminster Abbey, bad as it is, was more successful in its tooling. That of Dr. Lockyer, in Saint Mary Overies, and those on the statues of Sir John Cutler, in the College of Physicians and Grocers' Hall, are very little superior.

Roubiliac's statue of Sir John Cass, at Saint Botolph's, Aldgate, exhibits a particularly tasteful wig;<sup>1</sup> but, notwithstanding his skill displayed in that instance, he was not fond of introducing it, and endeavoured to persuade his sitters to take their wigs off. His busts of Pope, Lord Boling-

<sup>1</sup> This fine statue has lately been most villainously painted of various colours, in order to make it appear as *natural as life*, or like the *Westminster Abbey* waxwork.—SMITH.

broke, Martin Folkes, Doctors Mead and Frewin, and numerous others of men of literature, are without wigs. Jonathan Richardson has etched his own portrait and that of Lord Somers in flowing wigs, and these two prints exhibit more flow of curl and spirit of needle than any I can instance. Indeed, they are complete specimens of tasteful flowing hair, and yet Richardson has also etched his own head, and many more of Lord Bolingbroke and Pope, without wigs, which proves that he preferred the natural shape of the head.

Nollekens' bust of Dr. Johnson is without his wig, but with very thick and heavy locks, which much displeased the doctor, who insisted upon it that all persons should be portrayed as they are seen in company ; adding, that though a man for ease may wear a night-cap in his own chamber, he ought not to look like one who had taken physic. I recollect that Wilkie, the Academician, once observed to an artist who was about to paint his own portrait without his cravat, with his shirt-collar thrown open to exhibit his neck, 'Oh, don't do that ; you'll look as if you were going to be shaved.'

In the representation of hair, the spirited painter has a decided superiority over the most exquisite and dexterous sculptor ; not only in colour and texture, but also as to time. The former is enabled to produce in one hour with his elastic and oily pencil as much as would take the latter six weeks with his chisel and drill ; as may be seen in the beautifully flowing hair of Vandyke, Dobson,



Lely, and Kneller, and the laboured works of the best sculptors. The difference in a Lely wig from that of a Kneller, is that the former generally falls down the shoulders in front, and the latter is thrown over the shoulders behind.

It must, however, be understood, that though Kneller and Lely thus differed, they did not paint all their sitters according to their own fashion of wearing their wigs. On the contrary, we find by Blooteling's print of Thomas, Earl of Danby, that his wig was peculiar. At the bottom of the sides of the wig, which falls over the front of the shoulders, there are three regularly distinct curls stiffly rolled up. But of all the wig-dandies of those days, the Duke of Ormond appears to have been the most fanciful; and I am supported in this conjecture by the four different portraits of that nobleman, engraven by Faithorne, Loggan, Williams, and White; which, though they all have large and flowing wigs, conspicuously vary in their modes of curling.

It may possibly be within the recollection of some few of my readers, when gentlemen indulged in an immensely expensive purchase of deep and flowing curled wigs, such as Wycherley and 'Beau Fielding' wore; and I have been credibly informed, that the enormous sum of fifty guineas was given by the best-dressing men of the time for a truly fashionable wig of the above description. Such wigs continued to be worn by many men of the old school during the latter part of the profession of Zincke, the enamel-painter, whose

portraits exhibit many of them. Sir James Thornhill and Jonathan Richardson wore flowing wigs, and so likewise did Sir James' son-in-law, Hogarth, in the early part of his professional career. In the latter years of his life, he wore a Busby wig when dressed; though, whilst painting, he preferred a velvet cap. There are persons now living who recollect seeing the father of the late Mr. Prime, of Witton,<sup>1</sup> wearing a flowing wig, or what is better known in the burletta of 'Tom Thumb' as a Doodle and a Noodle.

Mrs. Nollekens has frequently been heard to relate, that during the early part of Mr. Welch's magistracy, gentlemen were continually annoyed, and frequently robbed of their wigs in the open street and in mid-day. She stated that this method of wig-stealing was singularly daring, as well as laughably curious. A man dressed like a baker, bending beneath a large, loaded bread-basket, which he had hoisted upon his shoulders, waited until the first gentleman wearing a costly wig was about to turn the corner of a street in a crowded thoroughfare; and then, just as an accomplice ran forcibly against him, a boy concealed in the baker's basket knocked off the gentleman's gold-laced hat, and instantly snatched his wig. Whilst the gentleman was stooping to pick up his hat, the fictitious baker made off, with his dexterous assistant, till he came to the first convenient turning, where he

<sup>1</sup> This gentleman resided in the house which had been the mansion of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the staircase of which, painted by that artist, remains perfectly in its original state.--SMITH.

released the boy, who walked away with his booty neatly folded up in a school-boy's satchel, which he threw carelessly over his shoulder, as if slowly going to school, with his round, 'shining morning face;' leaving the baker with a loaf or two in his basket, pretending to be waiting at a customer's door, at which it was supposed he had knocked.

After numerous depredations of this kind, the bakers' men, who were avoided by the Wycherleys,<sup>1</sup> were determined not to be mistaken, and no longer carried their baskets hoisted on their shoulders, but swung them over the arm, and have ever since carried them at their backs; so that the wearers of wigs might see the contents of their bread-baskets.

But to return to our sculptor. In my opinion, Mr. Nollekens trusted more to the eyes, nose, and mouth for a likeness, than to the bones of the head; and in this belief I am supported most powerfully by the mask taken from Mr. Fox after his death. Mr. Nollekens modelled and carved two different busts of Mr. Fox. The first was with a toupet and curls above the ears, as that

<sup>1</sup> From Smith's portrait of Wycherley, engraven in 1703, we may conclude that he was, as reported, a very handsome man, and, by the sleekness of the curls of his wig, that he took great pains with it; indeed, so much was it the fashion to attend to the easy grace of the curls, that it was his custom, while standing in the pit of the theatre conversing with ladies in the boxes, to comb and adjust his discomposed locks. Wig-combs, which were made of most beautiful specimens of tortoiseshell, and most fancifully engraven with representations of flowers and birds, and, indeed, sometimes inlaid with mother-of-pearl with their owners' names, were contained in a side-pocket case of the size of a thin octavo volume, for the purpose of having them always about their persons.—SMITH.

gentleman wore his hair about 1783, just as Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted him ; of which bust there are several engravings, the carving being by T. Gaugain.<sup>1</sup> The second bust is with his hair cut close ; and of this there are two plates : one by Skelton, for the small edition of Fox's 'Life of King James the Second,' and the other by Evans, from a beautiful drawing by Mr. Howard, for the large edition of the same work. Of the mask taken by Nollekens after death, I am not aware of there being any engraving ; ghastly as it is, and totally unlike as the features are to those of Mr. Fox when living, still the shape of the forehead is truly remarkable and interesting. In his busts of that statesman, the foreheads are low and rugged ; whilst that of the mask is even, high, and prominent, full of dignified grandeur, and more so, perhaps, with the exception of Lord Bacon, than that of any other statesman of equal celebrity. The reader may be convinced of the correctness of this remark by visiting Mr. Deville's Gallery in the Strand, where there are casts taken from both examples.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Gaugain (1748-1802 ?) was a French engraver, settled in London.—ED.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Sale of Mr. Nollekens' collection of sculpture—Mending antiques—Sale of his prints, etc.—Account of his seated female figure—Patrons of modern English sculptors—Antique foot—Sir Joshua Reynolds' throne-chair—List of busts, monuments, and statues executed by Nollekens—Chronological list of all his sculptures exhibited at the Royal Academy, from 1771 to 1816—Conclusion.

THE sale of Mr. Nollekens' unsold works, and collection of antique and modern sculptures, took place under the hammer of Mr. Christie, on the premises in Mortimer Street, on Thursday, July 3, 1823, and at the auctioneer's rooms in Pall Mall, on the two days following. The collection consisted of many of Mr. Nollekens' original models, carvings in marble, and works by Italian and other artists, particularly Michael Angelo and Fiamingo.

Mr. Nollekens' statue of a standing Venus in marble, pouring ambrosia on her hair, was purchased by Mrs. Palmer for £231;<sup>1</sup> and his model of a sitting Venus was bought by the Earl of Egremont. The antique marbles consisted of a statue of Minerva, a noble bust of Commodus,

<sup>1</sup> This figure is by no means so good as the one of Venus chiding Cupid, executed by the same artist for his liberal patron Lord Yarborough.—SMITH.

in perfect condition, and several other Imperial busts ; one of Mercury, and a very spirited head of a faun, chiefly purchased at the sales of the late B. Bond Hopkins, Esq., at Pain's Hill, and at the Earl of Be[s]sborough's, at Roehampton. These antiques, which were mostly purchased by the Duke of Newcastle, brought full thirty times the money they had cost Mr. Nollekens. His method of mending antiques was rather curious : he would mix the dust of the sort of stone he was mending with his plaster ; so that when dry, if the antiques were of Pentallie marble, the sparkling of the stone-dust in a great measure disguised the joining or mended parts. Mr. Roubiliac, when he had to mend a broken antique, would mix grated Gloucester cheese with his plaster, adding the grounds of porter and the yolk of an egg ; which mixture, when dry, forms a very hard cement.

Mr. Nollekens' prints, drawings, and books of prints, were sold by M. Evans, in Pall Mall, on Thursday, December 4, 1823. They principally consisted of nearly the entire works of Nicolas Poussin ; a fine collection of the engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures ; several sketch-books filled by Mr. Nollekens when at Rome, and numerous drawings also by him, made upon the backs of letters.

Nollekens' figure with the sandal, carved for Lord Yarborough, was considerably the greatest favourite with the public of all his female figures ; but that which he himself took the greatest delight in showing, was seated with her arms round her

legs, Lot 21, purchased at his sale at Mr. Christie's, by the Earl of Egremont, for the sum of £84 ; his lordship giving it the preference to other works by the same artist. He engaged Mr. Rossi, the Academician, to execute it in marble, with strict injunctions that no alterations whatever, not even an improvement upon the model, should be attempted. In giving this order, his lordship was, in my humble opinion, perfectly correct ; for, if improvements had been made, it could no longer have been esteemed as a production of Nollekens' mind ; though I am perfectly convinced, that had the figure been carved under his own eye, it would in many instances have been benefited by those corrections which most sculptors are induced to make whilst they are executing finished carvings from their models.

Mr. Williams,<sup>1</sup> who carved this figure under the superintendence of Mr. Rossi, assured me that in no instance could he have been engaged upon a more difficult task, especially in carving parts that were so intricately undercut ; as the right hand of the figure placed before the right leg, was within a quarter of an inch of the shin-bone, and he had to invent tools of the most singular shapes to enable him to cut and file away the stone. It was the opinion of most artists, that many parts of this figure could have been much improved : they thought the ankles unquestionably too thick ; and that, to have given it an air of the antique, the right thigh wanted flesh to fill up the ill-formed

<sup>1</sup> Probably John Thomas Williams, a gem-engraver, who undertook some sculpture of a secondary character.—ED.

nature which Nollekens had strictly copied. The abdomen was far from good ; and the face was too old, and of a common character ; but the back was considered extremely beautiful. The attitude was a natural one, and acquired by mere chance, as good attitudes often are.

The woman from whom it was modelled, after standing for some time to Mr. Nollekens for parts of a figure on which he was then engaged, was desired to dress ; and, upon her seating herself on the ground, to put on her stockings, her posture so pleased the sculptor, that he immediately cried, ' Stop ! don't move ; I must model you as you now sit ! ' and it is a curious fact, that he, being at that time Visitor of the Royal Academy, placed the woman who sat as the model there precisely in the same position. It is also rather singular, that the above-mentioned Mr. Williams, who carved the figure for Mr. Rossi, is in possession of a drawing made by his father at the Academy, from the female who was so placed.

When Mr. Nollekens had completed this model, the late Earl of Carlisle purchased it, with an intention of having it carved in marble, and placed with the numerous other works of art at Castle Howard ; but upon some family objections being made, his lordship gave the artist a portion of the purchase-money to resign his bargain, and it actually remained unsold for many years previous to the death of our sculptor. It is now, however, honoured with a pedestal at Petworth, amidst numerous specimens of modern Art, of which



Lord Egremont, to his eternal honour be it spoken, is a most liberal encourager. This nobleman is not only in possession of Mr. Rossi's beautiful group of Celadon and Amelia, but, I am happy to state, has also commissioned the same artist to execute another figure for him. His lordship will likewise have the good fortune to possess the group of the Angel Michael and Satan, one of the grandest works of the late Professor Flaxman, and perhaps equal to the productions of this, or any age of former times. The modern sculptors, however, are not only indebted to the patronage of the above nobleman, but also to that of their Graces the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford and Newcastle, who are in possession of some of the finest specimens of their abilities. Indeed, our sculptors of talent have so glorious a patron in his most gracious Majesty,<sup>1</sup> that the greatest part of the nobility and persons of opulence endeavour to vie with each other in the decoration of their halls and galleries ; and in a few years, it may reasonably be expected, the mansions of wealthy Englishmen will exhibit such a display of native talent, that it will at once astonish and confound most of our Continental visitors and rivals.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is the fortunate possessor of an antique foot, valued by Nollekens as highly as any specimen in his collection ; of which precious relic he has been heard to tell the following story. When he was at Rome, he often endeavoured to persuade Cardinal Albani, to whom it belonged, to

<sup>1</sup> George III.—Ed.

part with it, but without success. At last, when Nollekens was about to come to England, the Cardinal, who knew no other way of getting possession of a female torso, which Nollekens possessed, gave him the foot for it.

It has also been stated that the Cardinal stole the foot in order to give it to Nollekens; and some, who stick at nothing, have said that Nollekens stole it from the Cardinal. This, however, I do not believe, as I never will encourage the thought of his being dishonest, or even in the slightest degree dishonourable. It is now kept by Sir Thomas Lawrence, under a glass shade; and it must have measured one foot five inches and a quarter from the heel to the great toe, before the tip of that member was mutilated. Sir Thomas Lawrence, when first he acquired it, was inclined to consider it as belonging to the famous torso, the marble being the same, and the proportions agreeing most perfectly; but, upon a little reflection, the president gave up that pleasing idea, perfectly satisfied that it never could have belonged to that fragment, as the foot treads flat upon the ground, and is unquestionably in the action of a standing figure about to walk, which does not accord with the action of the thighs of the torso, which, the reader will recollect, is seated.

I was the means of Sir Thomas acquiring another interesting relique of art, as will appear by the following statement.

Twelve months after the death of Dr. Fryer I found, by a catalogue of his household property,

that Sir Joshua Reynolds' throne-chair was inserted for sale by auction; and though I had many friends who were ignorant of that circumstance, and whose love for the arts would have induced them to have gone to a high price for it, particularly one gentleman of rank and fortune, from whom I and my family have received repeated instances of kindness, I considered it my duty, as an artist, to apprise Sir Thomas Lawrence of its approaching exposition; and, for that proper attention, I had the honour of receiving his warmest thanks. However, on the day of sale, the president had nearly lost it, as the lot was actually about to be knocked down for the paltry sum of 10s. 6d. just as the rescuing bidder entered the room; which enabled him, after a slight contest of biddings, to place the treasure on that very day by Sir Thomas's fireside in Russell Square.

Last year,<sup>1</sup> in the ever-memorable sale of the Leicester Gallery of Pictures, consisting entirely of the productions of British artists, a comparatively diminutive chair of French character was conspicuously advertised as the throne-chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Thomas Lawrence, as soon as possible, personally acquainted Mr. Christie with the absurd mistake, who, upon coming to the lot, with his usual manly fairness, acknowledged the error to the whole company, informing them that the real unostentatious chair was in the possession of the President of the Royal Academy.

Some time before Dr. Fryer's death I requested

<sup>1</sup> That is, in 1827.—ED.

him to give me a specimen of Barry's handwriting to insert in Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' which my wife has for several years been engaged in illustrating; when he most liberally gave me that artist's first sketch of the letter which he addressed to Lord and Lady Inchiquin upon their honouring him with the presentation of the above-mentioned chair. And as many of my readers may not be in possession of Dr. Fryer's 'Life of Barry,' where the perfect letter is inserted, I here give a copy of the first confused draught which now adorns my wife's book :

'Mr. Barry presents his respectful compliments to Lord and Lady Inchiquin, with every acknowledgment and thanks for their inestimable favour conferred on him this morning, in the gift of Sir Joshua's chair.

'Alas! this chair, that has had such a glorious career of fortune, instrumental as it has been in giving the most advantageous stability to the otherwise fleeting, perishable graces of a Lady Sarah Bunbury, or a Waldegrave, or in perpetuating the negligent, honest exterior of the authors of the "Rambler," the "Traveller," and of almost everyone whom the public admiration gave a currency for abilities, beauty, rank, or fashion: the very chair that is immortalized in Mrs. Siddons' tragic muse, where it will have as much celebrity as the chair of Pindar, which for so many ages was shown in the Porch at Olympia.

'This chair, then, of Sir Joshua Reynolds may rest, very well satisfied with the reputation it has gained; and although its present possessor may not be enabled to grace it with any new ornament, yet it can surely count upon finding a most affectionate, reverential conservator, whilst God shall permit it to remain under his care.'

'Jan. 30, 1794.

'No. 36, Castle-street, Oxford-market.'

The next record which I shall insert concerning Mr. Nollekens is a list of his principal performances, which I have arranged alphabetically, in order that the reader may readily find the bust, statue, or monument of any particular individual :

## BUSTS.

## A.

Aberdeen, Lord  
 Ackland, Miss  
 Adam, Mr.  
 Alban's, Duchess of St.  
 Andover, Lady  
 \*Anson,<sup>1</sup> Hon. Thomas  
 Argyle, Duchess of  
 Arkwright, Mr.  
 Arkwright, Mrs.  
 Asaph, Bishop of  
 Aubyn, Sir John St.  
 Aubyn, Lady St.  
 Auckland, Miss  
 Aufrere, Mr.  
 Aylesford, Lady

## B.

Baillie, Doctor  
 Banks, Sir Joseph  
 Bathurst,<sup>2</sup> Lord Chancellor  
 Beauford, Duchess of  
 \*Bedford, Duke of  
 Bedford, John Duke of  
 Bedford, Duchess of  
 Barrington, Lord  
 Berwick, Lady  
 \*Besborough, Lord

Bolton, Duke of  
 Borrows, Master  
 \*Bradell, Mrs.  
 Brook, Lord  
 Brownlow, Lord  
 Brownlow, Lady  
 Brownlow, Lady  
 \*Burney, Admiral  
 \*Burney, M. D.  
 \*Burney, Rev. Doctor

## C.

\*Canning, Hon. George  
 Carlisle, Lord  
 Carr, Mr. John  
 Castlereagh, Lord  
 Cavendish, Lord Frederic  
 \*Cavendish, Lord George  
 Chambers, Doctor  
 Charles II., King of Eng-  
 land  
 Chatham, Lord  
 \*Charlemont, Lord  
 Charlemont,<sup>3</sup> Lady  
 Clair, Miss Le  
 Coke, Mr.  
 Colpoys, Admiral  
 Coote, Sir Eyre

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Deville, of the Strand, having purchased of Mr. Goblet, Mr. Nollekens' principal assistant, the moulds of those busts marked with a (\*), the reader will be gratified by knowing that casts of them may now be had at a very reasonable rate.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> This bust is in the Registrar's room of the Six Clerks' Office, Chancery Lane. In the committee-room, under the same roof, is a whole-length portrait of the same Chancellor in his robes, by Dance, which has been severely cut at the lower part of the picture.—SMITH.

<sup>3</sup> I have heard Northcote declare that, in his opinion, the bust of Lady Charlemont is the finest of Nollekens' productions, and, indeed, that he considered it equal to any antique.—SMITH.

Cornelli, Mrs.	F.
Coutts, Mr.	Farr, Hon. Edward
*Cowper, Lord	Finch, Mr. Thomas
Cromwell, Oliver	*Fitzpatrick, General
Cumberland, His R. H.	Fitzwilliam, Lord
William Duke of	Foley, Mr.
D.	Folkes, Lady
Darnley, Lord	Fox, Hon. Charles James <sup>2</sup>
*Darnley, Lady	Fraine, Mr.
Dashwood, Mr. Bateman	Fraser, Simon
Denison, Mr.	G.
Devonshire, Duke of	*George III., King of Eng-
Dillon, Lord	land
Donegal, Marquis	*Gainsborough, Lord
Dorset, Duke of	Garrick, Mr. David
Drummond, Provost <sup>1</sup>	Gower, Lord
Dunning, Mr.	Gower, Lord G. L.
Dysart, Lady	*Gower, Lady
E.	Gordon, Duke of <sup>3</sup>
Ellis, Mrs.	Goldsmith, Oliver
*Erskine, Lord	Grafton, Duke of

<sup>1</sup> George Drummond, so often Provost of Edinburgh, ranks very high among the benefactors to the Royal Infirmary in that city. In memory of its obligations, a bust of him has been placed in the hall. It was done by Nollekens, and bears the highly complimentary inscription of 'George Drummond, to whom his country is indebted for all the benefits which it derives from the Royal Infirmary' ('History of Edinburgh').—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> It is said that the Empress Catherine of Russia placed Fox's bust by Nollekens between those of Cicero and Demosthenes. She had no fewer than *twelve* busts of Mr. Fox in marble, all executed by Nollekens, to give as presents.—SMITH.

'To the memory of Charles James Fox,' written by Mr. Roscoe, under a bust of him by Nollekens, in a temple erected to his memory upon the banks of the Clyde by Mr. Todd, of Glasgow.

'Champion of Freedom! whose exalted mind  
Grasp'd at the general good of human kind!  
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,  
And, whilst he bless'd his country, loved the whole!'—SMITH.

<sup>3</sup> This bust of the Duke of Gordon is considered one of Nollekens' finest works.—SMITH.

\*Granby, Marquis  
 \*Grenville, Lord  
 \*Greville, Hon. Thomas  
 Grey, Lord  
 Gregory, Mr.  
 \*Gwydir, Lord

## H.

Hamilton, Mr.  
 Harrington, Mr.  
 Hawkesbury, Lady  
 Heartley, Lady Louisa  
 \*Helen's, Lord St.  
 Hillesbury, Lord  
 Holford, Mr. Robert  
 \*Holland, Lord  
 Howard, the Hon. Mrs.<sup>2</sup>  
 Howard, Mrs.

## J.

Johnson, Bishop  
 \*Johnson, Doctor<sup>1</sup>  
 Jersey, Lord

## K.

Keate, George  
 Keith, Lord  
 Key, Rev. Mr.  
 Keebel, Mr.  
 King, Admiral  
 Kirby, Mrs.

## L.

Lake, Lord  
 Lauderdale, Lord

Levi, Moses  
 Lee, Mr.  
 \*Liverpool, Lord  
 Liverpool, Lady  
 Lucan, the Daughter of  
 Lord

## M.

Madox, Mr.  
 Malone, Anthony  
 \*Mansfield, Lord  
 Mansolini, Anna, at Bologna  
 Manners, Lady  
 Mathias, Mr.  
 Marchant, Master  
 Maud, Mr.  
 Maud, Mrs.  
 Meath, Bishop  
 \*Milton, Lord  
 Mitford, Master  
 Moira, Lord  
 Monck, Lady Elizabeth  
 Montagu, Mr.  
 \*Mulgrave, Lord

## N.

Neal, General  
 \*Newcastle, Duke of  
 Newborough, Lord  
 Newborough, Lady  
 North, Hon. Dudley

## O.

Orme, Robert

<sup>1</sup> At Nollekens' sale, Mr. Chantrey requested me to bid for the first cast of this head of Dr. Johnson. Upon my asking him how far he would go for it, he observed, 'You buy it, for I shall think it cheap at any price; as it is, in my opinion, by far the finest head our friend ever produced'; and, indeed, it seemed to be considered so by another bidder, who made me pay ten guineas for it—almost four times the money Nollekens charged for the common casts.—SMITH.

P.	Spencer, Lord
Paoli, General	Spencer, Lord Robert
Parr, Count	Stanhope, Sir William
Peranesi, J. B.	Stafford, Marquis of
Pelham, Hon. Mr.	*Sterne, Rev. Laurence
Pelham, Hon. Mrs.	Stonor, Mr.
*Perceval, Hon. Spencer <sup>1</sup>	Stroonlof, General
Percy, Lord	Stuart, Lord Henry
Petre, Lord	Stuart, Sir John
*Pitt, Hon. William <sup>2</sup>	Sykes, Sir Christopher
Popham, Mr.	T.
Pringle, Sir John	*Taylor, Mr.
R.	Townley, Mr. Charles
Richards, Mr.	Townley, Mr. John
Richards, Mr. John	Trevor, Bishop
Roberts, Doctor	Tulmarsh, Mr.
Robinson, Sir William	W.
Robinson, Sir Sept.	*Wales, His Royal High-
Rockingham, Marquis of	ness Prince of
Ross, Lord	*Wales, Her Royal High-
Rutland, Duke of	ness Princess of
Rutland, Duchess of	Waddell, Mr. William
Rutland, Duchess of, Isa-	*Warwick, Lord
bella	Welch, Mr. Saunders
Russia, Empress of	Welch, Mrs., wife to the
S.	above
Salesbury, Lady	Wellesley, Marquis
Saville, Sir George	*Wellesley, Hon. Pole
Simmonds, Daughter of	*Wellesley, Hon. William
Mr.	*Wellington, Duke of
Somerset, Duke of	West, B. P. R. A.
	*Whitbread, Samuel

<sup>1</sup> In a letter by Nollekens, dated November 27, 1812, with which I have lately been favoured by the Rev. Henry Crowe, of Bath, to whom it is addressed, it is stated that his price for a bust in marble was then one hundred and fifty guineas; to which he adds that he had at that time orders for fifteen busts of Mr. Perceval at that price.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> The busts of Pitt and Fox, according to the theatrical phrase, were called 'Nollekens' *stock pieces*, for they were always in requisition.—SMITH.



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Woodburne, Colonel	
*Wyndham, Hon. William	Y.
Woodhouse, Mr.	*York, His Royal Highness
*Wynne, Sir W. W.	Duke of
William III., King of	York, Her Royal High-
England	ness Duchess of

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## MONUMENTS EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS.

A.	D.
Ashburton, Lord	Darby, Mrs.
	Dashwood, Sir John
B.	Davenport
Bathurst, Lord	Dorset, Duke of
Barwell, Henry	Dysart, Lord
Bateman, Lord	
Baring, John	E.
Besborough, Lord	Earl, Mrs.
Boston, Lord	Elwes, Mr.
Boscawen, Mr.	
Birch, Taylor	F.
Bodwell, Mr.	Finch, Rev. Dr.
Booth, Sir Charles	Fuller, John
Boyn, Lady	
Boyde, Lady	G.
Buckworth, Mr.	Goldsmith, Oliver
C.	H.
Coke, Mrs. <sup>1</sup>	Howard, Mrs. <sup>2</sup>
Champion, Major	Hill, Joseph
Chase, Mr.	
Cunliffe, Sir Foster	I.
	Irwin, Lady
	Irby, Mrs.

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<sup>1</sup> This monument cost about £2,000. The whole of the figures were carved by Goblet.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> It has been roundly asserted that Nollekens took the composition of this monument from that erected to the Cardinal Richelieu. Be this as it may, the figure of the child alone is equal to anything ancient or modern, and the praise bestowed on that Nollekens is unequivocally entitled to. The figure of Religion in this monument was carved by Goblet.—SMITH.

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J.	R.
Jervoise, Mrs.	Robinson, Sir Sept.
K.	S.
Keate, George	Salesbury, Sir Thomas
Kent, H.R.H. Duke of	Sand, Lord
L.	Standish, Mr.
Leigh, Lord	Sayer, Admiral
Long, Charles <sup>1</sup>	Southell, Edward
Lovaine, Lord	Seymour, Lady Anne
M.	Spencer, Earl
Mackenzie, Stewart	Shiple, Mrs. <sup>2</sup>
Manners, Lord Robert	Stuart, Sir Charles
Mitford, Mrs.	T.
Mordant, Sir J.	Talbot, Lady
Mortman, Mr.	Trevers, Lord
Mynell	Tyrell, Sir J.
N.	W.
Noel, General	Willis, Dr. Robert
P.	Wyndham, William
Pinfold, Sir Thomas	Wyndham, Family
Pringle, Sir John	Worcester, Bishop
	Wynn, Lady

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<sup>1</sup> This monument, consisting of a boy with an inverted torch, was erected at Saxmundham : for a notice and drawing of which I have been obliged to the Rev. John Mitford, editor of an edition of Gray's Works, published in 1814. —SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> The wife of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, who was a brother of Shipley, the drawing-master of the Strand, where Nollekens went to draw of an evening when a boy.—SMITH.

William Shipley was the founder of the famous St. Martin's Lane Academy, the best drawing-school in the middle of the eighteenth century. He was born in 1714, and survived until 1803.—ED.

## STATUES EXECUTED BY MR. NOLLEKENS IN MARBLE.

Denison, Robert . . . . .	} For a Mausoleum.
Denison, William . . . . .	
Diana . . . . .	Marquis of Rockingham.
Juno . . . . .	Ditto.
Mercury . . . . .	Lord Yarborough.
Pitt, Hon. William . . . . .	Senate House, Cambridge.
Rockingham, Marquis of . . . . .	Earl Fitzwilliam.
Venus <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	Marquis of Rockingham.
Venus chiding Cupid <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	Lord Yarborough.
Venus . . . . .	Mr. Chamberlayne, Hampshire.
Venus anointing her hair . . . . .	Bought at Mr. Nollekens' auction by Mrs. Palmer.

Among the few chimney-pieces executed by Mr. Nollekens, one of a superior kind was sent to Edinburgh for Mr. Scott.

Mr. Nollekens also executed five masks upon keystones for Somerset House, after drawings made purposely by Mr. Cipriani. He likewise executed orders of a very inferior kind, by putting them out to be done by the masons of the New Road; the profits of which were not inconsiderable, as he never gave them more than a quarter of what he charged himself.

<sup>1</sup> A noble lord, when viewing Mr. Nollekens' statue of Venus perfuming her hair, asked the artist from whence he took the idea of thus employing her. Surely it must have been from Homer? Nollekens made no reply; in fact, he knew very little of Homer.—SMITH.

<sup>2</sup> Nollekens was so provoked by an accident which happened to one of his figures during the exhibition at Somerset House that he threatened F. M. Newton, the secretary, who made light of the affair, should this Venus be in any way injured, to break every bone in his skin.—SMITH.

As the manner in which every man of talent advances in his art is interesting to the inquiring mind, I have extracted from a set of the Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues the subjects produced by Mr. Nollekens as they stand chronologically :

- No. 1771.  
 139. A bust of a nobleman in marble.  
 140. A model of Bacchus.  
 141. A ditto, Pætus and Arria, a group.

1772.

168. A bust of a gentleman, in marble.  
 169. A statue of Bacchus, ditto.<sup>1</sup>

1773.

211. A statue in marble, representing Venus taking off her sandal.  
 212. Cupid and Psyche, in basso-relievo.  
 213. Hope leaning on an urn.  
 214. Portrait of a young lady.

1774.

190. A bust of his Majesty, in marble.

1775.

208. A bust of a nobleman, in marble.  
 209. Venus chiding Cupid, a model.  
 210. A bust, ditto.

1776.

199. A statue of Juno, in marble.  
 200. A bust, ditto.  
 201. A bust, in marble.  
 202. A ditto.

1777.

249. A bust of a nobleman, in marble.  
 250. Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.  
 251. Ditto ditto ditto.

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<sup>1</sup> The original beautiful little model from which this statue was carved is in the possession of my friend John Gawler Bridge, Esq. —SMITH.

252. A bust of a gentleman, in marble.  
 253. Ditto of a lady, a model.  
 254. Ditto of a gentleman, ditto.

1778.

216. A marble group of Venus chiding Cupid.  
 217. A statue of Diana.  
 218. A model of two children, designed for a monument.  
 219. A bust of a gentleman.

1779.

217. A bust of a nobleman, in marble.  
 218. Ditto of a general.  
 219. A model of a monumental figure.

1782.

529. A monumental bas-relievo.  
 535. A figure of Adonis.  
 556. A Cupid sharpening his arrow.

1783.

464. Figure of Mercury, in marble.

1784.

497. Bust of a lady.  
 498. Bust of a nobleman.  
 520. Bust of a lady.

1785.

635. Busto of a gentleman.

1788.

597. A monumental figure.  
 605. A monumental figure.  
 647. Figure of Britannia.

1789.

605. Bust of a gentleman.

1790.

660. Lord Robert Manners expiring in the arms of Victory, intended by the late Duke of Rutland for a monument to be placed in the chapel at Belvoir Castle.

1791.

632. Bust of a gentleman.  
 633. Bust of a lady.

- 1792.
498. A bust of a lady.
- 1793.
585. Bust of a lady.  
652. Bust of a gentleman.
- 1799.
622. Bust of a lady of quality.  
933. Bust of a nobleman.  
940. Bust of a lady.  
951. Bust of a nobleman.  
961. Bust of a nobleman.  
972. A Venus.
- 1800.
988. Bust of a gentleman.  
989. Bust of a nobleman.  
1031. Venus anointing her hair.  
1082. A monumental group, to the memory of a lady who died in child-bed, supported by Religion.
- 1801.
999. Portrait of Mr. John Townley, in the form of a Terminus.  
1001. Bust of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.  
1002. Bust of a young gentleman.  
1007. A bust of Lady Hawkesbury.  
1008. Bust of a young gentleman.  
1009. Bust of Lord Petre.  
1024. A sepulchral bas-relief to the memory of the late Duke of Dorset.
- 1802.
1059. Bust of Dr. Burney.  
1063. A design for a monument to the memory of a late celebrated general, supported by Wisdom and Justice.  
1064. A sketch : The Graces.  
1065. Bust of the late Duke of Bedford.  
1066. A sketch : Adam and Eve.  
1067. A sketch of a monument for a naval officer expiring in the arms of Victory.  
1073. Bust of the Hon. C. J. Fox.  
1074. A sketch : The Slaughter of the Innocents.

## 1803.

- 924. Pudicity : a sketch.
- 925. Bust of Mr. Stonor.
- 930. Lot and his two Daughters : a sketch.
- 931. Dædalus and Icarus : a sketch.
- 932. The Judgment of Paris : a sketch.
- 1024. Bust of Lord Moira.

## 1804.

- 947. Portrait of the Hon. C. Grey.
- 948. Portrait of Miss C. Symmons.
- 949. Portrait of the Right Hon. General Fitzpatrick.
- 950. Portrait of the Earl of Lauderdale.
- 951. Portrait of Lord R. Spencer.

## 1805.

- 689. A sketch of a Hercules.
- 690. A sketch of a Faun playing.
- 693. A medallion of the late Miss Ackland, daughter of J. Ackland, Esq.
- 694. A sketch of Laocoon and his Sons.
- 695. A bust of the Marquis of Stafford.
- 711. A design of a monument, intended for Westminster Abbey, to the memory of two naval officers.
- 783. A bust of the late C. Townley, Esq.
- 789. A bust of T. W. Coke, Esq.

## 1808.

- 969. Bust of the Hon. Mr. Pelham.
- 970. Bust of the Earl of Darnley.
- 971. Bust of the Marquis Wellesley.
- 972. Bust of his Grace the Duke of Bedford.
- 978. Bust of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
- 979. Bust of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

## 1810.

- 753. His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
- 766. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brownlow.
- 874. Bust of the Hon. Mrs. Pelham.
- 875. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville.
- 876. Bust of her Grace the Duchess of Rutland.
- 885. Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.
- 886. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave.

## 1811.

926. A model of a monument of the late Mrs. Coke, of Holkham.  
 938. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Castlereagh.  
 940. Bust of the Right Hon. Earl of Chatham.  
 941. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville Leveson Gower.  
 948. Bust of the Right Hon. W. Wellesley Pole.  
 949. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Roos.  
 951. Bust of the Right Hon. George Canning.  
 952. Bust of Admiral Sir J. Colpoys, K.B.

## 1812.

933. Bust of the Countess of Charlemont.<sup>1</sup>  
 934. Bust of Benjamin West, Esq., President of the Royal Academy.  
 936. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Brooke.  
 937. Bust of Lord Gwydir.

## 1813.

919. Bust of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval.  
 925. Bust of the Right Hon. Lord G. Cavendish.  
 926. Bust of H.R.H. the Duke of York.  
 935. Bust of the Marquis of Wellington.

## 1814.

781. Bust of S. Whitbread, Esq., M.P.  
 789. Bust of the Earl of Charlemont.  
 792. Bust of his Grace the Duke of Grafton.  
 800. Bust of Earl Cowper.  
 801. Bust of the Earl of Aberdeen.

## 1815.

888. Bust of Lord Erskine.  
 889. Bust of the Rev. C. Burney, D.D.  
 895. Bust of the Earl of Egremont.

## 1816.

932. Bust of Lord St. Helen's.  
 950. Bust of T. Coutts, Esq.  
 951. Bust of the Earl of Liverpool.  
 961. Bust of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

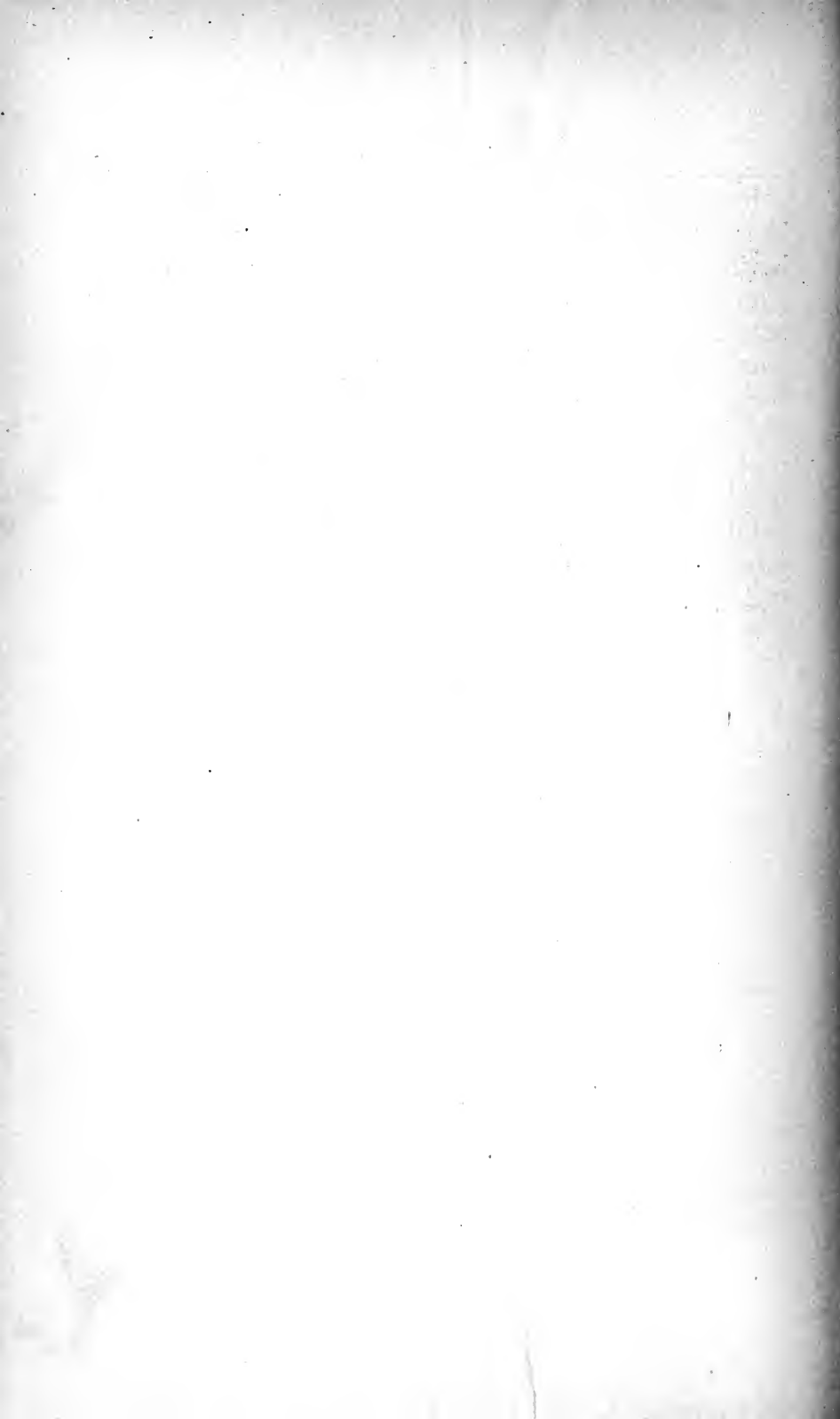
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<sup>1</sup> In order to account for the recurrence of the same bust, it may be proper to remark that Mr. Nollekens in many instances exhibited the model one year, and a carving from it in marble in the next.—SMITH.



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Such, and so numerous, are the works of Nollekens, who will long be remembered, not only as having held a conspicuous rank among contemporary artists in an era abounding in men of genius, but as having, by assiduity rarely surpassed, and parsimony seldom equalled, amassed a princely fortune ; from which, however, his avaricious spirit forbade him to derive any comfort or dignity, excepting the poor consolation of being surrounded, in his dotage, by parasites who administered to his unintellectual enjoyments, and flattered even his infirmities, in the hope of sharing the vast property which Death would force him to resign.



## APPENDIX

SINCE the greater part of this volume was in print, Miss Edith M. Beechey, of High House, Newbury, the granddaughter of Sir William Beechey, R.A., who was one of Nollekens' executors, has obliged me with the sight of a *dossier* of French and Flemish documents, only lately discovered among the family papers, which throw some small further light on the genealogy of the sculptor.

It appears from them that, on learning of the death of Nollekens in London, an attorney of Louvain, M. Joseph Emmanuel Bals, discovered certain collateral heirs of the sculptor's great-grandfather, and supposing Nollekens to have died intestate, proceeded to bring their names under the notice of the Court of Chancery. This attempt, of course, was promptly shown to be absurd, and the correspondence has little value, except as a further proof of the extreme accuracy of J. T. Smith. It adds, however, a few family facts. It carries the genealogy of the sculptor one generation further back, and reveals a great-grandfather, Henry Nollekens, who on July 15, 1660, married Marie Anne de Baghedette de Rinckt, at Antwerp. This Henry had two sons, the younger being the sculptor's grandfather; the elder, Henry Nollekens, born at Antwerp on February 14, 1663, married Barbe van den Casteelen, and became the father of Cathrine and Paul Nollekens; of these the former, marrying François Meulemans, became the mother of Jean Baptiste Meulemans, while Paul became

the father of Jean Baptiste and François Nollekens. These were the three pretendents whom Bals brought forward, and they were all elderly men at the time, Jean Baptiste Nollekens being over eighty. They all belonged to the labouring class.

The claim of these cousins falling through, Bals made another attempt—one fails to see why—to disturb the will on the ground that the sculptor's father, Old Nollekens, who had called himself Joseph Francis, and had been buried under that name, when he died in Paddington, on January 21, 1748, was an illegitimate son. At first it seemed as though this must be true, for no child of that name had been baptized at Antwerp between 1690 and 1730. It was found, however, that he had adopted the name Joseph. The father of the sculptor, then, legitimate son of Jean Baptiste Nollekens, and born at Antwerp on June 10, 1702, was Corneille François Nollekens, and it was under that name that he married Marie Anne Le Sacq, the mother of the sculptor.

One small additional fact is brought to light by this correspondence, namely, that Old Nollekens studied under Giovanni Paolo Panini, the Italian painter. The name of his mother, the grandmother of the sculptor, was Anne Angeline Le Roux, who was buried at Antwerp on September 30, 1747.

E. G.

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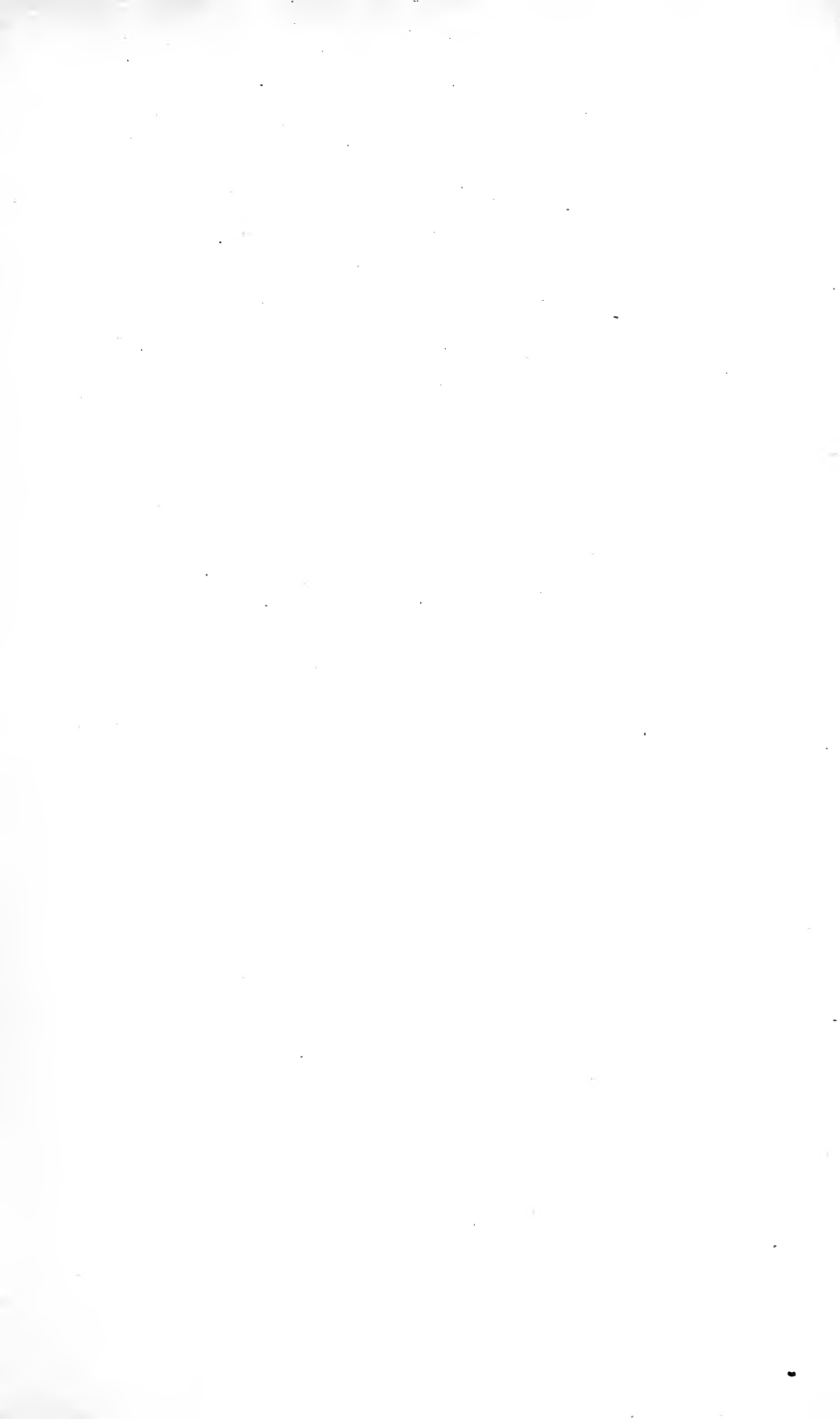
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