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# **The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford**

In Five Volumes

**Walpole, Horace**

**London, 1798**

Chap. XVII. Painters in the Reign of King George I.

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## C H A P. XVII.

*Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE I.*

WE are now arrived at the period in which the arts were sunk to the lowest ebb in Britain. From the stiffness introduced by Holbein and the Flemish masters, who not only laboured under the timidity of the new art, but who saw nothing but the starch and unpliant habits of the times, we were fallen into a loose, and, if I may use the word, a *dissolute* kind of painting, which was not less barbarous than the opposite extreme, and yet had not the merit of representing even the dresses of the age. Sir Godfrey Kneller still lived, but only in name, which he prostituted by suffering the most wretched daubings of hired substitutes to pass for his works, while at most he gave himself the trouble of taking the likeness of the person who sat to him. His bold and free manner was the sole admiration of his successors, who thought they had caught his style, when they neglected drawing, probability, and finishing. Kneller had exaggerated the curls of full-bottomed wigs, and the tiaras of ribbands, lace, and hair, till he had struck out a graceful kind of unnatural grandeur; but the succeeding modes were still less favourable to picturesque imagination. The habits of the time were shrunk to awkward coats and waistcoats for the men; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half a dozen squeezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their strait-drawn hair. Dahl, Dagar, Richardson, Jervas, and others, rebuffed by such barbarous forms, and not possessing genius enough to deviate from what they saw into graceful variations, clothed all their personages with a loose drapery and airy mantles, which not only were not, but could not be the dress of any age or nation, so little were they adapted to cover the limbs, to exhibit any form, or to adhere to the person, which they scarce enveloped, and from which they must fall on the least motion. As those casual lappings and flowing streamers were imitated from nothing, they seldom have any folds or chiaro scuro; anatomy and colouring being equally forgotten. Linen, from what æconomy I know not, is seldom allowed in those portraits, even to the ladies, who lean carelessly on a bank, and play with a parrot they do not look at, under a tranquillity



which ill accords with their seeming situation, the slightness of their vestment and the lankness of their hair having the appearance of their being just risen from the bath, and of having found none of their clothes to put on, but a loose gown. Architecture was perverted to mere house-building, where it retained not a little of Vanbrugh; and, if employed on churches, produced at best but corrupt and tawdry imitations of Sir Christopher Wren. Statuary still less deserved the name of an art.

The new monarch was void of taste, and not likely at an advanced age to encourage the embellishment of a country, to which he had little partiality, and with the face of which he had few opportunities of getting acquainted; though, had he been better known, he must have grown the delight of it, possessing all that plain good-humoured simplicity and social integrity, which peculiarly distinguishes *the honest English private gentleman*. Like those patriots, it was more natural to George the first to be content with, or even partial to, whatever he found established, than to seek for improvement and foreign ornament. But the arts, when neglected, always degenerate. Encouragement must keep them up, or a genius revivify them. Neither happened under the first of the house of Brunswick. I shall be as brief as I can in my account of so ungrateful a period; for, though the elder Dahl and Richardson, and a very few more, had merit in some particulars, I cannot help again advertising my readers, that no reign, since the arts have been in any esteem, produced fewer works that will deserve the attention of posterity. As the reign too was of no long duration, most of the artists had lived under the predecessors of George the first, or flourished under his son, where several will be ranked with more propriety. Of the former class was

#### LOUIS LAGUERRE,

the assistant and imitator of Verrio, with whose name his will be preserved when their united labours shall be no more, both being immortalized by that unpropitious line of Pope,

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

The same redundancy of history and fable is displayed in the works of both; and it is but justice to say that their performances were at least in as good a taste as the edifices they were appointed to adorn.





Louis Laguerre.

A. Bannerman Sculp.



C. Jervas



B. Lens







Laguerre's father was a Catalan, who settled in France, and became master of the menagerie at Versailles. The son being born at Paris in 1663, Louis the fourteenth did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name. At first he was placed in the Jesuits' college; but having a hesitation in his speech, and discovering much inclination to drawing, the good fathers advised his parents to breed him to a profession that might be of use to himself, since he was not likely to prove serviceable to them. He however brought away learning enough to assist him afterwards in his allegoric and historic works. He then studied in the royal academy of painting, and for a short time under Le Brun. In 1683 he came to England with one Ricard, a painter of architecture, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him most part of the large picture in St. Bartholomew's hospital; and succeeding so well when little above twenty, he rose into much business, executing great numbers of ceilings, halls, and stair-cases, particularly at lord Exeter's at Burleigh, the stair-case at old Devonshire-house in Piccadilly, the stair-case and salon at Buckingham-house, the stair-case at Petworth, many of the apartments at Burleigh-on-the-hill, where the walls are covered with his Cæsars, some things at Marlborough-house in St. James's Park, and, which is his best work, the salon at Blenheim. King William gave him lodgings at Hampton-court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in chiaro scuro; and being appointed to repair those valuable pictures, the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, by Andrea Montegna, he had the judgment to imitate the style of the original, instead of new clothing them in vermilion and ultramarine; a fate that befel Raphael even from the pencil of Carlo Maratti.

Laguerre was at first chosen unanimously, by the commissioners for rebuilding St. Paul's, to decorate the inside of the cupola, but was set aside by the prevailing interest of Thornhill; a preference not ravished from him by superior merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller was more just to him\*, though from pique to Thornhill, and employed him to paint the stair-case of his house at Witton, where Laguerre distinguished himself beyond his common performances. On the union of England and Scotland he was ordered by queen Anne to make designs for a set of tapestry on that occasion, in which were to be introduced the portraits of her majesty and the principal ministers; but though he gave the drawings, the work went no farther. A few pictures he painted besides, and made designs for engravers. In 1711 he was a director of an

\* Vide Life of Kneller in Chap. XV.

academy.



academy of painting erected in London, and was likely to be chosen governor on the resignation of Kneller, but was again baffled by his competitor Thornhill. In truth he was, says Vertue, a modest unintriguing man, and, as his father-in-law \* John Tijou said, God had made him a painter, and there left him. The ever-grateful and humble Vertue commends him highly, and acknowledges instructions received from him; the source, I doubt, of some of his encomiums. At a tavern in Drury-lane, where was held a club of virtuosi, he painted in chiaro scuro round the room a Bacchanalian procession, and made them a present of his labour. Vertue thinks that Sir James Thornhill was indebted to him for his knowledge of historic painting on ceilings, &c. and says he was imitated by others †, as one Riario ‡, Johnson, Brown, and several whose names are perished as well as that gaudy style.

Laguerre towards his latter end grew dropfical and inactive; and going to see the *Island Princess* at Drury-lane, which was acted for the benefit of his son, then newly entered to sing on the stage, he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, and died before the play began, April 20, 1721. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields.

John Laguerre the son had talents for painting, but wanted application, preferring the stage to more laborious studies. After quitting that profession, I think he painted scenes, and published a set of prints of *Hob* in the well, which had a great sale; but he died at last in indigent circumstances in March, 1748.

#### MICHAEL DAHL

was born at Stockholm, and received some instructions from Ernststræen Kløcke, an esteemed artist in that country and painter to the crown, who in the early part of his life had been in England. At the age of 22 Dahl was brought over by Mr. Pouters, a merchant, who five years afterwards introduced Boit from the same country. After a year's residence here, Dahl continued his travels in search of improvement, staid about a year at Paris, and bestowed about three more on the principal cities in Italy. At Rome he painted the

\* A founder of iron balustrades.

† Lanscroon was another assistant of Verrio and Laguerre, on his first arrival from Flanders.

He died poor in 1737, leaving a son of his profession.

‡ Riario painted a stair-case at Lord Carpenter's portrait





*Supre pinxit.*

*T. Chambers Sculp.*

MICHAEL DAHL







portrait of P. F. Garroli, a sculptor and architect, under whom Gibbs studied for some time. But it was more flattering to Dahl to be employed by one that had been his sovereign, the famous queen Christina. As he worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand? He replied, A fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "A fan! Give me a lion; that is fitter for a queen of Sweden." I repeat this, without any intention of approving it. It was a pedantic affectation of spirit in a woman who had quitted a crown to ramble over Europe in a motley kind of masculine masquerade, assuming a right of assassinating her gallants, as if tyranny as well as the priesthood were an indelible character, and throwing herself for protection into the bosom of a church she laughed at, for the comfortable enjoyment of talking indecently with learned men, and of living so with any other men. Contemptible in her ambition by abandoning the happiest opportunity of performing great and good actions, to hunt for venal praises from those parasites the literati, she attained, or deserved to attain, that sole renown which necessarily accompanies great crimes or great follies in persons of superior rank. Her letters discover no genius or parts, and do not even wear that now trite mantle of the learned, the affectation of philosophy. Her womanish passions and anger display themselves without reserve; and she is ever mistaking herself for a queen, after having done every thing she could to relinquish and disgrace the character.

Dahl returned to England in 1688, where he found sir Godfrey Kneller rising to the head of the profession, and where he had yet merit enough to distinguish himself as no mean competitor. His colouring was good; and attempting nothing beyond portraits, he has certainly left many valuable pictures, especially as he did not neglect every thing but the head, like Kneller, and drew the rest of the figure much better than Richardson. Some of Dahl's works are worthy of Riley. The large equestrian picture of his sovereign Charles the eleventh at Windsor has much merit, and in the gallery of admirals at Hampton-court he suffers but little from the superiority of sir Godfrey. In my mother's picture at Houghton there is great grace, though it was not his most common excellence. At Petworth are several whole lengths of ladies by him extremely well coloured. The more universal talents of Kneller, and his assuming presumption, carried away the crowd from the modest and silent Dahl; yet they seem to have been amicable rivals, sir Godfrey having drawn his



his portrait. He did another of himself; but Vertue owns that sir Godfrey deserved the preference for likeness, grace and colouring. Queen Anne sat to him, and prince George was much his patron.

Virtuous and esteemed, easy in his circumstances and fortunate in his health, Dahl reached the long term of eighty-seven years, and dying October 20, 1743, was buried in St. James's church. He left two daughters, and about three years before lost his only son, who was a very inferior painter, called the younger Dahl, but of whose life I find no particulars among Vertue's collections.

#### PETER ANGELIS

worked in a very different style from the two preceding painters, executing nothing but conversations and landscapes with small figures, which he was fond of enriching with representations of fruit and fish. His manner was a mixture of Teniers and Watteau, with more grace than the former, more nature than the latter. His pencil was easy, bright, and flowing, but his colouring too faint and nerveless. He afterwards adopted the habits of Rubens and Vandyck, more picturesque indeed, but not so proper to improve his productions in what their chief beauty consisted, familiar life. He was born at Dunkirk in 1685, and visiting Flanders and Germany in the course of his studies, made the longest stay at Dusseldorpe, enchanted with the treasures of painting in that city. He came to England about the year 1712, and soon became a favourite painter; but in the year 1728 he set out for Italy\*, where he spent three years. At Rome his pictures pleased extremely: but being of a reserved temper, and not ostentatious of his merit, he disgusted several by the reluctance with which he exhibited his works; his studious and sober temper inclining him more to the pursuit of his art than to the advantage of his fortune. Yet his attention to the latter prevented his return to England as he intended; for, stopping at Rennes in Bretagne, a rich and parliamentary town, he was so immediately overwhelmed with employment there, that he settled in that city, and died there in a short time, in the year 1734, when he was not above forty-nine years of age. Hyfling painted his picture while he was in England.

\* After making an auction of his pictures, amongst which were copies of the four markets, then at Houghton, by Rubens and Snyder.

ANTONY



## ANTONY RUSSEL

is recorded by Vertue, as one of Riley's school (consequently a painter of portraits), as were Murray and Richardson, though he owns with less success and less merit: nor does he mention any other facts relating to him, except that he died in July 1743, aged above fourscore. I should not be solicitous to preserve such dates, but that they sometimes ascertain the hands by which pictures have been painted—and yet I have lived long enough since the first part of this work was printed, to see many pieces ascribed to Holbein and Vandyck in auctions, though bearing dates notoriously posterior to the deaths of those masters; such notices as these often helping more men to cheat than to distinguish.

## LUKE CRADOCK,

who died early in this reign, was a painter of birds and animals, in which walk he attained much merit by the bent and force of his own genius, having been so little initiated even in the grammar of his profession, that he was sent from Somerton, near Ilchester in Somersetshire, where he was born, to be apprentice to a house-painter in London, with whom he served his time. Yet there, without instructions, and with few opportunities of studying nature in the very part of the creation which his talents led him to represent, he became, if not a great master, a faithful imitator of the inferior class of beings. His birds in particular are strongly and richly coloured, and were much sought as ornaments over doors and chimney-pieces. I have seen some pieces of his hand painted with a freedom and fire that entitled them to more distinction. He worked in general by the day, and for dealers who retailed his works; possessing that conscious dignity of talents that scorned dependence, and made him hate to be employed by men whose birth and fortune confined his fancy, and restrained his freedom. Vertue records a proof of his merit, which I fear will enter into the panegyrics of few modern painters—he says he saw several of Cradock's pictures rise quickly after his death to three and four times the price that he had received for them living. He died in 1717, and was buried at St. Mary's Whitechapel.

## PETER CASTEELS

was, like Cradock, though inferior in merit, a painter of fowls, but more commonly



monly of flowers; yet neither with the boldness and relieve of a master, nor with the finished accuracy that in so many Flemish painters almost atones for want of genius. He was born at Antwerp in 1684, and in 1708 came over with his brother \* Peter Tillemans. In 1716 he made a short journey to his native city, but returned soon. In 1726 he published twelve plates of birds and fowl, which he had designed and etched himself, and did a few other things in the same way. In 1735 he retired to Tooting, to design for callico-printers; and lastly, the manufacture being removed thither, to Richmond, where he died of a lingering illness May 16, 1749.

————— D A G A R,

the son of a French painter, and himself born in France, came young into England, and rose to great business, though upon a very slender stock of merit. He was violently afflicted with the gout and stone, and died in May 1723, at the age of fifty-four. He left a son whom he bred to his own profession.

C H A R L E S J E R V A S.

No painter of so much eminence as Jervas is taken so little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums, who neither specifies the family, birth, or death of this artist. The latter happened at his † house in Cleveland-court, in 1739. One would think Vertue foresaw how little curiosity posterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed to them such wretched daubings. Yet, between the badness of the age's taste, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession; and his own vanity thought no encomium disproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait-painter, likeness. In general, his pictures are a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as the life. Yet I have seen a few of his works highly coloured; and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti, whom most he studied and imitated, were extremely just, and scarce inferior to the originals. It is a well-known story of him, that, having succeeded happily in copying [he thought in surpassing] a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

\* So Vertue. I suppose he means brother-in-law. † He had another house at Hampton.

But



But what will recommend the name of Jervas to inquisitive posterity was his intimacy with Pope\*, whom he instructed to draw and paint, whom therefore these anecdotes are proud to boast of and enroll † among our artists, and who has enshrined ‡ the feeble talents of the painter in the lucid amber of his glowing lines. The repeated name of lady Bridgwater § in that epistle was not the sole effect of chance, of the lady's charms, or of the conveniency of her name to the measure of the verse. Jervas had ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes: so entirely did the lovely form possess his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble lady Bridgwater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture—"but," said he, "I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" said lady Bridgwater; "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and showed her his own.

What little more I have to say of him, is chiefly scattered amongst the notes of Vertue. He was born in Ireland, and for a year studied under sir Godfrey Kneller. Norris, frame-maker and keeper of the pictures to king William and queen Anne, was his first patron, and permitted him to copy what he pleased in the royal collection. At Hampton-court he copied the Cartoons in little, and sold them to Dr. George Clarke of Oxford, who became his protector, and furnished him with money to visit Paris and Italy. At the former he lent two of his cartoons to Audran, who engraved them, but died before he could begin the rest. At Rome he applied himself to learn to draw; for, though thirty years old, he said he had begun at the wrong end, and had only studied colouring. The friendship of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank||, extended a reputation built on such slight foundations;

\* Jervas, who affected to be a free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible. Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot said he would prove it: "You strictly observe the second commandment, said the doctor; for in your pictures you make not the likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

† See his Letters to Jervas, and a short copy of verses on a fan designed by himself on the

story of Cephalus and Procris. There is a small edition of the Essay on Man, with a frontispiece likewise of his design.

‡ See Pope's epistle to Jervas with Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

§ Elizabeth countess of Bridgwater, one of the beautiful daughters of the great duke of Marlborough.

|| Seven letters from Jervas to Pope are printed in the two additional volumes to that poet's works, published by R. Baldwin 1776.



to which not a little contributed, we may suppose, the Tatler, No. VIII. April 18, 1709, who calls him *the last great painter that Italy has sent us*. To this incense a widow worth 20,000*l.* added the solid, and made him her husband. In 1738 he again travelled to Italy for his health, but survived that journey only a short time, dying Nov. 2d, 1739.

He translated and published a new edition of Don Quixote. His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called Raphael's earthen-ware\*, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings by Fiamingo, were sold, the drawings in April 1741, and the rest after the death of his wife.

It will easily be conceived, by those who know any thing of the state of painting in this country of late years, that this work pretends to no more than specifying the professors of most vogue. Portrait-painting has increased to so exuberant a degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to compute the number of limners that have appeared within the century. Consequently, it is almost as necessary that the representations of men should perish and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the human race should give place to rising generations. And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*. When they become *my grandfather and grandmother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the house-keeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop at the Seven Dials. Such already has been the fate of some of those deathless beauties, who Pope promised his friend should

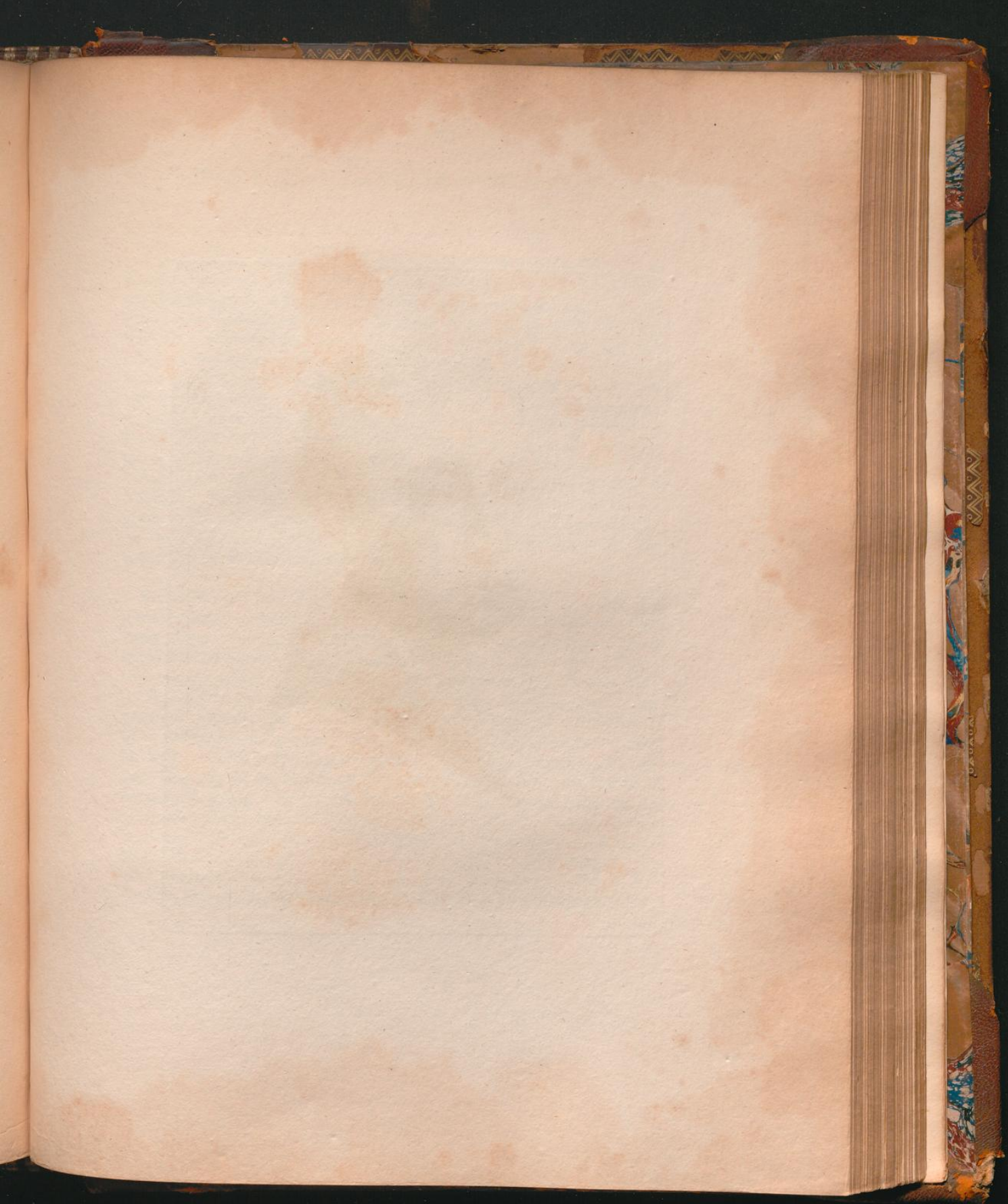
Bloom in his colours for a thousand years:

and such, I doubt, will be the precipitate catastrophe of the works of many more who babble of Titian and Vandyck, yet only imitate Giordano, whose hasty and rapacious pencil deservedly acquired him the disgraceful title of *Luca fa presto*.

\* There is a large and fine collection of this ware at the late sir Andrew Fountain's at Narford in Norfolk.

JONATHAN









JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

*Cha. Brotherton f.*



## JONATHAN RICHARDSON

was undoubtedly one of the best English painters of a head, that had appeared in this country. There is strength, roundness, and boldness in his colouring; but his men want dignity and his women grace. The good sense of the nation is characterised in his portraits. You see he lived in an age when neither enthusiasm nor fervility was predominant. Yet with a pencil so firm, possessed of a numerous and excellent collection of drawings, full of the theory, and profound in reflections on his art, he drew nothing well below the head, and was void of imagination. His attitudes, draperies, and back-grounds are totally insipid and unmeaning: so ill did he apply to his own practice the sagacious rules and hints he bestowed on others. Though he wrote with fire and judgment, his paintings owed little to either. No man dived deeper into the inexhaustible stores of Raphael, or was more smitten with the native lustre of Vandyck. Yet though capable of tasting the elevation of the one and the elegance of the other, he could never contrive to see with their eyes when he was to copy nature himself. One wonders that he could comment their works so well, and imitate them so little.

Richardson was born about the year 1665, and against his inclination was placed by his father-in-law \* apprentice to a scrivener, with whom he lived six years; when obtaining his freedom by the death of his master, he followed the bent of his disposition, and at twenty years old became the disciple of Riley; with whom he lived four years, whose niece he married, and of whose manner he acquired enough to maintain a solid and lasting reputation, even during the lives of Kneller and Dahl, and to remain at the head of the profession when they went off the stage. He quitted business himself some years before his death; but his temperance and virtue contributed to protract his life to a great length in the full enjoyment of his understanding, and in the felicity of domestic friendship. He had had a paralytic stroke that affected his arm, yet never disabled him from his customary walks and exercise. He had been in St. James's Park, and died suddenly at his house in Queen-square on his return home, May 28, 1745, when he had passed the eightieth year of his age. He left a son and four daughters; one of whom was married to his disciple Mr. Hudson, and another to Mr. Grigson, an attorney. The taste and learning

\* His own father died when he was five years old.



of the son, and the harmony in which he lived with his father, are visible in the joint works they composed. The father in 1719 published two discourses: 1. An essay on the whole art of criticism as it relates to painting; 2. An argument in behalf of the science of a connoisseur\*; bound in one volume octavo. In 1722 came forth An account of some of the statues, bas-reliefs, drawings and pictures in Italy, &c. with remarks by Mr. Richardson, sen. and jun. The son made the journey; and from his notes, letters, and observations, they both at his return compiled this valuable work. As the father was a formal man, with a slow but loud and sonorous voice, and, in truth, with some affectation in his manner; and as there is much singularity in his style and expression, those peculiarities, for they were scarce foibles, struck superficial readers, and between the laughers and the envious the book was much ridiculed. Yet both this and the former are full of matter †, good sense and instruction: and the very quaintness of some expressions, and their laboured novelty, show the difficulty the author had to convey mere visible ideas through the medium of language. Those works remind one of Cibber's inimitable treatise on the stage. When an author writes on his own profession, feels it profoundly, and is sensible his readers do not, he is not only excusable, but meritorious, for illuminating the subject by new metaphors or bolder figures than ordinary. He is the coxcomb that sneers, not he that instructs in appropriated diction.

If these authors were censured when conversant within their own circle, it was not to be expected that they would be treated with milder indulgence when they ventured into a sister region. In 1734 they published a very thick octavo, containing explanatory notes and remarks on Milton's Paradise Lost, with the life of the author, and a discourse on the poem. Again were the good sense, the judicious criticisms, and the sentiments that broke forth in this work, forgotten in the singularities that distinguish it. The father having said, in apology for being little conversant in classic literature, that he had looked into them through his son; Hogarth, whom a quibble could furnish with wit, drew the father peeping through the nether end of a telescope, with which his son was perforated, at a Virgil aloft on a shelf. Yet how forcibly Richardson entered into the spirit of his author appears from his comprehensive expression,

\* He tells us, that being in search of a proper term for this science, Mr. Prior proposed to name it *connoissance*; but that word has not obtained possession as *connoisseur* has.

† Their criticisms on the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo at Rome are remarkably acute and judicious.



that *Milton was an ancient born two thousand years after his time*. Richardson, however, was as incapable of reaching the sublime or harmonious in poetry as he was in painting, though so capable of illustrating both. Some specimens of verse, that he has given us here and there in his works, excite no curiosity for more\*; though he informs us in his *Milton*, that if Painting was his wife, Poetry had been his secret concubine. It is remarkable that another commentator of *Milton* has made the same confession:

— fuit et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt  
Vatem pastores—

says Dr. Bentley. Neither the doctor nor the painter adds, *sed non ego credulus illis*, though all their readers are ready to supply it for both.

Besides his pictures and commentaries, we have a few etchings by his hand, particularly two or three of *Milton*, and his own head.

The sale of his collection of drawings, in February 1747, lasted eighteen days, and produced about 2060*l.* his pictures about 700*l.* Hudson, his son-in-law, bought many of the drawings. After the death of the son in 1771, the remains of the father's collection were sold. There were hundreds of portraits of both in chalks by the father, with the dates when executed; for, after his retirement from business, the good old man seems to have amused himself with writing a short poem, and drawing his own or son's portrait every day. The son, equally tender, had marked several with expressions of affection on his *dear father*. There were a few pictures and drawings by the son, for he painted a little too.

— GRISONI

was the son of a painter at Florence, whence Mr. Talman brought him over

\* More have been given. In June 1776 was published an octavo volume of poems (and another promised) by Jonathan Richardson senior, with notes by his son. They are chiefly moral and religious meditations: now and then there is a picturesque line or image; but in general the poetry is very careless and indifferent—Yet such a picture of a good mind, serene in conscious innocence, is scarcely to be found. It is im-

possible not to love the author, or not to wish to be as sincerely and intentionally virtuous. The book is perhaps more capable of inspiring emulation of goodness than any professed book of devotion; for the author perpetually describes the peace of his mind from the satisfaction of having never deviated from what he thought right.

in



in 1715. He painted history, landscape, and sometimes portrait; but his business declining, he sold his pictures by auction in 1728, and returned to his own country with a wife whom he had married here of the name of St. John.

#### WILLIAM AIKMAN

was born in Scotland, and educated under sir John Medina. He came young to London, travelled to Italy, and visited Turkey, and returned through London to Scotland, where he was patronised by John duke of Argyle the general, and many of the nobility. After two or three years he settled in London, and met with no less encouragement—but falling into a long and languishing distemper, his physicians advised him to try his native air; but he died at his house in Leicester-fields, in June 1731, aged fifty. His body, by his own desire, was carried to and interred in Scotland. Vertue commends his portrait of Gay for the great likeness, and quotes the following lines, addressed to Aikman on one of his performances, by S. Boyse:

As Nature blushing and astonish'd eyed  
 Young Aikman's draught, surpris'd the goddess cried,  
 Where didst thou form, rash youth, the bold design  
 To teach thy labours to resemble mine?  
 So soft thy colours, yet so just thy stroke,  
 That undetermin'd on thy work I look.  
 To crown thy art couldst thou but language join,  
 The form had spoke, and call'd the conquest thine.

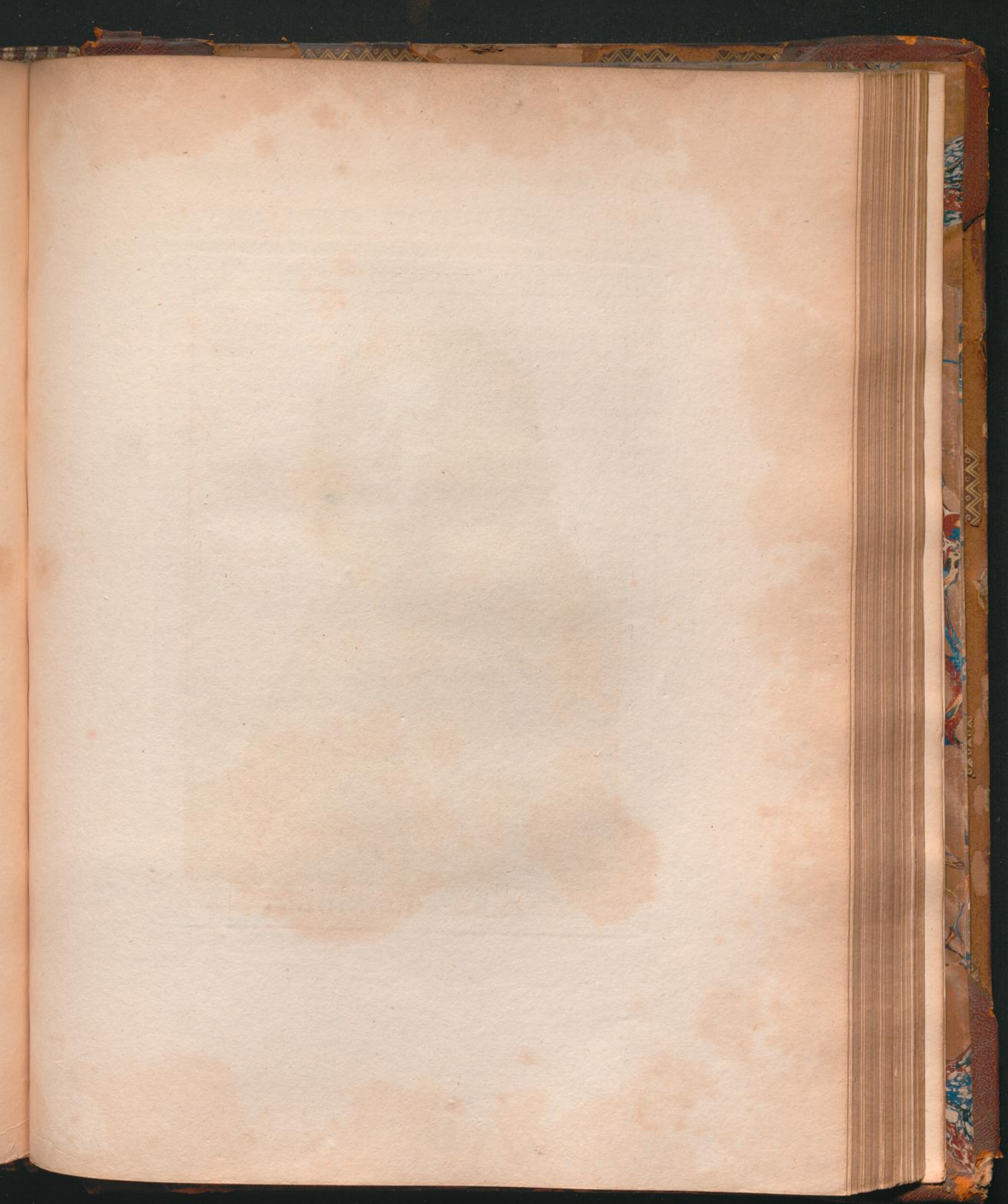
In Mallet's works\* is an epitaph on Mr. Aikman and his only son (who died before him), and who were both interred in the same grave.

#### JOHN ALEXANDER,

of the same country with the preceding, was son of a clergyman, and I think descended from their boasted Jamifone. He travelled to Italy, and in 1718 etched some plates after Raphael. In 1721 was printed a letter to a friend at Edinburgh, describing a stair-case painted at the castle of Gordon with the rape of Proserpine by this Mr. Alexander.

\* Vol. i. p. 13, printed by Millar, in 3 vols. small octavo, 1769.









Cha. Brotherton. f.

S.<sup>R</sup>. JAMES THORNHILL.



## SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

a man of much note in his time, who succeeded Verrio, and was the rival of Laguerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, was knighted by George the first, and was elected to represent his native town in parliament. His chief works were, the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton-court, the altar-piece of the chapel of All-Souls at Oxford, another for Weymouth\*, of which he made them a present, the hall at Blenheim, the chapel at lord Oxford's at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, the salon and other things for Mr. Styles at More-park, Hertfordshire, and the great hall at Greenwich hospital. Yet high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich; and though La Fosse received 2000*l.* for his work at Montagu-house, and was allowed 500*l.* for his diet besides, sir James could obtain but 40*s.* a yard square for the cupola of St. Paul's, and I think no more for Greenwich. When the affairs of the South-sea company were made up, Thornhill, who had painted their stair-case and a little hall by order of Mr. Knight their cashier, demanded 1500*l.* but the directors learning that he had been paid but 25*s.* a yard for the hall at Blenheim, they would allow no more. He had a longer contest with Mr. Styles, who had agreed to give him 3500*l.*; but not being satisfied with the execution, a law-suit was commenced, and Dahl, Richardson and others were appointed to inspect the work. They appeared in court, bearing testimony to the merit of the performance: Mr. Styles was condemned to pay the money, and by their arbitration 500*l.* more, for decorations about the house, and for Thornhill's acting as surveyor of the building. This suit occasioning enquiries into matters of the like nature, it appeared that 300*l.* a year had been allowed to the surveyor of Blenheim, besides travelling charges: 200*l.* a year to others; and that Gibbs received but 550*l.* for building St. Martin's church.

By the favour of that general Mecænas†, the earl of Halifax, sir James was

\* The altar-piece at Weymouth was engraved by a young man, his scholar, whom he set up in that business.

† It was by the influence of the same patron that sir James was employed to paint the prin-

cess's apartment at Hampton-court. The duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, intended it should be executed by Sebastian Ricci; but the earl, then first commissioner of the treasury, preferring his own countryman, told the duke, that if Ricci painted it he would not pay him.



allowed to copy the Cartoons at Hampton-court, on which he employed three years. He executed a smaller set, of one-fourth part of the dimensions. Having been very accurate in noticing the defects, and the additions by Cooke who repaired them, and in examining the parts turned in to fit them to the places; and having made copious studies of the heads, hands, and feet, he intended to publish an exact account of the whole, for the use of students: but this work has never appeared. In 1724 he opened an academy for drawing at his house in Covent-garden, and had before proposed to lord Halifax to obtain the foundation of a royal academy at the upper end of the Mews, with apartments for the professors, which, by an estimate he had made, would have cost but 3139*l.*; for sir James dabbled in architecture, and stirred up much envy in that profession by announcing a design of taking it up, as he had before by thinking of applying himself to painting portraits.

Afflicted with the gout, and his legs swelling, he set out for his seat at Thornhill near Weymouth\*; where four days after his arrival he expired in his chair, May 4, 1734, aged fifty-seven, leaving one son named James, whom he had procured to be appointed serjeant-painter and painter to the navy; and one daughter, married to that original and unequalled genius, Hogarth.

Sir James's collection, among which were a few capital pictures of the great masters, was sold in the following year; and with them his two sets of the Cartoons, the smaller for seventy-five guineas, the larger for only 200*l.*; a price we ought in justice to suppose was owing to the few bidders who had spaces in their houses large enough to receive them. They were purchased by the duke of Bedford, and are in the gallery at Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square. In the same collection were drawings by one Andrea, a disciple of Thornhill, who died about the same time at Paris.

#### ROBERT BROWN

was a disciple of Thornhill, and worked under him on the cupola of St. Paul's. Setting up for himself, he was much employed in decorating several

\* Sir James was descended of a very ancient family in Dorsetshire, and repurchased the seat of his ancestors, which had been alienated. There he gratefully erected an obelisk to the memory of George I. his professor. See his pedigree, and a farther account of Thornhill, in Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, vol. i. 410, 413; vol. ii. 185, 246, 451, 452.

churches



churches in the city, being admired for his skill in painting crimson curtains, apostles, and stories out of the New Testament. He painted the altar-piece of St. Andrew Undershaft, and the spaces between the gothic arches in chiaro scuro. In the parish church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, he painted the transfiguration for the altar; in St. Andrew's, Holborn, the figures of St. Andrew and St. John, and two histories on the sides of the organ. In the chapel of St. John at the end of Bedford-row, he painted St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; and even two signs that were much admired, that for the Paul's head tavern in Cateaton-street, and the Baptist's head at the corner of Aldermanbury. Correggio's sign of the Muleteer is mentioned by all his biographers. Brown, I doubt, was no Correggio.

— B E L L U C C I,

an Italian painter of history, arrived here in 1716 from the court of the elector palatine. In 1722 he finished a ceiling at Buckingham-house, for which the dukes paid him 500*l*. He was also employed on the chapel of Canons; that large and costly palace of the duke of Chandos, which, by a fate as transient as its founder's, barely survived him, being pulled down as soon as he was dead; and, as if in mockery of sublunary grandeur, the site and materials were purchased by Hallet the cabinet-maker. Though Pope was too grateful to mean a satire on Canons, while he recorded all its ostentatious want of taste, and too sincere to have denied it if he had meant it, he might without blame have moralized on the event, in an epistle purely ethic, had he lived to behold its fall and change of masters.

Bellucci executed some other works which Vertue does not specify; but, being afflicted with the gout, quitted this country, leaving a nephew, who went to Ireland, and made a fortune by painting portraits there.

B A L T H A Z A R D E N N E R,

of Hamburgh, one of those laborious artists whose works surprise rather than please, and who could not be so excellent if they had not more patience than genius, came hither upon encouragement from the king, who had seen of his works at Hanover and promised to sit to him: but Denner succeeding ill in the pictures of two of the favourite German ladies, he lost the footing he had

H h h 2

expected



expected at court. His fame however rose very high, on his exhibiting the head of an old woman, that he brought over with him, about sixteen inches high, and thirteen wide, in which the grain of the skin, the hairs, the down, the glassy humour of the eyes, were represented with the most exact minuteness. It gained him more applause than custom; for a man could not execute many works who employed so much time to finish them. Nor did he even find a purchaser here; but the emperor bought the picture for six hundred ducats. At Hamburgh he began a companion to it, an old man, which he brought over and finished here in 1726, and sold like the former. He painted himself, his wife and children, with the same circumstantial detail; and a half length of himself, which was in the possession of one Swarts, a painter, totally unknown to me. He resolved however, says Vertue, to quit this painful practice, and turn to a bolder and less finished style: but whether he did or not is uncertain. He left England in 1728. The portrait of John Frederic Weickman of Hamburgh, painted by Denner, is said to be in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

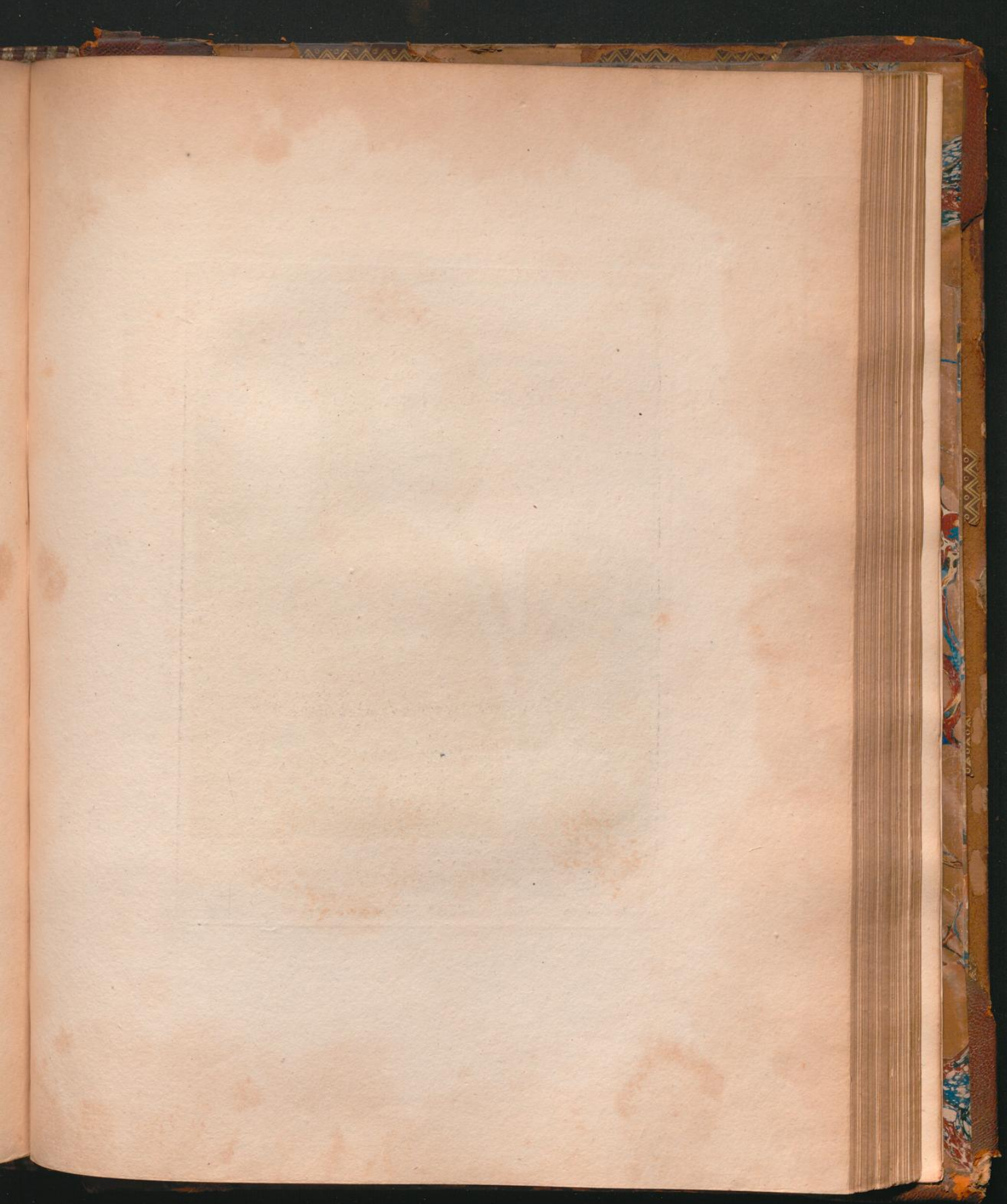
#### FRANCIS FERG,

born at Vienna in 1689, was a charming painter, who had composed a manner of his own from various Flemish painters\*, though resembling Polenburgh most in the enamelled softness and mellowness of his colouring: but his figures are greatly superior; every part of them is sufficiently finished, every action expressive. He painted small landscapes, fairs, and rural meetings, with the most agreeable truth; his horses and cattle are not inferior to Wouvermans, and his buildings and distances seem to owe their respective softness to the intervening air, not to the pencil. More faithful to nature than Denner, he knew how to omit exactness when the result of the whole demands a less precision in parts. This pleasing artist passed twenty years here, but little known, and always indigent: unhappy in his domestic, he was sometimes in prison, and never at ease at home; the consequence of which was dissipation. He died suddenly in the street one night, as he was returning from some friends, about the year 1738, having not attained his fiftieth year. He left four children.

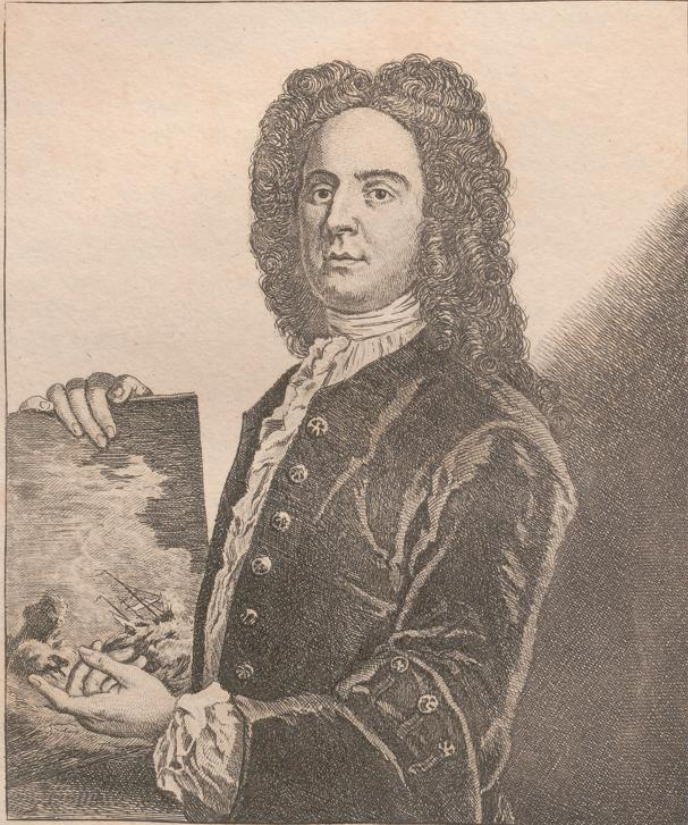
\* Hans Graf, Orient, and lastly Alex. Thiele, painter of the court of Saxony, who invited him to Dresden to insert small figures in his landscapes. Ferg thence went into Lower Saxony, and painted for the duke of Brunfwick, and for the gallery of Saltzdahl.

THOMAS









P. MONAMY.



## THOMAS GIBSON,

a man of a most amiable character, says Vertue, had for some time great business: but an ill state of health for some years interrupted his application, and about 1730 he disposed of his pictures privately amongst his friends. He not long after removed to Oxford, and I believe practised again in London. He died April 28, 1751, aged about seventy-one. Vertue speaks highly of his integrity and modesty, and says he offended his cotemporary artists by forbearing to raise his prices; and adds, what was not surprising in such congenial goodness, that of all the profession Gibson was his most sincere friend.

## — HILL

was born in 1661, and learned to draw of the engraver Faithorne. He painted many portraits, and died at Mitcham in 1734.

## P. MONAMY,

a good painter of sea-pieces, was born in Jersey, and certainly from his circumstances, or the views of his family, had little reason to expect the fame he afterwards acquired, having received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house-painter on London-bridge. But when nature gives real talents, they break forth in the homeliest school. The shallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to imitate the turbulence of the ocean. In Painter's-hall is a large piece by him, painted in 1726. He died at his house in Westminster the beginning of 1749.

## JAMES VAN HUYSUM,

brother of John, that exquisite painter of fruit and flowers, came over in 1721, and would have been thought a great master in that way, if his brother had never appeared. Old Baptist had more freedom than John Huysum, but no man ever yet approached to the finishing and roundness of the latter. James lived a year or two with sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea, and copied many pieces of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, Claud Lorrain, Gaspar, and other masters, which are now over the doors and chimneys in the attic story at  
6 Houghton;



Houghton; but his drunken dissolute conduct occasioned his being dismissed.

JAMES MAUBERT

distinguished himself by copying all the portraits he could meet with of English poets, some of which he painted in small ovals. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Pope, and some others, he painted from the life. He died at the end of 1746. Vertue says he mightily adorned his pictures with flowers, honey-suckles, &c.

— PESNE,

a Parisian, who had studied at Rome, and been painter to the king of Prussia, great-grandfather of the present king. He came hither in 1724, and drew some of the royal family, but in the gaudy style of his own country, which did not at that time succeed here.

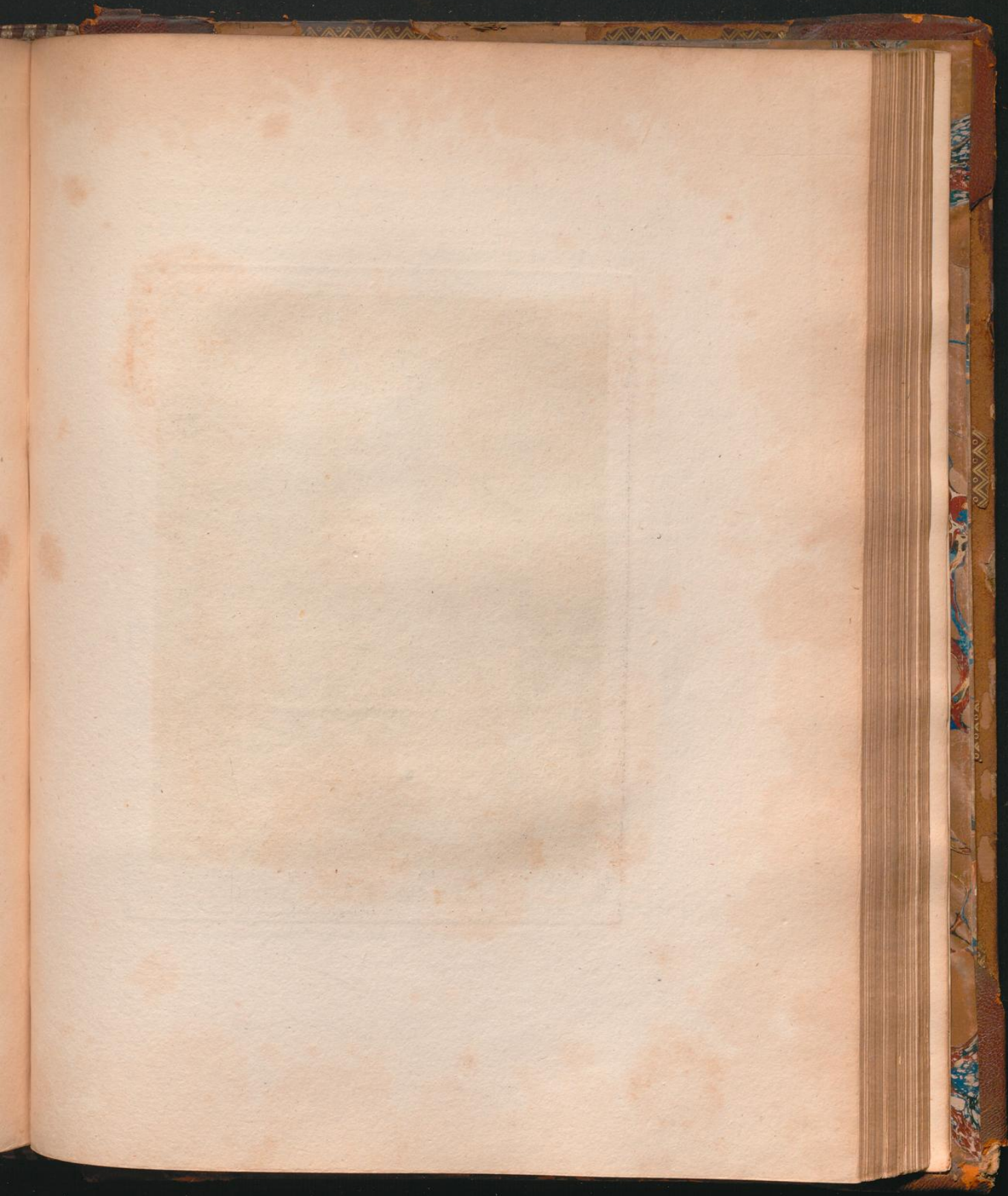
JOHN STEVENS,

a landscape painter, who chiefly imitated Vandieft, painted small pictures, but was mostly employed for pieces over doors and chimneys. He died in 1722.

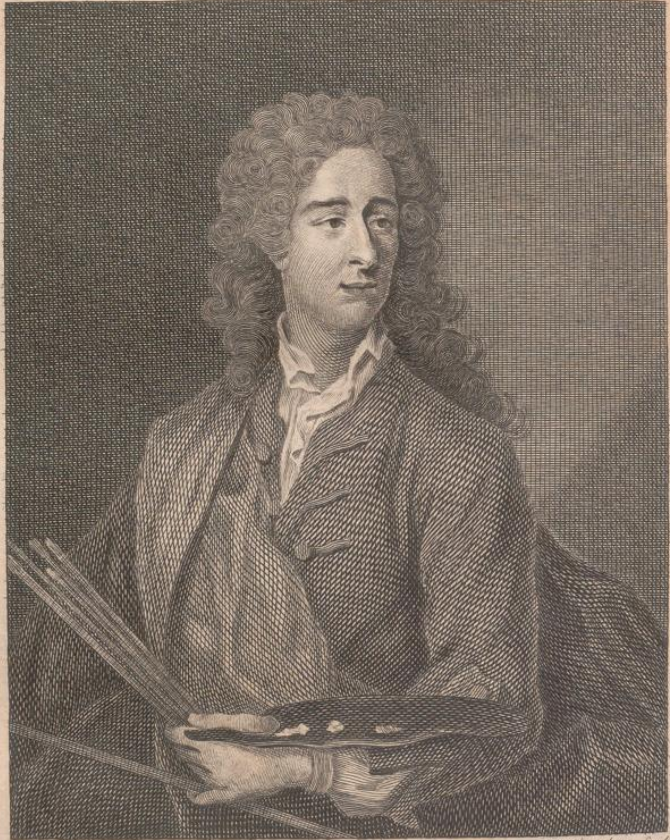
JOHN SMIBERT,

of Edinburgh, was born about 1684, and served his time with a common house-painter; but eager to handle a pencil in a more elevated style, he came to London, where however for subsistence he was forced to content himself at first with working for coach-painters. It was a little rise to be employed in copying for dealers, and from thence he obtained admittance into the academy. His efforts and ardour at last carried him to Italy, where he spent three years in copying portraits of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and Rubens, and improved enough to meet with much business at his return. When his industry and abilities had thus surmounted the asperities of his fortune, he was tempted against the persuasion of his friends to embark in the uncertain but amusing scheme of the famous dean Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, whose benevolent heart was then warmly set on the erection of an universal college of science and arts in Bermudas, for the instruction of heathen children in christian duties and civil knowledge. Smibert, a silent and modest man, who abhorred the finesse of some of his profession, was enchanted with a plan that  
he









*Hijzing pinxit.*

*T. Chamber Sculp.*

PETER TILLEMANS.



he thought promised him tranquillity and honest subsistence in a healthful elysian climate \*, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the dean, whose zeal had ranged the favour of the court on his side. The king's death dispelled the vision. Smibert however, who had set sail, found it convenient or had resolution enough to proceed; but settled at Boston in New England, where he succeeded to his wife, and married a woman with a considerable fortune, whom he left a widow with two children in March 1751. A panegyric on him, written there, was printed here in *The Courant*, 1730. Vertue, in whose notes I find these particulars, mentions another painter of the same country, one Alexander Nesbitt of Leith, born in 1682, but without recording any circumstances relative to him.

— T R E V E T T

was a painter of architecture, and master of the company of painter-stainers, to whose hall he presented one of his works. He painted several views both of the inside and outside of St. Paul's, intending to have them engraved, for which purpose Vertue worked on them some time; but the design was never completed. He began too a large view of London, on several sheets, from the steeple of St. Mary Overy, but died in 1723.

H E N R Y T R E N C H

was a cotemporary of Kent, and gained a prize in the academy of St. Luke at Rome at the same time. Trench was born in Ireland, but studied many years in Italy, and for some time under Gioseppe Chiari. Returning to England, he professed painting history, but, not finding encouragement, went back to Italy and studied two years more. He came over for the last time in 1725, but died the next year, and was buried at Paddington.

P E T E R T I L L E M A N S

not only distinguished himself above most of his competitors, but, which is far

\* One may conceive too how a man so devoted to his art must have been animated, when the dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm, and glowing with scenery, which no pencil had yet made cheap and common by a familiarity of thinking and imagination. As our disputes and politics have travelled to America, is it not probable that poetry and painting too will revive amidst those extensive tracts as they increase in opulence and empire, and where the stores of nature are so various, so magnificent, and so new?

more



more to his honour, has left works that sustain themselves even in capital collections\*. He was born at Antwerp †, and made himself a painter, though he studied under very indifferent masters. In 1708 he was brought to England, with his brother-in-law Casteels, by one Turner, a dealer in pictures; and employed by him in copying Bourgoignon and other masters, in which he succeeded admirably, particularly Teniers, of whom he preserved all the freedom and spirit. He generally painted landscapes with small figures, sea-ports, and views; but when he came to be known, he was patronized by several men of quality, and drew views of their seats, huntings, races, and horses in perfection. In this way he was much employed both in the west and north of England, and in Wales, and drew many prospects for the intended History of Nottinghamshire by Mr. Bridges. He had the honour of instructing the late lord Byron, who did great credit to his master, as may be seen by several of his lordship's drawings at his beautiful and venerable seat at Newstede-abbey in Nottinghamshire, and where Tillemans himself must have improved amidst so many fine pictures of animals and huntings ‡. There are two long prints of horses and hunting designed and etched by him, and dedicated to his patrons, the duke of Devonshire and lord Byron. With Joseph Goupy he was prevailed upon to paint a set of scenes for the opera, which were much admired. After labouring many years under an asthma, for which he chiefly resided at Richmond, he died at Norton § in Suffolk December 5, 1734, at about the fiftieth year of his age.

#### JOHN VANDREBANK,

a painter much in fashion in the reigns of the two last kings, is said by Vertue to be an Englishman (though by his name at least of foreign extraction), and to have attained his skill without any assistance from study abroad. Had he not been careless and extravagant, says my author, he might have made a greater figure than almost any painter this nation had produced; so bold and free was his pencil and so masterly his drawing. He died of a consumption when he was not above forty-five, in Hollis-street Cavendish-square, Decem-

\* His view of Chatsworth hangs among several fine pictures at Devonshire-house, and is not disgraced by them.

† His father was a diamond-cutter.

‡ These have since been sold by auction. There is a very scarce print of John West, first

earl of Delawarre, from a drawing by that lord Byron.

§ In the house of Dr. Macro, by whom he had been long employed. He was buried in the church of Stow-Langtoft. Brit. Topogr. vol. ii. p. 38.



ber 23, 1739. John Vandrebank gave the designs of a set of plates for Don Quixote. He had a brother of the same profession; and a cousin, called

SAMUEL BARKER,

whom he instructed in the art; but who having a talent for painting fruit and flowers, imitated Baptist, and would probably have made a good master, but died young in 1727.

PETER VANBLEECK

came into England in 1723, and was reckoned a good painter of portraits. There is a fine mezzotinto, done in the following reign, from a picture which he painted of those excellent comedians, Johnson and Griffin, in the characters of Ananias and Tribulation, in the Alchymist. I have mentioned Johnson in this work before, as the most natural actor I ever saw. Griffin's eye and tone were a little too comic, and betrayed his inward mirth, though his muscles were strictly steady. Mr. Weston is not inferior to Johnson in the firmness of his countenance, though less universal, as Johnson was equally great in some tragic characters. In bishop Gardiner he supported the insolent dignity of a persecutor; and, completely a priest, shifted it in an instant to the fawning insincerity of a slave, as soon as Henry frowned. This was indeed history, when Shakespeare wrote it, and Johnson represented it. When we read it in fictitious harangues and wordy declamation, it is a tale told by a pedant to a school-boy. Vanbleeck died July 20, 1764.

H. VANDERMIJN,

another Dutch painter, came over recommended by lord Cadogan the general, and in his manner carried to excess the laborious minuteness of his countrymen; faithfully imitating the details of lace, embroidery, fringes, and even the threads of stockings. Yet even this accuracy in artificial trifles, which is often praised by the people as *natural*, nor the protection of the court, could establish his reputation as a good master; though perhaps the time he wasted on his works, in which at least he was the reverse of his flatteringly cotemporaries, prevented his enriching himself as they did. In history he is said to have had greater merit. He was more fortunate in receiving 500*l.* for repairing the paintings at Burleigh. The prince of Orange sat to him, and he suc-



ceeded so well in the likeness, that the late prince of Wales not only sent for him to draw his picture, but prevailed on his sister the princess of Orange to draw Vandermijn's; for her royal highness, as well as princess Caroline, both honoured the art by their performances in crayons. This singular distinction was not the only one Vandermijn received: George the first, and the late king and queen, then prince and princess, answered for his son, a hopeful lad, who was lost at the age of sixteen, by the breaking of the ice as he was skating at Marybone, at the end of the great frost in 1740. Vandermijn had a sister called Agatha, who came over with him, and painted fruit, flowers, and dead fowls. I do not find in what year he died.

#### ENOCH ZEEMAN.

Vertue has preserved few anecdotes of this painter, whom I remember in much business. His father and three brothers followed the same profession; one of them in water-colours; but Enoch was most in fashion. At nineteen he painted his own portrait in the finical manner of Denner, and executed the heads of an old man and woman in the same style afterwards. He died suddenly in 1744, leaving a son called Paul, who followed the same profession. Isaac Zeeman, brother of Enoch, died April 4, 1751, leaving also a son who was a painter.

#### WATTEAU.

England has very slender pretensions to this original and engaging painter; he having come hither only to consult Dr. Meade, for whom he painted two pictures, that were sold in the doctor's collection. The genius of Watteau resembled that of his countryman D'Urfé. The one drew and the other wrote of imaginary nymphs and swains, and described a kind of impossible pastoral, a rural life led by those opposites of rural simplicity, people of fashion and rank. Watteau's shepherdesses, nay, his very sheep, are coquet: yet he avoided the glare and clinquant of his countrymen; and though he fell short of the dignified grace of the Italians, there is an easy air in his figures, and that more familiar species of the graceful which we call genteel. His nymphs are as much below the forbidding majesty of goddesses, as they are above the hoyden awkwardness of country-girls. In his halts and marches of armies, the careless slouch of his soldiers still retains the air of a nation that aspires to be agreeable as well as victorious.

But





*Seipso pinxit.*

*T. Chambers Sculp.*

ENOCH SEEMAN.









*W. Hibbert Sculp.*

WATTEAU







But there is one fault of Watteau, for which, till lately, I could never account. His trees appear as unnatural to our eyes, as his figures must do to a real peasant who had never stirred beyond his village. In my late journeys to Paris the cause of this grievous absurdity was apparent to me, though nothing can excuse it. Watteau's trees are copied from those of the Tuilleries and villas near Paris; a strange scene to study nature in! There I saw the originals of those tufts of plumes and fans, and trimmed-up groves, that nod to one another like the scenes of an opera. Fantastic people! who range and fashion their trees, and teach them to hold up their heads, as a dancing-master would, if he expected Orpheus should return to play a minuet to them.

ROBERT WOODCOCK,

of a gentleman's family, became a painter by genius and inclination. He had a place under the government, which he quitted to devote himself to his art, which he practised solely on sea-pieces. He drew in that way from his childhood, and studied the technical part of ships with so much attention, that he could cut out a ship with all the masts and rigging to the utmost exactness. In 1723 he began to practise in oil, and in two years copied above forty pictures of Vandevelde. With so good a foundation he openly professed the art, and his improvements were so rapid that the duke of Chandos gave him thirty guineas for one of his pieces. Nor was his talent for music less remarkable. He both played on the hautboy and composed, and some of his compositions in several parts were published. But these promising abilities were cut off ere they had reached their maturity, by that enemy of the ingenious and sedentary, the gout. He died April 10, 1728, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and was buried at Chelsea.

ISAAC WHOOD

Painted portraits in oil, and in black-lead on vellum, chiefly profiles. He was patronised by Wriothesley duke of Bedford, and has left several of his works at Woburn-abbey. He died in Bloomsbury-square, February 24, 1752, aged sixty-three. He was remarkable for his humour, and happy application of passages in Hudibras.

— VOGELSANG,

of what country I know not, was a landscape-painter, who went to Ireland, where



where he had good business; but leaving it to go to Scotland, was not equally successful, and returned to London. These are all the traces I find of him in Vertue's notes.

— ZURICH,

of Dresden, was son of a jeweller, who bred him to his own business; but giving him some instructions in drawing too, the young man preferred the latter, and applied himself to miniature and enamelling. He studied in the academy of Berlin, and came to England about 1715, where he met with encouragement, though now forgotten, and obscured by his countryman that second Petitot, Zincke, whom I shall mention in the next reign. Zurich died about Christmas 1735, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried near the Lutheran church in the Savoy, leaving a son about twelve years old. Frederic Peterfon was an enameller about the same time, and died in 1729.

CHRISTIAN RICHTER,

son of a silversmith at Stockholm, came over in 1702, and practised in oil, chiefly studying the works of Dahl; from which he learned a strong manner of colouring, and which he transplanted into his miniatures, for which he is best known. In the latter part of his life he applied to enamelling, but died, before he had made great proficiency in that branch, in November 1732, at about the age of fifty. He had several brothers, artists; one a medallist at Vienna, and another at Venice, a painter of views. Richter was member of a club with Dahl and several gentlemen, whose heads his brother modelled by the life, and from thence made medals in silver. I mention this, as it may explain to collectors the origin of those medals when they are met with. Sir William Rich, Grey Neville, and others, were of the club, and I think some foreign gentlemen.

JACQUES ANTOINE ARLAUD

was born at Geneva, May 18, 1668, and was designed for the church, but poverty obliged him to turn painter. At the age of twenty he quitted Geneva, worked at Dijon, and from thence repaired to Paris, where, succeeding in miniature, he was approved of by the academy and countenanced by the king. The regent admired him still more—I am almost afraid to repeat what follows, so much exaggeration seems to have been mixed with the account. Having





JAMES ANTHONY ARLAUD







copied a Leda, my author says from a bas-relief of Angelo, I rather suppose it was the famous Leda of Coreggio destroyed by the bigotry of the regent's son, all Paris was struck with the performance. The duc de la Force gave twelve thousand livres for it; but the duke being a sufferer by the Mississipi [probably before the picture was paid for] restored it to Arlaud, with 4000 livres for the time he had enjoyed it. In 1721 Arlaud brought this chef-d'œuvre to London, but would not sell it—but sold a copy of it, says the same author, for six hundred pounds sterling. This fact is quite incredible. The painter was at least so much admired, that he received many presents of medals, which are still in the library of Geneva. But poor Leda was again condemned to be the victim of devotion: in 1738 Arlaud himself destroyed her in a fit of piety, yet still with so much parental fondness, that he cut her to pieces anatomically. This happened at Geneva. Mons. de Champeau, then resident there from France, obtained the head and one foot of the dissected; a lady got an arm. The comte de Lautrec, then at Geneva, and not quite so scrupulous, rated Arlaud for demolishing so fine a work. The painter died May 25, 1743. These particularities are extracted from the poems of mons. de Bar, printed at Amsterdam, in three volumes, 1750. In the third volume is an ode on the Leda in question. Vertue speaks incidentally of the noise this picture made in London, but says nothing of the extravagant price of the copy. The duchess of Montagu has a head of her father when young, and another of her grandfather the great duke of Marlborough, both in water-colours by Arlaud. The celebrated count Hamilton wrote a little poem to him on his portrait of the pretender's sister. *See his works, vol. iv. p. 279.*

#### MRS. HOADLEY,

whose maiden name was Sarah Curtis, was disciple of Mrs. Beal, and a paintress of portraits by profession, when she was so happy as to become the wife of that great and good man, Dr. Hoadley, afterwards bishop of Winchester. From that time she only practised the art for her amusement; though, if we may judge of her talents by the print from her portrait of Whiston, the art lost as much as she gained; but ostentation was below the simplicity of character that ennobled that excellent family. She died in 1743. In the library at Chatworth, in a collection of poems is one addressed by a lady to Mrs. Sarah Hoadley on her excellent painting.