EARLY ART IN LIVERPOOL.

AND NOTES ON THE LIFE OF
GEORGE STUBBS. R.A.
presentation copy
inscribed by
the author on
the half-title.

Some external wear
To
Meadows Frest, L.D

This account
of

EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF ART

IN LIVERPOOL

is given in
Esteem Regard
by
Joseph Mayer
F.S.A

Bebington 1877
EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF ART
IN LIVERPOOL

' May this institution be carried on with the same noble and generous
spirit; that our children's children, whilst they reap the benefit of it, may
with gratitude remember the present members, who have laid so noble a
foundation in this part of the kingdom for encouragement of arts'

Address of Peter McMorland to the Society for
Promoting the Arts in Liverpool, 1783

WITH SOME NOTES FOR A MEMOIR OF

GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.

PRIVATELY PRINTED

LIVERPOOL
1876
TO

THE WORSHIPFUL

ANDREW B. WALKER,

MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL.

So far as a Dedication can bear witness to respect and esteem, I offer this book to your Worship. It treats of the first public efforts made in Liverpool—or, indeed, elsewhere outside the Metropolis—to encourage a study of the Fine Arts. It is fitting, therefore, that I should dedicate it to you, who have lately presented to the Town a building so worthy to advance the objects which were attempted in 1774. That building will remain, I trust, for ages, as a testimony that Liverpool has not neglected the duty laid upon her by those who put her foremost in the honourable competition of encouraging the Fine Arts.

JOSEPH MAYER.
EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF ART IN LIVERPOOL.

If it be true that Liverpool loves a lord, her affection is finely disinterested. For, until recent times, the neighbouring seigneurs did little but vex, sue, override, and overreach her. The poor town had no strength to resist, no money to redeem its rights. To make a history of ancient Liverpool needs unusual diligence and particular attention. For the Queen of the Seas had an unconsidered childhood, if ever one there was. No remarkable event happened to her; the eyes of the world never bent that way, until of a sudden she arose full-armed. Long-sighted statesmen glanced once or twice in her direction, and registered a minute to the effect that Liverpool was not so unimportant as she looked. But with the passing need she fell again out of notice. What the town has done has been effected by its own citizens. The glory is all their own.

I am not concerned at this moment with the triumphs of Liverpool at sea, nor with her com-
commercial greatness. The town may boast of other distinctions, for which the world does not so readily give it credit. Amongst the very earliest records preserved, we find a statement showing that the authorities recognised as within their duty the encouragement of an art which 'soothes manners and prevents their ferocity.' In 1525, Thomas Houghton was Mayor. He sat at the Domus Beatæ Virginis in High Street, afterwards known as the Town Hall, a site now filled by the 'Liverpool and London Chambers.' It is conveyed to us that, on due and proper summons, the two Town Bailiffs, and the twelve Aldermen, were bound to attend his Worship with halberds and bills. He could also raise the Burgesses. Mass was said daily for the Corporation at St. John's altar, 6 A.M.; the curfew tolled at 8 p.m.; and the streets were summarily cleared one hour afterwards. But I am more interested to observe that a company of Waits was maintained at the municipal expense, which played in public daily, Sundays excepted. Liverpool, in fact, supported a band of music for the entertainment of the citizens so early as 1525. If this be not the first instance of such intelligent liberality, it is certain that Saint Peter's Church, in Church Street, saw the very earliest festival of sacred music held in England. Beginning in 1784, it was repeated at three-year intervals. The best singers and most noted
artists of the period were engaged. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens (Countess of Essex), Bartleman, Bra-
ham, Knyvett, took part in succeeding years.

Not in music only, but in sister arts, Liverpool took a lead as honourable as surprising. Many towns in England were both larger and richer in 1768; some had greater repute for enterprise, others had powerful patrons. But the establishment of the Royal Academy at London produced its immediate result on the Mersey. Within twelve months of the granting of its Charter, that is, in 1769, certain gentlemen of Liverpool resolved to make an effort in the same direction. They formed a society, and took an 'Academy Room' at No. 30 John Street. The movement as yet was almost confined to drawing-masters and others who had a business interest in the arts. The most of those who engaged in this early attempt will come before us hereafter in connection with the later scheme. What details of their individuality Mr. Mayer or Mr. Picton have been able to recover will be duly set out. The diligence of this latter gentleman, in collecting facts and illustrations of old Liverpool, is surprising, and his lively 'Memorials' contrast with the dull monuments of erudition to which we are accustomed. Mr. P. P. Burdett was President of the Society, which had twenty-one members, viz. :—
The more prominent members appear to have been Ottiwell Worrall, Charles and John Eyes, Dr. Turner, William Everard, John Wyke, Dr. Mathew Dobson, and John Baines. Of the three latter we do not hear again. John Wyke lived in Wyke's Court, off Dale Street. He came to Liverpool from Prescot in 1758, bringing with him a reputation as a watch and clock-maker. Prescot was then the chief seat of that handicraft in England. Wyke became a leading man in all schemes of public improvement and philanthropy. He left bequests to the charities of Prescot, the Blue Coat Hospital, the Infirmary, and the Dispensary at Liverpool. Dr. Mathew Dobson was a great physician of his day, and a member of the Royal Society, living in Harrington Street. He subsequently moved to Bath, and died there in 1784. John Baines was master of the Free Grammar School. This first association did not last long. There is no record of its winding-up,
but students ceased to attend the rooms in John Street, where casts and prints had been placed for copying. The accounts show, between December 15, 1769 and February 12, 1770, an outlay of £11. 18s. 9d.: £8. 18s. 3d. of this sum was expended in the purchase of plaster figures cast by Flaxman.

Four years later, in 1773, the attempt was made again with spirit. Mr. William Caddick became President, and fifty-nine members gathered round him. An arrangement was made for lectures, and Mr. Everard gave a course upon Architecture, Dr. Turner on Anatomy, Mr. Burdett on Perspective, and Dr. Renwick on Chemistry. Everard was a schoolmaster, and a mathematician of eminence, dwelling in Paul Square. His house grew to be a meeting-place for certain citizens who came to discuss literary topics of an evening. When the 'Monthly Review' appeared, these gentlemen subscribed to take it in, and thus gradually arose the first idea of a circulating library in England. The earliest catalogue was published in 1758, whence it appears that 109 subscribers at 5s. each per annum had acquired 450 volumes, including pamphlets. The library was kept in a chest in Mr. Everard's parlour. When, a year later, this gentleman determined to become a surveyor and architect, arrangement was made in his new house, 30 John Street, for the accommodation of the library. We
have seen that he offered room also to the 'Society of Artists in Liverpool.' The library remained at this place till 1786, when the subscribers built larger premises in Lord Street. In 1803 another move became necessary, so well had the scheme prospered from this small beginning, and the Lyceum was built in Bold Street at a cost of 11,000l. There, in May 1858, the Centenary of the Liverpool Library was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

Another prominent citizen, who must be mentioned here, as busy in the Society of Artists, was Mr. Egerton Smith the elder, whose best claim to distinction, so far as I can ascertain, lay in his son.

The year following, 1774, it was resolved to hold an Exhibition of Works of Art. The idea was bold, and with what timidity the members entered on it is shown by their prospectus. The whole catalogue fills but six pages of small 8vo., and contains only eighty-five items, including designs for bedsteads 'in the Chinese Taste, a ditto Palmyrean ditto, and a ditto Gothic ditto;’ models of ships; a ‘head of the Marquess of Granby in human hair,’ and so on. But we must honour this yellow and dog's-eared little tract as an undoubted witness of the first provincial exhibition ever held in Europe.

Before proceeding to deal with it, something must be said of a man very famous in his day who then first came before public notice. The ringleader
in the scheme was son to a market-gardener and bowling-green keeper named Roscoe. The youth had but lately ceased to carry potatoes round on his head, an employment unclassical and unpoetic, but more pleasing to him than the study of law. So he confessed frankly in after years. Fifty pounds' weight of potatoes may be borne upon the skull without oppressing a busy brain beneath, but law, of the pettifogging sort, is not to be carried on the head, but within it. And there, as young Roscoe complained, it asks for complete possession, worrying and battering the other occupants with an endless process of ejectment. He had enjoyed a fair education, as such matters were held in the middle of last century, till twelve years old; enough at least to show him a vision of knowledge, and to make him long for the substance. With the solace of study, a writer to be the most suddenly and conspicuously successful of his day, found garden-drudgery delightful. I am not going to write even a sketch of William Roscoe, but he who would treat of any movement in Liverpool, political, social, or aesthetic, at the time we are discussing, must needs allude to this extraordinary man. He is now almost forgotten. A generation is fast springing into manhood which will not know his very name. It is impossible to alter that fact, and we must seek such consolation as lies to hand. The cold and measured
elegance of Roscoe's style is necessarily wanting in that touch of nature which makes people and ages kin. That touch, indeed, it specially avoids. Lorenzo would have welcomed his own biography as a model of literature, and what have these young fellows growing round us to approve in Lorenzo's models? The tastes and the laws of the Medici—in so far as they are not common to all human nature—are not ours, and he who works by one model must not expect to fit another.

But the character and opinions of Roscoe are philosophically interesting. Born in any age, his talents, his conscientious industry, and his patient intelligence, would have earned him place and name. For the qualities which raised a country lawyer to European eminence could not have been lost under any influence or training. Young Roscoe, and the boy friends who gathered round and looked up to him, form a group most curious to observe, as we see them in his correspondence. They write abounding letters to each other, they describe their country walks, exchange political opinions, argue on the primal cause, and discuss belles lettres, all in the manner of Addison, or as near as they could get. All write poetry, after Pope's style; all are eager to declare a trust in Providence as warm as elegance will allow. One who knows the spirit of young men's correspondence in this day will admit that
Roscoe lived amongst very different creatures—not better, necessarily, nor worse, certainly, but different. Each of these youths credits the other with all manly virtue, prudence, and propriety; nor does he seem to have made an error, so far as the story of the group is traced. I am sure we should commit a great injustice did we class them as prigs. Prigs they would necessarily be, if living and so acting among us now, but times and manners have changed. Roscoe was certainly no prig, but a kindly, honest, large-minded citizen, whom ill-luck deprived of nature's first boon—a happy, careless youth. The reality and depth of his sentiments are proved by one consistent practice. His boyish letters are scarce distinguishable from those written in the prime of manhood. Close and thoughtful study of the Bible, undertaken, as he tells us, with a mind stripped of prejudice, shakes not at all his acceptance of each dogma and sacred legend gathered at his mother's knee. Courtship is a trial to the young philosopher, too hard for most; but Roscoe is proof against it. He writes verses of measured flow to a young lady, who responds with equal symmetry of rhythm; but when she promises herself elsewhere, and sends him a metrical announcement of the fact, he answers by return of post in faultless iambics. Classic blessings are wafted to the faithless fair, with admirable hints, in the didactic manner, of the duties pertaining to
her new situation. Roscoe loves again, and happily. He burns not at all, but I find something very pleasant to observe in his quaint, old-world wooing. The lady falls into her lover's humour. Indeed, for three years past, she has been copying masterpieces of poetry into a book. Mr. Collins perhaps is her favourite master. This occupation her swain approves warmly, confident doubtless that 'his own muse' will find a place at the collation. She is not unworthy to sit by Mr. Collins, nor in higher company for that matter. Then it appears that the lady has 'wooed a muse' of her own. So the lovers exchange polished madrigals, full of gushing yet sincere piety. They show an accurate, and indeed a rigid, knowledge of their duties to one another when united, and to themselves in the meanwhile. If the rent globe fell about their ears, these two would not forget themselves. Sometimes a word of love slips in, but the avowed object of this daily correspondence is to 'improve the style' of dearest Jane and her Roscoe! In despondent moments the lover deems it possible he may be supplanted, but he does not rave at the thought:—

But Heaven forbade!—some happier youth,
(Oh, may he equal me in truth ;)
Born under favouring stars shall gain
That heart thy Roscoe loved in vain—
For him that candid smile shall rise,
On him shall beam those lucid eyes;
His ears those much loved accents bless,
And his be every fond caress.
—Oh, may he know thy worth, and own
A soul to love that worth when known!
Whilst I for humbler views resign
Each flattering hope that once was mine,
Resolved, whilst penury remains,
To seek no partners in my pains,
But thankful still if Heaven supply
The hard-earned fruits of industry,
Enough to soothe a sister's fears,
And screen a parent's sinking years.

' Loves of the oyster!' a modern girl exclaims.
But the affection so frigidly expressed, so decorously suggested rather than displayed, proved itself to be the 'very Eros.' Perhaps that self-restraint hid blood and hearts as warm as ever 'burned,' or 'raptured,' or went through the processes expected of a hero in our day. The piety was no less genuine for its ostentation. So that after forty years of wedlock Roscoe could declare that no shadow of discord had fallen betwixt himself and the bride whom he so serenely wooed.

Such was the gentleman who had energy and influence enough to start the first provincial move-
ment towards an exhibition of fine arts, being then in his twentieth year, and articled clerk to Mr. J. Eyes, jun., an attorney.

We are all aware by this time that an ode is essential to the success of an exhibition. It is no small credit to Roscoe, I think, that he perceived this fundamental necessity in an age when the getting-up of exhibitions was an art still to be discovered. He read his ode before the society on December 13th, 1773. There is no need to say much about it, since the reader can judge for himself. It is not perhaps great poetry, but it is, at least, as good as anything called out by public competition in our day. The verses are printed uniform with the catalogue, and they were probably given with each copy. Three years later Roscoe included them in the edition of his 'Mount Pleasant'.
ODE

ON THE INSTITUTION OF A

SOCIETY IN LIVERPOOL,

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF

DESIGNING, DRAWING, PAINTING, ETC.

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, DECEMBER 13, 1773.

Liverpool: printed in the year 1774.

From climes where slavery's iron chain
Has bound to earth the soaring mind,
Where Grecia mourns her blasted plain
To want and indolence resign'd;
From fair Italia's once loved shore,
(The land of freedom now no more)
Disdainful of each former seat,
The Arts, a lovely train, retreat:
Still prospering under Freedom's Eye,
With her they bloom, with her they fly;
And when the pow'r transferr'd her smile
To Albion's ever grateful Isle,
The lovely Fugitives forgot to roam,
But rais'd their Altars here and fixed their
happier home.
Swift fly the hovering shades of Night
When bursts the orient dawn of Day,
As swift before their mental Light
The Clouds of Ignorance decay.
First came the Muse—her great design
Each dull sensation to refine;
To plant in every rugged breast
The seeds of Genius and of Taste,
To bid the heart expand with woe,
Or with the great example glow,
Or smile along the sportive page,
Or shrink at Satire's pointed rage,
Thro' Fancy's realms the wondering mind to bear,
And for her Sister Arts an easier path prepare.

Of power to still the raging deep,
To damp the gay, to warm the cold,
To bid the Steel rib'd Warrior weep,
And make the trembling dastard bold,
To free the Slave, the wild to tame,
Queen of the Spheres, next Music came;
Her strains can every care control,
And waft to heav'n the list'ning Soul;
Can every soft affection move,
And tune the amorous pulse to love;
Now chaste and rapt'rous joys inspire,
Puer (sic) as the vestal's sacred fire;
Now loud and dreadful swell the strong alarms,
Foment the thirst of Blood, the glorious rage of Arms.

Next came the Power in whom conjoin'd
Their differing excellence is shown,
Yet sweetly blended, and combin'd
With charms peculiarly her own:
Beneath the great Creator's Eye,
'Twas she with Azure spread the Sky;
And when Creation first had birth,
In happiest hues array'd the Earth;
Still varying in each varied scene,
Bedeck'd the smiling meads with Green,
Blush'd in the flower, and ting'd the fruit,
More lovely still as more minute;
O'er every part a veil of beauty cast,
In heav'nly colours bright, thro' numerous years to last.

Hers is the glowing bold design,
The just and lessening perspective,
The beauties of the waving line,
And all the pencil's power can give;
'Tis true—the Bard's harmonious tongue
May draw the Landscape bright and strong,
Describe the thundering scenes of War,
The Crested helm, the rattling Car,

1 In second edition, 1777, reads 'dreadful.'
The generous thirst of praise inspire,
And kindle virtue's sacred fire;
Yet still may Painting's glowing hand
An equal share of praise command;
In every province claim her mingled part,
The wondering sense to charm, or moralise the heart.

Majestic, nervous, bold and strong,
Let Angelo with Milton vie;
Opposed to Waller's amorous song.
His Art let wanton Titian try;
Let great Romano's free design,
Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
And chaste Corregio's graceful air,
With Pope's unblemished page compare;
Loraine may rival Thomson's name;
And Hogarth's equal Butler's fame,
For still where'er th' aspiring muse,
Her wide, unbounded flight pursues,
Her sister soars on kindred wings sublime,
And gives her favourite names to grace the rolls of time.

Where just degrees of Shade and Light
Contend in sweetest harmony,
There bursts upon the raptur'd sight
The silent Music of the Eye.
Bold, as the Base's deeper sound,
We trace the well-imagin'd ground;
Next, in the varying scenes behind,
The sweet melodious Tenor find;
And as the soft'ning notes decay,
The distant prospect fades away:
Their aid if mingling colours give
To bid the mimic Landscape live,
The visual concert breaks upon the Eyes
With every different charm which Music's hand supplies.

If, torn from all we hold most dear,
The tedious moments slowly roll,
Can Music's tenderest accents cheer
The silent grief that melts the Soul?
Or can the Poet's boasted Art
The healing balm of peace impart?
Ah no!—'Tis only Painting's pow'r
Can soothe the sad, the painful hour,
Can bring the much-lov'd form to view
In features exquisitely true:
The sparkling eye, the blooming face,
The shape adorn'd with every grace—
To Nature's self scarce yield the doubtful strife,
Swell from the deep'ning shade, and ask the gift of Life.
By slow degrees the Muse's skill
A just conception must impart,
Bend by degrees the stubborn will,
Touch by degrees the harden'd heart,
To aid the task whilst memory joins,
And every wand'ring thought combines;
Then forming up\(^1\) the beauteous whole,
Presents\(^2\) th' Idea to the soul:
But when with happiest nature warm,
The Artist spreads his pictur'd charm,
At once we feel th' accomplish'd thought,
At once this great effect is wrought;
Nor only to the judging few confin'd,
Quick as the Light'ning's glance it strikes on every mind.\(^3\)

In all the force of language drest
But faintly moves the feeble strain;
But to the faithful eyes\(^4\) exprest,
The Story thrills thro' every vein.
Friend of the Arts, when Cæsar bled,
Soon as the murd'rous tidings spread,
Each Roman heav'd a sigh sincere,
Each hardy Veteran dropp'd a tear;

---

\(^1\) Second edition reads 'collecting then.'

\(^2\) Ibid. reads 'she gives.'

\(^3\) Second edition reads 'It strikes each artless eye, and speaks to every mind.'

\(^4\) Ibid. reads 'sight.'
But when, to public view confest,
High wav'd the Hero's blood-stain'd vest,
A generous frenzy seized the throng—
Revenge was heard from every tongue:
Thence every nervous arm fresh vigour drew,
Bright gleam'd the vengeful steel, and dreadful firebrands flew.

O Queen of heav'n's unnumber'd dyes!
Whose skill, with various pow'r replete,
Can bid the swift Ideas rise
Of tender, beauteous, strong, and great:
For thee in mutual bands we join,—
Nor thou the fond attempt decline;
But to our longing sight display
Some sparks of thy celestial ray;
And if, beneath a rough disguise,
The latent Gem of Genius lies,
Do thou impart thy friendly aid,
Thy loveliest polish o'er it spread;
So shall its beams, with genuine lustre bright,
Pour radiance on thine head who call'd it first to light.

And ye with wealth profusely blest,
The substitutes of pow'r supreme
To cheer the heart by grief deprest,
And cherish virtue's sacred flame—
To us your generous cares extend,
The suppliant train of Arts befriend;
Nor think to misery's claims unjust
You misapply your sacred trust,
Or whilst you bid the genius rise,
Your noble task neglected lies;
For still the breast where Genius glows
A sense of Moral Beauty knows,
Endu'd with gifts above the crowd to shine,
The judge of Nature's works, and Virtue's charms divine.

FINIS.

The title-page of the Catalogue itself runs thus:—
A CATALOGUE
OF
PICTURES, DRAWINGS, PRINTS,
ETC.

EXHIBITED BY THE
SOCIETY OF ARTISTS

IN LIVERPOOL;

At their Academy-Rooms, No. 30 John Street,

AUGUST 1774.

In magnis voluisse fas est.

Liverpool: printed for the Society.

Over the leaf, without title or signature, appears the modest appeal of the Society:—

'Arts, like their inventors, have their state of infancy; they require time as well as cultivation to attain maturity.

'To cultivate the polite arts with success requires
the utmost extent and exertion of human abilities—
even the united powers of many men are necessary to
insure a moderate progress in any of them, although
they are still far from a state of perfection.

'Sensible of the difficulty of the undertaking, a
few gentlemen agreed to form a society last winter,
with a view to improving each other, as far as their
situation would permit, in some of the most useful of
those arts, particularly in such as have relation to
Painting—and of assisting youth in their studies, to
the best of their power, without any expectation of
pecuniary advantage.

'The performances of some of the members of
this society are now collected for the inspection of
their friends.

'It is hoped that the very first emotions of criti-
cism, and comparison with other Exhibitions, will be
immediately suppressed in every well-wisher to the
arts, when he considers the difference there must
necessarily be betwixt the productions of a small
private society, resident in a remote spot, to which
the Muses have been so lately invited, and those of
a numerous collection of artists, happily possessing a
more favoured residence of that lovely sisterhood, as
well as worthily enjoying the immense advantages
of Royal patronage and National encouragement.'

Liverpool: August 1, 1774.
We may safely conclude that Roscoe composed this preface also. Upon the opposite page:—

A CATALOGUE OF PICTURES, ETC.

‘Those Performances marked * are to be disposed of.
‘No person to be admitted without a written order from a subscriber; and it is requested that no person will take down or touch any of the pictures, &c.
‘The doors to be opened at ten o’clock in the morning, and continue open till two.’

P. P. BURDETT, Old Hall Street.

1. A Print of Banditti, engraved in a new manner, after a drawing by Mr. J. Mortimer.
2. Ditto, its companion.
3. A Print of Two Boys blowing a Bladder by Candle-light, from a painting by Mr. Joseph Wright (Wright of Derby).

Burdett was an engraver of local note, and teacher of drawing. We have seen that he was the first president of the society in 1769, and lecturer on Perspective in 1773. Many sketches and prints by him are preserved in the Mayer Collection.

MR. THOMAS CHUBBARD, No. 1, Liver Street.

4. The Unfortunate Soldier.
5. A View of Lancaster from the Green Ayre.
6. A View of Lancaster from Quarmore Park, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Clifford.

7. A Waterfall, near Derwent Water.

8. A View along the Lake of Keswick.

9. A Landscape, in water colours.

10. Ditto, in crayons.

11. Ditto, ditto.


15. Dead game, Woodcocks.


17. Ditto, a Lady, in crayons.

18. Three portraits, a conversation piece, black chalk.

Chubbard painted and taught painting so successfully as to win the dignity of Magister.

A Young Lady, pupil to Mr. Chubbard.

19. A Study, from a group of objects in a drawing-room.

20. Portrait of a Beggar, in crayons.

Another Young Lady, pupil to Mr. Chubbard.


No information has survived concerning these young people.
Mr. DANIEL DAULBY, JUN.

22. A Landscape, in oil.
23. Celadon and Amelia, after a print of Mr. Woollett's (Woollett's), in black chalk.

Daniel Daulby is not likely to be forgotten. He took a leading part in all efforts and enterprises which aimed at the spreading of taste and knowledge amongst the people of Liverpool. His collection of etchings was very important, and he first attempted a complete gallery of Rembrandt's works, which was sold at his death. The catalogue is still regarded as of the greatest value by connoisseurs. There is no reason to think, however, that these 'exhibits' were Daulby's own production. He married Roscoe's sister.

MR. WILLIAM EMANUEL, now at Bristol.

25. Model of a Brig, twenty-one inches long, flanked and timbered.

No information.

MR. CHARLES EYES, SURVEYOR, Church Street.

26. Plan of Liverpool as it was in the Year 1725.
27. A View of Prescot Church, a drawing in Indian ink.

Charles Eyes was a personage of the period, surveyor, architect, and hydrographer to the town. He
published two maps of Liverpool, the one in 1725, and the other in 1765. T. Chadwick also published one in the former year. Charles Eyes was uncle or father to Roscoe's employer.

Mr. JOHN FORMBY, No. 11, Pool Lane (now South Castle Street).

29. A Frame with seven gentlemen's and one lady's portrait, in miniature; three Landscapes; a Figure with an Urn, and a head of the Marquis of Granby, in human hair.

30. Indian Emperor, in human hair.

The Formbys of Formby were one of the oldest families about Liverpool. A deed executed in 1370 by John de Formby assigns certain property to John Amoryson, of Wigan, for seventeen pounds of silver. An important branch of the Mersey, opposite Bootle Bay, is still called Formby Channel. Of this amateur in human hair I have no special information.

Mr. MATTHEW GREGSON.


32. Ditto, Palmyrean; ditto.

33. Ditto, Gothic; ditto.

Matthew Gregson was an upholsterer, dwelling on the west side of Castle Street. He might have shown works very much more creditable to his taste and spirit than Palmyrean bedsteads. The drawings which Gregson caused to be made of scenes in Liver-
pool are most useful to us now, and his 'Portfolio of Fragments' towards a history of Lancashire is a textbook.

Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON, No. 67, Frog Lane (now Whitechapel).

34. Moonlight, a Study from Nature.
35. Small Breeze.
36. Close by the Wind, a hard Gale.
37. Portrait of a Lady.
38. Ditto of a Gentleman, in miniature, in oil.

Mr. NATHANIEL JOHNSON, No. 67, Frog Lane.

39. Two proofs of Landscapes, after designs by Rathbone.

(Proposals to be seen in the room for publishing six prints, of which these are specimens, by subscription.)

Mr. MAYOR, ENGRAVER AND SEAL-CUTTER, Temple Street.

40. A Frame with impressions of arms, ciphers, and crests.

M. RICHARDS, Birmingham.

41. Rural Conversation, a piece in enamel.

Mr. RATHBONE, now at Preston.

42. A Landscape.
43. A Landscape, with figures.
44. Ditto, a wood, with figures.

Of these four exhibitors no information has come to us. Nathaniel Johnson appears to have been an engraver. Mr. Richards, be it observed, is not found worthy of a title. The Rathbones of Liverpool have been always numerous; this one was perhaps a drawing master, whose designs Nathaniel Johnson engraved.

**MR. WILLIAM ROSCOE, JUN.**

45. The Mother, a drawing in Indian ink, after a French engraving.

No more needs to be said about Roscoe. The drawing exhibited was doubtless his own.

**MR. STRINGER, JUN., Knutsford.**

46. A Landscape, with a mill.
47. Ditto, with cattle.
48. Ditto, with figures.

Stringer sen. was an artist and colour-maker, who had his manufactory at Seacombe. Several drawings by him are in Mr. Mayer's possession. If Stringer jun. was Samuel, Mr. Redgrave says that 'he had no art merit;' if Daniel, his brother, the same authority declares that 'his great power was sacrificed to Cheshire ale.'

**MR. SHARPLES, Duke Street.**

49. Portrait of a Lady, half-length.
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

50. Portrait of a Gentleman, small oval.
51. Ditto of a Lady, ditto.
   A portrait painter, of whom nothing more reaches me.

MR. SYKES, Houghton Street.

52. Mother and Child, a drawing in Indian ink, after Cipriani.
53. A Madonna, ditto.
54. Marriage of Saint Catharine, ditto.
   No information about this artist.

MR. RICHARD TATE, Wolstenholme Square.

55. A Shipwreck, after a painting of Vernet.
56. A Landscape, with a castle.
57. Ditto, with figures.
58. Ditto, a Study, in crayons.
59. Niobe, a drawing in black chalk, from an engraving of Woollet’s (Woollett).
60. Phaeton, ditto ditto.
61. A Sacrifice, ditto ditto.
62. Boys blowing a Bladder by Candle-light, after a painting by Mr. Joseph Wright.
63. Portrait of a Gentleman, in black lead.
64. Ditto, Peter Paul Rubens, in ditto.
65. Ditto, Pope Clement IX., in ditto.

Mr. Richard Tate was a merchant, and a patron of art in Liverpool. All his family appear to have been accomplished.
EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF

MR. WILLIAM TATE, Liverpool.

67. Ditto of an Old Man.
68. Venus with a Shell, a drawing in black chalk.
69. Venus picking a Thorn out of her Foot, ditto.

MR. J. WRIGHT.

70. Portrait of a Gentleman, in black chalk.
71. Ditto. ditto.
72. Ditto. ditto.

Not to be confounded with Joseph Wright of Derby. This gentleman, however, was successful in his day as a landscape painter, and 'The Fishery,' by his hand, made one of Woollett's most admired engravings.

MR. OTWELL WORRALL, No. 16, Basnet Street.

73. Portrait of a Gentleman, black chalk.
74. Ditto of a Lady, after Frye, ditto.
75. Flight into Egypt, black chalk.
76. Piece of ornament, a drawing, in black lead.
77. Venus, in red chalk.

I find several allusions to Otwell or Ottiwell Worrall in the history of the period. He was evidently a leading citizen, but what his business I have not ascertained.

MR. THOMAS WILKES, Whensbury, Staffordshire.

78. Rural Conversation, in enamel.
By different Hands.

79. A Head, in crayons, by a young lady.
80. A model for a tablet, in clay.
81. Ditto. ditto.
82. A model of a ship, in relievo.
83. A Head of Peter Paul Rubens, in black chalk.
84, 85. Flowers, painted in water-colours.

This abruptly ends the Catalogue of 1774. The Society of Artists in Liverpool may still have lasted some short time, but on November 2, 1775, all the casts and prints belonging to it were distributed amongst the members, and they fetched 11l. 1s. 9d. It made no other exhibition. That the venture had proved successful is evident, for the catalogue went through two editions. Roscoe declared that the society's collapse was 'principally occasioned by the loss of a very ingenious and spirited member now resident in Germany.' But the years following were not favourable to peaceful recreation. The American and the French war half ruined Liverpool, for commerce was abandoned in favour of privateering. But so soon as peace returned, the indefatigable promoters of the original society came forward again. In 1783, William Roscoe had become a leader in the town, and he was named Vice-President of the remodelled institution. It
announced itself as the 'Society for Promoting the Arts in Liverpool;' and upon October 18, 1783, the following prospectus was issued, by which it appears that the association was already formed.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ARTS IN LIVERPOOL.

The advancement of the Arts of Painting and Design, though an object in itself sufficiently important, appears of still greater consequence when it is considered that almost every mechanical profession is indebted to those Arts for the propriety and beauty of its ornaments, and that some knowledge of them is now become, in a greater or less degree, necessary in almost every business that has any relation to the conveniences or elegancies of life. An institution therefore which extends the progress of those Arts cannot be without its utility, and, considered with respect to this neighbourhood, will be entitled to farther commendation of providing a rational and liberal amusement for those few hours of leisure which an active and mercantile place affords its inhabitants.

The cultivation of taste is another object which this institution has in view; and in endeavouring to attain the aids proposed, it is the intention of the Society to unite the practical study with lectures on the theory of the arts. To provide an Academy
easy of access, and moderate in expense, to such as adopt the profession of painting, or wish to cultivate it as an amusement; and, by the unreserved communication of sentiments on subjects of taste, to diffuse its influence amongst those who, though friends to the Arts of design, have not engaged in the actual practice of them.

**Particulars of the Plan.**

*President.*—There shall be a president and vice-president, to be chosen annually on the 18th day of October, and the vice-president shall be treasurer, and shall nominate a secretary.

*Committee.*—There shall be a committee appointed annually from amongst the subscribers, to consist of six members, any three of whom, with the president or vice-president, shall be competent to transact the business of the Society; and the secretary shall also act as one of the committee.

*Visitors.*—The artists resident in Liverpool, hereafter named, shall be appointed visitors of the Society, and shall have the direction of it with respect to drawing, painting, and the whole practical business; and shall attend in such rotation as may from time to time be fixed amongst themselves; but that one of them shall attend every evening for the direction of the students.

*Students.*—Persons above the age of fourteen
years may be admitted as students, on producing a specimen of abilities to the satisfaction of the visitors.

Subscription.—The subscription, both for members and students, shall be one guinea yearly; the first payments to be made at the time of subscribing.

Admittance of Members.—After fifty members have subscribed, no person shall be admitted a member without being elected by ballot when twelve members or upwards are present; and if one third of the members be against the admission, such person shall not be admitted.

Lectures.—Lectures shall be read at convenient times, and at least once every week in the winter season, by members of the Society, on anatomy, so far as relative to painting; on chemistry, so far as relative to colours; on the theory and practice of painting, architecture, perspective, and such other subjects as may hereafter be fixed on by the Society.

Strangers.—Any member shall have a right to introduce a stranger (a non-inhabitant of the town) on lecture nights only.

Living models shall be provided to draw after, together with such statues, busts, prints, and drawings as may be necessary for the use and accommodation of the Society.

October 18, 1783.
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

PROSPECTUS, etc.

OFFICERS OF THE ENSUING YEAR.

Henry Blundell, of Ince, Esq., President.
Mr. William Roscoe, Vice-President.
Mr. Thomas Taylor, Secretary.

Henry Blundell, of Ince-Blundell, was the representative of one of our oldest county families, and the most famous of his line. The collection of antique marbles formed by him is said to rival that of Townley, and his gallery of early masters in painting has perhaps no superior in private hands. He who could persuade Mr. Blundell, now living, to deposit his ancestor's collection in some place where students could see it would grant a boon to humanity.

Thomas Taylor was a merchant of Liverpool, a classically educated scholar, and the valued friend of John Philips, of Manchester, an eminent manufacturer, the patron of Heath, who painted for him 'The Dead Soldier.' Philips had one of the finest collections of modern paintings, drawings, and prints in the north of England, in the collection of which he was judiciously aided by his co-lover of art, Mr. Taylor.

The 'Officers for the ensuing year' numbered:—
Mr. Daniel Daulby, already mentioned.
Rev. Mr. Finch, of whom I have nothing to report.

Mr. Guy Green, partner of John Sadler, of Harrington Street, who discovered the art of printing upon earthenware. This story is too well known for repetition. Guy Green did not help towards the actual invention, but he carried on the business alone after Sadler's retirement.

Mr. Matthew Gregson, already mentioned.
Dr. Michael Renwicke, of whom I know no more than that he lectured on Chemistry to the students in 1773, when

Dr. Matthew Turner lectured on Anatomy.
The visitors of the new Society were mostly artists, some of whom we have met before.

Mr. Richard Caddick was a portrait painter. His own portrait, lately possessed by the Rev. Dr. Redhead, F.S.A., and presented by him to Mr. Mayer, is such an excellent work as shows that on a wider field Caddick would have made a name. In the Mayer collection, at Pennant House, is a portrait of George Stubbs, R.A., the celebrated animal painter, by the same artist. His brother was

Mr. William Caddick, of the same profession, second president of the earlier society.

Mr. Thomas Chubbard, already mentioned.
Mr. Patrick McMorland, a painter on enamel
of great skill. He also executed mezzotints in collaboration with Paul Sandby, R.A., and other frequenters of the Bootle Coffee House—a favourite resort of London artists spending their holiday in the North.

Mr. Christopher Pack, portrait painter, son of a Norwich merchant. After gaining reputation there he went to Liverpool, and in 1787 to London. His copies from Sir Joshua Reynolds were much admired. After visiting Dublin he settled in London, and did well.

Mr. William Tate, F.S.A., already mentioned.

Mr. John Williamson, the father of Daniel and Samuel Williamson, better artists than himself. Mr. Redgrave, however, describes him as a man of merit. He painted portraits, whilst his sons gave themselves to landscape. A likeness of Roscoe by John Williamson is in Mr. Mayer's possession.

Amongst the Mayer MSS. is preserved a number of lectures, delivered agreeably to this programme. Mr. Patrick McMorland explained the 'Theory of Painting' on December 11, 1783, but no other name nor date is given in the manuscripts. They treat of various subjects relating to art in a manner creditable to the young Academy, but I do not propose to
transcribe them. One, however, there is worth attention. It deals with a branch of art about which little is known but much suspected. We may conjecture that the writer was a shrewd, vulgar old gentleman, the wit of the society, whose lecture would be regarded as a sort of divertissement betwixt a grave address from Mr. Tate and a classic oration by Mr. Roscoe. Thus it runs:—

'It will naturally be expected that I should give some account of the manner in which I acquired sufficient knowledge of the mechanical part of Painting (to which I shall entirely confine myself) to enable me to communicate with confidence the result of my observations and practice, which has been exceedingly varied and extensive, comprehending nearly everything that ever was done in the whole range of art. Now, to do that properly, I ought to give a short sketch of my life, which may, perhaps, need an apology, as certain works of the kind are humorously called; but I will not impose it on the world at present, it belonging more immediately to a work for which I have collected a prodigious quantity of materials, and which I have received great encouragement to bring forward: it is Anecdotes of Picture-dealers, Picture-dealing, and Pictures, and will be entitled "Humbuggologia."

'I shall merely say at present, that having from my earliest youth had a most violent propensity or
inclination to the art, without even meeting with instruction, encouragement, or patronage, I at last, on making my way to London, found myself safe moored in a picture-dealer's garret.

'It was generally supposed in those days that none but the lowest mechanics were calculated for the profession of Picture-dealing, and I believe it right—they all seemed at home in it. I saw a little shoemaker who made a fortune in the most agreeable manner imaginable, laughing heartily all the while; he brought up his son to the business.

'There was also a house-painter and slater, who could repeat all the cant of connoisseurship, and talk of the *picturesque* with the most profound gravity; and really had a considerable share of knowledge outside his head, by which he realised a considerable fortune, with which, I believe, he built a Methodist chapel.

'Another very worthy, industrious man, who assisted his wife (an eminent washerwoman) in mangling and carrying home the linen, took to the calling, and was very fortunate indeed; kept cash at the bankers instead of pawnbrokers; condemned and approved pictures in the most decisive manner; and what is more strange, was really respectable.

'Two others I knew got into vast repute, with regular *customers to their backs*, who dealt with them as with their cheesemonger, and took their articles
upon their word; who had rose fairly in their corps by merit; who had been in the situation of jackall to the rest; and got on by degrees to be puffs, trumpeters, and at last importers of and dealers in art. But the pickings got by this traffick were soon found to be of such consequence, that those plebeians were no longer to enjoy an exclusive right to hum the world. People in very different situations of life to those were tempted to embark in the trade one great qualification for which, and indeed the sine qua non, is "not to admire"—the least taste or feeling would spoil all. What tobacco merchant ever got less money because the commodity in which he dealt, he neither could smoke, chew, nor snuff? But I shall say no more just now of the great Drawcations who are of the Board of Controul, but shall expect to see the whole nation one great Change of Picture-dealers.

' It is from this period I must date the first knowledge I ever acquired of the mechanical part of Painting, and it was chiefly in the Dutch and Flemish school, to which, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, a student should go to learn Painting as he should go to a grammir school to learn language. He also adds, that, by a few hours' attentive observation of their method, he may make himself master of what costs them whole ages, or perhaps a succession of ages, to ascertain with such precision. Now, though
I am certain it is impossible to acquire it with so little trouble—and that great man himself, throughout his whole life, was unwearied in traversing a pathless wilderness of colours, varnishes, and methods, and never found it at all, which is a misfortune exceedingly to be lamented; yet I believe it is only to be found there, and then only by such opportunities as I met with. It is well known that he often destroyed good pictures of the Venetian school by scraping off the different coats or glazings, to find out their system of painting; and a system they all decidedly had, there can be no doubt. I had a better opportunity.

"Good comes out of everything." I by looking over the intelligent being when it was scouring day had the pleasure of seeing all the different coats or strata of a variety of pictures vanish one after the other, from the epidermis, or last transparent finishing, down to the raw dead colouring, beyond which he seldom ventured. But I am under the greatest obligations to my dear old departed friend, John Evans, for going still further. He certainly was, in his time, the first of all possible grubbers; though I believe, in the present day, we do not want five hundred as good as he. He, by means of a brick (a delicate malmstock, observe) and water only, used to let me see on what coloured grounds the ancients all painted: he fetched off everything, except here and there a stubborn bit of heightening.
Mr. Peter Brozet, another of those notables, did the same thing, but could not for his (life) make his work so smooth as John: he was of the good old sect of sand and scrubbing brush, and has numerous followers. However, the prevailing schism of the searching soap-ley, which finishes the canvas and all, bids fair to become the rage, and has my sincere wishes on its side.

I was much employed in repairing the mischiefs of those scrubbers, and became exceedingly expert at it, and of course a valuable fixture in the concern; but I found an extream difficulty in matching the tints, especially in the transparent parts, the common colour of shops appearing like gritty mud upon the mellow transparent shades of the exquisite pictures of the last age; the painters, I am certain, having every one studied the nature, and been the preparers of, their own colours, and were in possession of some vehicle or substance, by means of which they could make every colour transparent, and at the same time lay on plump, and remain so without running or appearing meagre or oily.

Innumerable were the experiments which I made in hopes of coming at this: at last I found it, and it is invaluable. I gave it a ludicrous appellation, Gum-tion, which it now universally bears, although very few to whom I communicated it have remembered how to make it properly, as it is difficult in the pre-
paration, and requires great nicity to bring it to the exact consistence required for use. By means of this and an accurate examination of the appearance of system, which I saw everywhere in the works of the best Masters, I was enabled to repair and imitate the works of any of them although ever so exquisite; and it affords me great pleasure at times to see my works of that kind in the collections of those illuminati, who have been taught by picture dealers, to affect a most sovrevign contempt for every modern Artist and his works: these are old clothesmen of the arts, having no other way of keeping their customers than decrying the works of the present age, which abounds with excellent artists in every line far beyond all precedent, and who would meet with the patronage they deserve but for those cankerworms and their vamped-up trumpery. I must not here forget an exception which may be regarded as a most singular phenomenon.

'Mr. Thomas Vernon, of Liverpool, for many years endeavoured to convince his countrymen of the excellence of modern and living artists; and procured of their works, for which he always paid liberally, celebrated their merits to his utmost, and was sometimes, perhaps, too enthusiastic in the cause. His townsmen were convinced, and furnished themselves with the most beautifull productions of Morland, Anderson, Wheatly, and others, which with great
reason they admired much, but, for all that, they found they were wrong. Travellers, employed and furnished by the warehousmen in London, and properly tutored in the mysterious slang of dealing, which is always convincing in proportion as it is unintelligible, came down with a cargo of damaged, doubtful outcasts, and convinced them that artists should wait a hundred and fifty years at least for the sale of their work; and, notwithstanding he possessed a firm ally in Mr. W. Roscoe, whose wonderful abilities and taste, like his own Lorenzo, might direct a nation, he was at last unsuccessful. He fell (let us hope to rise again) a sort of martyr in the cause; when he is no more, Artists, though they pawned their shirts for it, should erect to him a statue, and put to shame his ungrateful townsmen.'

The second exhibition—first of this renovated Society—was held in the year following. The title of its Catalogue runs thus over a quarto page:
INDEPENDENT of the pleasure which the Art of Painting affords, a knowledge of some of its leading principles is now become indispensably neces-
sary in most of those employments which contribute to the ease and elegance of life. It is the aim of the present times to unite beauty with utility; and even the mechanic who would wish to arrive at eminence, ought not only to cultivate his taste, but to acquire that practical knowledge in the art of design, without which abilities may frequently be misapplied, and industry fail of its reward.

Convinced of this truth, a number of gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood, in the year 1783, formed themselves into a Society for the Encouragement of Painting and such other arts as have an immediate relation to and connexion with it. Their views were warmly and generously seconded by the artists in Liverpool; convenient rooms and proper models were provided; lectures were delivered on such subjects as were necessary to promote the ends of the Institution; a number of students were admitted, who, under the directions of visitors, applied themselves closely to the cultivation of their abilities.

The principal intention of this Exhibition is to lay before the public the results of their studies; but as there would not be sufficient to furnish an entertainment to the public at large, the artists who have had the direction of the practical business of the Society have agreed to unite their endeavours to render it more worthy of general approbation.

The intention of the Society has been made
known further than this town and neighbourhood, and names of the first rank in the art will appear in the following Catalogue, and sufficiently supersede the necessity of any further apology for the present attempt. Amongst these, the illustrious President of the Royal Academy has not thought it improper to favour the Society with his performances; a circumstance which, whilst it dignifies, reflects the highest honour on his candour and politeness.

CATALOGUE.

GEORGE BARRET, R.A., late of London.

1. A Landscape, Morning.
2. Ditto, Evening.

It is not necessary to say anything of Royal Academicians, nor of those painters whose identity can be ascertained on reference to the first “Century” or “Dictionary” at hand.

RICHARD CADDICK, Old Hall Street, Liverpool.

3. Portrait of a Gentleman, half-length.
5. Ditto.

THOMAS CHUBBARD, Williamson's Square, Liverpool.

8. Portrait of a Gentleman, small whole-length.
9. Portrait of a young Gentleman, small whole-length, in crayons.
10. Ditto ditto, its Companion.
13. A Landscape, Sunset.
15. Two Views in Keswick.
16. Two Views in Keswick.
17. A Landscape.

Both these gentlemen are old acquaintances.

J. CLEVELEY, London.


A marine painter of great excellence, pupil of Paul Sandby, R.A. He generally painted in water-colours, but good work of his in oil is extant. Cleveley was appointed draughtsman to Captain Phipps, on his celebrated voyage of discovery to the North Seas in 1774, and he accompanied Sir Joseph Banks to Iceland. The Society of Arts awarded him a premium for his drawings. He died in 1786.

J. DEARE, London.

19. Adam and Eve, from the 4th book of 'Paradise Lost,' a bas-relief, prize model.
22. Virginius and his Daughter, a cast.

John Deare was a Liverpool man, son to a jeweller and tax-collector of Castle Street. At sixteen years old he was apprenticed to Thomas Carter, of 101, Piccadilly, London, for whom he carved mantel-pieces, &c. Natural talent and application won him the first gold medal granted by the Royal Academy for the design exhibited at Liverpool. Deare was then twenty years old. A letter from Francis Holden to Roscoe thus describes him at the time:—'I have called once or twice to see Mr. Deare, who got the gold medal for a piece of sculpture, and find him a very agreeable young man, though rather deficient in other branches of education.' It must be remembered, however, that Holden was a very Phoenix amongst even Roscoe's contemporaries, and mighty exacting in his notions. When sent to Rome by the Academy, Deare began a career of unusual promise. The French appreciated him especially, and his most important works are found in that country. George Cumberland declares that the best artists sought Deare's advice. In England he is not much known. The Worsley Collection, says Mr. Picton, 'has a Marine Venus from his chisel which has been much admired; but his chef-d'œuvre is said to be a piece in the collection of Sir George Corbett.' All accounts agree that the sculptor's death was very romantic. One story goes that a general of the French invading army fell in love with his wife, and put her husband out of the way by throwing him into prison, where he died. Another account states that he sought inspiration by sleeping on a marble block of special beauty, and thus caught
the fever. He certainly died in 1798, aged thirty-nine, and he lies buried near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius at Rome.

H. FUSELI, London.


HOTS. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in.
   I'll have the current in this place dam'd up,
   And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
   In a new channel, fair and evenly:
   It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
   To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEN. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

MORT. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side.

WOR. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

HOTS. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

GLEN. I will not have it altered.

HOTS. Will not you?

GLEN. No, nor you shall not.

HOTS. Who shall say me nay?

SHAKSP. 1st part Hen. IV.

Of Fuseli nothing needs to be said.
Miss GARTSIDE, Manchester.

24. Flowers, an oval in water-colours.
25. Ditto.
27. Alstrœmeria, ditto.

A lady famous in her day for botanical studies. She took a part in the establishment of the Botanic Gardens at Liverpool, the earliest in England.

Mr. HAULTIER, Chester.

No facts about this gentleman.

T. HEARNE, London.

29. View of Durham, a tinted drawing.
30. New Hall in Yorkshire, the seat of Mr. Lascelles.

One of the most eminent among the founders of our water-colour school. His great work was the 'Antiquities of Great Britain,' produced in collaboration with William Byrne.

P. HOLLAND, London.

31. Portrait of an Artist.
No information.
EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF

WILLIAM JACKSON, Liverpool.

32. Sea Piece, the Lightning Brig and her Prize.
33. Ditto, the Tartar Sloop.

This artist has been mentioned before. He is evidently not the William Jackson who copied Gainsborough with such success.

MISS KNIPE, Liverpool.

34. A Portrait in Miniature.
35. Flowers, in water-colours.

An artist and drawing mistress in Liverpool.

JAMES LAMBERT, Lewes, Sussex.

36. A Group of Sheep.

This was probably James Lambert the elder, who gained a premium of 25 guineas at the Society of Arts in 1770. He died, however, in 1779, near Lewes. His son James mostly painted still life.


37. Mæcenas's Villa, with a view on the Tiber.

An artist of merit, patronised by the Duchess of Northumberland. He lived at Twickenham.

PATRICK McMORLAND, Liverpool.

39. A Frame of Miniatures, containing portraits of a Clergyman, his lady, and nine children.

40. Another Frame of Miniatures.

41. Portrait of a Child, a tinted sketch.

42. Two Landscapes, tinted drawings.

43. A Sea Piece, ditto.

44, 45. Two smaller, ditto.

46, 47. Two Italian Views, ditto

This artist has been already mentioned.

CHRISTOPHER PACK, Liverpool.

48. Portrait of an Old Man.

49. Portrait of a Gentleman, three-quarters.

50. Ditto ditto.

51. Ditto ditto.

52. Ditto ditto.

53. Ditto of an Artist.

54. Ditto of a Gentleman, kit kat.

55. A Landscape, the Water Mill.

56. Ditto, the Wind Mill.

57. Portrait of two Children, whole-length.

58. Miss Phillips, in the character of Miranda.

MIRANDA. What is't, a spirit?
Lord! how it looks about—believe me, sir,
It carries a brave Form—but 'tis a spirit!

SHAKESPEARE, Tempest, 1st Act.

Already noticed.
JOHN PENNINGTON, Student, *Liverpool.*

59. Portrait of a Boy and a Dog.

Son of the Liverpool potter of that name. He was a member of the Liverpool Academy for many years. Many of his works are in Mr. Mayer's possession.

JOSEPH PERRY, *Liverpool.*

60. A Pilot Boat.

61. A Pleasure Boat.


Perry is best known as the collector of materials for the 'History of Liverpool,' published by his friend, Dr. Enfield. He contributed the map also. Probably a surgeon by profession.

PÈRE PHILLIPS, late of *Brussels.*

63. An impression of a Gem, the Portrait of the Emperor Joseph.

No information.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, President of the Royal Academy.

64. Portrait of Col. Tarleton, whole-length.

65. A Landscape, View on the Thames from Richmond.

The famous portrait of Col. Tarleton was judiciously chosen to represent Sir Joshua's art at Liver-
From earliest times the Tarletons, now extinct, were connected with that borough. They held large properties about Aigburth, and a member of the family filled the civic chair no less than seven times. Colonel, afterwards General Bauastre Tarleton, was one of the most noted characters in Liverpool, which he represented from 1790 to 1812, saving a short interval, when Mr. Roscoe was returned in 1806. He distinguished himself greatly as a leader of flying cavalry in the American war.

PAUL SANDBY, R.A.

66. A large Landscape, in water-colours, finished with oil.
67. A Sketch, in Indian ink.
68. Windsor Castle, tinted from his own etching.
69. Pembroke Castle, ditto.
70. A Landscape, ditto.
71. Ditto, its Companion.
72. Picton Castle, the Seat of Lord Milton, the original stained drawing for 'Watts's Views.'
73. Westcomb, the Seat of the Marchioness of Lothian, for ditto.
74. Chatsworth, the Seat of the Duke of Devonshire, for ditto.
75. A Landscape, tinted drawing.
76. A Landscape, ditto.
77. Ditto, its Companion.

The following remarks about this artist, which appeared in a morning paper on May 26, 1876, con-
tain much truth. 'One of the foremost among our connoisseurs declared, a few days ago, that the display of sketches by Paul Sandby, R.A., in the King Street Auction Rooms, were to him a revelation. There were two Pauls, father and son, besides an uncle Thomas, whose artistic tastes sometimes found their expression in verse. We remember to have seen a metrical letter of his, describing a cottage he had just taken, which showed no little spirit. Thomas also was an Academician. The elder Paul bears on his shoulders, not too strong, the responsibility of many deeds committed by his kinsfolk. Perhaps there is no artist in our country whose name is taken so frequently in vain by dealers, unless it be his contemporary, George Stubbs. An old English picture of merit, not to be identified by any special signs, is debited to Paul Sandby in Wardour Street. In the same way certain vendors of old china attribute to Lowestoft any specimen which puzzles their slender science. The reason is evident. Paul enjoyed considerable reputation in his day, and left a name which dwells in the history of our native art. But the works which have come down to us under his signature do not justify, as a rule, this antique reputation. They consist of figures gracefully sketched and delicately tinted, but unimportant. Much elegance there is in them but little power. Or else they are drawings for the lithographer, to be used as 'copies' in the old-fashioned school-book; or, thirdly, they are more pretentious paintings in body-colour, which could scarcely be more flat, more crude in tone, or more opaque, if the vehicle had been molten lead. These, it is argued, could never have won Paul Sandby his R.A., much more his public fame. He must therefore have painted better things, and those lately exhibited by Messrs. Christie and Manson were just specimens of that better painting. They
formed an elaborate history of Windsor Castle, and showed how it appeared before George IV. and our reigning Sovereign began their improvements. Deep regret fills one, looking at the quaint old towers and broken lines depicted, that Mr. Wyatt was not granted by the State half Windsor Park in freehold, with an unlimited supply of brand new stones for the development of his architectural ideas, so only he had left us the Castle as it was. It should be added, that about half-a-dozen of the pictures showed that heavy style, loaded with body-colour, to which we have alluded. It would almost seem, therefore, that Paul Sandby made his disastrous change of manner whilst executing these views. Beyond doubt, it was French influence which thus ruined his early style.'

THOMAS SANDBY, R.A.

78. Wentworth House, the Seat of the late Marquis of Rockingham, the original drawing for 'Watts’s Views.'

Brother of the preceding.

DOMINICK SERRES, R.A., Marine Painter to His Majesty.

79. Shipping, a drawing in Indian ink.

C. SHIRRIFF, London.

80. Portrait of Miss Phillips, in miniature.

No information.
THOMAS STOTHARD, London.

81. Old Robin Gray.*
82. Ditto, its companion.*

SAMUEL STRINGER, Knutsford. Lately dead.

83. A Landscape.
84. Ditto, with Banditti.
85. Ditto, with Ruins.
86. Ditto, with Cattle.
87. Landscape.
88. Ditto.
89. Ditto.
90. Ditto.

Already mentioned.

DANIEL STRINGER, Knutsford.

91. A Methodist Preacher and his Congregation.
92. Portrait of an Old Man, half-length.
92. (Sic.) Roderick Random, having been wounded by Crampley, is found in the Barn by a Peasant and his Son.
93. A Banditti.
94. A Landscape, Sunset.
95. (Sic.) Death of Chatterton.

Oh! ill-starred youth, whom Nature formed in vain,
With powers on Pindus' lofty height to reign!
Oh! dread example of what ills await
Young genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the Muse, who fir'd thy infant frame
With the rich promise of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of critic pride:
What could her unavailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes:
From pressing want's calamitous control,
And pride, the fever of the ardent soul?

Ah! see, too conscious of her failing pow'r,
She quits her nursling in his deathful hour:
The pois'nous vial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd;
Pale with life-wasting pangs, its dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
He, in abhorrence of the dang'rous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain detested wires,
And, in the fury of despair—expires!

Hayley.

Daniel Stringer was a portrait painter. Says Mr. Redgrave, 'He produced some admirable heads, and made some sketches which showed great comic power. But he sacrificed his great talent to the company of country squires and the love of Cheshire ale, and the admirers of his art lost sight of him.' Daniel was one of the sons born to Mr. Stringer of the first catalogue, colour-maker at Seacombe.

William Tate, F.S.A., Liverpool.

96. Portrait of a Lady, half-length.
97. Ditto of a Gentleman on Horseback, small whole-length.
98.*Portrait of a Gentleman, half-length.
98. Ditto of a Gentleman, three-quarters.
100. Ditto of an Artist, ditto.
101. Ditto of an Artist, ditto.
102. Ditto of a Lady, ditto.
103. Ditto of a Gentleman, small half-length.
104. Belisarius and his Daughter.
   Already mentioned.

RICHARD TOWN, Liverpool.

105. Portraits of two Children.
   Father of Charles Towne, the Landscape and Cattle painter, who added an 'e' to the paternal name.

WILLIAM WATTS, Engraver, London.

106. Wrotham Park, the original stained Drawing for 'Watts's Views.'

An excellent artist, pupil of Paul Sandby and Edward Rooker. He is best known for his 'Seats of the Nobility and Gentry,' commonly called 'Watts's Views.' This great work has been referred to several times supra. In his long life—for he survived till December 1851—Watts produced many fine engravings.

J. G. WILLIAMS, Liverpool.

108. A small Landscape, black lead.
   No information.

JOHN WILLIAMSON, No. 18, Temple Street, Liverpool.

110. Ditto.
110.*Ditto.
111. A Shepherd Boy.*
112. A Shepherd Girl.*
113. A small Landscape, with figures.
   A portrait painter of merit, who preserved for us the likenesses of many northern worthies. The first picture in the list, number 109, represented William Roscoe. It was the first portrait he ever sat for, and is now in the collection of Mr. Mayer.

W. WOODWORTH, Liverpool.

114. A White Woodcock, killed in November last, at Dyffrynallad, in Denbighshire, the Seat of P. Yorke, Esq.
   No information.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, F.S.A., Derby.

115. Virgil's Tomb, with the figure of Silius Italicus, the Roman Poet, who bought the estate enriched with this monument, and was very frequent in his visitations to it.
116. An Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.
117. The Girandola or Firework at the Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome.
118. View of the Cascade at Terni.
119. The Cascade at Neptune's Grotto, with the Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli.
120. View of a Lake between Rome and Florence by Moonlight.
121. View of the Inside of a Cavern.
Wright of Derby needs no 'weak witness' of mine.

OTWELL WORRALL, *Liverpool*.

122. Portrait of a Child, in crayons.
Already mentioned.

**MRS. ZUCCHI (late MRS. ANGELICA KAUFFMAN).**

123. Patience.

Her meek hands, folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,
Even to the storm that wrecks her.

MASON'S *Elfride*.

Those marked * are to be disposed of.
HONORARY.

Miss Blackburne, Liverpool.

124. Landscape, with the Flight into Egypt, black lead.
125. The Rural Cot, ditto.
126. The Villagers, ditto.

Miss Blackburn was one of those ladies who shared the enthusiasm of Roscoe and Phillips for botany. She contributed towards the founding of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool.

JAMES BOLTON, near Halifax.

127. Flowers, in water-colours.
128. Ditto, its companion.

A painter of flowers, celebrated in the north of England. He does not appear to have exhibited in London.

Mrs. Costard, Liverpool.

129. Head of Joseph, after Raphael, in crayons.
130. Cleopatra, in crayons.
131. Calista, from the Fair Penitent, ditto.

No information.

Miss Crevey, Liverpool.

132. Head of a Lady.
133. Landscape, in black lead.
134. Ditto ditto.
    Already noticed.

D. DAULBY, *Liverpool*.

135. Portrait of a Young Gentleman, in black chalk.
136. Group of Rabbits, ditto.
    Already noticed.

MISS J. EARLE, *Liverpool*.

137. Sirena, after Romney, in chalks.

    Miss Earle was the daughter of a merchant. She took lessons from McMorland at the same time as Roscoe, whose address-card, as also the ticket for admission to the Exhibition, she etched.

C. EYES, Surveyor, *Liverpool*.

138. Plan of the Town and Township of Liverpool.
    Already noticed.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, JUN., *Liverpool*.

139. Dead Birds.

    Samuel Medley was a painter of animals. This artist may have been his son.
Miss E. Palmer, Liverpool.

140. A Landscape, tinted drawing.
141. Three ditto.
   No information.

W. Roscoe, Liverpool.

142. Portrait of a Gentleman, in crayons.
143. A Boy Sleeping, ditto.

Miss Sibbald, Liverpool.

144. A Landscape.
   No information.

Mrs. Ann Tarleton, Liverpool.

145. Landscape, in the manner of Wouvermans.
146. The Presentation in the Temple.
147. The Adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's Daughter, in chalks.
148. Paul Preaching before Felix, its companion.

Miss Tate, Liverpool.

149. A Landscape, after P. Sandby.

Late Mr. William Tarleton.

150. Landscape, Morning Indian ink.
151. Ditto, Evening F
RICHARD TATE, Liverpool.

152. A Bathing Piece, a drawing in chalks.
153. The British Fishery, ditto.
154. Head of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, in black lead.

T. M. TATE, Liverpool.

155. Matlock High Torr by Moonlight, after Mr. Wright, of Derby.
156. A Landscape, in crayons, after ditto.
158. Ditto, its companion.

PAUL TATE.

159. A Head, in chalks.

The Tate family has been already mentioned.

MISS TRAFFORD, Leyland.

160. The Tragic Muse.

MISS TURNER, Liverpool.

161. A Head, in chalks.
162. A ditto, in ditto.
163. A ditto, in ditto.
164. Presentation of Christ in the Temple, after Rembrandt, in black lead.
165. Burial of Christ, after Rembrandt, in black lead.
166. Jew Bride, after ditto, in ditto.
167. A Dutch Banker, after ditto, in ditto.
168. A Young Student, after ditto, in ditto.
169. Head of Rembrandt's Mother, after ditto, in ditto.
170. An Astrologer, after ditto, in ditto.
171. A Philosopher Reading, in black lead.
172. Head of an Old Man, in ditto.
173. Incantation, a sketch after Mortimer, in red chalk.

A. CALLANDER, London.

174. Chepstow Castle, in water-colours
175. Lock Levan, ditto.

No information.

SMALLER ROOM BELOW.

DRAWINGS BY THE STUDENTS, SPECIMENS OF NEEDLEWORK, ETC.

STATUES, Size of Life.

178. Venus de Medicis.
179. Apollo.
180. Dauncing Faun.
Ditto, \textit{smaller}.

181. Mr. Locke's Torso.
182. Belvidere Torso.
183. Ditto, smaller.
184. An Anatomical Figure.
185. Spon's Anatomical Figure.
186. Body of a Centaur.
181. Hercules Farnesse.
182. Antinous.

\textit{Busts}.

183. Bacchus.
184. Ariadne.
185.\]
186.\[
187. Niobe and four Daughters.
188.\[
189.\]
190. Antinous.
191. Young Hercules.
192. Juno.
193. Laocoon.
194. Clitie.
196. Zingara.
197. Seneca.
198. Faustina.
199. Sappho.
200. Faunus.
201. A Boy.
202. Ditto, small.

**MASKS.**

203. Lucius Verus.
204. Apollo.

**BAS-RELIEFS.**

205. Agrippina.
206. Philistines.

The motto adopted by the Society for its next exhibition leads us to suppose that great success had attended either the show of pictures or the school of art, or both. How, indeed, should an enterprise fail, in which metropolitan talent had been so shrewdly blended with local interest? It is evident that London artists found their profit in contributing to the Northern gallery, for in the next attempt we see them gather in such force as almost to smother the provincial genius. If more proof were wanted of the degree in which war, even foreign and successful, causes the arts to retrogress, it would be seen
in the story we are telling. The second exhibition at Liverpool was held in 1787, and although the number of works displayed is fewer than before, they certainly show great advancement in character, and have an air 'more serious,' as the French would say. But this is the last for many years. The great war began, and enterprise languished, in the arts as in all other things that tend to soften human manners. From 1787 to 1810 Liverpool had no opportunity to observe what progress was making in gentle science at the capital. She lost even her native school, for the Society died gradually away, and its very tradition faded.

In 1787, then, the following Programme and Catalogue were published:—
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

THE

EXHIBITION

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING

PAINTING AND DESIGN

IN

LIVERPOOL.

THE SECOND.

Magnis favor ortus ab ausis.—VAL. FLAC.

LIVERPOOL:
Printed for the Society.

AUGUST : MDCCCLXXXVII.

Prompted by a desire of contributing to the public amusement, the Society have now opened their second Exhibition; but conscious that the pro-
ductions of this part of the kingdom would, from a deficiency in number, if not in merit, be inadequate to an attempt of this nature, they have solicited the assistance of many Artists, whose works do honour to the ensuing Catalogue.

The difficulty of procuring a proper room in Liverpool to exhibit to advantage a large number of paintings is insuperable. The Society's room is the only one which can, in any tolerable degree, answer the purpose; and, as far as its extent will admit, is so constructed as to do justice to the pictures it contains. Had it been possible for the Society to have opened their Exhibition on a more extensive plan, they have reason to believe that the further assistance of the most eminent men in the profession would not have been wanting.

The Society are well aware of the inconsistency and impolicy of exhibiting the productions of young and provincial Artists along with the successful efforts of ripened genius; but to the public who are benefited by this circumstance, no apology can be necessary. The truth is, the promoters of the scheme are desirous of diffusing a relish for this elegant and useful art beyond the limits of the metropolis, and conceive that the specimens now exhibited will not only excite the emulation of their students, but conciliate the favour of the public towards their Institution.
OFFICERS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

Nicholas Ashton, Esq., President.

The Ashtons are a very old family of Liverpool, where they have held a high position, both in trade and in 'the county.' Nicholas made his fortune in the borough, and withdrew to Woolston Hall. He served as High Sheriff in 1770. A friend of Roscoe's, he took a leading part in returning the latter to Parliament in 1806.

Mr. Thomas Wakefield, Vice-President.
Mr. Thomas Tayler, Secretary.

Of this Wakefield I know nothing. Taylor has been already noticed.

COMMITTEE.

Mr. Daniel Daulby. Already noticed.
Mr. Charles Eyes.
Mr. James Garnett. Nothing known.
Mr. Edward Rogers.
Mr. William Roscoe. Already noticed.
Mr. Matthew Turner.

VISITORS.

Mr. Thomas Chubbard.
Mr. Peter Holland.
Mr. Patrick McMorland.
EARLY EXHIBITIONS OF

Mr. William Tate.
Mr. John Williamson.
All of these have been mentioned.

CATALOGUE.

S. ALKIN, No. 3, Defour's Place, Broad Street, London.

1. View of Chepstow Castle, a tinted drawing.
2. Ditto, its Companion.
   
   An aquatint engraver of high merit. He designed and sketched 'A New Book of Ornament.' In 1796 he published 'Views in Cumberland and Westmoreland;' two years later, 'Views in North Wales.'

W. BEECHY, Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London.

3. Lubin and Rosalie.
   
   As Sir William Beechy, R.A., this portrait painter is well known.

W. R. BIGG, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, London.

5. A Cottage Scene, from Nature.*
   
   A very popular artist of his day, subsequently an Academician.
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

T. CHUBBARD, Shaw Place, Liverpool.

6. A Landscape, with Parnell's Hermit.*
8. Ditto, of the Lighthouse on the Smalls, after a drawing by H. Pickering, Esq.*
10. Ditto, of a Lady.
12. A small Landscape in a circle.*
    Already mentioned.

W. CRAIG, Gartside Street, Manchester.

13. The Overthrow of the Rebellious Angels, a sketch.*
    He on his impious foes right onward drove
    Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
    The stedfast empyrean shook.

14. Banditti Arming, a tinted drawing.*
15. A Turk, a drawing, pen and ink.
    A miniature painter, and a favourite illustrator of 'Keepsakes' and 'Garlands.'

S. ELMER, Associate of the Royal Academy.

17. Dead Game.
18. Pheasants.
   A maltster of Farnham, gifted with considerable
talent in painting still life.

JOSEPH FARRINGTON, R.A., Upper Charlotte Street,
Rathbone Place, London.

19. A View of the West Rock at Hastings, in
   Sussex.

20. Ditto, a drawing in Indian ink.


22. Ditto, on the Sea Coast, a tinted drawing.

23. Ditto, its Companion.

H. FUSELI, St. Martin's Lane, London.

24. A Scene from 'Hamlet.'

25. The Adieu of Theseus and Ariadne.
   'Hic labor, illa domus.'—Virg.

26. The Death of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of
   Winchester, a drawing.

K. Henry. Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
   bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies and makes no sign! O, God, forgive him!


27. A Village Girl with Milk.

28. Cottage Children.
29. A Mare and Foal, tinted drawing.

Sawtry Gilpin was the best rival of George Stubbs as an animal painter. His works are fine, and some of them, as 'The Death of the Fox,' are still popular as engravings. He became an Academician in 1797.

30. A View of Windsor Terrace, with Portraits of their Majesties, Royal Family, &c.*


32. Ditto, its Companion.


34. Prince Edward, surnamed Ironside, and Algelha, ditto.

One of the most popular artists of the day in illustrations of books. He received 600 guineas for painting the panels of Lord Fitzgibbon's state coach, now in the South Kensington Museum. Subsequently an Academician, and even at this time an Associate.

35. Evening, with the Shepherdess of the Alps, a tinted drawing.

36. Portraits of Two Children, in miniature.

37. Portrait of a Lady, ditto.
38. A Boy Sleeping.


40. Falkland and Serena, companion, from ditto.

   Actor, miniature painter, and publisher of the 'Biographical Mirror.'

T. HAZLEHURST, No. 32, *Hurst Street, Liverpool*.

41. A Frame, containing nine miniature portraits.

   Thomas Hazlehurst was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a miniature painter of great excellence in Liverpool. He exhibited from 1760 to 1818.

T. HEARNE, No. 5, *Macclesfield Street, Soho*.

42. Scene from the Recess (Vide page 92), a tinted drawing.

43. A View of Lodore Waterfall.

44. A Landscape, from Nature.

   Already noticed.

P. HOLLAND, *Tarleton Street, Liverpool*.

45. Portrait of a Gentleman.

46. Ditto ditto.

47. A Landscape, Evening.


   Already noticed.
R. HORNE, Dublin.

49. Portrait of Miss Woollery.

Court painter to the King of Oude, who gave him a fortune. Amusing stories are told of the Royal caprice, and the artist's adventures. He first visited India two years after this exhibition.

W. JACKSON, Liverpool.

50. A View from the River Mersey on the Cheshire side, with a distant prospect of Liverpool.

Already mentioned.

EDWARD KENNION.

51. A Landscape, with a group of asses, tinted drawing.

52. A Portrait of an Old Starting Horse (an American scene), ditto.

I have no information about this artist, whose address is not given.

ELIZA KNIPE, John Street, Liverpool.

53. A Frame with five Miniatures.

54. A Girl with Flowers, tinted sketch.

55. Portrait of a Lady, ditto.

56. A Drawing of the Tomb of Confucius, from a model in Mr. Packinson's Museum.

Already noticed.
57. Four Italian Views.
   No information.

J. MALTON, JUN., No. 6, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, London.

58. Four Views in London, tinted drawings, viz.:—
   1. The Front of the Royal Academy, next the Strand.
   2. The Banqueting House, Whitehall.
   3. St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden.
   4. St. George's Church, Hanover Square.
   ** The above are specimens of a set of views in London, engravings from which are now publishing by subscription.

59. Design for a Bath, tinted drawing.
60. Internal View of Somerset House.
61. Design for a Superstructure on a Triumphant Bridge, ditto.
62. A View of Norton Church, Dronfield, Derbyshire, ditto.*
63. View of Lambridge, near Bath, ditto.*
64. View of Brightling Church, Sussex, ditto.*

An artist of talent, but irregular habits, who gained the gold medal in 1782 for a 'Design for a Theatre.' He published several series of views, and, amongst others, that for which subscriptions are invited supra.
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, Jun., Birmingham.

65. A View near Matlock, in Derbyshire.*
66. A View on the Trent, near Nottingham.*
67. A Landscape.*
68. A ditto
69. A Portrait.

Already noticed.

T. MITCHELL, London.

70. A Sea Piece, Calm.
71. A ditto.

No information.

— MOORE, Liverpool.

72. Neptune, Tritons, and Sea Nymphs, a sketch.

No information.

P. McMORLAND, Case's Street, Liverpool.

73. Portrait of a Lady, miniature, cabinet size.
74. Ditto ditto ditto.
75. Ditto of a Boy ditto ditto.
76. Portrait of a Gentleman, miniature.
77. Ditto ditto.
78. Ditto ditto.
79. A Frame with small Miniatures.

G
80. A Frame with small Miniatures.
81. Portraits, stained sketches.
82. Eight ditto ditto, in one frame.
   Already noticed.

W. PARRY, Associate of the Royal Academy, No. 17, Haymarket, London.

83. Portrait of the late Mr. Parry, the Harper, playing at Drafts.
84. A Man Drinking.
   Portrait painter, son of Parry, the blind harper, a character of his day.

JOSEPH PARRY, Liverpool.

85. A View in Castle Street, Liverpool, as it appeared when the Buildings were taken down in 1786, a tinted drawing.
86. Ditto, as it appeared from the Exchange.
87. A Sea Piece.
88. Ditto, its companion.
   All I have ascertained of this Parry is, that he was father to the hydrographer of the Corporation.

R. M. PAYE, No. 37, Broad Street, Golden Square, London.

89. A Gardener and his Family.
   Richard Morton Paye had great and curious talents,
but his life was a chain of misfortunes. A picture by him has been mistaken for a Velasquez, and another for a Wright, of Derby. He was a chaser by profession.

**REV. MR. PETERS.**

90. Hebe.

One of the artists who illustrated 'Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery.' He was elected an Academician in 1777, but threw up his dignity soon after entering the Church. Peters is well known both as priest and painter.

**W. PLACE, Liverpool.**

91. A Sea Piece.

No information.

**SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, President of the Royal Academy, London.**

92. The Death of Dido.

Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,  
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light;  
But having found it sickened at the sight,  
And clos'd at last her eyes in endless night.—**Virg.**

**PAUL SANDBY, R.A., London.**

93. Landscape and Figures.
94. A Sea Piece, sketch.
95. A ditto ditto.
96. Samuel Appearing to Saul, a proof impression of a print, from a painting by Mr. West.

An admirable engraver, who would never be elected for the Academy. He was an Honorary Member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna and the Royal Academy of Munich. Supported Joanna Southcote and other prophets for years.

W. STAVELY, York.

97. Portrait of an Artist.

No information.

T. STRINGER, Knutsford, Cheshire.

98. Pointers.

D. STRINGER, Knutsford.


Already noticed.

G. STUBBS, Associate of the Royal Academy, Somerset Street, Portman Square, London.

100. Harvest Scene, Reapers.

101. Ditto, Haymakers.

Vide infra, 'Life of George Stubbs, R.A.'
ART IN LIVERPOOL.

W. TATE, Manchester.

102. Abraham and Isaac.
103. Portraits of three Boys and a Girl.
104. Ditto, of a Girl.
    Already noticed.

W. TOMKINS, Associate of the Royal Academy.

105. Six Landscapes, small oval, tinted drawings.
106. The Children in the Wood, ditto.
    A landscape and genre painter of small renown.

C. TOWN, No. 5, Hall Street, Liverpool.

107. A small Landscape.*

    A certain Charles Towne, who painted landscapes and animals, was Vice-President of the Liverpool Academy in 1813. Whether this was the same person is doubtful.

T. WALMSLEY, Scene Painter.

108. A Landscape, Evening.

    An Irish landscape painter of merit. His scene-painting was done for the Crow Street Theatre.

J. WEBBER, Associate of the Royal Academy, No. 312, Oxford Street, London.

Subsequently an Academician. He was draughtsman to Captain Cook's last expedition, and executed the well-known picture of the hero's death.

F. WHEATLEY, No. 23, Welbeck Street, London.

110. The Cruel Father, a stained drawing.
111. The Kind Father, ditto.

One of the most popular artists of his day. Elected an Academician in 1791.

W. WOODWORTH, Liverpool.

112. Portrait of a Gentleman.
113. Ditto, a Lady.
114. Ditto, a Young Lady.
115. Ditto, a Gentleman.
116. Ditto, a Boy.

No information.

J. WRIGHT, Derby.

117. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, and supposed mistress of Ovid, deploring her Exile by Moonlight, in a Cavern of the Island to which she was Banished.
118. A View of the Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, with the Girandola, or grand Firework, on a rejoicing night.
119. A Distant View of Vesuvius, from the Shore of Pausilippo.
120. A Landscape, Moonlight.
121. An Internal View of a Prison.

J. WILLIAMSON, 4, Paul's Square, Liverpool.

122. Portrait of a Gentleman.
123. Ditto, a Lady.
124. Ditto, of Twins.
125. Ditto, a Boy.
126. Ditto, of an Old Man.
   Already noticed.

ANGELICA ZUCCHI, Rome.

127. Scene from 'The Tempest,' Ferdinand and Miranda.
128. Cleone.
   Celebrated under her maiden name, Angelica Kauffman.

HONORARY.

MISS ASHTON, Liverpool.

129. Two Landscapes, tinted drawings.

MASTER ASHTON, Liverpool.

130. Eight Landscapes, in chalk.
   Children of the President, Nicholas Ashton, of Woolton Hall, near Liverpool.
W. BURNTHWAITE, Ulverstone.

131. An inside perspective View of the Cathedral Church at Carlisle, a tinted drawing.
    No information.

MISS TATE, Liverpool.

133. A Landscape.
134. Ditto, its companion. \{ Drawings. \}

T. M. TATE, Liverpool.

136. A Landscape, with a Waterfall.
137. Ditto, its companion, a Wood.

MISS TRAFFORD, Leyland.

138. The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.
139. A Portrait in the character of Cupid.
140. A Flower Piece.

Those marked thus * are to be disposed of.

If it be still granted William Roscoe to take interest in those studies which absorbed him during life, he must survey the area of his mundane exertions
with serene contentment. He founded no school, gathered no collection of renown throughout the universe; but he made himself a centre round whom men might collect who found that their humanity could not exist on trade alone. We see by the dumb evidence of catalogues how such unfortunates were regarded before Roscoe's time. The small huckster, the market gardener, or the lawyer's clerk, rejoiced in the title of Mister, but your artist must bear his patronymic naked. If to any one man belongs the credit of raising Art to her due dignity in the North of England, that man is William Roscoe. A life may be not wasted though name and works be forgotten. Roscoe's honour lies not so much in deeds of his own—excellent and admirable though they were—as in those which he caused others to do. A leading man amongst people who regarded business as the one aim of life and title to respect, he boldly proclaimed another and a nobler ideal. It is not by a right interpretation of his thought that wealthy gentlemen of Liverpool buy pictures at so many hundred pounds the square yard; but a reformer does what he can, not what he would. There is, perhaps, no city of the world where the social duty of patronising Art is now more firmly established than in Liverpool. Great discretion there may not be, but there is great rivalry; small knowledge, but much ostentation. For the little show
which Roscoe devised, with its 'models of a ship' and portraits 'in human hair,' there is now a yearly exhibition under the auspices of the Corporation itself, an exhibition of water-colours, and various special exhibitions by the Liverpool Fine Arts Club. Some of these latter—as the David Cox collection of last year—have excited European interest. Roscoe pursued a better course towards his end than lies in forming a monster gallery. He interested the public, and thus ensured a succession of disciples to labour in the cause after his own decease.
NOTES FOR A MEMOIR

OF

GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.
GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.

The name of this eminent artist is familiar to few people at the present day. In some great mansions the housekeeper will pronounce it, and a visitor who catches that unknown monosyllable in the midst of her drawling roll, may glance with admiration at the big picture overhead, but will probably again forget. And in old county inns of Yorkshire, where men love the weight-carrying horse their fathers bred, you may find Stubbs' name on prints which the villagers still admire. By such works, indeed, he appears to be solely remembered amongst our critics. 'Stubbs?' they say—'Oh, a man who painted racehorses!' Yet it may be observed that whilst the great Sir Joshua asked but seventy guineas for a portrait 'as far as the knees,' Stubbs' commissions ran to 100 guineas each.¹ Nay, it seems probable that Sir

¹ 'I am just returned from Blenheim; consequently did not see your letter till yesterday, as they neglected sending it to me. My prices for a head is thirty-five guineas; as far as the knees, seventy; and for a whole-length one hundred and fifty. It requires in general three sittings, about an hour and a half each time; but, if the sitter chooses it, the face could be begun and finished in one day; it is
Joshua paid for his picture of the 'War Horse' half as much again as he himself would have asked for a portrait of like size. The older a man grows, the less reason does he see to entertain youth's fond fancy that people come wiser as generations roll on. I, for my part, am quite convinced that in giving half-a-crown apiece for six Chelsea cups and saucers, my grandfather showed much more judgment than did a gentleman the other day who offered me fifteen guineas each. Holding a very strong belief that our forefathers, quite as much, to say the least, as we, were guided by common sense in what they did, I consider that the mere prices paid George Stubbs demand from us a little study of his merit. For he was no fashion. Of the birth I shall presently show; not recommended by a patron, nor pushed by a clique, his very great success was due to nothing besides industry and talent. Observe that the same people saw Reynolds' pictures, Gainsborough's, Wilson's, and Stubbs'—saw them side by side divided into separate times for the convenience and ease of the person who sits; when the face is finished, the rest is done without troubling the sitter.

'I have no picture of the kind you mention by me. When I paint any picture of invention it is allway engaged before it is half finished. I beg leave to return my thanks for the favourable opinion you entertain of me, and am, with the greatest respect,

'Addressed to 'Your most obedient humble Servant,

'Mr. Daulby, 'J. R.'

'To the care of [Joshua Reynolds.]

'Mr. Wm. Roscoe, 'Lord Street. (Mayer MSS.)'
side, and gave to the latter that substantial testimony I have mentioned to their approval of his display in the great competition.

He did not paint racehorses alone, nor was he only a painter. A man who qualified himself to give lectures on anatomy at York Hospital before he reached his twenty-second year, whose scientific knowledge, and skill in displaying it, called forth enthusiastic compliment from the savants of foreign lands; whose work Sir Edwin Landseer used for constant reference—such a man deserves to be remembered. In the library of Mr. Mayer, at Bebington, is a collection of notes written by Upcott, from the painter's lips. These have been gathered into connected form, and they are presented here with the hope that by their publication critics may be led to speak of George Stubbs in a tone less contemptuous than that we have lately heard.

In 'A Century of Painters,' Mr. Redgrave makes several mis-statements about Stubbs (vol. i. p. 347). We shall presently see that his father was not a surgeon, and that his predilection towards anatomy was caused by no such accident. Mr. Redgrave does not acknowledge Stubbs as an Academician, but the official list of the year 1805 contains his name. He never admitted himself to be an A.R.A. only, but claimed to be an Academician elect. As such he signed himself R.A. For the rest, Mr.
Redgrave confesses that 'little is known of Stubbs' early life, or even whether his original bent was to the arts'—a blank which will be filled by this memoir.

George Stubbs was born at Liverpool, August 24, 1724. His father, we learn, was a 'considerable currier and leather-dresser.' A little tale which the son has preserved for us gives a pleasant picture of the elder Stubbs. It is not worth telling in detail, a century and a half after date, but we can see how it dwelt in the painter's memory. Young George goes for a Sunday walk, meets a party of his father's men, and gives an unlimited order for their entertainment at the Half-Way House, by Liverpool. The father hears of this generosity, and hastens to the inn, not to make a scene, but to satisfy himself that the score is honourably settled. On finding that George's own resources have sufficed, he 'never from that moment mentioned a word of it.'

The bent of a painter's genius shows itself at an early age, but seldom, probably, in a form as practical as did that of Stubbs. When scarcely eight years old, his father then living in Ormond Street, Liverpool, little George began to study anatomy. Dr. Holt, a neighbour, lent him bones and prepared subjects, from which he took drawings. His father does not appear to have held the prejudice so common at that time against painting as a profes-
sion, but he naturally desired that his only son should succeed to a business by which a comfortable income was secure. Accordingly, George stayed at home, and applied himself to leather-dressing. It seems likely, however, that he showed no taste for this employment, and his father gave way when the boy reached his fifteenth year. The elder Stubbs at that time fell into ill health. Seriously occupied with his son’s future, he reflected that to succeed in painting a man has need of careful education. He therefore called the boy, and recommended him to seek a master competent to set him in the path of Fame and also of Fortune—the latter point seems, very naturally, to have been foremost in the mind of ‘honest John Stubbs,’ as the neighbours called him. Thereafter he died, leaving his widow in comfortable circumstances.

There was at this time in Liverpool an artist of repute, Mr. Hamlet Winstanley, who occupied himself with copying the pictures in Knowsley Hall, the Earl of Derby’s seat. Of the most notable among these he executed etchings, which are now in the possession of the Walpole family, descendants of the Earl of Suffolk. To this gentleman George Stubbs recommended himself by a successful copy of one of his own pictures taken from the Knowsley Gallery. Mr. Winstanley engaged the youth, who was not yet sixteen years old, to aid in the work at
Knowsley, offering him the choice of pictures to be executed. In return, he undertook to give instruction, and to allow his pupil one shilling a day for pocket money. And thus were matters settled.

The engagement, however, did not last long. For his first essay George Stubbs cast his eye upon the celebrated 'Cupid,' by Vandyke. In this admirable picture, the son of Venus is represented of an age more advanced than is usual. Around him lie various symbols, emblematic of War, Painting, Architecture, Music, &c., drawn by Sniders, with his utmost skill. It is evident that George Stubbs must have worked very hard, to think of venturing upon a copy of this masterpiece. But Mr. Winstanley objected, remarking that he wished himself to undertake that picture. We are told, quaintly, that Stubbs 'paused and considered this refusal with surprise and some concern.' He then desired to copy the 'Ruins of Rome,' by Paolo Veronese, another chef-d'œuvre of the Knowsley collection. But it appeared that the master wished this also for himself, whereupon, without either pause or consideration, Stubbs recommended him to 'copy them all, if he would, for, since neither his word nor his engagement could be depended on, he would have nothing further to do with him. Henceforward he would look into Nature for himself, and consult and study her only.'
Observing this droll little quarrel with unprejudiced eyes, we cannot share the evident indignation of the painter at his master's conduct. Winstanley would not suppose, in making his engagement, that this boy of sixteen could choose to try his 'prentice hand on the most difficult pictures of the gallery. With all our respect for Stubbs' genius, we cannot think that it was equal to such efforts at that time, and one rather admires the master's consideration in basing his refusal on the plea given, than the pupil's rash self-confidence.

But Stubbs persevered in the resolution so hotly expressed. He never copied any single picture throughout his long life, neither in Italy nor elsewhere. From this period, Nature was his only study, and experience his master.

Till nearly twenty years old he remained at Liverpool, in his mother's house. At that age he removed to Wigan, where he lodged with a Captain Blackbourne. This gentleman took the young painter in particular affection, perceiving in him a strong likeness to a son lately lost. After seven or eight months at Wigan, of which we have no further account, Stubbs removed again to Leeds, and set himself to portrait painting. His chief patron here was a Mr. Wilson, who found him employment amongst his family and friends. From Leeds Stubbs went to York for the purpose of executing
some commissions, and here he began a regular study of anatomy—dissecting human and animal subjects. Mr. Charles Atkinson, a surgeon of the town, procured him his first body for dissection, and such progress did the artist make that he was employed before long in giving anatomical lectures privately to the pupils of the hospital. But this study did not engage all his time. We hear that he practised French and fencing, whilst maintaining himself by his profession. At the same time he had 'the rencontre,' of which no particulars are given, with Mr. Wynne, the dancing-master, whose portrait is found in the list of his works. By the allusions to it, the 'rencontre' seems to have been an interesting affair. Some reader of this memoir may be able to give us the details omitted.

At York Stubbs made his first essay in engraving. Dr. Burton, physician and man-midwife of that town, applied to him to draw the illustrations of a work on midwifery. For this commission Stubbs had to make special studies. Fourteen or sixteen miles from York a 'subject' was found singularly fitted for dissection. The woman had died in child-bed, and Stubbs' 'pupils'—by whom is meant apparently the pupils of the hospital—broke up her grave at night, and hid the body in a garret, where all dissections necessary were made. The designs complete, Dr. Burton was so well satisfied that he
desired the artist to engrave them. Stubbs objected his entire ignorance of that art, but the doctor urged him to try, expressing confidence that whatever he attempted, his talent and perseverance would carry through. Stubbs consented at length, with great diffidence. At this time, he tells us, he had never seen any person engrave. In Leeds, however, he had known a house-painter, who sometimes practised that mystery, and to him Stubbs went to learn its rudiments. This very rough instructor taught him to cover a halfpenny with etching varnish and to smoke it; afterwards, with a common sewing needle stuck in a skewer, to etch after a fashion. Nothing beyond this could the house-painter impart, and Stubbs had no further tuition. Carrying the experiment into practice on his own account, he found the varnish so hard, that when he crossed his lines the wax flew off. A first attempt thus failing, he covered the plate with wax a second time, after warming, and held it to the fire till the wax ran off, leaving a smooth surface. After smoking this at a candle, he etched his figures on it. Working under such disadvantages, it is not surprising that the plates, when complete, failed to satisfy himself. Many of them were too small to be finished without the graver, an instrument quite new to his experience. He borrowed some from a clockmaker. Dr. Burton, however, was very well pleased, for, with all their
imperfections, the plates are quite exact anatomically, and illustrate well the points in question. The work appeared in 1751, and several copies survive.

Two or three years longer Stubbs remained at York. From thence, removing to Hull, he painted portraits and dissected assiduously. After a visit to Liverpool our artist embarked for Italy in the year 1754 apparently. A voyage of two months carried him to Leghorn, whence he proceeded to Rome. There, as we learn, he found Sir William Chambers, Jenkins, Brettingham, Wilson, Hamilton, Verpoil, and others, some of whom we recognise, and some whose fame has so long departed that we are surprised to find them named in such company.

It does not appear that whilst he stayed in Rome Stubbs ever copied a picture, designed one composition of the grand style, made a single drawing or a model from the antique. He desires it to be noticed that his motive for the voyage was to convince himself that Nature is superior to all art, whether Greek or Roman, ancient or contemporary. None but an ingenious mind could have felt doubt upon the question, and it tells for Stubbs' honest devotion that he should have undertaken such a voyage to satisfy himself. We are not told how long was the experience which brought him to a decision, but only that, 'being convinced, he immediately resolved to leave Rome.' One incident of his stay is mentioned:
we learn that, 'whenever he accompanied the students in Rome to view the palaces of the Vatican, Borghese, Colonna, &c., and to consider the pictures there, he differed always in opinion from his companions, and when it was put to the vote, found himself alone on one side, and his friends on the other.’ But he was not a man to be alarmed by isolation, or to be silenced by a majority.

Stubbs landed in London on his return from Italy, but he remained there only a week on this occasion, which seems to have been his first visit to the capital. From thence he betook himself to his mother’s house, where pictures in abundance were proposed to him. Whilst executing these, he pursued his studies in anatomy. Eighteen months after the Italian voyage Stubbs lost his mother, the settlement of whose affairs occupied him in Liverpool for many months. His first success of which we have record was gained at this time. The portrait of a grey mare belonging to himself attracted much notice, and a picture dealer from London, Mr. Parsons, recommended the artist to move thither and win a fortune.

The dates contributed by Stubbs are very far between, nor can they be easily reconciled. Working upon such few hints as are given, it would seem that he left home in 1743, visiting Wigan and Leeds. In each of these towns he stayed some months,
going on to York in 1744. His first attempt at engraving must date in 1747. Quitting York in 1752, he resided several months at Hull, then returned to Liverpool, and it appears that he sailed for Italy in the beginning of 1754. Stubbs finally deserted Liverpool in the year 1756, then being thirty-two years of age. His first resting-place appears to have been in Lincolnshire, where Lady Nelthorpe had long since given him commissions for a series of portraits. Two years afterwards we find him at a farmhouse near Horkstow in that county, energetically preparing for his great work on the 'Anatomy of the Horse.' The house appears to have been lonely, for we are told that he engaged it to avoid inconveniencing neighbours by his dissections. Here Stubbs worked for eighteen months, with one companion only, his niece, Miss Spencer. This lady was the posthumous child of Captain Spencer, of the Guinea trade, who was killed by his favourite slave in a mutiny. She was born near the painter's house in Liverpool, and from the first had shown great interest in his studies.

The work thus laboriously carried through had long been present in Stubbs' mind. Upon it will rest his highest fame. The late Sir Edwin Landseer had the original drawings, which he valued highly

1 We have, however, no allusion to any brothers or sisters of Stubbs. In the original notes Miss Spencer is described as 'aunt,' but this word is crossed out, and 'niece' substituted.
and consulted for his pictures. Nor did the work pass without appreciation in its own day. The following letter, which we reproduce in all its quaintness of expression, shows how foreigners regarded this excellent production:

SIR,—If ever I was surprised to see a performance, I was it surely, when I saw yours on the ‘Anatomy of the Horse!’ The myology-neurology, and angiology of men, have not been carried to such perfection in two ages, as these horses by you. How is it possible a single man can execute such a plan with so much accuracy and industry? You have certainly had before you the scheme of the great Albinus, but even his plates have not that delicacy and fulness, nor the expression of yours. Give me leave to ask you, was you the engraver? for you do not mention the engraver's name. I once had a plan to offer to the public, a subscription for the like; but I am sure I could not have obtained the elegance and exactness of yours. I dissected many horses; but I especially examined the head, and all the different sections of the inside, the bowels, and so on. I made figures as large as life. I dare venture to say they are beautiful, mostly done by different means upon the life itself. My intention was to reduce them to one-eighth, and to have them engraved; but after having seen and admired yours, I dropped all hopes of succeeding. This favour I hope you'll grant me, to inform me whether you still go on to finish this beautiful undertaking, and whether or not we may flatter ourselves to see the internal parts of this useful creature, and something about the disorders and internal diseases of the horse.

You will be curious to be acquainted with a Dutchman who admires with so much ecstasy your Tables. I am public professor of Medicine, Anat., and Surgery at Groningen; and I have published some figures of the human arm,
pelvis, &c. I am actually publishing the Brain and the Organs of Hearing, Smelling, &c., in different animals. I dissect, but I do not love horses, though I keep them for proper use and for my family. I am sure my acquaintance can be of little use to you, but yours to me of great consequence. I desire to have two copies of your performance, one for me, and one for a gentleman who admires as well as I your book. I do not know whether your bookseller has any correspondence with us; if so, he may send them to any in Holland, and they will be sent to me, and which was perhaps more easy. Direct them to Mr. Fagel, junr., Greffier de leurs H(autes) Puissances les Etats généraux, à la Haye; and our ambassador will send them to the Hague.

I'll get you payed by my banker in London, Mr. Andrew Grote & Co.

Nothing shall be easier than to establish a correspondence with little or no expenses on both sides between us.

I am, with the greatest veneration, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

PETRUS CAMPER, F.R.S.,

Member of the R. Acad. of Surgery of Paris, of Edinburgh, and of the Societies of Haerlem and Rotterdam.

At Groningen, 28th July, 1771.

This eminent anatomist writes in another letter:

The Duke of Wolfenbottle, the Baron du Sour, and I are the only owners of your elegant performance in these provinces, though it is much wondered at by others. I am amazed to meet in the same person so great an anatomist, so accurate a painter, and so excellent an engraver. It is a pity you do not like to pursue the viscera of this useful animal . . . .

27th July, 1772.
The 'M. Rev.' of 1767 ('Medical Review') is quoted to the following effect:

'Anatomy of the Horse.'—This work not only reflects great honour on the author, but on the country in which it was produced. France may reap great credit from the veterinarian school lately established in that country; but what praise is not due to a private person, who, at his own expense, and with the incredible labour and application of years, began, continued, and completed the admirable work before us! But it is impossible to give our readers an adequate idea of Mr. Stubbs' performance without placing the book itself before their eyes. All we can therefore add concerning it is, that the author himself dissected a great number of horses, for the sake of attaining that certainty and accuracy for which his engravings will ever (if we are not greatly mistaken) be highly valued by the curious in comparative anatomy. His original drawings were all his own, and the plates were likewise engraved by his own hand. In short, we are at a loss whether most to admire the artist as a dissector or as a painter of animals. Of his excellence in the last-mentioned capacity, few of our readers who have any pretensions to connoisseurship can be supposed ignorant; especially as some of his admirable pieces have appeared at the public exhibitions. His pictures of the 'Lion and Horse,' and 'Lion and Stag,' in particular, were deservedly applauded by the best judges; nor were his 'Brood Mares' less excellent, though in a very different style of painting; yet we think we have seen some of his animal portraits, both of wild and tame subjects, that are, if possible, superior to those above mentioned.

These extracts show that our artist had not long to wait for appreciation of his efforts. The above criticism is dated but twelve months after the ap-
pearance of the plates. We have some interesting details of the manner in which they were designed in the farmhouse by Horkstow. Stubbs tells that he fixed a bar of iron in the ceiling of his room. It was suspended by a 'teagle,' and hooks of various size and length were fixed to it; under this bar swung a plank, about eighteen inches wide, on which to rest the horse's feet. His body was suspended on the bar by the hooks above-mentioned, which Stubbs fixed in the ribs and under the back bone, upon the further side of the animal. The horse was thus set in the attitude which these plates represent, and so remained for six or seven weeks, until no longer endurable. Like some other dissectors, Stubbs appears to have been indifferent to the odour of putridity, and even unconscious of it, as is shown by several anecdotes, ranging from childhood to old age.

The first subject dissected was bled to death by the jugular vein, after which the arteries and blood-vessels were injected. The artist began by dissecting and drawing the muscles of the abdomen, proceeding through fine lays of muscles till he came to the peritoneum and the pleura, through which appeared the lungs and the intestines. Afterwards the bowels were taken out and cast away. Then he proceeded to dissect the head, by first stripping off the skin, and, after having cleaned and prepared the muscles, &c., for drawing, he made careful designs of them, and wrote the explanations, which usually employed him a whole day. He then took off another lay of muscles, which
he prepared, designed, and described in the same manner as is represented in the work; and so he proceeded till he came to the skeleton. It must be noted that, by means of the injection, the muscles, the blood-vessels, and the nerves retained their form to the last without undergoing any change. In this manner he advanced his work by stripping off the skin, and cleaning and preparing as much of the subject as he concluded would employ him a whole day to prepare, design, and describe, till the whole subject was completed.

The plates which form the publication consist of eighteen Tables, viz., six of the side view, whole length, from the tail to the nose of the Horse; one of the Bones, and two different lays of the Muscles; six of the Breast or Front view, and six of the Posterior view. These two latter plates differ from the first in this respect: the posture of the first is still and motionless, whereas the two latter represent the Horse in the act of Trotting.

It would seem that Stubbs had not, at first, any notion of carrying out this great labour at his own expense and single handed. The idea of it had been broached amongst the anatomical students at York, and we perceive that the artist expected aid from some of them. But they all failed in their engagements, whatever they were, and Stubbs then resolved to bring his enterprise through without help from anyone. Eighteen months of industry unremitting sufficed, and he took his drawings complete to London, where he hoped to find an engraver for them.

The date of his arrival is vaguely set at 1758 or 1759. The latter year seems most likely.
But the celebrated engravers of the day declined this commission, not, apparently, without scorn. Many of the drawings represented entire figures, but others there were showing parts only, a nose, an ear, a leg, and for such work Mr. Grignion, Mr. Pond, and their fellows, had neither habit nor liking. This unanimous refusal obliged the artist to do his own engraving once more, and he set about the task with characteristic resolution. What great success he had is well known, but the publication was necessarily retarded. For Stubbs never broke into the time devoted to his regular occupation of painting, and his etchings were made early in the morning, or after hours. Often he worked late into the night. In about six years, or seven, they were complete, and the 'Anatomy of the Horse' appeared in 1766. It was published by subscription, for Stubbs desired to make himself known, and, as he tells us, this seemed the best means of achieving his purpose. 'More than any other thing, the book tended to throw him into horse painting, and to this he ascribes entirely his being a horse painter.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds gave one of his earliest commissions in this line, but he subsequently exchanged the picture for that representing the Fall of Phaeton, in which the horses are roan.

The first commission of importance Stubbs received came from the Duke of Richmond, and it
obliged him to take up his residence awhile at Goodwood, where he worked hard at his plates. In nine months there were several pictures painted, among them a hunting piece, 9 feet by 6 feet, with many portraits. Of these was one of the Earl of Albermarle, painted whilst he sat at breakfast, the day before embarking on 'the ever-memorable and successful expedition to the Havannah, when it was taken.'

In 1763 Stubbs removed to No. 24, Somerset Street, Portman Square, where he resided till his death. For eight years past he had been treasurer of the first Incorporated Society of Painters, which held its exhibition in the Great Room, Spring Gardens, now pulled down. Upon the discontents which Mr. Paine had occasioned, Stubbs was chosen president for one year. But he felt the interruption caused by the duties of this office, and the experience, perhaps, was not without its effect upon his conduct in the subsequent dispute with the Academy.

In 1771, at the suggestion of Mr. Cosway, Stubbs began a series of elaborate experiments in enamel painting. He interrupted none of his regular employments for this new study, but we must notice that 'leisure days' are now mentioned instead of hours, and the compiler of these notes expresses a suspicion that Stubbs' general business in oil painting began to fail him at this moment for a time.
The artist was moderate in his hopes at first. He agreed to paint for Cosway on two conditions; one that tablets should be provided for him of the size of a quarter-sheet of paper; the other, that his experiments in colour should be successful. Accordingly, he began a course of chemistry, and pursued it for two years at great expense and endless labour, making careful memoranda of all his attempts. The colours he wanted were found at length, nineteen different tints. The record of these experiments is not given in any detail. We learn only that 100 lbs. weight of ordinary colour produced 81 lbs. some ounces of the improved material.

But this, which had been thought the greatest difficulty, did not prove to cause so much delay as the making of the plates. Not for three years after the colour was ready could the tablets which had been promised be procured in proper state. Meanwhile Stubbs painted on the largest copper-plates to be found. Enamel plates on copper of twelve inches square, and of eighteen inches by fifteen, could be obtained, and these he used. A larger size could not be made suitable for his purpose; sheet-copper must necessarily be thin, and therefore unequal to the weight of larger plates. Such sizes were by no means fitted to the ideas and ambition of our painter. He applied, therefore, to the pottery manufacturers, and, after some disappointment, Messrs.
Wedgwood and Bentley undertook the commission. In 1778 they produced plates of thin earthenware 3 ft. 6 in. wide, by 2 ft. 6 in. high. Nothing to approach these dimensions had hitherto been used by enamel painters. Thereafter, Stubbs worked in oil colours or enamel, according to the fancy of his patron. The first picture he sold in enamel represented a lion devouring a horse. It was an octagon, on copper, and Lord Melbourne paid one hundred guineas for it.

No single date is affixed to the stories and anecdotes communicated by the painter to Mr. Upcott. A number of them are grouped together without connection at this point in the life-story, but they seem to have their place here by accident, as it were. None of those given appear to have influenced his career appreciably, and their introduction will come with more propriety at the end of this brief notice. Suffice it, therefore, to say at present that Lord Torrington gave Stubbs much employment, as did the Marquis of Rockingham.

In the year 1780 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the next year a full Academician. But the formalities attending this appointment were never completed, though Stubbs always claimed the dignity. The story of his celebrated quarrel is probably told by his friend in the painter's own words; at least we may rely on it
that he gives the full sense of them. Mr. Upcott writes as follows:—

The elections of Royal Academicians always take place on the 10th of February, and it is necessary, after the choice made, for the successful candidate to send a picture for his Majesty's approbation, previously to the diploma being signed. This completes the honour of the election, and qualifies the new member for all duties required by the institution. Whilst Stubbs was considering what picture he should present, whether in oil-colours or in enamel, the season of the annual exhibition arrived, to which many of his works were sent in both styles of painting. He had annexed a suitable explanation of the subjects, in the manner usual; but his mortification was great to find almost every picture so unfortunately hung, particularly those in enamel, that it seemed like an intentional affront. Most of the quotations sent in were omitted. This treatment was much resented by Mr. Stubbs, and by those patrons for whom the pictures had been painted. He felt it with particular sensibility, and to the time of his death considered it cruel and unjust, as it tended more than any other circumstance could have done to discredit his enamel pictures, and to defeat the purpose of so much labour and study, not to mention his loss of time and great expense. This unkind conduct in the members of the Academy, added to the original reluctance with which he suffered his name to be entered among the candidates, determined him with an unconquerable resolution not to send a picture to be deposited in the schools, and more especially not to comply with a law made the following year, obliging every candidate elected to present the Academy with an example of his skill to be their property for ever. Mr. Stubbs always averred that he considered this law unjust, and thought he had reason to suppose it levelled particularly against himself. He regarded it, moreover, as an *ex post facto* law,
calculated to punish an offence committed before the making of the law. Mr. Stubbs, on this account, would never allow that he was less than an Academician elect, waiting only the royal signature: and he was satisfied always to continue in that state.¹

In fairness we must add the justification offered by the Hanging Committee for their treatment of Stubbs' pictures. They urged that the enamel colours were so bright, and their general effect so conspicuous, that no choice was left them, in justice to other exhibitors; and the paintings were accordingly placed on the top line.

In 1790 Stubbs undertook a commission from which he expected both fame and fortune. It was proposed to him to paint a series of pictures, portraits of celebrated racers, from the Godolphin Arabian to the most famous horses of his own day. The pictures were to be exhibited first, then engraved, and finally published in numbers, with a letterpress which should contain, besides a history of the Turf, the races and matches of each horse depicted, a description of it, and anecdotes. The sum offered for this commission was 9,000£, deposited in a bank, whence the artist could draw it as his work progressed. It appears that Stubbs completed a great part of his engagement, but the outbreak of

¹ In 1805, however, the Academy gave up the long dispute. Their list of R.A.'s for that year contains the name of George Stubbs. He had always been described up to that date as A.R.A.
war ruined the enterprise. Sixteen pictures were painted, exhibited, and engraved; fourteen, if not all, in duplicate, large ones for framing, and small to accompany the letterpress. Thirteen of the latter were engraved. After Stubbs’ death, his executrix, Miss Spencer, before mentioned, kept possession of them. They were disposed of at the sale of his pictures.

Towards the end of his active life, Stubbs returned to those anatomical studies, by success in which he had gained his fame. He believed that he could show by plates a close analogy betwixt the human frame and that of various animals, even of birds and vegetables. To men of our day such demonstration is not needed, but eighty years since the idea was heresy to most people. Stubbs began his ‘Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body, with that of a Tiger and common Fowl, in Thirty Tables,’ during the year 1795. ‘The first number contained an explanation of the skeleton; the second and third, a view of the external parts of the human body, and an enumeration of the organs lying under them, with a description of the common integuments taken off with the membrana adiposa and fat.’ No more were published, owing to the author’s death, but we are informed that in his fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers, which should have completed the work, ‘Mr.
Stubbs meant to describe the first, second, and third lays of muscles taken off. They are said to have been finished.

This was his last undertaking. He died in London, July 10, 1806, and was buried in Marylebone Church. Stubbs had no near relatives living, except Miss Spencer, to whom he left all his property. George Townley Stubbs, an engraver of merit, is reported to have been his natural son.

Several portraits of him remain. That in crayons, possessed now by Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., by Ozias Humphrey, R.A., represents a stout man, with resolute features and severe expression. His muscular strength was prodigious. We are told that he more than once carried a dead horse on his back up two or three flights of a narrow staircase to the dissecting room. He rose very early, ate little, and drank only water for the last forty years of his life. In 1803, under date of August 31, Mr. Upcott mentions that he took Samuel Daniell, nephew of the Academician, to call on Stubbs. 'We found him engaged in engraving his series of anatomical plates, of which he had just completed his first number. This day he will have attained his seventy-ninth year,¹ and still enjoys so much strength and health that he says within the last month, having missed

¹ In the notes taken down from Stubbs' own mouth, his birthday is put at August 24.
the stage, he has walked two or three times from his own house in Somerset Street to the Earl of Clarendon's at The Grove, between Watford and Tring, a distance of sixteen miles, carrying a small portmanteau in his hand.' Mr. Ozias Humphreys bears witness to the same feat, performed before 10 A.M. Only the day before his death he walked eight or nine miles, returning in very good spirits. At 3 A.M. on the following day, he awoke 'as well as ever he was,' but, on sitting up, a dreadful pain seized his chest. He dressed himself, however, and went downstairs, moving with accustomed ease. At nine o'clock, sitting alone 'in his arm-chair, wrapped in his gown,' he died silently.

A LIST OF GEORGE STUBBS' PICTURES, WITH ANECDOTES.

The first commission Stubbs received after taking up his residence in London was from Sir Joshua Reynolds, as has been said. It represented a War Horse, and remained in the artist's possession till his death, Sir Joshua having exchanged it for another picture. Stubbs at the same time executed important work for the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood. From thence, in 1760, he went to Eaton Hall, the Cheshire seat of Lord Grosvenor, to fulfil an engagement of long standing. In a visit of many months, he painted a favourite horse, Bandy, and a large
hunting piece. In it were introduced portraits of Lord Grosvenor on Honest John, his brother, Mr. Grosvenor, Sir Roger Moston (? Mostyn), Mr. Bell Lloyd, and servants. A view from the drawing-room windows of Eaton Hall forms the background of this picture, which is at Eaton Hall, near Chester, and we hope it will be placed by the Duke of Westminster, along with several others in possession of his Grace, in the new picture gallery building as part of the alterations now making at that mansion. Two of the pictures, 'Mambrino' and the 'Mares and Foals,' are now (October 1876) exhibiting at 'The Art Treasures Exhibition of North Wales and the Border Counties,' at Wrexham.

The racehorse 'Mambrino,' which he engraved, was painted in 1768, together with a large picture of a group of 'Mares and Foals' sheltering from the sun under some large oak trees, with fine landscape as a background. Other works Stubbs executed in Cheshire, and proceeded thence to Newmarket, where he painted 'Snap' for Jeneson Shafto, Esq. On return to town he made his first drawing of a lion from nature, finding his model at Lord Shelbourne's villa, on Hounslow Heath. The animal's cage stood in a corner of the garden, and a gravel walk passed before it. The anger of the lion was thus roused continually at sight of people walking by, and Stubbs, who executed many
drawings from him, profited by these fits of passion. The famous pictures of a lion devouring a stag, and again, of a lion devouring a horse, were drawn on this model for the Marquis of Rockingham. Besides oil pictures, we learn that Stubbs made many studies in pencil and black and white chalk, employing himself thus whilst waiting for favourable attitudes. The lion at Lord Shelbourne's sat for most of his paintings, but he constantly visited the Tower for observation and comparison among the animals kept there.

At Southill, seat of Viscount Torrington, Stubbs did a great deal of work. It appears to have been in 1778 that he painted his favourite picture of 'The Bricklayers.' The idea of it was Lord Torrington's. He had often watched his men at work, and thought what a telling picture might be made of them in the Flemish style. The horse represented was a favourite old hunter, the first his lordship ever rode. Stubbs tells us that he was a long time in catching the idea, making the men load and unload their cart, which they did in a style that scarcely lent itself to painting. At length they fell into a quarrel about the manner of fixing the tail-piece in a cart, and gave the watching artist his opportunity. This picture was the 'sensation' of the exhibition, when it appeared, many seasons afterwards. Of 'The Bricklayers' there were several repetitions, particularly one in enamel
of an oval form, 3 feet wide by 2 feet 4 inches high. This was bought by Mr. Wedgwood, and long remained one of the ornaments of Etruria Hall. After Mr. Wedgwood's death it was disposed of. Thomson West, Esq., bought another repetition, in which that gentleman himself is introduced, sitting on a favourite horse, and enjoying the dispute. Stubbs painted in enamel another copy of the same subject for Erasmus Darwin, the author of the 'Botanic Gardens' and the 'Loves of the Plants.' This was the largest plate of earthenware Mr. Wedgwood ever made, and is in possession of the present Dr. Darwin. The original picture Stubbs engraved himself.

A hunting scene was also painted for Lord Torrington, with portraits of his coachman, grooms, huntsman, and whipper-in, surrounded by their dogs. The village of Southill forms a background to this picture.

Another composition represented his lordship's steward, on an old horse, with the gamekeeper and a Pomeranian dog. It was painted in enamel on copper, as was the portrait of a pointer dog, which Lord Torrington declined to take. This picture, on an octagon plate, within a circle of 12 inches diameter, was afterwards sold to Captain Urmstone of the Francis East Indiaman, and taken to India.

For the Marquis of Rockingham, at Wentworth
House, Stubbs painted a life-size portrait of 'Whistlejacket,' a yellow-sorrel horse, with white mane and tail. The Marquis had intended to employ some eminent painter of portraits to add a likeness of King George the Third sitting on Whistlejacket's back, and some landscape painter of equal excellence to execute the background. He designed, in fact, to have a pendant to the picture by Morièrè and others hanging in the great hall at Wentworth House. This idea, however, was abandoned under circumstances very flattering to the artist. Whistlejacket had a temper so savage that only one man could be trusted to take him to and from his stable. The last sitting proved to be shorter than Stubbs had expected, and his work was finished before the time fixed for this man to come as usual, and lead the horse away. Whilst the boy in charge of him waited, Stubbs put his work in a good light and observed its effect, as artists do. The boy, who was leading Whistlejacket up and down, called out suddenly, and turning, Stubbs saw the horse staring at his own portrait and quivering with rage. He sprang forward to attack it, rearing, and lifting the boy off his legs. Very hard work they had to preserve the picture. When the Marquis heard this story, it pleased him so much that he would not allow a single touch to be added, but framed and hung the painting without a background. For the King's
likeness another horse was chosen, a dark bay with black tail, named Scrubb. This picture was immediately executed, but upon some dispute with the Marquis, Stubbs took it away. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Ryland, who sent it, with others, to India. They never landed, and on the vessel's return, the painting was found to be so much damaged that the artist took it back again in part payment of his account with Ryland. After re-painting, it was sold to Miss Saltonstale, and, many years after, she had it at her house, Hatchford, near Cobham, Surrey.

Many other pictures did Stubbs paint at Wentworth House. Notable among them were three views of Samson, a very large black stallion, on one canvas, representing him in front, back, and side view. He painted also a small Bengal cow, with a favourite lap-dog of the Marchioness. All these pictures were the size of life. Amongst smaller portraits we find another view of Scrubb, with his lordship's jockey on his back. The man observed, with some humour, that 'on many a good horse, and many a bad one, had the Marquis mounted him, but now he was set upon a Scrubb for ever.' This was a half-length canvas.

In London, Stubbs painted several pictures for the Marquis of Rockingham. The first of these represented a 'Lion Devouring a Stag,' and another,
a 'Lion Devouring a Horse.' Both of them were engraved.

Of equal merit is 'The Horse Affrighted by a Lion.' The animal, a white one, was painted from one of the King's horses, which Mr. Payne, the architect, obtained Stubbs' leave to copy. The expression of terror was produced by pushing a brush towards him along the ground.

Stubbs painted his 'Fall of Phaeton,' with roan horses, on speculation, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was so pleased with it that he begged to exchange the picture he had ordered for this one. The horses of Phaeton were drawn from a set of coach-horses belonging to Lord Grosvenor. Stubbs made a repetition of the subject, with great improvements, for Colonel Thornton. By many judges this is thought to be his masterpiece. The horses in Colonel Thornton's picture are white, drawn from one of his own coach-horses. M. Seriel, the sculptor of the King of Sweden, saw it in returning from Rome, and he declared the drawing of the animals, their life and expression, to be equal to the finest antique sculptures. The same subject was repeated in enamel, on a copper plate, eighteen inches by fifteen.

Those enumerated are the most important works of George Stubbs, with the 'Grey Mare,' which was his first success; the 'Godolphin Arabian,' 'Brood
Mares,' 'Fight of Lions and Tigers over a Stag,' and
the 'Horse Frightened by a Lion in a Cave.' The
two latter are in the possession of Mr. Joseph
Mayer. Stubbs executed commissions for Sir
Henry Vane Tempest, Lord Gormanston, the Duke
of Newcastle, and many other eminent patrons.
For the Duke of Marlborough he painted a Bengal
tiger with such skill that dogs are said to have been
frightened on seeing it.

The most notable of his pictures in enamel are,
besides those already mentioned:

'Horses Fighting,' painted from Nature without
those preparations usual for work of this class.
His own portrait, sitting on a white horse.
Portrait of Miss Saltonstale, in the character of
Una.

Portrait of a Youth, William Shafto, Esq.
A small rough lap-dog, the size of life, painted
for Mrs. French.

Another portrait of himself, life size, painted for
Mrs. Therold.

Portrait of Dr. Hardy, M.D., for the same lady.
This is half the size of life.

'Farmer's Wife and Raven,' from Gay's Fables,
sold to Mrs. Armstead for one hundred guineas.
This is an oval plate, three feet wide.

None of these pictures exist in oil colour.
We know that Stubbs engraved eighteen of his own paintings, amongst them the following:

'The Bricklayers,' and a companion.
'The Farmer's Wife and Raven.'
'Haymakers and Reapers.'
'A Horse Frightened by a Lion,' and its companion,
'Tigers at Play.'
'A Lion Devouring a Horse.'
'Two Tigers.'
'A Lion.'
'A Tiger.'

Three prints of single dogs.
'A Lion Devouring a Stag.'

It had been his intention to engrave all his pictures on enamel in the same size as the painting; but, on observing what large glasses would be needful, he abandoned the idea. Glass at that time was very expensive, and Stubbs feared that his prints would not sell. There exists, also, a lithograph of a Lion by his hand, published as a prospectus.

In 1823 Thomas Landseer, father to Sir Edwin, produced 'Twenty Engravings of Lions and Tigers,' &c., &c., with an admirable figure of a lion on the title-page. It is to be observed that Stubbs' name heads the list of painters in that work, placed above Rubens, Sniders, and all the famous masters. Not only so, but it is printed in type twice as large.
Of the opinion of Sir Edwin Landseer I have already shown something.

The Royal Collection at Schleissheim, near Munich, contains a picture of a 'Sporting Dog' by George Stubbs—described in the catalogue of that superb gallery as 'A faithful and spirited portrait of a Pointer, painted by an English artist, who at the latter end of the last century, was famous for his pictures of sporting subjects, and for his portraits of the most celebrated racers of his time, which he not only designed with correctness, but with a characteristic spirit, for which he was particularly distinguished. Though chiefly engaged in this branch of art, his talents were capable of higher exertions. As in the picture before us, his backgrounds often show considerable talent as a landscape painter; and his picture of "Phaeton and the Horses of the Sun," was greatly admired.'

The design of this paper does not leave room for a detailed criticism of Stubbs' ability. We wished only to rescue some memorials of a painter who occupied high place in his time, but who is now overlooked. The judgment of his best contemporaries has been practically shown, but something should be said perhaps of the impression which his works produce upon eyes trained to the modern point of view. To admit that Stubbs' paintings mostly disappoint the crowd is no disparagement of
the artist. Quite the contrary; for he who knows what manner of beast was given Englishmen to admire before Stubbs' day, best recognises what we owe him. His obstinacy in rejecting the models of other men, saved him from falling into the exaggerations of any school. *Because* his horses and his animals are correctly drawn, *because* they have that expression, and no other, belonging to their kind, the unthinking pass them with a glance, and call them commonplace. Nobody stands to stare at a picture by George Stubbs as before one of earlier and more famous painters, in which reckless disregard of truth compels a wondering attention. His dogs and horses are the real, living thing, to which everybody is accustomed, and it will be long before the outer world quite understands that truth is the highest art. Stubbs was first to paint animals as they are. No temptation led him to invent a muscle, nor did he put his creatures into an attitude. They are always as Nature made, with their own shapes, gestures, and expressions—often ugly, but always true. This old-world painter would have refused to illustrate a human feeling, a drama of human interest, in pictures of animal nature. He painted what he saw, and never showed an immortal soul in a poodle's eye.

Declining thus to dramatise his beasts, or even to idealise them overmuch, of necessity he circum-
scribed his sphere of art, according to modern notions. Of each expression properly belonging to an animal—and coming in the range of his experience—he was master; but he created none, nor conceived what he had not beheld. Barye himself never painted scene more terrific than Stubbs' 'Horse Frightened by a Lion,' for the artist knew each vein that swells, each muscle that relaxes or distends, when a horse is struck motionless by terror. And he knew the attitude and cruel eye of a lion crouching for the spring. But he did not know how lion meets tiger across a prey, having no advantage over Sniders in such work, saving correctness of anatomy. For which reason his pictures of the kind are less satisfactory, wanting as he did the great Dutchman's imagination. We see this lack of fancy in the details and the backgrounds. Barye's landscapes give one a chill, a sense of horror, before one marks the shadowy wild beast which claims possession of that awful solitude. Stubbs had no such dramatic power. His animals have no appropriate scenery of their own. But his command of the brush was remarkable, both in landscape and in painting 'texture. A 'Landscape with Horses' by his hand was sold at Christie's last June, in which water, sky, and scenery were rendered with no less excellence than was the fine hunter in the foreground. Amongst a number of admirable modern
pictures it fetched 100l. 16s., a proof that George Stubbs’ work still holds its own though his memory has faded.

Postscript.—How utterly it has faded we are given fresh evidence to-day, November 1, 1876. For in the ‘Hand-book to the department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, with introduction and notices of the various schools, Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish, Spanish, French, and English,’ by Louis Fagan, just published, there is no mention of Stubbs as an artist, as a painter, or an engraver. Surely the old man was right to decline striving too earnestly for academical honours, which, when granted, could not preserve his very name for a hundred years.