

MEMOIRS OF A PAINTER:

BEING
A Genuine Biographical Sketch

OF THAT
CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ECCENTRIC GENIUS,
THE LATE
MR. GEORGE MORLAND.

Drawn from the tolerably authentic source of more than twenty years' intimate acquaintance with him, his family, and connections.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A COPIOUS APPENDIX,
Embracing every interesting subject relative to our justly admired,
English Painter, and his most valuable works.

By WILLIAM COLLINS,

Author of the Slave Trade, a Poem; an Ode to Sir Jeffery Dunstan, an Heroic Effusion; with several detached Pieces in Prose and Verse; several of which have appeared in most of the public Papers, under various signatures, since the Year 1788, to the present Period.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Shakspeare's All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Scene 3.

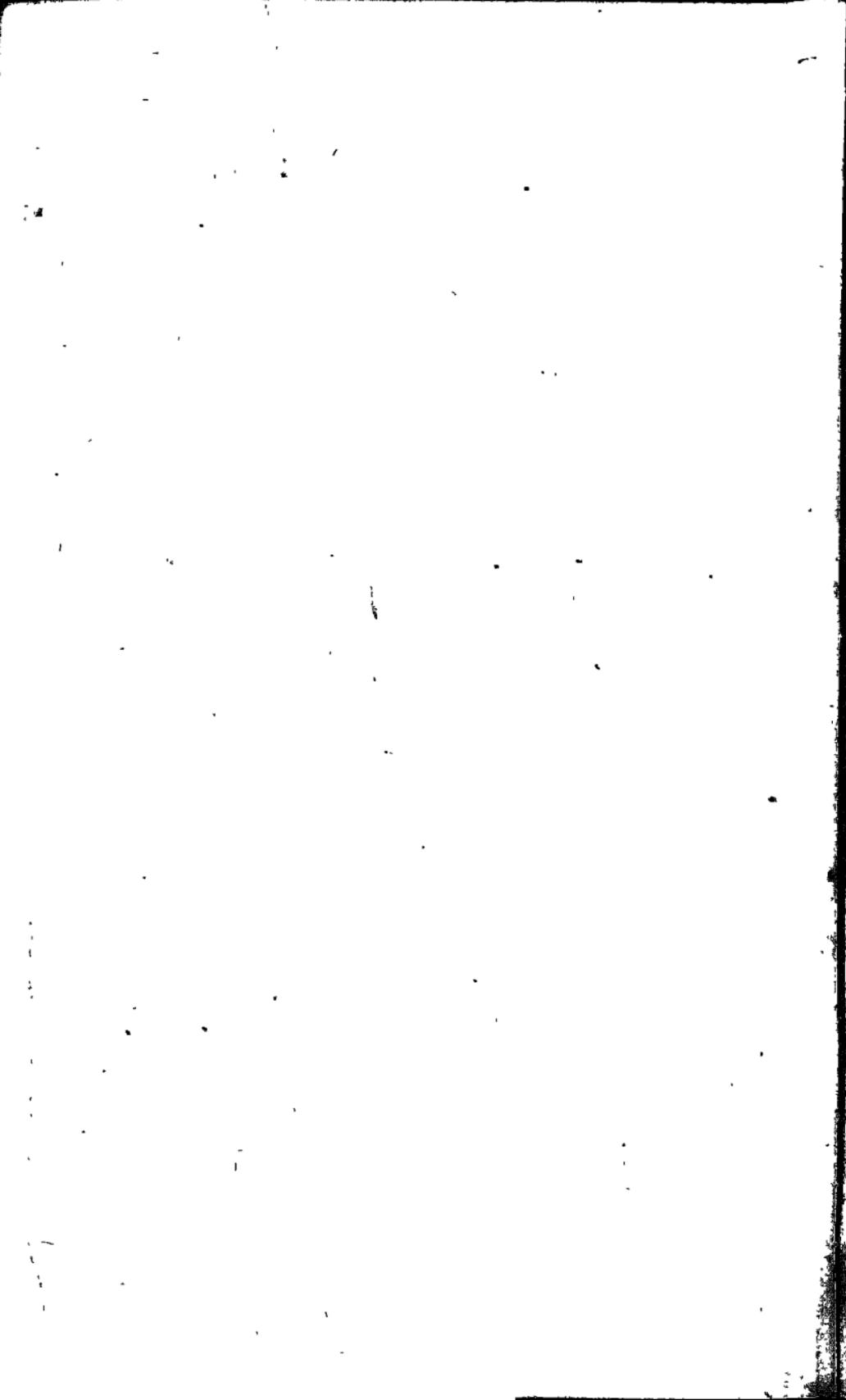
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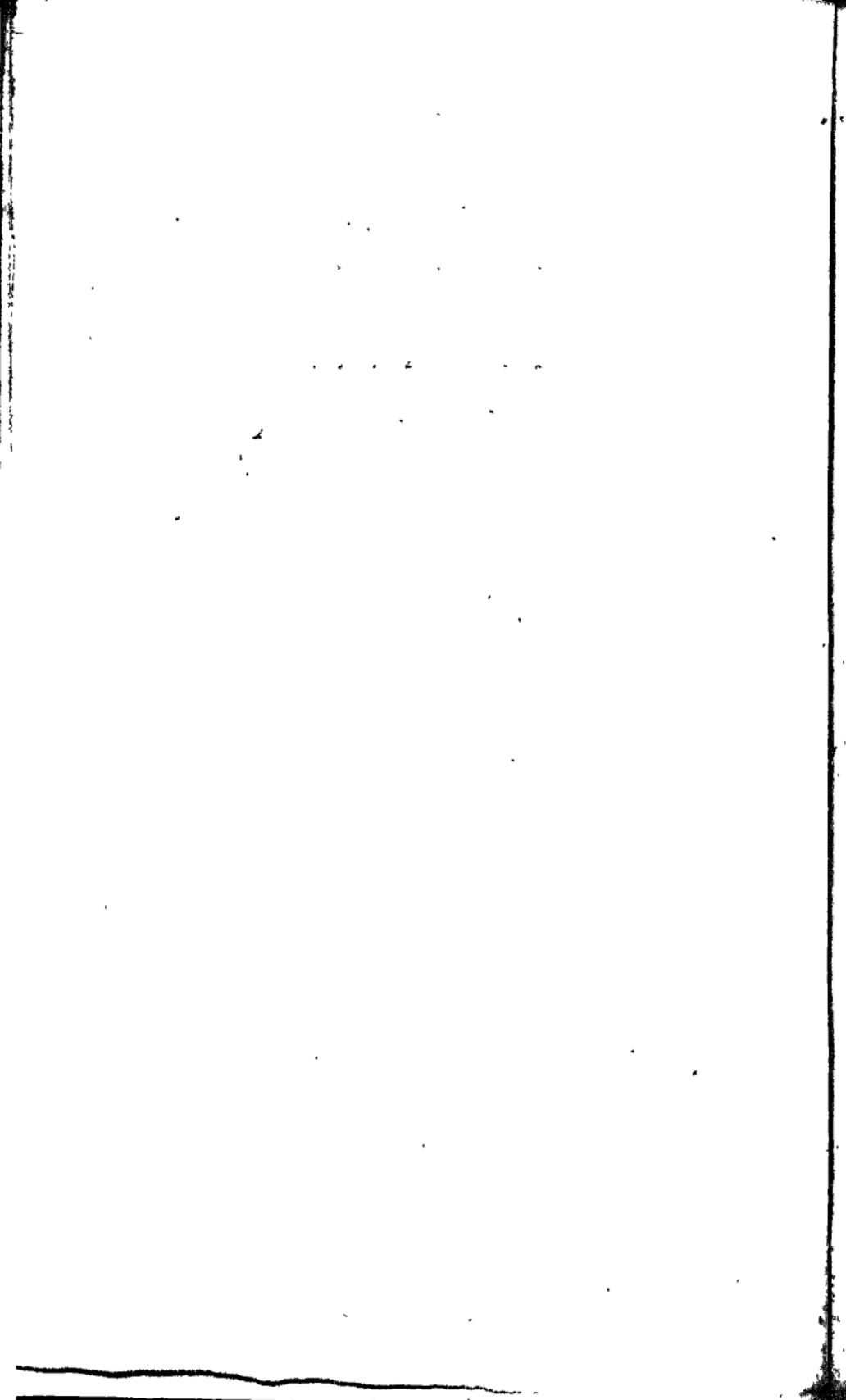
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Memoirs of a Picture.

CHAP. I.

A GENUINE SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE ORIGINAL, ECCENTRIC, AND JUSTLY CELEBRATED GENIUS, G. MORLAND, THE PAINTER; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL OF HIS MOST CAPITAL PRODUCTIONS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN: CLEARLY EVINCING HIM TO HAVE BEEN A MAN OF MUCH SUPERIOR INTELLECT TO WHAT THE ENVY OF COTEMPORARY IGNORANCE HAS FALSELY DESCRIBED HIM.

THE natural curiosity of mankind, when excited by such motives as are truly amiable, is not only praise-worthy, but highly honourable to the best feelings of the human heart. Every *attempt*, therefore, to

gratify such laudable curiosity, is entitled to as much encouragement from the public, as the ability and integrity of the person making it shall be fairly judged to have employed in such a well-meant undertaking. That the productions of such a highly gifted genius as the subject of this present Memoir, the beauty and interest of whose pencil will never cease to delight, as long as a ray of natural taste shall distinguish civilized man from the barbarism of Gothic and Vandal ignorance,—we say, that the pleasure resulting from a contemplation of his works, should give birth to an inquiry respecting the origin, habits, and fate of such a genius, does equal credit to our hearts and our understanding.

If to draw a faithful outline, or sketch, of such a phenomenon, from so authentic a source as an intimate acquaintance with him, his family, and connections, for more than twenty years, must have afforded, be considered as facilitating in a great measure that design, the author who is now

about delineating the portrait of G. Morland, has every just reason to anticipate success. In addition to the preceding, a more powerful motive has considerably influenced the mind of his biographer—namely, a promise given to the subject of this narrative, about five or six months previous to his death, when together at his brother's coffee-house, Dean Street, Soho. Upon that occasion it was, that the author was rallied by our painter for his want of industry, in not having yet brought forward the work now before the public. The reply of the former was the first intimation the author ever gave him of the liberties he had taken with his name, in the first volume of these said Memoirs, as being so perfectly appropriate, and connected with that part of the subject. The consequence of this friendly retort, was a good-humoured laugh from the painter, and a promise, that should the author survive him, the sketch of his life, here added to what had been previously written in this work, should be given to the public

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by one who will—"nothing extenuate,
nor set down aught in malice."

It is, therefore, humbly conceived, that, from the number of scurrilous attacks, and malicious stories, which have lately appeared in the daily papers, and other periodical journals, the necessity of what is now here attempted will be fully admitted by all those who have still virtue enough to estimate the full value of truth and literary candour*. For persons of any other description, however specious their pretences, or vain of their flimsy, pedantic acquirements, the author neither ever wrote to please, nor lived to fear.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. G. Mor-

* For the particular satisfaction of our readers, we have added a complete Appendix to these Memoirs of our distinguished painter; where some of the particulars respecting the malicious transaction here alluded to, may be found. Also, all the anecdotes that were any way connected with the subject, and which were worthy of notice, and possessed any of the marks of authenticity; or were even characteristic of his strange life and habits.

land, was born in the Haymarket, the 26th of June; in the year 1763, and is lineally descended from the great Samuel Morland, a most ingenious artist and mathematician; as appears from a little, but very curious and scarce volume now before us, written upon the various machines and instruments invented by him for the ordinary operations of arithmetic; "Tables for the readily finding what Sign the Moon is in, or shall be for ever; a Perpetual Almanack, &c. &c." together with several other matters, as curious as they must have been thought useful at that time. Particularly a "Table of Foreign Weights and Measures, carefully compared with the English, by the great pains, and industry of the famous, and my worthy friend, Sir Jonas Mooie, Knight." Such is the title prefixed to this part of the work, which was presented to his majesty, Charles II. who conferred the honour of knighthood upon the author; and by whom, and all the great men of that day, he appears to have been held in great esteem.

The bottom of the title-page, after the name "S. MORLAND," runs thus—"London printed, and are to be sold by *Moses Pitt*, at the *White Hart*, in *Little Britain*, 1673." Inside, upon a blank on the cover, is pasted the arms of the Morland family, which is a shield argent, three wheat sheaves, the armour and helmet, &c. of a knight, as far as the breast, upon which stands a deer as the crest; from whose feet are the ornaments of a swag of husks and pattaras. We have been thus particular in the description of the volume before us, as being what may be very justly entitled *multum in parvo*, as also to shew, that throughout the whole family, with very few exceptions, the name of Morland and singular genius are, and have been, inseparable.

The father of our painter, it is well known, was an artist of considerable talent, and much respected by all who knew him, for his liberality and gentlemanly address. The natural partiality of a parent and a painter too, must have been highly gratified, upon the first discovery of a talent in

his favourite child for the very pursuit he had from his birth chalked out for him. This happened when the child was in petticoats, and between three and four years of age. He had several times been noticed by the servants drawing with his finger in the dust, wherever it happened to accumulate. But the first legitimate trait of his genius, which excited the father's attention, was a gentleman's coach, with four fine horses, and two footmen behind it, which he drew with a bit of broken crayon, and the small remains of a black-lead pencil which his father had thrown away. This drawing, although upon a small scale, about a quarter of a sheet of paper, was a production of so very extraordinary a kind, when it was considered to have been done from so slight and rapid a glance as the child could possibly get of a gentleman's carriage just passing by the door, that the father beheld it with wonder and parental admiration. All the neighbours, and visitors at the house, gazed upon it with rapturous amazement, and the infant Raphael was idolized as a prodigy, not only by

those who were little skilled in the arts, but by the first connoisseurs of that day. This juvenile essay, which was presaged as a certain prelude to future excellence by all that saw it, is supposed to be still extant. From this specimen, the father thought it his duty to cultivate to the utmost of his means a genius of so much promise. For this purpose, he encouraged the child, by furnishing him with various chinks, water colours, pencils, and paper; leaving him at full liberty, for several months, to sketch whatever objects might first casually attract his notice, or please his fancy.

After repeated trials from nature, and sundry efforts to compose from imagination, the old gentleman set him down to copy from prints engraved for Gay's Fables; which, in consequence of his tender years, was not congenial to the amiable feelings of maternal solicitude for his future health. In a very short time, his improvement was so rapid, that plaster casts, and the finest models, were copied with an exactness so

faithful, that the fame of his astonishing genius brought crowds every day to his father's house; and at a very early period he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, Somerset House. His progress in improvement there was as remarkable as his disposition for boyish tricks and mischievous sports was notorious. In fact, this humour for playing tricks at the expence of some one or other of his companions, attended him through life. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that in general he was as just in his selection of proper objects for his repeated merry jokes, as he was in choosing those for his unrivalled pencil, as will amply be shewn in the sequel.

After some years spent at the Academy, his father, who dealt in and cleaned pictures, procured him some of the finest productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools, as well as the best drawings of the celebrated masters of Italy. But although it is well known to many artists, and judges of pictures, still living, that he always

could draw, when sober, the human, or any other figure, with the utmost accuracy, yet he neglected the Roman school, from whence he was undoubtedly beholden for that knowledge. The colouring of Hobbima, the spirit and freedom of Ruysdael, and the neatness of pencil peculiar to Paul Potter, Cuyp, Carl du Jardin, and Adrian Vanderveelde, seem to have at times engrossed his attention; and they certainly were, as he always declared them to be, his chief favourites.

CHAP. II.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF MORLAND IN THE ARTS—HIS MARRIAGE—A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF HIS EARLY PRODUCTIONS, WHICH BROUGHT HIM FIRST INTO PUBLIC NOTICE.

WHEN the genius of our young painter had been exercised for some years, in copying from the best masters of Holland and Flanders, several specimens of which his father disposed of to great advantage; his mother advised her husband to have the boy regularly bound to him, lest some of his *new acquaintances* should entice him away, and he was regularly articulated in consequence of her advice. For the elucidation of this particular, it may be necessary to inform the reader, that in his way to and from the Academy, he had fre-

quently observed some of his brother students who were much older than himself, stop at a dram shop near Exeter Change, most of whom were loud in their praises of that native cordial, vulgarly called gin. After several efforts to conquer a natural timidity or shyness, which, *except in one notorious instance*, seems to have been the characteristic of all the Morland family, he entered the shop of this retailer of poison, and having drank a small glass of the pernicious beverage, liked it "so very much," to use his own phrase, that he never after could forget this premature and unfortunate attachment, which accompanied him throughout life. This taste, like the forbidden fruit, led to other irregularities, which his companions encouraged and partook of; and yet the consequence was, that frequent efforts to make drawings on his own account, to produce the means of a hasty supply, were attended with more than expected success in the ready sale which he met with from some persons, who perverted the genius of the youth, in delineating such subjects as were most pro-

ductive to their selfish views. The mode of carrying on this sort of contraband trade was something curious; namely, the subject, size, and price of the picture or drawing being previously agreed upon between the young artist and his employer, the latter of whom was always perfectly aware of the *fairness* of the contract; nothing farther remained, but to get the article safely out of the father's house, without his suspecting any thing of the business. This seeming difficulty, however, was surmounted in the following manner. One of the largest drawers of a very complete colour-box, bought for him by his father, served at once for a depository for his pictures in their progress towards finishing, and a safe conveyance, when done, to the customer. So that whenever he heard his father's foot, nobody else being suffered to enter the painting-room, he would dexterously slip the smuggled picture or drawing into this drawer and lock it. But when it was ready for delivery, which was commonly at night, or very early in the morning, the party, who had always

notice given him, came walking by the door; and either by a cough, or some other signal, the window of the painting-room was opened, and the useful drawer was let down by whip-cord, in which, with the face upwards, the picture was sure to be found. The two sides and ends of the drawer having a small hole in each, making four parts, a piece of whip-cord was put through, which was tied in the middle, so that it hung like a scale, from the centre of which, a piece of lay-cord let it safely down.

In this way, and copying for his father, now and then painting a few portraits, he continued till he was near seventeen; and notwithstanding the small scope such employment afforded him for the display of that astonishing genius, which has since blazed forth upon the world in its full meridian splendour, he now and then gave sufficient promise, of what the ripening hand of time has since brought forth. Several instances are known to the family, of his father having sold copies by his son

after Ruysdael, Hobbima, and others, for originals, to those whose judgment upon any picture would have stamped either an unequivocal value, or a tacit condemnation, from which at that time there was no appeal. A curious circumstance of the above kind is, we believe, to be found amongst the legal records of a trial at Westminster Hall. Another happened within the recent knowledge of a very few years since, to the author of these Memoirs, and the circumstance was thus.—A beautiful landscape and figures, with a water-mill in the distance, came into the hands of the person above mentioned, said to be the production of Hobbima; which few persons would have been inclined to doubt, had not the figures in particular been so much superior to any thing known of that master's. As it was painted upon a very fine old pannel, its high state of preservation was accounted for by the care it was natural to conclude had been taken of it, from the number of accidents to which wood is more liable than canvas. Without being vain enough to assume on this, or

any other occasion, a pre-eminence in judgment to any brother of the picture-craft, the author doubted the picture in question being a production of Hobbima. The consequence was, that from urging these doubts rather strongly, he purchased the picture at a fair *copy price*. And notwithstanding it has since been sold as an original, it was painted by the *subject* of this sketch, for his father, before he attained his seventeenth year. So that we may upon this occasion hazard an opinion, with all due deference to the admirers of the old school, namely, that it will, if uninjured, in seventy years hence, do more honour to Hobbima than any picture we have ever yet seen of his painting; being in every respect better coloured, handled, the touch more firm, and the figures far superior.

But to return from this trivial digression, our young artist continued with his parents till he was nearly twenty; now and then, it is true, he was apt to play truant, for he had now added to his other *hobbies* that

of a real horse. In short, he seemed infinitely to prefer the stable, and the gemmen of the currycomb to his painting-room, or the conversation of some eminent artists, to whom his father had about this time introduced him. This perhaps is the more extraordinary, as it is well known, that although so fond of riding, and accounted a good horseman, he was also one of the most timid that ever figured in Rotten Row. A stable-keeper of great consequence, not long removed from this world of contradictions and error, through a fatal temerity, had himself and family painted by George for the use of some of his lame cheveaux: What even such a subject as the portraits of that family would produce now, is best known to those who are fortunate enough to be in possession of some of our artist's ordinary pictures at this time.

The paucity of incidents sufficient to engage attention, nay all that can be collected by the most industrious biographers, without an habitual acquaintance with such a character, must compel them to glide over

some years of his life, with little more than a recital of the common occurrences of the world to fill up the chasm. But those who were intimately acquainted with our painter, found sufficient food for humour and reflection, even in his eccentricities; for whether designing or composing, Morland was seldom a moment silent when at his easel, provided there were no strangers by. We mean this remark as applicable to him after he left his father. The lively sallies of a young genius of twenty, whose mind continually ran upon horses, dogs, fiddles, now and then historians, poets, and painters, together with physic and chemistry, may be easily imagined, a few of which shall be occasionally given as our memory serves.

Soon after our painter left the paternal roof, which was about the 20th year of his age, under which his talents had been so long fostered and judiciously cultivated, he went to reside at a pleasant hamlet on the Harrow road, called Kensell Green. Here, in a very pretty house, belonging to

Mr. Wm. Ward, a very capital mezzotinto engraver, he produced the first pair of pictures that brought his name and merit fairly before the public. The subjects were, the Idle and the Industrious Mechanic; painted for my ingenious friend, I. R. Smith, then of Oxford Street, who found his account in the prints he had engraved and published from them. A reward highly flattering to the rising fame of our young painter, and a just return for the liberality of his patron and brother artist, the above-mentioned gentleman. When these pictures had been about two days at Mr. Smith's, the author, being then an humble retainer of the arts, was gratified with a sight of these rare productions by his intimate friend Mr. Morgan, the publisher. In the drawing-room, then, there happened to be several fine specimens by those respectable artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the late Mr. Wheatley, Page, Rawlinson, Bunbury, Pyne, and others. As the masters of each and all of these productions are entitled to their due meed of praise, it would be invidious to enter into any thing like a comparison

here of their respective merits; but in relating the facts which compose this sketch; we are confined to a very rigid outline. Let it suffice then to say, that the instant the author beheld the two little pictures of an artist then wholly unknown in name or person to him, he exclaimed—"Those fine pictures are the labour of giants in the art, but these little germs of simplicity are the production of a true child of dame Nature." To the prediction added then by the same mouth, which the sale of the prints engraved from them afterwards so completely verified, the author is beholden for his first introduction to the late much-lamented painter. This was at a very elegant entertainment at Hammersmith, given by Mr. Smith, in consequence of his success with these and other plates, to the gentlemen who were artists then employed by him, and the writer of these Memoirs. From this period to his last illness, the author never lost sight of the interest the world had in the preservation of such a genius; how far his conduct has justified the assertion, will be submit-

ted to the candour of the reader in the subsequent pages. Between these pictures and some few others produced about this time, and a pair painted for the same gentleman already mentioned, of which we shall soon have occasion to speak, Mr. Morland conceived an affection for his landlord's sister, Miss Nancy Ward; a young lady, whose charms of person and voice at this period, and long after, were sufficient to refute the idle assertion of those, who would have us now believe our painter had no idea of female beauty. Hundreds of pictures where he has introduced her, of which there are, or have been prints engraved, will best silence such envious calumny; which never can obtain, but with persons who have neither the leisure or abilities necessary to appreciate the talents of such a man. What Morland was in person then, the public may form some idea of, from the print lately published by Mr. Smith, of King Street, Covent Garden, if they can deduct about twelve years from the age which that portrait exhibits.

Between two persons of the age and natural advantages above described, it is no wonder a mutual flame should be kindled by the little deity; and the consequence was, our young painter in a short time led his beautiful living model to the altar of Hymen. They were married at Hammer-smith church, and the general remark upon the occasion was, that a prettier couple had never graced the interior of that sacred edifice in the memory of the oldest spectator then present. This example of hymeneal union with the painter and the engraver's lovely sister was followed in about a month after, when the engraver, Mr. William Ward, led the painter's amiable sister, Miss Maria Morland to church, where they were bound in the indissoluble bonds of holy wedlock, and received the nuptial benediction accordingly.

Soon after these desirable events, for they were both love matches in the strictest sense of the word, our painter produced another pair of charming little pictures, called the Idle Laundress, and Industrious

Cottager. These essays of our newly married artists were finished with more care and neatness of pencil than the former, and prints being engraved after them for the same gentleman, the sale of which continued to increase the reputation of the painter and the emoluments of the publisher. The first of these pictures would have done honour to the pencil of Hogarth himself: nothing can exceed the archness and self-possession of the confident young thief, while he is stealing the stockings from the line, and eyeing the sleeping female, which is too handsome and too young for the idea we attach to the term laundress. But in this the title, or whoever gave it, is to blame, the picture having been conceived, brought forth, and delivered into the hands of its purchaser in perfect maturity, before it was christened; which was too often the case with several of this painter's early productions. Though in justice to his memory, and his astonishing genius, we know from experience, that he never went to work with greater reluctance than when he painted those subjects

for prints which were to be baptized afterwards. Hence he was ever and anon, whilst the rage for such prints lasted, soliciting the author for new subjects, titles, and verses, even when he has had six or eight written for him in one day. Many of these curious specimens of a juvenile, careless, and rapid muse, are still extant; some of which, and the prints they accompany, are never likely to create much envy in any poet or painter, even amongst the worst and dullest of the tribe.

CHAP. III.

MORLAND CONTINUES TO IMPROVE—TRIFLING DISPUTES ARISE BETWEEN THE NEWLY MARRIED LADIES—A SERIOUS FRACAS PREVENTED, AND THE PARTIES SEPARATE—MORLAND AND HIS BRIDE REMOVE TO GREAT PORTLAND STREET, WHERE THE AUTHOR FREQUENTLY VISITS THEM—THEIR REMOVAL FROM HENCE—MRS. MORLAND LIES IN OF HER FIRST AND ONLY CHILD—CONSEQUENCES OF THAT EVENT.

THE success and increase of Morland's reputation, together with that of his brother-in-law's, which seemed to keep pace nearly equal, and the frequent occasions they both had of coming to town; as well as the tender fears of their respective brides for their safety, returning at late hours

upon such a lonely road as Harrow then was, determined their husbands, and a removal to town was the consequence. At this time each of these artists was enabled to keep his horse and servant, and to live in a style worthy of their talents. They accordingly rented a handsome house in High Street, Mary-le-bone, where they had not continued many weeks, till the petty dæmon of female jarring began to exhibit certain instances of malign influence.

Now as the peculiar relation in which the men stood to each other, precluded every idea of jealousy in their respective ladies, another cause than even innocent rivalry in the sex for general admiration must be assigned; as the palm of beauty had long been candidly adjudged by Mrs. Ward to her sister-in-law. The fact is, that whatever advantages the one possessed in personal charms, was more than counterbalanced by the more lasting and amiable beauties of the other's mind: and this mental superiority in either sex we know is but very reluctantly acknowledged by those who are most

indebted to nature for the exterior graces which she hath so abundantly lavished upon them. For, were any person in a mere frenzy of choler to call either a handsome man, or woman, ugly, all the reply such could expect, would be at most but a sneer of contempt. Whereas, let the same person but call any of those beauties a fool, the most serious consequences are to be apprehended by the offending party. That some reflection cast upon the understanding of one of these ladies by the other, was the cause of this petty and short-lived animosity, we believe is true. However, this much is certain, that the ladies found each a spirited supporter of her cause in the person of her husband. Nay, so far had they proceeded in the fury of their ire, as to threaten each other with resorting to horse-pistols loaded with slugs, and a determination to settle their dispute in a saw-pit. This murderous intent, however, was diverted by a common friend, to a settlement of all differences over a bottle, and a few long pipes charged with Dutch tobacco. But for fear of a repetition of such contention, they

very prudently agreed to separate the ladies, and Morland with his wife and servant removed to Great Portland Street, where the author frequently visited them, and was always pleased to witness the happiness in which they then undoubtedly lived.

In this lodging they continued several months; and, during the whole of their stay there, the author and the painter generally spent their evenings together, and no man gave fairer promises of remaining a good husband, and a sober prudent artist, than Morland. But Mrs. Morland being the far advanced in her pregnancy, and then air about the half-way houses, near Kentish Town, being recommended by the experienced matrons of both the husband and wife, he looked out for and took a neat small house, with a very pretty garden to it, in a place called Pleasant Passage, at the back of Mother Black Cap's, on the Hampstead road.

In a short time after their removal hither Mrs. Morland was brought to bed of a still-

born male child, the only child she ever bore, and had a very narrow escape for her life: upon which trying occasion, no man could behave with more tenderness and real affection for a beloved wife than our painter. But the chagrin he expressed at the loss of a son; and the premature hints of a gossiping nurse, who had heard the surgeon assure his patient, that she would never be in a situation to bring her life into jeopardy from the same cause, wrought so effectually upon him, that a change became every day visible to the ~~writer of this~~. A tedious illness, and a considerable diminution of female loveliness, the consequence of it, unfortunately for both, succeeded for some time after her accouchement. The Britannia Tavern, Mother Red Cap's Tea Gardens, the Castle Tavern, and Assembly Rooms at Kentish Town, became now more pleasant than his home. Gay companions, some of whom were musically inclined, of which heavenly science Morland was passionately fond, and had been well grounded in; these companions who were, unfortunately for themselves, blessed,

or cursed, for it is oftener the latter, than the first, with a good voice, were now the constant companions of our painter. Singing clubs of the genteel kind were then much more in vogue than now, where several of the players resorted; which societies were generally composed of persons whose means were adequate to recompense the professional singers at their benefits, for the entertainment they had received almost every night throughout the winter and spring, from the musical talents of these players.

To these places of agreeable resort, in London as well as its suburbs, Morland frequently went, staid late, and formed rather unprofitable connections; for of all his many other harmless foibles, that of being fond of new acquaintances was not one of the least. During all this time, his reputation constantly increased, and as he was as yet the sole vender of his own productions, his expenditure was never beyond his income. The comfortable little habitation behind Mother Black Cap's must now be 'changed, and a house of more ex-

tensive; and elegant dimensions became indispensable. Reasoning against any imprudence, or advice upon any matter already determined upon, however wild and extravagant, were ingredients in a friend poor George could never digest. And notwithstanding his immediate displeasure was the consequence, there were not wanting two or three out of the great number of acquaintances that now blasphemed the sacred name of friend, without having a particle of friendship for mortal man in their composition which would stand the test of a week's adversity that might overtake the dearest connection they had in the world.—We say, amongst those who followed him, there were three of the right stamp; each of whom never ceased to warn him as long as they lived, of the fate inevitably attendant upon such conduct as he too often pursued. How many more, at different periods of his good and ill fortune, there might be, no less disinterested than these already mentioned, we are not about to deny in positive terms, or too readily admit.

As soon as Mr. Morland's determination of living upon a more extensive scale was known in the neighbourhood, the applications from various owners of newly built houses were numerous, and amongst them who were most eager to let him a house upon a forty year's lease there was more than one that would have refused him since then a lodging in their stable for a week. At last he closed with a builder for a new house, just finished in the style that suited our aspiring genius; and one of the handsomest houses in Warren Place now became the residence of our English Teniers, as the late eloquent Christie has often called him.

CHAP. IV.

MORLAND RESOLVES TO LEAVE HIS HOUSE BEHIND BLACK CAP'S, AND REMOVES TO A MORE ELEGANT NEW-BUILT DWELLING, THE CORNER HOUSE OF WARREN PLACE, CAMDENTOWN—HIS GREAT REPUTATION, AND OPPORTUNITY OF DOING WELL—LAUNCHES INTO EXTRAVAGANT HABITS—ENTERTAINS A NUMBER OF UNPROFITABLE VISITORS—EXTRAVAGANT REPORTS RESPECTING HIS EARNINGS, &c.

BEING now in a house more suitable to the dignity of his rank amongst the artists of that day, the furniture must accord with the appearance of the exterior; the cellars must be stocked with wine, and every other appendage of a man whose income was

then above a thousand per annum, must keep pace accordingly. He had by this time painted several beautiful pictures, which were exhibited at Somerset House, and justly obtained him universal reputation. Some of these being engraved by his brother-in-law Mr. William Ward, had a rapid sale, particularly *A Visit to the Child at Nurse, and companion*; and foreigners then in London gave orders for several, which pleased as much on the continent as at home. Here then was "the tide in the affairs of this strange man;" as our immortal bard expresses it, "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, &c." But alas! he omitted this and several other opportunities, till the habits he afterwards acquired rendered him completely indifferent to every consequence that might result from his own bad conduct.

To the best of our recollection, when he had been about two years in this grand house, from 1787 to 1789, where he frequently saw and entertained large parties at his table, very few of whom were ever of

any service to him ; the wine merchant's bills came in so fast, that his pencil, although one of the most rapid in the world, could never gain a week upon them. Nay, when he was lectured by his friend for such stupid imprudence, he has frequently burst from his house, hired a horse, and after sacrificing time, then so precious, returned home completely intoxicated ; which always *then* was the loss of another day. Upon these occasions his wife most certainly exerted all her influence in addition to the advice of his friend, until she found it was all in vain ; and that opposition to his extravagant folly, instead of reclaiming, tended but to exasperate him to some further acts of frantic imprudence.

About this period, his credit as an artist of superior talents stood high ; but the emoluments arising therefrom being greatly exaggerated, procured him ample credit wherever he was known. The wine merchant knew his man, and out of a pure accommodating spirit indulged him with any quantity of wine and other liquors to what

amount he pleased; merely upon his note of hand, or a bill drawn at a negotiable date. The remonstrances of the author upon the commencement of this thick-paper transaction, were so often repeated, and pressed with so much earnestness, as to become offensive to the painter; and the consequence was, the former absented himself for more than a fortnight from a scene of extravagance he could neither prevent nor remove. For the waste of wine and liquors at that time certainly was, as it appeared to the sincere regret of his friend, the first large *stride* poor George unfortunately made *upon the road to ruin*. A single sentence will convince the reader of this fact, and answer the general enquiry respecting the means he resorted to, and what seeming pains he took to squander away the sums he received for his pictures. A thoughtless imprudent young man, whose ignorance of the crooked ways of his own species could only be equalled by his utter contempt of money when he had earned it, could never be supposed to make any provision for those bills given frequently in a muddled state; and of course, when they became due, he had no

other alternative than pay, or submit to the terms of the holder. But these terms he frequently anticipated, by a proposition too advantageous to be rejected—namely, *to paint a picture for the renewal of a bill !!!* How often he repeated this ruinous expedient, and the consequences of such madness, may be fully ascertained, by what we conceive to be our duty in the language of melancholy truth, simply to narrate, in the subsequent pages of this Memoir.

We have in the preceding remarks stated, that the writer of this absented himself from Warren Place for a fortnight, in consequence of his ineffectual attempts to convince his friend of the inevitable destruction which must attend such conduct as he was then madly persisting in. The good natural sense which Morland possessed at this period, when a moment's sober reflection enabled him to exercise it, convinced him of his seeming ingratitude to a friend, whose conduct, he always confessed, could never be guided by interested motives; because to oppose him in any folly was the

certain means of offending him. In consequence of this temporary compunction, he sent, and called two or three times, confessed his error, and persuaded his friend to accompany him to Warren Place. The friendly and cordial reception the author ever received from this ill-fated couple, he feels himself happy in this place to avow; and notwithstanding his constant themes were censure and admonition, neither of which could be very acceptable, especially as coming from a person whose age, being no more than his own, and therefore could by no means warrant the experience of a censor: we say, when all this is considered, the welcome this friend always received is highly creditable to the hearts of the once amiable pair.

Upon the reconciliation which now took place, the author was made acquainted with some of the difficulties that resulted from the imprudent conduct of his friend; and on this as on other occasions, the effects of which all proceeded from the same cause, he had the mortification to find all the plans

which he proposed for extricating poor George, although eagerly embraced at the moment they were given, were never acted upon, even for one short day. In addition to such disappointments, another act of stupid folly, more closely bordering upon idiotism than any other in the whole catalogue of Morland's errors, was committed by him at this period.—An act which tended as much, if not more, than all his other extravagances put together, to accelerate his ruin; namely, to feed and lodge a person for accepting of half, nay very often more than half, the money which his unequalled productions were always certain to produce!!! Now this would be considered as a wonderful advantage, if even the person thus fortunately employed, had any difficulty in finding a market for such pictures as Morland's. But there was, generally speaking, a constant market at his very elbow, and a frequent contention round his easel for every picture that was ready to be removed from it. The relation of such seeming improbabilities, the author is well aware, had they been related

of any other individual, without the respectable testimony of several living witnesses, would subject him to something more than mere suspicion of dealing too much in the marvellous.

The person first selected for this productive employment, was not either remarkable for his conversation or judgment; being as wholly ignorant of the arts, as he was destitute of either wit or humour. Yet for a while that species of selfish cunning, which is often too much for wit and knowledge, enabled him to drive a most profitable traffic, without risking one shilling. In fact, although he knew nothing of the merits of a picture, he knew who painted it, as he seldom stirred from the house of the painter but when in company with him; and being thus enabled to ascertain the originality of every picture painted by poor Morland, he purchased all with sums advanced him for that purpose by a very friendly man, who ran no manner of risk in so doing. Nay, this generous friend, although he denied George's partner his house

but a few weeks previous to his engagement with the painter, as before related, always had the pictures, as soon as they were finished, deposited in safety, before he advanced any more money for new bargains.

However, this unequal contract, so immoderately beneficial to one party, and ruinous to the other, was productive of the worst consequences to him that had all this advantage; and is another warning, added to the multitude of others every where recorded, as a caution to giddy, thoughtless youth, against contracting bad habits. This unfortunate youth, upon whom advice had as little effect as upon his master, partner, and companion, in less than three years contracted such a habit of drinking ardent spirits, first by way of ingratiating himself still more with his partner, and thereby to drive a better bargain, that he never could refrain from the slow but deadly poison. Which soon put a period to a life that might have been useful, under proper guidance, to his family and

-country, ere he had attained the age of twenty-five years.

Some time previous to the demise of this faithful servant and co-partner, Morland painted two historical pictures for him, which he sold to Mr. Smith, of King Street, Covent Garden, who made two large prints from them, the sale of which, to this day, upon the Continent is, notwithstanding the obstruction of war, pretty considerable. These pictures were exhibited, we believe, in 1789, and certainly contributed to extend the painter's fame very far beyond what it ever had been before. The subject being a popular one, and the painter the first who had ever contributed the powerful support of an able pencil, in conjunction with the pen, and the most brilliant eloquence ever displayed in the British senate, in the cause of injured humanity. It is necessary to inform the reader, the titles of this popular pair of prints were—The Slave Trade, and African Hospitality. Their being, however, painted from a poem written about a year before that period, by

the author of this, will apologise for our not entering into any farther description of them, and of proceeding briefly in our description of other subjects produced about the same period. Four capital pictures, from which Mr. Smith also had a set of prints engraved, called the Deserter; the merit of which is best attested by their extensive sale. In addition to the foregoing, were the series of prints, six in number, published by the same person, called Seduction, or Letitia, from pictures painted by Morland for Mr. Smith; in which the painter has evinced his capacity for the more exalted style of composition, although not approaching to the sublime, called historical painting; as also his taste in delineating the most graceful and elegant female form. Of these pictures, and several others, we shall have occasion to treat more at large in the sequel, in order to remove a very erroneous opinion respecting our painter's talent being confined to, or incapable of portraying any but low and familiar subjects.

CHAP. V.

THE FAME OF OUR PAINTER STILL CONTINUES TO INCREASE—LIBERAL OFFERS FROM MANY GENTLEMEN ANXIOUS TO PATRONISE, AND LIBERATE HIM FROM ALL HIS DIFFICULTIES—HIS OWN OBSTINACY DEFEATS THEIR PLAN—HIS STRANGE AND WHIMSICAL PROPENSITIES—HIS RELUCTANCE IN RAISING THE PRICE OF HIS WORKS, WHEN SURROUNDED BY DIFFICULTIES—EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS, ADDED TO THE REST, COMPELS HIM, THROUGH HIS FRIEND THE ATTORNEY, TO CALL A MEETING OF CREDITORS—PROCURES HIM THE RULES OF THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH, &c.

THE fame of our great master's talents had, by these and other productions, supposed to be out of his province, been so universally spread, that crowds of patrons

sought every opportunity of possessing themselves of his pictures. Some few very striking portraits were produced by him, as a great favour; and the offers he received of constant employment, at his own prices, and to be exonerated from all the pecuniary difficulties in which his imprudence had involved him, were equally rendered abortive, by the levity and perverseness of his conduct. Domestic jarring was also a considerable obstacle to that steadiness of conduct necessary to a man so deeply involved, yet whose powers were fully adequate to extricate him if duly applied to that end. Riding on horseback, and driving the Hampstead or Highgate stage-coaches, occupied more of his attention at this desperate crisis of his affairs, than painting or drawing; and we are confident that a seat on a coach-box was infinitely more agreeable to him, than a seat at his easel, as he often candidly confessed.

Another singular whim took possession of him at this critical juncture, namely, to be made a constable or headborough; and

because he was not regularly chosen to fill so very important an office, actually gave one of his neighbours, who was duly appointed, five guineas, and a supper for four or five friends, for being permitted the honour of serving the office as his substitute. But the reason he assigned for this strange proceeding, to his friends, was the gratification it would afford him, by having it in his power, by virtue of the said office, to plague all the neighbouring publicans, who had occasionally affronted him:—and this whimsical revenge he certainly indulged to the utmost extent of his power, by billeting as many soldiers as he possibly could upon those who had provoked him. But the number of petty scrapes, and frequent litigation, in which this abuse of power frequently involved him, induced him, though reluctantly, to resign the staff of civic annoyance, into the hands of his principal, who received another treat for taking it back again.

Amongst all the expedients that were devised by those who really wished him well,

to relieve him from the pressure, none seemed more reasonable, or consistent with the laws of probity, than the obvious one of raising the price of his admirable productions. This proposal, which originated with the author, was approved of by every person, save those who followed him, to make the best, and hardest bargain they could for his labour. Yet such was his inveterate obstinacy, that all the arguments and persuasions that could be urged were ineffectual for several days, even to make the trial of raising his price with one picture. However, the result of that trial convinced him of the strong hold he had of the public taste; for the demand for his labours increased with the rise of the price, and the speculators paid it, even in the first instance, without any considerable tremor of the nerves. Still, the want of common prudence, which marred every rational scheme that must otherwise have produced the best effects, rendered abortive the exertions of many that would have stepped forward to his assistance, but for that fatal weakness that was so visible in all his con-

duct. Amongst many other instances of this folly, none was more conspicuous than the number of new hoots, buckskin and other breeches, for himself and servant; horses also, new bridles and saddles, with every other extravagance of the stable; all these, procured upon credit, at any price the venders pleased, were poured in. The consequence was, a meeting of creditors was called; and a professional gentleman, (Mr. Wedd,) who, much to his credit, never forsook him till the last, made the best terms he could with some; and, to give him an opportunity of exerting his talents for the benefit of all, free from the apprehension of a prison, of which no man had a more horrible idea than he, procured him the benefit of the rules of the Board of Green Cloth.

Within the precincts of this privileged spot, he had very genteel lodgings, in Buckingham Court, Charing Cross, where he was followed, as usual, by nearly all his former customers; the demand for his pictures still increasing. Here he, amongst

many others, painted a pair of pictures, one of which would have been a credit to any master of the most celebrated schools of antiquity. The subject of these pictures was given him by the author, with several others, during his abode at Warren Place, Camden Town; and the fortunate purchaser was, we believe, a Mr. Simpson, drawing-master, who had two prints engraved after them, by Mr. W. Ward, entitled, *The Fruits of youthful Extravagance*, and the companion, *The Fruits of youthful Industry*. A brief description of one of these pictures, in this place, we hope may prove acceptable to every reader. In a mean garret, where the wretchedness of every object that could be substituted in the place of furniture, with here and there a remnant of decayed dress, as a sad memorial of former grandeur, sat a genteel middle-aged man, with his eyes full of that dejected expression which instantly claims our pity in a musing position, with black silk stockings on, and old red morocco slippers, his legs crossed, and both his hands grasping one knee, in a seeming convulsive

pang. A little distance from him, stands the companion of his sorrows, mending a hole in an old ruffled shirt; in her countenance there appears that calm, yet resigned sorrow of one who looks forward to a better state.—By the chimney corner, sits one of the most elegant and engaging young female figures we ever yet saw upon canvas. She is apparelled in a thin white bed-gown and petticoat, to which the painter has contrived to give the appearance of decay, and yet its cleanliness is not thereby injured. She has on her head a neat simple little cap, with a blue ribbon, which shows her lovely auburn hair, that flows gracefully over her charming forehead and neck in the most artless manner that can be imagined, and considerably adds to the melancholy expression of her speaking eyes, which are of the most languishing blue. In a most graceful attitude she sits, with an old bellows on her knee, blowing between the bars of an old grate, where we can observe the faint glimmering of a few cinders preserved on fire by this divine creature's exertions. Nearly opposite, upon the

floor, sits a youth, about thirteen, in a ragged waistcoat, his hand under his chin, and his elbow leaning on the stool, his fine expressive eyes full of tears, directed upon his father, whom he contemplates with a look of truly filial sorrow; while the big unconscious tear steals down his pale dejected cheek. In short, the wan appearance of the whole group at one glance declares the scantiness of their food. The old quilt hung across the garret to hide the miserable beds, the broken plaster exhibiting the laths, the little ornaments of fine but broken china displayed on and about the chimney-piece, and the whole tout ensemble of poverty, are minutely attended to in this admirable production; which only wants the absurd superstition of some ancient master's name, to stamp it invaluable.

The companion, though finely painted, as far as relates to the handling, correctness of drawing, judicious colouring; and management as to keeping and effect, has never yet attracted the admiration of the

judicibus connoisseur, in any degree of comparison equal to the first. However, as a pair, they both went off so much to the emolument of the publisher, that he or they thought fit to employ another painter to add a pair in continuation of the same subject, so as to form a complete set of four capital prints. This being accomplished secundum artem, the public were again gratified with a view of their old favourites in company with two new candidates for their share of praise.

As we are thoroughly convinced that the liberality and interest of the proprietors and publishers would have induced them to procure the two last pictures from our painter if they could; it would be unfair to enter farther into a comparison that could in the slightest degree injure the living artist, for the sake of adding to the fame of him who is no more.

But to proceed with our Memoir: it was while Morland remained in this sanctuary for insolvents, as it has been asserted by

some of his intimates, that a few gentlemen, six in number, proposed to buy up all his debts at as cheap a rate as possible; and take all the pictures he painted at a fair price; till they should be reimbursed. That he should be provided with a good table, for himself and his wife; have a convenient house, rent and taxes free; and be allowed two hundred a year for pocket money and clothes, with the use of a horse two hours in any part of every day he chose. This offer, liberal and great as it was, he is said to have treated with the most sovereign contempt. Whether such an offer had ever been made him or not, we have never been able to ascertain with certainty; but this much we may venture to affirm, that if such a proposal was ever submitted to him, he would treat it exactly as he is said to have done the offer above mentioned. We have heard of several other persons who interested themselves very much in his favour, and the names of two or three noblemen have been mentioned, whose proposals were so extravagantly generous, that even Mor-

land, in his wildest fits of independence, could never have been so mad as to reject.

The only authentic anecdote of this kind we have yet been enabled to collect, was respecting the offer made George, by the late Mr. Romney the painter, of Cavendish Square, which was to board and lodge him genteelly, and allow him *three hundred per annum*, upon his signing articles for three years. The liberality of these terms reflects the greatest credit upon the memory of the favourite artist who made it, and is also a very striking instance of judgment and penetration, as it was made at a time when Morland was unknown to the public, having then but just left his father; but George refused, observing, that—"the slavery of *one* apprenticeship was quite enough." The above was related to the author, by the painter's respectable mother, since her son's death, in the presence of three or four persons of the family; and the veracity of the worthy old gentlewoman's character is too well established to admit of a doubt.

CHAP: VI.

THE PAINTER'S LIBERATION FROM DURANCE—HIS FRIENDS CONCEIVE A HOPE OF HIS REFORMATION—SCHEMES OF MUSICAL RECREATION FRUSTRATED—INTRODUCTION OF A STRANGER TO HIS BROTHER AND SISTER—REFLECTIONS UPON THE CRUEL PARTIALITY OF PARENTS TO ONE CHILD IN PREJUDICE TO ANOTHER—OBLIGED TO REMOVE FROM TOWN FOR THE SAKE OF STUDY—WHAT HE STUDIED AT PADDINGTON—MORE INSTANCES OF EXTRAVAGANCE—THE LOSS OF HIS HORSE, AND OTHER WHIMSICALITIES.

IN this place of "*crimping durance*," as George used to term it, from the number of those kidnapping miscreants that were continually prowling about the court, and public-houses adjacent, he was more than

usually industrious; and in consequence of his friend the attorney's perseverance in his affairs, was enabled to pay 9s. 5d. in the pound, and once more to ramble where he pleased; a privilege always as dear to him as life itself. During his abode in the Rules, the author was frequently with him, and began to entertain some hopes that his temporary confinement had wrought a considerable change in him for the better. How long he remained under this delusion will be seen in the sequel. Being removed to Leicester Street, Leicester Square, and occupying a genteel large first and second floor at a furrier's, he was visited by a greater number of idle loungers than at any former period. Here his partiality for music again revived, and he purchased a violin, violoncello, and a piano forte, the latter instrument he was determined his wife should learn; and as she had an uncommonly sweet voice and a correct ear, nothing but application was wanting to accomplish that agreeable task. However this may be, no further progress was made in the science of music, than to convince poor George that

the vanity of dress in most females of a certain age is paramount to even the charms of music.

The principal pictures produced by him during his stay at Leicester Street, although visibly improved with respect to neatness of penciling, were not of that striking kind which evinced any superior mental exertion, and therefore unnecessary to be noticed here. Several highly finished drawings we have seen, which were done here, and at Tavistock Row, where he resided but a short time, and we soon after saw him in lodgings in Great St. Martin's Lane, where, amongst several other speculators in his pictures, his brother Henry used to attend. Some time previous to this, Mr. Henry Morland was formally introduced to his brother George, and his sister Ward, at the Half-way House, Camden Town, by the author of this sketch; in consequence of their not having seen him from the time he went to sea very young, till then, which was long after his return, including a lapse of several years. For the sake of justice, and

consistent with our attachment to truth, we cannot here omit to censure in pointed terms that cruel partiality, to use no harsher phrase, which parents are unjust enough to exhibit for some of their offspring, to the detriment of the rest. In consequence of such conduct, two boys of the Morland family ran away to sea at a very tender age: the hardships endured by him who has survived them is a very just answer to those who tax him with a want of natural feeling. The fate of the other boy, Edward, has never since his departure been ascertained; and had not Providence taken the most amiable of the whole family into peculiar protection, her situation might have been as wretched as several other ill-fated females, many of whom can trace the origin of their wretchedness to the same unnaturally parental source.

The number of prints engraved from the pictures of our painter continued to receive an almost apparent daily increase; and the crowds that thronged to his lodgings gave him a fair pretext for removing far-

ther from the scene of so much bustle to a place more retired and congenial to the study and application of his art. He accordingly took up his abode at a compact house in the neighbourhood of Paddington, nearly opposite the White Lion, having a pretty garden in the rear, which shortly became the dwelling of several animals which he kept alive to draw from; and as for the house, though handsomely furnished, with fine carpeting, and every thing corresponding, yet we can attest, that there was not a room in it but was infested with guinea pigs, tame rabbits, or dogs of various breed. Here it was the author, upon his first visit to the new habitation, perceived with regret, certain indubitable proofs of the re-commencement of the wine and bill system. For having one morning called, he announced his name, and being permitted to follow his guide to the painting-room; the first objects that met his view were two large hampers, one half unpacked, and the other full. Several bottles were uncorked, and the glass went merrily round; although the hour was

But eleven. Bread and cheese, cold meat, and fresh butter, were handed round, literally speaking, from *fist to fist*; for there was neither table nor chairs allowed in the painting-room; and one of the *gemmen* acquainted the stranger, in terms rather gruff, that—"this here's the way we live, master; it's our luncheon-time." He was then asked by the good-natured owner of all this good cheer to partake; which invitation was repeated by all the *gemmen*, seven or eight in number, all of whom were of a peculiarly daring aspect. From the scars in the faces of some, and the muscular form of others, the author concluded, accurately enough, that these were gentlemen-professors of the pugilistic science. This conjecture was soon confirmed by their pupil, who was no other than our painter himself.

Perceiving that this sparring mania was a folly which his teachers were the most likely to cure him of, by the serious impression one of them made upon his eye, during a short lesson given in presence of

the writer, the latter took his leave, bitterly regretting the misapplication of such unequalled talents. The hopes which he had conceived of a change, began gradually to vanish, and his visits to the scene of this modern bear-garden diversion became less frequent, as well as shorter. A few persons with whom a reasonable being might converse, still continued to follow him; but when the author began to lament the positive folly of this unaccountable genius, nothing could equal his surprise, on being told by them, that it was no disgrace or loss of time, since there existed a positive necessity for every one to learn. When they were asked what that necessity could be, their answer proved, that they had not escaped the contagion—"it was a fashionable rage; and one black eye was the most agreeable proof of a gentleman's being in a fair way to learn to guard the other." This was about the summer of 1789, or 1790.

Here it was that poor Morland fell out of one small error into another of considerable magnitude; for, instead of hiring

horses; he now took it into his head to buy them: his own judgment being the last thing in the world he could for a moment doubt; though all his acquaintance knew, what in fact was the truth, that his judgment was not infallible in any thing but painting. However, some of his bad bargains he got rid of by the courtesy of his sparring friends, who did him the kindness of airing one of his horses now and then, lest they should get greasy about the heels. Now, whether one of these gemmen rode farther one day than he intended, like Gilpin, or was troubled with a treacherous memory, in forgetting to return the horse, we have not yet been able to discover; but certain it is, poor George never got his horse again. Nay, we have heard from others, that, upon a casual meeting of these two friends, some considerable time after the transaction, when the painter enquired after what he thought his property, and when his friend intended to return the horse? he was given to understand, by the latter, that if ever he troubled him again upon such a paltry subject, his intention was to give

him such "a proper hiding, as would prevent the best of his friends from knowing him again for about a month of Sundays."

This and some other circumstances induced the poor painter to "sing small," as the gemmen said, upon the occasion; but to the regret of them all, he "cut the fraternity." One only of the party remained about him as his man; in justice to whom, we shall relate what we have heard, that after his master's career was over in the dashing way, and when, in consequence of illness he was distressed, the house of the servant became the friendly asylum of the master till he recovered. This grateful conduct does honour to the feelings of any philanthropist; and no prejudice against the habits, rank, or profession, of any man, shall ever operate upon us to suppress the avowal of so praiseworthy an act of humanity.

The loss of a horse, which was quickly supplied, and the want of stable-room at

Paddington, caused our painter to remove to a more convenient spot, at no great distance; Winchester-Row, where all the conveniences he could wish were ready for him*.

* About this period he was advised to make his claim of the dormant title of Sir Samuel Morland, which was his undoubted right, as being the next heir to that ingenious person, mentioned in the first Chapter of this Memoir of his Life. Mr. Wed, his solicitor, having made the proper enquiries, reported his progress in the affair to his friend George; who, upon hearing there was no emolument attached to the dignity of a Baronet, but on the contrary, that he must be at some expence in supporting his new honours, replied—"Well, Bobby, never mind, there's more honour in being a fine painter, than a fine Lord; and as for tacking Sir to my name, I'll be d—d if I stand a glass of gin for it—*plain G. M.* will always *sell my pictures*, and secure them *as much respect all over the world.*"

CHAP. VII.

OUR PAINTER APPROACHES FAST TO THE SUMMIT OF HIS EXTRAVAGANCE—BECOMES TIRED OF WINCHESTER ROW—ANECDOTE IN PROOF OF THE WONDERFUL RAPIDITY OF HIS PENCIL—REMOVES TO AN ELEGANT HOUSE IN UPPER CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE—INVITATION TO THE AUTHOR TO VISIT HIM THERE—WHAT HAD LIKED TO HAVE BEEN THE CONSEQUENCE.

IN this comfortable habitation at Winchester Row, we never saw him but twice, out of a dozen times calling there: he was either gone out riding, had not got out of his bed, or, what was rather new to the enquirer, was denied to him. His extravagance, however, was the theme of the whole neighbourhood; those who were likely to

be sufferers by him condemning his conduct in the most severe terms; while others, who reaped the harvest of his ready money profusion, applauded him as the mirror of spirit and generosity.

Of the pictures painted here, some were thought of sufficient consequence to be placed in the Morland Gallery in Bond Street; which Gallery of our painter's admirable productions, was afterwards enlarged, and, with the addition of several capital pictures, exhibited at Mr. Smith's, King Street, Covent Garden—one shilling admittance. Several admirable prints from this collection have gratified the public taste; and we should hope the spirit of the publisher will, from the liberal encouragement his talents entitle him to, be enabled to complete the whole of these matchless specimens of British genius and industry.

While our English genius proceeded in the several pursuits of riding, music, drinking, smoking, and painting; in each of

which he had few competitors, his pictures became every day in higher estimation. The effect of which was, an open dereliction of all œconomical principle, as if he were resolved to insult the public, by shewing them that nothing but shameless profusion could result from their unexampled encouragement. It may be justly questioned, how such a man could find time to acquire the means of all this waste, who was so frequently to be found in the neighbouring houses of entertainment about the quarter he resided. The answer is short; and it is as true as it is concise. In the rapidity of his pencil, he always depended; and till he was incapable of holding it, was never deceived. As a confirmation of the foregoing fact, the following anecdote, as related by an intimate friend, may be depended upon, who saw, but not without astonishment, the whole process. Some time before Morland left Winchester Row he spent an evening, about the middle of the week, in company with this gentleman—our author's friend, and some others; as they adjourned afterwards to Morland's

home, they made an agreement to ride to Otter's Pool on the ensuing Sunday morning. It was agreed to start before twelve in the forenoon; in order to avail themselves of a long ride before dinner; and if the painter failed of being ready to mount his horse when our friend arrived, he was to forfeit half a dozen of wine. A similar fine was to be the consequence, if the latter did not attend at Winchester Row at the time appointed.

Upon the day, punctually to his time, our friend arrived, and, lighting from his horse, rang the painter's gate bell. When the servant made his appearance, he told the gentleman his master was poorly; and, upon being shewn into the back parlour, he saw Morland in his night-gown and red slippers, sitting at the harpsichord, playing one of his favourite pieces. After amusing himself for a few minutes, they took a turn in the garden; where Morland, with a very grave face, declared he had a very great secret to disclose, which hung so heavy at his heart, that if his friend would suffer James

to put his horse in the stable, he would unburthen his mind to him in the painting-room, and be for ever obliged to him for his advice upon this pressing occasion. To this his friend readily assented, thinking from the unusual sadness he discovered in George's countenance some very serious domestic quarrel must have taken place; especially as the lady never made her appearance.

They accordingly went up to the painting-room, and Morland taking up a three-quarter canvas, placed it upon the easel, saying he would just make a sketch for a larger picture while it was in his mind, which would also enable him to compose himself to relate with coolness his present distress. He then gave his friend a very entertaining volume of Swift, requesting him to amuse himself for a quarter of an hour or so. Being asked if he relinquished the idea of dining at Otter's Pool that day, his answer was doubtful. However, he set to work, on the plain canvas, and his friend to read; Morland now and then spoke, but

an hour elapsed before his friend got up from his book to go behind the painter's chair. But what was his astonishment, on beholding that which was a vacant blank but an hour before, exhibiting the appearance of a more than half finished picture with three figures in it! Morland was too busy now to enjoy the surprise of his friend, who could hardly believe what he now saw before his eyes, performed with every touch; the sky, two pigs lying down before a sty, and a human figure looking over them, all seemed to appear at the waving of his magic pencil. In less than two hours and a half, what appeared before an illusion of fancy came from the easel a completely well-coloured, and fairly painted, picture, nothing deficient in handling or effect. The consequence was, the painter having thus prepared his mind, addressed his friend as follows: "Friend Sam, I have been terribly disappointed this morning; for, recollecting our engagement, I put my hand in each of my pockets, without being able to find a guinea in one of them. This made me so low spirited, that I flew to the harp-

sichord, thumped away till you came, without being able to produce a single sound like the chink of a guinea. Was not all this enough to make Momus himself look glum, eh?—Now, my lad, things look better; and some fool or other will be here presently, and tip me a *tenner* for what I've just brushed up—this is the whole secret I had to tell you—hah—ha—but I say—mum—we shall have a merry night after all.” His friend then told him it was a pity a fool should possess such a treasure at that price, and bought the picture immediately, which has been since twice sold at a public auction, first for eighteen, and four years after for forty guineas! What it would now bring beyond twice that sum it is impossible to say. We need hardly add, that the friends set off for their dinner, equally pleased, one with his purchase, and the other with his guineas; the latter of whom however could not help telling his friend, when about half-seas over, that he could never have thought him such a flat.

Shortly after this, a select party, consist-

ing of Morland, and about a dozen of his most intimate friends, who had been in the habit of visiting the Exhibition for four or five years, dined together according to annual custom; and the melancholy recollection that of all those thirteen choice spirits, two only now remain, is sufficient to shake the confidence of the healthiest mortal existing. For perhaps no man ever possessed a stronger stamina than the subject of this Memoir; and to a knowledge of this very circumstance may be fairly attributed his frequent and severe debauches. For it cannot be dissembled that he valued himself extremely upon his ability to see all his companions completely sewed up, as he termed it. How much it cost him for wine to accomplish this, we may form some idea of, from the quantity he laid, *not in*; for the hampers were unpacked in the garden, where they remained till the whole of the wine was drank out, or taken away by the servants, or any body that pleased; the amount of this order, from the wine-merchant before alluded to, was no less than one hundred and seventy pounds, for which

a bill was given; and as many times as that bill was renewed, so many pictures were painted for that very friendly accommodation. We have strong reasons for believing this was not the only order given, while he remained at Winchester Row, which might be fifteen or eighteen months at most!!!

After he had been some time removed to Charlotte Street, he called twice upon the author in a very smart gig, with a servant attending him, and gave so pressing an invitation, that his friend consented. As this meeting was to be purely a matter of business, and that done, a plain dinner, in a frugal family way; upon the morning appointed, the visitor being in readiness, was accosted at his own door by a man with a message from his master to meet him the next evening at Mills's Coffee House punctually at 8. Thither, when come, George was, for a wonder, the first by some moments. He was all agitation; and having drunk what was before him, both walked into the street; and in their way to Soho

Square, the painter communicated his distress; namely, that he was afraid of being bumbled for two hundred; was therefore resolved not to go home till matters could be adjusted. Having promised to follow the advice then given him, he took his leave, and more than a fortnight elapsed before his friend heard any thing more of the matter. When one morning his servant came again, and delivered a message from his master, who waited for an answer at the Cavendish Square Coffee House, the corner of Princes Street. There, in a little back parlour, his friend found him, with a bason of rum and milk, a large pointer by his side, a Guinea pig in his handkerchief, and a beautiful American squirrel he had just bought for his wife. He said matters were pretty well settled, but as yet he was rather shy, and directed his friend how to proceed down the sly way, which was through a mews; the manner in which he was to open the stable door, and secure it after him; taking especial care none of the bums nosed him. After giving these instructions, they parted; and his friend, punctual as to time,

went the next day, and cautiously proceeding according to instructions, repaired to the appointed scene.

Having arrived with the utmost circumspection at the stable door, and succeeded in opening it unobserved, he made it secure behind him ; there being neither horse, ass, pig, or any other living animal there to interrupt him. Passing through the stable into the flagged yard behind the house, he looked down the back kitchen window, through which he perceived that apartment to be as destitute of inhabitants as the stable ;—all was still as death. He next assayed the back yard door, which opened into the house, after which he was to run up stairs according to instruction, but this part of his instruction he was prevented from following.—For no sooner had he raised the latch, and just got the door ajar, which was only prevented from opening quite to its extent, by something pushing violently against it—we say; the instant he got it about six inches open ; when lo ! the frightful noise of a dozen pointers, jowl-

ers,—bull-dogs,—spaniels,—and terriers, opened their deafening throats in one discordant howling cry. At the same instant several ran from behind the back doors down the kitchen stairs, and then up again towards the opening of the door which he shut in an instant. Fortunately for the poor author, the stable door, which opened into the yard, was not shut; there he secured his retreat, till he opened the door which led to the mews; during which short interval, the cerberian throats of these canine disturbers continued to make the whole mews ring again with their hellish din.

The situation of the author may be easier imagined than described, till he got safe into Goodge Street, expecting every step he took before he got there, that some one or other might have been alarmed by the hellish noise of the pack in full cry, and sing out the worse noise, if possible; of "stop thief," from seeing him come out of the stable and take to his heels. The consequences of so probable a circumstance would have been all at the expence of the

contriver of this mischievous trick, if it really was premeditated, for of that fact the author could never satisfy himself. When, however, he next saw poor George, which was full six months after, when every thing like the shadow of resentment had long before subsided, he pleaded ignorance of any concerted plan, swearing most heartily that he sold the pack of stupid dogs all off at a loss, as soon as he was told of their faults; adding, that he would never keep a dog so void of natural sagacity, as not to be able to distinguish between the smell of a poet and a bailiff.

CHAP. VIII.

FURTHER PROGRESS OF OUR PAINTER IN HIS WAY TO BANCO REGIS—OBLIGED TO DECAMP FROM CHARLOTTE STREET—HIS TRIP TO LEICESTER—RETURNS SECRETLY TO TOWN, AND IS OBLIGED TO PAINT IN HIS OWN HAY-LOFT—REMOVES TO LAMBETH, AND FROM THENCE TO EAST SHEEN—HIS AMUSEMENTS THERE, &c.

IN consequence of the obduracy of certain creditors, poor Morland thought it most prudent to avoid the effects of their vengeance for the present; it being a favourite maxim of his, to put off the evil day as long as possible. He therefore contrived to give the servants of Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe the slip, and got safe to Leicester, while the above-mentioned persons

were constant in their attendance at his house in town. It may be necessary here to apprise our readers, that all the necessary apparatus for painting and drawing, with a month's stock of bladder colours, as well as dry, pencils, and an easel which he took in pieces in a moment, all these necessaries were contained in a neat mahogany box about thirty inches square. For, as if he had anticipated the numerous wanderings, and changes of his abode, that was henceforward to be his lot ; he gave orders to a cabinet-maker, soon after his arrival in Charlotte Street, for the said convenient painting chest, or box, at the very time every person, but his brother and a few friends, thought him permanently settled there.

Thus provided, the brothers set off for Leicester, and arrived there without any adventure worth recording in this Memoir ; but lest a residence in the town should lead to a discovery of who they were, it was deemed most prudent to remove to a convenient distance, and they took lodgings at a farmer's near Enderley. During his stay

here he painted several very fine pictures, and made some of the most capital drawings that are to be seen any where of his hand. He also conducted himself with the greatest decorum, and associated with gentlemen of talents and great respectability; such as the Rev. Mr. Pigot, Claude Lorrain Smith, and others. Having, by sober habits, and a constant exertion of his wonder-working hand, acquired a pretty round sum, he determined all of a sudden for London. *Klobstock* or *Klob*, a nickname he always addressed his brother by, in his letters, as well as conversation, was ordered to clean his palette and pencils, and pack up for immediate departure. Klob upon these occasions was all obedience, having too much sense to contend with one whose will must be absolute, and with whom contradiction must be the inevitable signal of separation.

Upon their arrival in London, a trusty friend was sent to reconnoitre the premises in Charlotte Street, and announce the master's arrival to the family: all necessary

precautions being thus taken, the painter stole into his own house, as he stole out of it, trembling in every joint, as if a cold fit of an ague was upon him. Finding the attention of the bums confined to the house in Charlotte Street, he had the hay-loft over the stable, already mentioned, converted into a painting-room; and in case of a siege, he had a ladder ready to let down from either of the windows, one of which looked into the mews and the other into his own yard. But not being able to endure this sort of confinement longer than the six days ordained for man to labour, he sallied forth upon the seventh, and was met by two or three of his old acquaintance amongst the shoulder-tickling disturbers. From these he learned how things stood, and when and who to *tip*, which relieved his mind considerably, and eased him of the expence and trouble of keeping an outpost always upon the look-out at the corner of the mews. In a little time, however, when he had been seen two or three times, to use their own phraseology, they wrote George—"As how the plaintive began to

be queer, and peery, 'cause why, they did'n't grab, and therefore warned him to buy a brush before they should be forced to do the thing ungentleely and pull him up."

These hints were sufficiently understood by our painter, who immediately dispatched Klob, and his man George, to prepare for a retreat, which they soon effected, and conducted the painter and his kit of painting apparatus to Lambeth safely, and unobserved by the philistines. Notice being given, soon after he had sojourned here for about a month, that his quarters were discovered, a place of more security was provided for him at East Sheen, where he remained for a considerable time in perfect security, until a temporary accommodation with his creditors enabled him for a short time to appear at large once more.

About this time he called one day upon the author in a gig with his brother-in-law, Mr. William Ward; he brought with him a small basket of fish as a peace offering, and insisted upon a promise, before he would

leave the house, from the author to dine with him and Mr. Ward at East Sheen the ensuing Sunday. Seeing him perfectly sober, and Mr. Ward promising to call for his friend, the latter agreed; and on the Sunday morning they set off for East Sheen. It was then about the beginning of autumn, and the weather extremely sultry; they were both ignorant of the right paths across the corn fields, and lost their way completely. In consequence of this misfortune it was near four o'clock when they arrived at Sheen, quite tired, and parched with the heat and thirst. But what was their surprise and disappointment when they understood from Mrs. Morland and her sister, that no provision had been made for visitors, and they had all dined above an hour. The cream of the jest was, that Morland had rode to town at six o'clock that morning, and had never told his wife a syllable about having invited his two friends. This intelligence was like a thunderbolt falling upon a barrel of gunpowder; the explosion of course was terrible. The author vowed vengeance against the head and shoulders of the paint-

er. whenever he met him, declaring the world should soon know whether his bones were cudgel proof. The engraver was equally clamorous, till they were both weary, and their stomachs informed them that something more substantial than noisy clamour was necessary to satisfy them.

Fortunately for these hungry lions, a gentleman of their acquaintance, a friend of Morland's, had drove out his chaise that morning, intending to dine with the painter; and, for fear of a disappointment, prudently brought his provision with him. The remains of this, being only a leg of lamb off which three persons had dined, was set before the hungry travellers, and stopped their mouths for the present. After washing down their meal with some good ale, and two or three glasses of wine, they were ready to forgive their whimsical host had he made his appearance. Another person called soon after, and entertained them with an account of some of Morland's nocturnal amusements that came to his know-

ledge through the medium of one of the parties at whose expence George had been playing his pranks, and who vowed bitter vengeance against, to him as yet, the unknown offender.

This was an old fisherman, of a very irritable temper, and his fellow-sufferer was equally notorious for his morose and brutish disposition; these subjects George had selected as proper objects for the exercise of his unlucky genius. One night, having observed them bait their hooks, and throw out their lines, the ends of which were made fast to tent pegs, or stakes, on shore; he collected as many old wigs as he could, together with old shoes, tattered breeches, and mop-heads. After taking up the lines and stripping the hooks of the bait, he fastened the aforesaid curious articles with bones and other weights to sink them, and withdrew from the scene of mischief. At the proper time, when the old fishermen came to haul up their lines, he took his station near enough to enjoy a laugh at the expence of their fury, but

secure enough from the effects of it. When he had diverted himself in relating this trick a twelvemonth afterwards to one of his friends, he observed that—"The old bugaboes could not say with some others of their profession, that they had toiled all day, and had caught nothing."

CHAP. IX.

MORLAND DEPARTS FROM SHEEN, AND TAKES UP HIS ABODE IN QUEEN ANNE STREET, EAST—FROM THENCE TO THE MINORIES—ADVICE OF HIS LANDLADY—HARRASSED WITH CONTINUAL APPREHENSIONS OF A PRISON—CONSTANTLY CHANGING HIS PLACE OF RESIDENCE TO AVOID THAT EVIL—TAKES UP HIS ABODE IN THE HOUSE OF A RELIGIOUS COBLER AT KENNINGTON GREEN.

THE time in which George was to pay his second instalment being elapsed, without his being able to fulfil his engagement; it was reasonable to expect some legal process would be resorted to, by those who found themselves not only disappointed, but, as many of them said, trifled with. However this might be, Morland was re-

solved they should not have an opportunity of meeting him in a spunging-house to upbraid him with his breach of contract, as long as he could possibly prevent it. In consequence of this resolution, he retreated from Sheen in good order, and arrived at lodgings, previously taken for him by his brother, in Queen Anne Street, East, near the chapel. Here his temper grew troublesome to himself and those about him; brooding over his own misconduct, and terrified with the sound of every strange voice, his constant theme was the horrors of a jail. This phantom eternally haunted his imagination in every terrific shape and form which his bewildered fancy painted it; and it was a general opinion then amongst his friends, that he would either lose his senses or destroy himself in less than twenty-four hours, if taken to any prison direct.

Not thinking himself long safe in any situation, he set off to the Minories, where he lodged with a friendly old Scotch lady of the name of Ferguson. Here for a short

time he remained tolerably easy in his mind; as, from all his brother could learn, his enemies had not the least scent of his retreat. One day, whilst he was very busy upon a picture, the sky of which he was running in, as was his general custom, standing, when the picture was above a three quarter size, he happened to turn his head towards the window, over the green blind of which he could just look, and there he saw a man and his wife, staring with their eyes ready to start from the sockets, full at him. He immediately concluded his retreat was blown, and telling Klob the amount of his fears, the latter undertook to sound Mrs. Ferguson directly about them. Still the inquisitive couple kept their station, and for two hours their eyes were seldom off the painter's window for a moment. The account Klob returned to his brother with, was by no means satisfactory to George; and the next morning, soon after he sat down to the easel, the two gazers were at their old station.

Mrs. Ferguson was then sent for, and saw

that the complaint of her lodger was well founded; but could not account for the great harm or injury which two idle people staring over at the window of a neighbour could do him, and made a laugh of it. Morland, however, could not be so easily laughed out of his fears, the cause of which he did not think proper to communicate to his good-natured landlady; he therefore told her, that unless something was done on her part to prevent the nuisance complained of, he must immediately quit her apartments. This Mrs. Ferguson did not like to hear, and the thoughts of losing a person that paid so well, made her quite serious; and, after a few moments' pause, she broke out in nearly the following terms—

“Hoot awa mon—ye wonna leeve the place for onny sic silly whom as yon—wod onny bit a daft maun fash his thumc aboot sic noonsense?—De’el tak me, gin ye doe as I bod ye, there’s be. an eend ov a’ ther peepin Ise worront ye. Noo, tak tent o’ what I sea, lod; doe ye bot just pool doon yer breeks, ond show a’ yer neeked hardies for aboot twa oor thre meenits,

whan they're gauzing, whoch il bee ase muckle as teeling em—Noow, ye've seen a' I heve; there's my —— for yer futeer curose-a-tee."

Although Mrs. Ferguson's proposal almost convulsed our painter and his companions with laughter, he had too much modesty to try the experiment; and therefore sent Klob and his man off with the kit to Mansfield Place, Kentish Town, where his wife's mother then lived. After remaining but a short time with her, he suspected his retreat was discovered, and he decamped at night, with his usual caution, and took up his abode at his brother Klob's, in Frith Street. Here he painted two or three good pictures, and might have remained in perfect safety; but frequently hearing the voices of several old and new acquaintances, who were in the habit of seeing his brother about George's pictures and drawings, he concluded it was no longer prudent in him to remain. Without coming to any explanation with his brother about his suspi-

aions, he set off to his mother-in-law's, at Kentish Town, again. From hence he soon retreated a second time, and took up his quarters at China Row, Walcot Place. This not proving to be long agreeably tenable, he went to Poplar Row, Newington. This latter place of residence affording to our persecuted wanderer no better shelter than the others, he next took up his abode in the house of a very religious cobbler at Kennington Green. This regenerator of temporal and spiritual *soles*, for his orthography for both was the same, hearing his new lodger one morning, in an angry fit of wicked vociferation, utter two or three oaths, gravely quitted his last, and, with a small bible in his hand, repaired to the apartment of the wicked one. In the true spirit of faith, he knocked at the painter's door, and, according to the sacred promise, it was opened unto him. The grotesque figure of this zealous crispin, who came to rebuke and admonish the blasphemer, with his dirty finger pointing to the text in the bible where we are forbidden to swear by

any thing, threw the wicked trio into an immoderate fit of laughter, which never discomposed a muscle of the preacher's grave phiz. Waiting patiently, therefore, till the effects his appearance had produced upon these sinners subsided, he began the text—"Swear not at all," &c. and then began to expatiate upon the folly and wickedness of taking the Lord's name in vain, exhorting his hearers to desist from such a sinful abuse of the gift of speech, which was never bestowed upon man, in preference to all his other creatures, for so ungrateful a purpose as to blaspheme his Maker. George, who at that period was no indifferent judge of rhetoric, declared after, if he could have divested himself of the whimsical figure and occupation of the speaker, he never heard a more rational, or a better delivered reprehension of any vice from the pulpit.

Unfortunately, the droll impression was too deeply fixed in his imagination, to afford the cobbler's admonition fair play; and

before the discourse was quite concluded, the wicked painter had got such a sketch of the preacher upon a canvas which happened to be upon the easel when he began, that would have set the bench of our gravest bishops a grinning. Having exhibited this mirror, in which the cobbler perceived his own image so truly represented, nature at once proved too strong for the spirit; and although the preacher lamented his fruitless endeavour, he acknowledged, with a smile, that it was a thousand pities the devil should have in his service so clever a fellow. However, lest it should find its way to some caricature print shop, after they all had another hearty laugh, the painter consigned this humourous proof of his wicked talents to eternal oblivion, with one wipe of the same hand that had created it.

From this house of prayer, our painter was obliged reluctantly to make his escape, and got privately to Hackney, where he might have enjoyed a long calm, in this

safe and peaceful retreat, but for one of those strange incidents which often mar the most prudent schemes of human happiness. By these storms, the best and the worst, the wisest and the weakest, of mankind, are equally liable to be overtaken. But for what good end or purpose, it is not in the finite capacity of erring mortals to trace out or develope.

CHAP. X.

THE LONG HARVEST OF PROSPERITY MORLAND EXPECTED TO REAP FROM THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOURS AT HACKNEY IS ALL BLASTED BY AN INCIDENT QUITE UNFORESEEN—THE GENEROUS REMUNERATION MADE TO OUR PAINTER BY THE BANK, FOR BREAKING OPEN HIS BOXES, &c.

FROM the prudent measures taken by Morland's brother Klob, to conceal his retreat, and his own conduct, which was all the time he remained at Hackney remarkable for sobriety and close application to his profession, his mind enjoyed that state of calm serenity most favourable to study and improvement. This observation is sufficiently exemplified in the careful and judiciously finished manner all the pictures

painted by him there were sent from his easel. Each of his drawings also were in like manner beautifully worked up, and evinced a marked and finished attention in those parts which, in too many of his other works, dashed off under less favourable circumstances, have been evidently neglected.

In consequence of the great improvement in his works at this time, visible to all, even to those who speculated in his pictures, &c. the prices rose full forty per cent, about one half of which found the way to the painter's pocket. So that at this period he had the most reasonable prospect of being able to satisfy all his creditors in less than a twelvemonth, as many of them would have gladly accepted of nine shillings in the pound for their whole demand; and we believe that sum would have been a tolerably fair average discharge for nearly all the debts this unfortunate man ever contracted in his life. However this may be, the sums he received for his productions were such as created great and strong sus-

picions, in the envious part of the little community at Hackney, who had heard by chance what sums came to him, that such rewards as he received must be for some other art than that of making pictures.

After cudgelling their addle pates for some time, without being able to fix upon the most productive felonious art of getting money, one of the junto, infinitely more knowing than the envy of his neighbours would ever let them give him credit for, hit upon the dangerous employment at once, by which the new-comer acquired so much wealth, and made converts also of all the rest to his opinion. Now, all the foundation he had for this opinion originated in his being able to combine three words, which he had overheard frequently between the brothers, namely, *impressions*, and *engraved plates*; from which happy combination of terms, he was enabled to draw the following logical conclusion—That as engraved plates are absolutely necessary, before any impressions can be taken off, and as all the forgeries hitherto com-

mitted upon the bank have been done by the said means ; it was evident these plates mentioned by the brothers were engraved for a similar purpose, and the impressions taken from them were counterfeit bank of England notes. This ingenious sort of a syllogism being neither more nor less than forcing the *ergo*, having met with the sanction and applause of all present, they lost no time in resolving, that as it was without doubt a more heinous sin to practise the most trivial offence against the paper currency of the bank, than to deprive a fellow-creature of his heart's blood, it became them, as good men and true, to give immediate notice of these worst of offenders, to that immaculate body.

In consequence of this information, Messrs. Winter and Key, solicitors for the bank, took a party of Bow Street officers with them to Hackney, in order to secure these daring offenders. Morland, who had just got a hint of the traps being seen not very far from the premises, enquiring for a painter, immediately concluded his

retreat was discovered, and made the best of his way over the garden-wall, and got safe undiscovered to London. When the officers and their guides entered the apartments of poor Morland, his brother began to explain the mistake; but no explanation would satisfy these intruders, till they had broken open and rummaged every thing that could hold a pack of cards. They were repeatedly cautioned against opening a box which belonged to another person, and which stood in one of the rooms. Disregarding all consequences, the bank being infallibly absolute upon all such occasions, they at length discovered their error; the suspected ingenious offender against the virtuous old lady in Threadneedle Street turning out to be no other than the celebrated George Morland the painter, who had taken shelter at Hackney, to avoid the vengeance of some of his most obdurate creditors. This notable discovery was made by one of the officers, upon breaking open the painting-box, and seeing a picture upon the easel nearly finished.

When the solicitors perceived their error, and that they had been put upon a wrong scent, they apologised for the interruption and trouble they had given, and promised to represent the affair to the directors, who were too just and too generous not to make George ample remuneration for his loss of time, and the inconvenience they had put him to, in being obliged to seek out for another retreat.

Now, whether the solicitors or their employers were either or both liable to any civil action for this trespass, and if so, what damages the painter might have recovered in such a case, are questions we leave to the legal determination of professional gentlemen. The generous remuneration received by poor Morland, from the directors of that grand depository of unknown millions—we say, from the bank of England, whose means are inexhaustible, even to that wide-wasting, destructive whirlpool of continental wars—yes, out of their unbounded munificence who

direct those mighty affairs, poor George was ordered, and we are confidently assured that he received, the immense sum of twenty guineas! Nay, and that it was really all in gold too!!! Our readers will be good enough to bear in memory the partiality Morland always shewed for the precious metal just here spoken of, as mentioned in a former part of this impartial and faithful Memoir.

Being thus deprived of his favourite retreat at Hackney, he took shelter at a carver and gilder's in Leadenhall Street, where he remained three weeks, we suppose more to the interest of his host than to his own. From hence he went to Fountain Place, City Road; and, being soon tired there, removed to his brother's, in Dean Street, Soho, where he painted several fine pictures, and remained undiscovered to his pursuers for three months. Amongst many other capital productions finished here, were the pair of uprights, from which the prints have been en-

graved, called the Poacher, and companion, the figure in the first of which is an exact and striking likeness of his faithful servant George Sympson, of whom he always spoke kindly. And we are too happy in recording every instance of integrity, particularly when found in humble life, ever to omit our feeble meed of praise, wherever we can so justly bestow it. How happy should we feel ourselves, if this conduct were more strictly attended to by our various cotemporaries, who are so condescending as to oblige the world with the biography of celebrated persons numbered with the dead, of whom, when living, they were as completely ignorant as they are of the antipodeans. This may in some measure account for the fulsome panegyrics it grieves us to see so liberally bestowed upon the memory of too many worthless characters, whose conduct whilst living was every day a satire upon the situations they crowded and abused with insolent meanness; without being able, upon any one occasion, to fill with dig-

nity. Whilst several of their inferior agents, because in situations too humble to be recorded by the same pen that drew a veil over the vices of their superiors, have gone down to oblivion, with as many virtues as would have given the fame of just immortality to a thousand departed senators, heroes, and statesmen.

CHAP. XI.

TIRED OF LONDON, MORLAND RESOLVES UPON AN EXCURSION TO MR. SURGEON LYNN'S BEAUTIFUL COTTAGE AT COWES, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT—IS OBLIGED TO LEAVE THIS FRIENDLY ASYLUM—THE ACTIVE VIGILANCE OF THE MAGISTRATE UPON A WISE OCCASION—OUR TRAVELLERS SEIZED AS SPIES—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THAT CURIOUS TRANSACTION, &c.

BEING still apprehensive of most danger whenever he was within half an hour's ride to a prison, and having also, we believe, about this time received from Mr. Lynn an invitation to pass a few weeks of the summer at his charming cottage at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, Morland resolved to set off forthwith. Kloh, as usual, was to ac-

company, and provide the means of defraying all expences; luckily for George, his brother could not set off with him, on account of some very urgent business that detained him in town a few days longer. He took care however to furnish him with all things necessary, and saw the master and man safe out of London. About the third day after George Morland's departure, his brother by mere accident happened to drop into the White Horse in Fetter Lane, instead of another house in the same neighbourhood, where the painter was in the habit of using. He had not been long in the parlour, where he sat down unperceived by two or three persons in another part of the room, when he heard, in a sort of exulting, though low voice—"Damme I've found out Morland's retreat at last, and before three days more pass over his head I shall fix him as fast as the bars in the cells of Newgate. There is now a writ preparing, and I shall go down with the officers to prevent all palming." Klob, without losing time in hearing any more, set off the same evening for Southampton, in the mail

coach, where he arrived in sufficient time to apprise the painter and his servant of the danger, and thus prevent the intended seizure of his brother; and they all three immediately proceeded for Yarmouth.

They had not remained many days at the latter place, where they were enjoying themselves, and laughing at the disappointment and expences their enemies would have to comfort themselves under, all the way back to town. When one morning at breakfast, as Klob was pouring out the tea, a Lieutenant of the Dorset Militia, and six soldiers, with bayonets fixed, all of whom, in a very expert military style, grounded their arms at the officer's command, in the room where the travellers were at breakfast. The lieutenant told them he came by orders from General Don, commander of the district, to arrest them all three as spies: the painter, who was ever, upon any sudden attack where his personal liberty appeared in danger, extremely timid and confused, upon this occasion betrayed so much agitation, as convinced the officer he must at

all events be guilty. As to Klob, he was too keen and penetrating to be alarmed at the harmless suspicions of General Don, or the consequences that could arise from them; and as for honest George Sympson, the painter's man, he scratched his head, and hoped as how they'd let a fellow eat his breakfast before they sent him to quod.

The lieutenant civilly enough reminded them of the necessity he was under of putting his orders into immediate execution: this induced Klob to enter into a serious remonstrance with him; and, in order to convince him of the absurdity of such groundless suspicions, produced several drawings, which were done by his brother at Cowes. This proceeding, however, only served to confirm the lieutenant in the sagacity of his general's opinion, that they were, in fact, nothing but spies. So that one fine drawing in particular, although it was only of a spaniel dog in a landscape, was construed by the honest lieutenant into a plan of the island, and the dog he was confident represented the very part of it upon which

the enemy were to land. But the mystery of an oil painting nearly finished, which they shewed him, was still more ingeniously decyphered. This picture, which has since been engraved, is the celebrated one of the farmer holding his purse, as if considering what he should give the hostler, who stands with his hat in one hand, and the bridle of a white horse over his arm. We believe it is now in the possession of E. Harrison, Esq. of Widemore, near Bromley, in Kent. The white horse ready bridled and saddled in the stable, he said represented the plan of all the coast of England, which latter place clearly was the stable; the hostler meant the spy or draftsman, who would not give up his work till the enemy paid him. The farmer could be no other but the French agent, who was now in the Channel, reflecting upon the risk he runs of escaping; and therefore, as in the picture, even a private in the ranks may see, is very loth to part with all his money to the spy, as by that means, all hopes of his retreat would certainly be cut off.

. These serious observations, however profound they might appear to the officer and his men, who were all, as they should be, *attention*, created a hearty laugh in the three incorrigible spies, and completely dissipated all the painter's fears. They were now hurried before a justice of the peace, a Mr. Rushworth, before whom they underwent a curious separate examination, equal perhaps to any in the annals of a certain irascible knight, who about the same time, with great dignity, presided at Bow Street. The result of this examination, like many at the other celebrated shop, was against the prisoners, and they were all marched to Newport, in the middle of a melting hot day, a distance of nearly twelve miles, escorted by a strong body of constables and soldiers. At Newport, when they arrived, the bench of Justices had been sitting some time in hourly expectation, having had notice sent them by express, of the fortunate apprehension of three dangerous spies. Our veneration for every branch of the jurisprudence of our country, restrains us from holding the

mirror of ridicule up, upon this occasion, in which any sapient magistrate administering his portion of justice, might behold his own image. We shall therefore content ourselves with relating, that after a very grave admonition from their worships, who very minutely examined every drawing and sketch which had been seized upon to prove the guilt of the prisoners; we say, they received a strict admonitory caution never again to be guilty of such dangerous practices as painting and drawing, during their abode in that island, as long as the war should continue. With which very lenient reprimand they were dismissed, and had the very indulgent privilege granted them of marching back again the same way they came, but without the honour of being guarded; consequently at full liberty to choose their own pace.

It is painful to be under the necessity of lamenting the little progress which the fine arts have yet made amongst us; when those who are appointed to fill judicial situations, which certainly require men of enlightened

understanding and general knowledge, are completely ignorant of things which once bid fair to become an ample source of revenue. How truly laughable it would be to those who know the difference, if a man should be indicted for stealing paintings, and these same paintings when produced should turn out to be prints, or impressions taken off from copper plates. Or vice versa, suppose the indictment laid for stealing prints, and they should turn out to be either drawings or pictures. Nor is this a mere supposition, as every person dealing in the fine arts must have experienced; nothing being more common than for *some* gentlemen wishing to dispose of superfluous ornaments from their dwelling, for which they have no taste, as they express it, to send their servants to Mr. Such-a-one to come and look at their master's pictures, which he wants to sell. When ten to one but they turn out to be prints; and if the message be for the merchant to look at prints, it is about five to one but they are paintings or drawings. Nor is this the mistake of the servants, for the master or mistress

will accost you with Mr. ———; ah—I've sent for you to purchase my—my—ah—prints—I—I've no taste for those things. Without dwelling any longer upon such a paucity of judges of the divine arts, we shall proceed with the sequel of our Memoir of that lamented master, who did more towards diffusing a general knowledge of the arts before mentioned, than any one individual we have ever heard or read of.

CHAP. XII.

JOURNEY FROM YARMOUTH TO THE KING'S BENCH—OUR PAINTER TAKES A HOUSE IN THE RULES—PAINTS A GREAT NUMBER OF FINE PICTURES AND MAKES DRAWINGS—REMAINS THERE TILL DISCHARGED BY AN ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE—REMOVES TO HIGHGATE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AIR, IN CONSEQUENCE OF A SLIGHT FIT OF APOPLEXY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the caution our painter received from the bench at Newport, he continued to exercise his talents in taking sketches all along the coast, and making both oil pictures and drawings, several of which were sent up to London, during his stay at Yarmouth, and sold remarkably well. In fact, few artists ever

availed themselves more happily of such an opportunity as he possessed of viewing every change that is daily operating wonders upon the face of the great deep. How attentively he observed these changes, and how faithfully he portrayed them, hundreds of beautiful marine pictures left behind him are almost speaking animated proofs.

He remained at Yarmouth till November 1799, when he returned to London, and took lodgings at Vauxhall, from whence he removed to the King's Bench, the last day of December, the same year. Having very soon obtained the rules, he occupied a very neat house in Lambeth Road, St. George's Fields; the pretty garden behind he turned into a general receptacle for asses, goats, sheep, Guinea and other pigs, rabbits, eagles, hawks, and other birds and beasts, of all which he made numerous sketches. Here, though he principally worked for his brother, several persons, with the hope of being able to procure some of his pictures, constantly flocked to his house;

and others, from motives of sheer curiosity, sought to be introduced. For although every person about that extensive neighbourhood knew he was somewhere in St. George's Fields, very few could tell the precise spot or number of the house; for upon the brass plate of the door was engraved the name of Pearce, coal-merchant; and thus it was, that several persons who went to search for him, some upon old accounts and others upon new, returned without being able to give any thing like a satisfactory account of him to any enquirer.

Directly opposite to his house, there were tea-gardens; and those who knew how fond he was of convivial meetings of a certain description, wished much for something new of that kind, at least in name, to keep him as near his home as possible. In consequence of some of these persons hinting how convenient and agreeable a new society would be in the neighbourhood, he immediately named the long-room belonging to the tea-gardens, as best adapted

for the purpose; and suggested whether a more appropriate name could be given the new society than—Knights of the Palette. They of his most intimate friends, to the number of eight, who were present, unanimously adopted the title, and instantly hailed Sir George Morland as the founder. Perhaps the most finished parasite to be found in all the courts of Europe could never have hit upon a theme of adulation more flattering to his master's vanity, than the compliment thus paid to our eccentric genius. He instantly took a palette, and painted a bottle and glass, cross pipes, with a little tobacco burning in one of them, like Brower, and then set it round with colours; this was nailed up to the ceiling in the club-room near the president's chair. Directly under this palette, every candidate, after paying his bottle of wine, was dubbed a knight, and drank one glass to the founder, Sir George Morland, and success to the society, which ended the ceremony, and the members called for what they pleased, and were free of the society ever after. At this society the author has counted more than

eighty persons, including a band of music, which played while some of the knights went to supper; though it must be confessed some of the company looked as if they had experienced many a supperless night.

The first year of his abode here promised to be extremely productive; the pictures, though several we have seen were extremely slight, nevertheless possessed all that fascinating tone of natural colouring which distinguishes this painter's works from all others. But the surest test of their merit was the facility with which those who had them from the painter found immediate purchasers, at a profit sufficient to induce them to fly to the same market for more. In fact, the number of pictures he painted for his brother alone, in a period of about four years, namely, from January 1800, till October 1804, just before he died, appears so incredible, that if we had not seen the regular account, and description of them, we should hesitate to mention the number, being no less than 192 pictures. Now as

there are several chasms in the account we saw, of two and three months in every one of these years; and as he painted occasionally at three different persons' houses in these intervals, besides for more than a dozen of followers, while in the rules, there is very little doubt of his having added to the already stated number, during the above period, nearly two hundred more.

The sums he was in the habit of receiving while at this place, with any thing like genteel œconomy, would have enabled him to pay every shilling he owed; but alas! even prudence was not a trait in the character of poor Morland; the utmost extravagance in his dress, particularly in the article of boots, not a pair of which ever cost him less than two guineas; and in short, every other department of dress, house expences, and drink for whoever would sit with him, kept equal pace in the long list of his ruinous expenditure. So that, after little better than two years' confinement, if his might with propriety be so called, he was liberated by

an act of the legislature, commonly called an *act of grace*.

Upon this, to many, joyous event, Morland did not immediately abandon his snug retreat in the rules; which is much to be lamented, as, upon the above-mentioned clearing act, so many old companions renewed their acquaintance with their fellow prisoner, that he fell into the miserable habit of drinking large potions of that pernicious liquid, which at times brutalized his faculties, impaired his understanding, and at length brought upon him a return of the disease which put a period to his once valuable existence. In consequence of one of these then frequent debauches carried to a stupifying excess, he had a slight fit of the apoplectic kind, which alarmed him extremely; and being incapable of earning any thing, he gave up his house in the rules. We believe a few debts contracted since his liberation, became troublesome; for, as usual in such cases, in proportion to his utter inability to pay in consequence of

illness, so were the clamours of his creditors. He therefore set off to Highgate, and took up his quarters at the sign of the Bull, accompanied by a new servant, poor honest George Sympson having been obliged to leave him soon after he went to the Bench, his place being filled during his absence by several extraordinary characters; for he it here observed, that for several years he always had a servant to attend in or near his painting-room, at one guinea per week, and often victuals. This servant was called his man, by way of distinction from all the rest, while he kept them; and to the day of his death he was never destitute of one, who now became such a necessary attendant.

At Highgate he continued in a weakly sort of debility for several months, till the latter end of the year 1802, doing very little more than besotting himself with post-boys, as they are called, and other company entirely beneath him: who was to be the paymaster ultimately, his old acquaintance, the landlord of the Bull, soon let him know

when he found he could keep him no longer. In one of those hours of bitter reflection, occasioned by some slight of his landlord, and which upon many similar occasions, when he felt the insolence of those whom he descended to associate with, we have heard him vent the most cutting self-reproaches; in one of these lucid intervals, we say, he demanded his bill. This produced some vulgar altercation, and our host of the Bull, well knowing his man, who now began to recover sufficiently to make use of his legs, thought the pictures above stairs, some being only dead-coloured, and others something more than half finished, were much easier detained than the painter. Accordingly he seized upon them, together with all the moveables in the poor artist's room; and our painter fled for refuge, with these heavy tidings, to his brother in Dean Street, breathing nothing but vengeance against his old friendly host the post-boy, for thus unfairly getting the whip-hand of him.

After a vast deal of bustle, in consequence

of the detention of pictures belonging to other persons, by this saucy host of the Bull, who answered all the threats of bringing actions, for holding what did not belong to his lodger, with a considerable degree of purse-proud daring, boasting of his means to defend all the actions they durst bring for seven years. In short, this obstinate driver would be contented with nothing less than his full demand, as the principal witness for poor Morland, who always declared his old acquaintance Bob "ought to be satisfied with coming the double chalk upon him," which he did not much care about standing; the witness, however, to prove all this, was his own man, whom he quarrelled with, and had discharged a short time previous to his leaving the Bull. The loss of an evidence so very material to the pending cause, was urged by all the painter's friends; particularly his tried friend the respectable attorney, who never deserted him in time of need; and notwithstanding he had put in bail to the driver's action for the whole amount of his bill, he was obliged to yield the contest.

Perhaps few events of this strange mortal's life gave him more cutting uneasiness than being thus obliged to submit to the imposition of such a despicable reptile as he now considered his opponent. It continually goaded him sleeping and waking, and he seemed to have no other respite from the mental torture of his agitated reflections, than he occasionally found in the temporary stupefaction of his senses, with the deadly opiate of ardent spirits.

CHAP. XIII.

OUR PAINTER, BY THE EXERTIONS EVEN OF HIS THEN DECLINING TALENTS, IS ENABLED TO SETTLE HIS LITIGIOUS DISPUTE, AND PROVIDE FOR THREE PERSONS, ONE OF WHOM WAS VERY EXPENSIVE—REFRAINS IN A GREAT MEASURE FROM DRINKING SPIRITS—THE GOOD EFFECTS OF ABSTAINING FROM SUCH A POISONOUS BEVERAGE, &c.

IN the month of January, 1803, the bail-bond for his appearance was signed by the late candidate for Westminster, and the writer of this. The sum was something more, we believe, than forty-five pounds; and, notwithstanding his emaciated state of body and mind, he paid the debt, by the exertion of his yet remaining talents, in less than a month. It is also necessary to ob-

serve the allowance of two guineas a-week which he made to his wife, one guinea ditto to his man, and the sums it cost him, not merely for necessary food; drink, and raiment, but, except in the latter, for the downright extravagance of frequent intoxication. Being very frequently with him whilst he remained at his brother's, the author has frequently deplored the situation to which this naulish obstinacy had reduced him; and, by constantly reminding him of the fatal effects of swallowing down such quantities of distilled poison, flattered himself that he had in a great measure weaned him from these baneful excesses. So that, for more than six weeks, he drank scarcely any thing but the best red port, daily, and about two pints of porter, that is, one at each of his meals. At this time, he was fortunate enough to have his old faithful man with him, George Sympson, who took great care to procure him every thing that was likely to nourish and feed him.

One morning, about the latter end of

March, 1803, the author, with one of his sons, a lad about fourteen, called upon his friend George, who had previously seen the youth at his father's house, where he questioned him respecting his drawing, and complimented him upon the progress he had made in so short a time. The painter happened to be in a very good humour that morning, and his brother kindly took the advantage of the favourable moment to gratify the youth's extreme curiosity to see his brother paint. George was then at work upon a half-length landscape and figures, which had been a considerable time in hand; and, contrary to the prediction of several who knew that circumstance, it has since been finished. He was touching upon some of the figures, and Klob put the young student close to the master's chair, who instantly placed him behind it, where he remained about two hours of the most pleasant he ever studied in his life; where he seemed to imbibe the essence, not only of his manner, but of the spirit of this his favourite master. After this one useful, and never-to-be-forgotten instance of

George's condescension, in giving some useful instruction to the son of his disinterested friend for more than twenty years, he, nor his brother Klob, could ever induce him to give the young student more than another hour's instruction, relative to his profession, about a month afterwards. So very tenacious was he of communicating the smallest hint to any one that might hereafter enter into competition with him, no matter however remote the period. We trust in the candour of our readers, to give us credit for the assertion of being a *disinterested friend* for more than twenty years; and the solemn declaration, that we never had directly from him, either picture or drawing, during the whole of the said period, which is known to hundreds, we hope will receive as fair a portion of credit as such an honest declaration thus made, is justly entitled to.

Sometime in the spring of 1803, he left his brother, and went to lock himself up in a spunging-house, in Roll's Buildings, Chancery Lane, where he had been in the

habit of going when he was tired every where else. For the owner of this local *salvo custodio*, he is said to have painted a number of pictures; and here we believe he remained the whole of the summer of 1803, except his occasional visits to his wife at Paddington. From Roll's Buildings, he went now and then to the late Mr. Spencer's, Garrick's Head, in Bow Street, where there was always a room and a good bed reserved for him; but we believe he spent more of his time over the bottle there, than at his easel, or over his drawings; though he might finish a picture or two there, and perhaps a few drawings. This, however, is certain, that he promised to paint there for some time; and Spencer prepared every thing necessary for the operation of painting and drawing, all of which we saw; and the disappointment he expressed about a man he pretended to know so well, occasioned a good laugh at his expence.

From this period, till about the month of December in the same year, we seldom saw

him, except by chance in the streets, two or three times, accompanied by a strange servant he called Jemmy, who was with him at his death. When one morning, just as the author was crossing the corner of Dean Street, he heard his name called in a voice he knew; and poor George, as dirty as a scavenger, reeled out of a public house at the corner. He immediately laid hold of his friend, and taking him to a hackney-coach, the door of which stood open, he shewed a chafing-dish, half full of charcoal, burning away, and the seats and bottom strewed all over with chesnut-shells; the roasting of which he said had been fine amusement for Jemmy his man, and the master, ever since six o'clock that morning. It was then about ten. When George was asked, why he kept the coach waiting, he said he had sent Jemmy for some dead colours that scoundrel Klob had thought proper to retain; and as they belonged to a gentleman, he was determined to arrest him if they were not immediately given up. Whilst they were thus engaged, Jemmy came up in triumph,

with two large canvasses on his shoulder, little more than dead-coloured. These were deposited in the coach, and George was extremely desirous of getting the author into the smothering vehicle, which he, Jervais, and his man, attempted to do by main force. In this effort, however, they failed, having all three considerably exhausted their strength, in that morning's contention with a more potent antagonist, vulgarly yclept the gin bottle.

Before the coach drove off, the painter obtained a promise from the author, to meet him at one of his haunts, in or near Fetter Lane. Thither, upon his return from the city, the author called, about nine in the evening; and no less than a harper, fiddler, and bassoon player, waiting the arrival of "Morland the great painter;" for when his friend enquired for Mr. Morland at the bar, these itinerant minstrels were kind enough to correct the error of his address, by observing—"It's Morland the great painter the gemmen wants; it's all right enough." However, the com-

pany were greatly disappointed ; for George never made his appearance that night, as the author was told after, but who felt no regret in quitting the scene immediately, when he found the great painter had not arrived at the hour appointed. After this, he went to Gerrard Street, where he sometimes used to paint at the house of an old acquaintance, a carver and gilder, who is said to have made more money of his labours than any other individual of all those money-making crowds that followed him. This, however, for our own parts, we are very much inclined to doubt; and the kind offer made by this person, whose name we are not at liberty, by his consent, to mention, of liberating him from his last confinement, when it was impossible the poor artist could ever reimburse him in this world, compels us to acknowledge, he is deserving of all he ever got by the works of our painter.

We next found our wandering, and much-to-be-pitied friend, once more at work for his brother, in Dean Street, who

had then opened, or converted his house into a hotel and tavern. This was some time about the month of July, 1804, when the author saw him upstairs, in the back drawing-room, at work, or rather drinking and talking over his old disasters. It was with heartfelt concern the author perceived, that his friend had re-commenced his pernicious draughts; and the havoc it seemed to have made in his intellects, was only equalled by the evident decay of his constitution. He looked besotted and squalid; cadaverous hanging cheeks, a pinched nose, contracted nostrils, bleared and bloodshot eyes, a bloated frame, swelled legs, a palsied hand, and a tremulous voice! All bespoke the dismal ruin of what was once one of the soundest frames, containing the brightest genius, that the lovers of true nature have had to deplore, amongst all the painters whose works have done immortal honour to the British nation.

This situation, in which the painter was found, led the author to conclude, that all

future hopes of his exerting his exhausted talents to any productive end for his own emolument, were completely fallacious. Conversing with a friend or two upon the melancholy situation to which he would, in all probability, be soon reduced, it was suggested by them, that if, even then, he could be debarred from taking his daily quantum of poison, and his mind could be made easy on the subject of future wants, the natural strength of his original stamina, which they conceived not quite yet exhausted, would again bring about a favourable change.

In a few days, the author saw him again. He then talked of a nice dinner, looked much better, and declared against any more gin. Finding him in this favourable state and mood, his friend was rejoiced at the happy change, encouraged him to persevere in so good a resolution, and to take all the nourishing things he could get. After some further conversation, his man being out of the way, he observed, in a very serious, and rather a desponding manner,

that his situation, though chiefly brought on by his own imprudence, was yet made more galling than it needed to be, by the unreasonable expectations of certain persons, who were now and then his task-masters. His own emphatic words were—"The greatest trouble I have been cursed with, for some time past, is, that whether sick or well, my mind easy or distracted, these ignorant, negro-driving task-masters, expect me to take a handful of pencils, and a few bladders of paint, and make them pictures faster than a man can make shoes. They think, b—st them all to perdition, that I can strap to like a paper-hanger, and fill their rooms with pictures as fast as he can cover the walls."

In addition to all which he added, that his sight, from the number of pictures and drawings he had already pored over, was completely tired out; and he now required a good deal of nursing to bring him about, in some place where he should not be disturbed by the impatient clamour of saucy duns; that now, as he found himself in

the greatest want of an assistant to do the drudgery of dead colouring, back ground, and sky painting, he was destitute of all help; whereas, when he was young and healthy, he never wanted pupils for that or any other purpose of assisting him. This was touching the very string which accorded with the hints of those friends whom the author had consulted, as mentioned in the preceding page; and it was instantly offered our painter, to supply him with just such an assistant as he was lamenting the want of. It was stated, that the person who actually painted the little picture which was shewn him, and which he did not know from his own, should do all the drudgery he required, and forward the pictures from his designs as much as he thought proper, for one-fourth of whatever they produced at a fair and open market. But still further, he should have an apartment to himself, and have every comfort respecting board and lodging, and be under no manner of restraint, in any particular; but as to the quantity of gin. This proposal he embraced with more readiness than any that

had ever been made: he was happy to hear the author's son was the painter of the little picture, and allowed his capacity to assist him was undoubted. He declared himself surprised beyond expression, when he thought of a self-taught genius, who should, without any previous study, in so short a time, be enabled to produce such a specimen as that which had deceived him so completely, that, as he said to his brother, he was quite puzzled to recollect for whom he had painted it. And, finally, he appointed to come to work with "the young one," within a fortnight from that time, under the forfeiture of a ten-guinea picture; and, if all things were not ready for him when he came, his friend agreed to forfeit that sum in money.

CHAP. XIV.

FICKLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION OF OUR PAINTER, WHERE HIS INTEREST WAS EVIDENT, AN APPARENT CONTRADICTION TO HIS OBSTINACY IN PURSUIT OF MANY THINGS DIRECTLY CONTRARY TO HIS ADVANTAGE—SUMS PAID HIM BY HIS BROTHER FOR A DAY'S PAINTING, TOWARDS THE LATTER END OF JULY, 1804—LAST DRAWING HE MADE FOR HIM, IN THE MONTH HE DIED.

ONLY three days had elapsed since the proposal mentioned in the preceding Chapter, so cheerfully acceded to by our much-lamented painter, when his friend called upon him again. He was cheerful, and exceedingly loquacious; and, as if to exhibit an instance of his great memory, than which we never met any superior, he re-

lated, with a tolerable strength of voice, in rapid succession, all the freaks and mad pranks he or his companions had played, for more than five-and-twenty years. This being one of his working days, the pencil kept equal pace with his tongue; and for more than two hours, he ran on with a circumstantial detail of all the events which had occurred, particularly those wherein the author was concerned, for more than twenty years. During this display of wonderful memory, his brother now and then came into the room, and his man disappeared with the little bottle, for a fresh cargo of gin, twice or thrice, as it held but a quartern. Yet, notwithstanding the two friends were several times alone, he never took the least notice of what had been agreed upon when they last saw each other. Indeed his memory seemed to be overburthened with every thing which transpired, till within a few days of that agreement.

Just, however, before the author took his leave, he asked if his friend saw the propo-

sal in the same advantageous light as before. He allowed it appeared to him the same good thing it did when first mentioned; but for all that, he was afraid he must be off. The other replied, that if he remained in this state of irresolution when they next met; it should be so; and, notwithstanding the penalty thus forfeited, he would relinquish that, as he had uniformly done every thing he was entitled to by similar agreements, from their first acquaintance. He also added, that as a friendly physician had recommended sea-bathing, with the best effect, the season before, and he had made up his mind to set off for Brighton the next month, it was absolutely necessary to have a clear understanding—a positive rejection or acceptance of the friendly offer so recently made him. Finding it impossible to bring him to any fixed point, upon this or any other subject, the author took his leave, and in a few days called upon him again.

This was the last time the author ever saw his unfortunate friend, and found him, as he

expected, more than ever attached to that destructive habit of gin drinking. This was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon: he had been able to take but little breakfast; though he could manage to swallow down four glasses of liquid poison. Whilst his man went for a repetition of the dose, the author remonstrated with him upon relapsing into this abominable habit, for he was then sober; and he declared, in answer, that it had now become so necessary to his existence, that a total abstinence from it would be his death. He then changed the subject, and declared his sorrow for not being able to carry into effect their intended plan; and, as usual, made a number of promises, which, although he might intend, he never lived to perform. It was at this interview, he enquired when the Memoirs of a Picture were forthcoming; and, without waiting for an answer, added—"I always thought you a more indolent fellow than I am, or else you must have learned to paint long before this, from the number of years you've been in the habit of seeing me do it. However, if you can portray one

clever Picture at last, to the thousands I have sent into the world, and it should have the good fortune to be well received; you'll make more of it than I ever could of all my works. All my worldly treasure now consists in a solus * flimsey; and as for my rigging, I am something like the snail, all I have in the world I carry on my back. But who knows, perhaps the duds may last me as long as I live, and then very little ribbon (money) will be necessary to provide for the belly at least, as well as the back." All this was said in a sprightly laughing manner—no appearance of despondency; on the contrary, his looks and manner were more cheerful than his friend had observed for some time before. In the same spirit of good humour, the author told him, if he should be able to shake off a threatened fit of the gout, by his journey to Brighton, and it should so please the Fates, that he should survive him, the world should certainly be presented with at least a *true life* of the most unaccountable genius

* A one-pound note.

of his age or country. Indeed, proceeded this friend, your name already cuts a very conspicuous figure, and constitutes one very prominent feature of my original Picture; but you must excuse the liberties therein taken with you, till you enter into the spirit of the work, and are thereby enabled to comprehend its *tout ensemble*.

After taking leave of this unaccountably fickle genius, the author told his brother Klob of the wonderful change in the appearance of George for the better, notwithstanding the havoc that cursed tipping of spirits seemed to have made in his constitution some few days before. He observed, he had seen so many changes in him, and had more than once given him up for dead, in spite of every thing he thought but a miracle; and yet he did recover again so, that there was no calculating upon the years he might yet last. He then brought to the author's recollection, the day his brother was in one of his talking and painting humours, when the author was last there, and declared he had paid him no less than ten

pounds for that day's work ; and that although the hours were not so many, he fully earned it ; that he had frequently given him from two guineas to five or six, but never was so well satisfied with what he had done for these smaller sums, as with that which he did for the ten pounds. This was about the latter end of July, or rather the beginning of August ; and, in a few days after, the author, with his son, the pupil of nature and of Morland, set off for Brighton.

About the middle of September, they returned ; and, upon enquiring at Dean Street, Klob informed the author, that his friend George had taken himself off, in some of his airs, and he believed was then painting for his old acquaintance in Gerard Street. From this time till the middle of October, no more was heard about George at Dean Street, but reproaches ; when a gentleman of the author's acquaintance, well known to the Morland family, meeting him by chance, told him the brothers were together again as friendly as

ever. Two days afterwards, the author being desirous of shewing George some sketches his son had taken of the sea, and the numerous small craft, consisting principally of fishing-boats, &c. while they were at Brighton, he called with the said specimens at Dean Street. When enquiring for his friend, the brother told him an angry story about George coming there, and making him procure expensive paper for two drawings, one of which he soon finished, and which has been sold since his death for ten pounds, he touched a two-pound note and two shillings for it, and cut the remainder of the fine paper into four pieces, without separating them; so that, when Klob went to deposit his sheet of precious drawing-paper, three parts of it tumbled on the ground, and the other remained in his hand, which trembled with vexation; and “now,” continued this enraged son of thrift, “I’ve done with him for ever; he is gone to Gerrard Street—there let him stay—for here he shall never humbug me again—no, never!”

Having heard a similar declaration once or oftener every year, for the last nine years, from the same person, it was natural to conclude this breach would be made up, like all the rest; and we have no doubt but that would have been the case, had it pleased the great Disposer of all human events to have spared our lamented genius a few months longer. From this period the author, whenever he went near Dean Street, enquired after his old friend George, when, about the 22d of October, he was attacked with the most violent and tedious fit of the rheumatic gout he had ever suffered, notwithstanding he had been down to Brighton so recently, in order to prevent it.

CHAP. XV.

THE MELANCHOLY NEWS OF POOR MORLAND'S DEATH MADE KNOWN TO HIS FRIEND, TWO DAYS AFTER IT HAPPENED—HIS AFFLICTION UPON THE CONFIRMATION OF IT—UNDER THIS IMPRESSION WRITES THE EPITAPH GIVEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THIS CHAPTER—SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE FINAL EXIT OF POOR GEORGE.

AFTER being confined to his bed about nine days, most of which time was consumed in excruciating tortures, with scarcely any sleep; nature, nearly exhausted, sunk for a few hours into a perturbed slumber. From this temporary elysium, the author was disturbed by the appearance of his son at the foot of his bed, who sobbingly told him the melancholy news of his poor master's death, George Morland. As reports of this kind

had been more than once circulated, without the least foundation, the author refused to give any credit to this new rumour of an event that would not have surprized him the day after he had seen his friend in the state described in a preceding chapter. In this positive unbelieving state he continued till the second day of November, when his brother called and confirmed the dismal news to the family of the author, who had seen an account of it before in the Morning Advertiser.

Upon the confirmation of this afflicting event, every recollection of his imprudence and his faults were absorbed in the contemplation of his good nature, and his unrivalled talents. Calling to mind also, the dupe he had long been to the artifices of those reptiles, who, like the insidious biting insects who fasten upon, and exist by sucking the blood of the noblest animals, who are thus tormented by those who are feasting upon their distress. Revolving all these bitter reflections in his mind, the author found infinitely more cause to pity the poor infa-

tuated Morland, once the companion of his youth, than to condemn, even upon the principles of rigid justice. If the bias of the mind, still keeping equity in view, runs thus parallel with our best affections and social habits, we shall not be under any apprehensions of censure from the liberal minded, in acquitting our unfortunate friend from doing an intentional, or premeditated injury to any. How much he suffered from those, who have done him mischief enough, from both these wicked motives, in order to promote their own avaricious ends, may one day be manifested in the total dissipation of that mammon, and the eternal confusion of all those who, like them, acquire riches by such cruel means.

When the mind is somewhat relieved from the oppression of a temporary sorrow, there is a pleasing melancholy which generally succeeds, and glides imperceptibly into the place of grief. This disposition of the mental faculty is peculiarly adapted to call forth the tenderness of friendly recollection, and to dwell upon with delight the

several excellencies which distinguished our departed friends, or relatives, whilst amongst us; and impels us, to the utmost of our talents, to endeavour to transmit the memory of such endowments to the latest posterity. To this laudable source, we might trace the origin of these simple strains of mournful regret for the loss of friends, which distinguish those melancholy numbers peculiar to such compositions as are called the elegy, the dirge, and the epitaph. Under impressions similar to these we have attempted to describe, the epitaph which will conclude this chapter was certainly written; in a bed of pain and sorrow, the second of November, 1804, and it appeared the next morning in that paper which first announced the unfortunate termination of his mortal existence, who is the subject of it.

We come now to the most trying and difficult part of our duty; namely, that of recording the mode and manner in which our poor friend made his exit upon the stage of this variegated and transitory life.

About the 19th day of October, 1804, as our inimitable painter was turning the corner of Gerrard Street, he was taken in execution for a paltry debt of a public house score of three pounds ten shillings, at the suit of a publican who had prevailed upon him to sign a cognovet some time before. He was immediately carried to an officer's house, at Air Place, Air Street Hill, Hatton Garden, which was upon a Friday; the next day, in attempting to make, or as his brother says, while he was finishing a drawing, he tumbled out of his chair, and never spoke intelligibly to any of those few friends that knew of his situation. This drawing is now in the possession of our much-regretted painter's mother, from whose lips the author had one part of this melancholy narrative.

Whether there were any detainers of much consequence lodged against him, we are not able to ascertain; but whatever there might be against him, to the credit of those who visited him in his last confinement, be it recorded, that each of them

pressed him to let them discharge the debt and costs, whatever they might be. This generous offer, however, he positively rejected, and betook himself to the exertion of those talents which had hitherto never failed to procure him whatever he desired. But alas! he was arrived now at the crisis which paralyzed every effort; from the moment he fell out of his chair, he remained nearly insensible, and upon the 29th of October expired without a groan!!

In consequence of his dying in a Spunging House, the coroner's inquest was held pro forma, and the apothecary who attended that ceremony, charged a guinea for his trouble of holding himself in readiness for a few hours, to answer professional questions, which are never asked but in cases of violent death. From the Spunging House, the body of this great painter was removed to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. Ward, Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, and from thence was conveyed in a hearse to the new burying ground at St. James's Chapel. Where, previous to the interment,

the usual prayers were read over him, which are so edifying upon such solemn occasions. The mortal remains of our unrivalled genius was then committed to that universal parent, to whose bosom we must all return, without the least of these worldly distinctions, which the pride and vanity of erring mortals would fain establish even in the grave. Upon the latter serious and melancholy observation, our readers will not be displeas'd with those beautiful lines of our immortal bard, which follow :

—————“ Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walls, and farewell king !

Shakespear's Rich. II. Act 3. Sc. 2.

At this awful ceremony it was the author's firm purpose so have been present ; and this intention he would most certainly

have effected, in spite of the remonstrances of his family, had those who promised him assistance, kept their word; which was, that they would lift him out of bed, put on his clothes, and carry him to a coach, in which they also promised to accompany him to the funeral of his old friend and companion. But, as we know their motive originated in their friendly solicitude for the life of the author, which they said would have been thereby put in unnecessary peril, through the damp and rain; we now here acquit them of their breach of promise. However, the author's eldest son, and young disciple of his lamented master, was present at these last sad obsequies performed over the remains of our inimitable painter, which has left an impression of gratitude on the youth's heart, which time can never efface. For the few hours of instruction he ever had of him appeared now of so much more intrinsic value, as in his opinion all the natural talent of the country was defunct in the person of his truly admired master.

However this may savour of youthful extravagance and partiality, certain it is, that no painter of ancient or modern times had more just claims to the character of an original; and, with the exception of the sublime of historical painting, none that we ever read of was ever more general, more universal, whenever he chose to exert his wonderful powers. But the uncommon facility he had acquired of "dashing off," as he called, a great number of familiar subjects, which saved him the trouble of mental exertion, and even of a previous sketch or design, brought him in as much money as the most elaborate exertion of his all-commanding genius. By this want of discrimination in his customers, he was furnished with the means of constant dissipation; and that to him, latterly through the mere force of habit, became in some measure necessary to his existence.

To this melancholy narrative of our painter's earthly career, we have to add that of his once beautiful wife; who, after all their domestic bickerings, loved him too

well to outlive him many days ! For as soon as she came to the knowledge of his death, namely two days after it happened, of which she appears to have had a strong presentiment, she expired in a few hours, and was buried in the same grave with him.

As we shall, in the Appendix to this genuine biographical sketch, take a general and impartial review of the talents of Mr. G. Morland, as an eminent painter, with occasional remarks upon his various productions ; we shall here terminate our authentic Memoir of his mortal existence, with a few observations from our great lexicographer and profound moralist, and some others, namely, that “ this relation will not be wholly without its use, if those who, in confidence of their superior capacities and attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence ; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit, ridiculous, and genius contemptible.”—*Vide Johnson's Life of Savage,*

That Dr. Johnson evidently means all the consequences here denounced against negligence and irregularity, to be the sentence which the prudent part of mankind pass upon the unfortunate geniuses, whose long habits have incurred such a verdict, may be gathered from all his reflections throughout the Life of the unhappy Savage. For, without setting down aught in malice, he certainly endeavours to palliate, sometimes descends to pity, and we think, for the honour of his feelings as a friend, kindly extenuates, where his rigid judgment seems about to condemn.

If these remarks should obtain credence with our humane readers, may we be permitted now, after the imperious task is over, which stern justice had imposed upon us throughout the foregoing Memoir, to indulge our humble feelings as a friend, who, in the strictest sense of that hallowed phrase, cannot, will not, yield the palm to any being clothed with humanity, throughout the whole of God's unbounded creation. May we, then, in the accents of ten-

der mercy, apply the comforting and elegant opinion of the friendly and judicious Langhorne, as beautifully expressed in his Memoirs of an unfortunate namesake; to wit—" *The gifts of imagination,*" says our discriminating judge of human nature, "bring the heaviest *task* upon the *vigilance of reason*; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude, or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness, and of cool attention, which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as Nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of *dulness* and of *folly*, to point with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of" Morland, "withdraw to a respectful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weak-

ness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament—*that Nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect.*”

At the earnest desire of several friends of our own and the painter's, and not from any little motive of vanity, we shall here subjoin our Epitaph, which has appeared before, and received the sanction of public approbation in other prints.

Epitaph

ON

MR. GEORGE MORLAND,

Who died October the 29th, 1804, in the Forty-first Year of his Age.

YE Sons of *Genius*, pause one moment here,
 And pay the tribute of a *kindred tear*;
 A *gifted Brother* rests beneath this stone,
 Whom *Nature* smil'd on, and proclaim'd *her own*.
 His *magic touch* could animation give,
 And make each *object* on the *canvas live* :

To him was giv'n the *plastic art* to trace
 The rustic vigour of our *peasant race*.
 The *bleating sheep upon the mountain's brow*,
 The *living pig, the calf, and lowing cow*,
 The *rosy milkmaid*, and the *chubby youth*,
 None e'er portray'd with *so much ease and truth!*
 The coming storm, which spreads a gloomy shade
 Of partial darkness o'er the sunny glade ;
 The howling tempest, and the billow's foam,
 Through which our *hardy sailors* dauntless roam ;
 Or *vet'ran smugglers*, braving hardest gales,
 Dashing through frightful surf, with tatter'd sails :
 These *varied scenes* 'twas thine, amidst the strife
 Of *warring elements*, to *paint like life!*

Adieu, ill-fated Morland! Foe to gain ;
Curs'd be each sordid wretch that caus'd thy pain ;
Spite of detraction, long thy envied name
Shall grace the annals of immortal fame.

APPENDIX.



AMONG the great number and variety of pictures painted by Morland, the wonder is, not that there are so many indifferent, and even bad ones, of his own hand; but, under all the circumstances which he frequently worked, it is truly amazing that there are so many good, and several which are truly inimitable. There is another consideration also, which we should earnestly hope our readers will deem worthy of their attention, namely, the *pupils* by whom our *painter* was now and then assisted. This circumstance will be of some importance to those who are desirous of collecting the *genuine* productions of our unrivalled painter, in whose works, notwithstanding the uncommon demand there is for them all now, yet we must candidly admit, that a greater inequality never ex-

isted, than is evidently to be found in even the *genuine pictures* of the celebrated G. Morland. A very recent instance, in confirmation of the truth of the foregoing remarks, we shall here briefly state. At a sale which took place early this month (April), indeed it was not the *first day*, upon which it used to be the custom for every *wag* to endeavour to make *a fool of his neighbour*; but it was in truth somewhat later, and the property advertised was *bona fide* as declared, the property of the person therein named. Not an article was there in the catalogue that did not belong to the heirs of the estate, for whose benefit the whole was sold. Now, in this liberal case, as well as several others, we are not so absurd as to favour the ridiculous prejudice which sometimes misleads better judgments, namely, that a picture is any *better* for being sold at a *genuine sale*. No! the supposition is preposterous. Whatever the picture *was* before the sale, in point of merit, it *must* be after, provided no damage is done to it, whether the auction be genuine or made up, or whether the auctioneer be

a *Christie*, or an ignorant *mushroom babbler*, just emerged from a city counter, possessing no one qualification for the profession, but that impenetrable impudence which arises from the most consummate vanity. In this genuine sale, we say, there were several undoubted pictures by Morland, but not one of his best. There were also some by his pupil, poor Tommy Hand, who died before his master, and copies of Morland by other modern masters. The spirit of opposition which, luckily for the family, took place, and the immense crowd of buyers, who bid with the utmost avidity, and, in several instances, without the least discrimination, afforded an admirable proof of the increasing estimation in which our painter's works are still likely to be held. It must also be allowed, that if the auctioneer had not been, what we heartily wish each and all of the profession were, a candid and honourable man, he might have taken considerable advantage of the want of discrimination in several of his buyers, whom we are convinced would have gone as great lengths for any thing that bore our painter's

name, as they did for some which were positively his.

Now, as it was there asserted by a gentleman, much in the habit of seeing and attending Morland of late years, that our painter never had but one pupil, or disciple, and as we hold it one of our most sacred duties to give every possible information to our readers, which is likely to be of utility, we here assure them, and that gentleman, that Mr. G. Morland had five pupils: two of whom were of considerable service to him in all the inferior departments of laying on dead colour, filling in outlines, and bringing several of their master's designs to a state, which only required the magic of his *finishing touch, and manual signature.*

The first of these pupils, or rather a zealous disciple, for none of the holy twelve ever worshipped their master with more fervour of true devotion, than did this follower and disciple of Morland, whose name was Tanner, and the son of a master-tailor,

who gave George something very handsome with him. He was a remarkably bony, tall, well-set youth, of about nineteen, with what they who are styled physiognomists would call a hard unprepossessing countenance; high cheek-bones, very dark complexion, small grey eyes, with the bones projecting as shields for their protection, covered with black hair something finer in texture than a horse's mane, and the whole of his face deep, and broadly pitted with the small pox. From this brief description of this very worthy young man, for indeed he was truly so, our readers will judge, whether we gave him an appropriate appellation, when we called him the *Mohawk*, a tribe of American Indians, most of whom are said to resemble our young Appelles in stature. Be this as it may, he was pleased with his nickname, because it diverted his master, and many is the roguish trick that same master and others put upon him. But of this hereafter; this inoffensive being was carried away with the crazy idea of his being blest with a natural genius, like his master, for painting; and the fail-

ure of a thousand attempts were not sufficient to convince him of the contrary. But what he lacked in genius, he endeavoured to supply with the most unremitting perseverance of application. The dawn of every day was his wished-for guide to the painting-room; and as his master seldom or never began to work till he had his breakfast, young Teniers, as George called him when he wanted to elate him into an ambitious extacy, would sketch and daub, plaster with his palette knife, and glaze with his master's best pencils, for hours and hours; but not one touch appeared to be like any thing that any painter ever conceived or brought forth before; which made his master slyly observe, that they were all *efforts* of a perfectly *original genius*, which scorned the slavery of imitating any body or thing, in or out of nature.

However, after several months' trial, George brought him so far, as to do some of the very inferior departments, as before mentioned; and what he was deficient in

the art he so much idolized, he made up in doing any office of the meanest drudgery about the house. In short, what with carrying his master's pictures to market, and from hence for his mistress every article of the most cumbersome marketing, the poor Mohawk made a tolerably fair shift to earn all he devoured; and the quantity, it must be confessed, cheap as provisions were then, required the utmost exertions of his labour and industry to pay for.

This faithful disciple of Morland, after quitting his master, went down in the country; and, after several years' close application, we are happy to hear, is enabled to procure *a good living*, in that field of the art, which human vanity has thrown open to reward the patient industry of the children of dulness. In short, our friend, for if he ever reads a line of this, he will recollect the friendly interposition of its author in his behalf; many a time and oft, we say, when he peruses this, he will *acknowledge*, that nothing is set

down here in malice—but the *very contrary*.

The next pupil of our eccentric master was a lad of infinitely more promise than the former, and had he been inspired with half the enthusiasm of his predecessor, we are inclined to think he would have approached nearer to the excellence of his master, than any other, whose attempts we have till lately seen. He was considerably older than the Mohawk, and was of great use to his master, in as much so, that several of his pictures, with the addition of a few touches, passed, then, and of course will now, for the sole production of his master. This pupil's name was Davis, or, according to the Morland school, *Davey Brown*, whether our information be correct or not respecting his death, at this moment we believe is doubtful; we shall, therefore, briefly state, that many pictures, every touch of which was Davey Brown's, painted long after he left his master, and at a very considerable distance from any chance of an instructive hint, *have passed* upon some

very wise persons, *and very recently too*, for the genuine productions of G. Morland.

The late Mr. Thomas Hand was another pupil of our great master, and although he never approached so near his excellence as Brown, on account of his being defective in what Morland always called that *necessary branch* of the art of *painting* called *drawing*, yet was he of infinite service in getting forward pictures in all the subordinate gradations, till they received the perfecting touches of his unequalled master. Of this artist we can speak from our own knowledge, that he was perfectly good humoured and inoffensive; had a considerable share of his master's colouring, but without a particle of his knowledge in drawing, composition, or design. How much the value of his pictures were enhanced by their being retouched by Morland, the event of a late sale, already mentioned, affords a very productive proof. A *proof* and has furnished a profitable *hint* or *two*, and we have no doubt will be improved to the utmost, by some of the

industrious speculators then present, as long as the *interested* assertions of a near relative shall be swallowed as conclusive, respecting the identity of the whole, or any part of a modern pastici, Morlando tableau.

Of the pupil next in order, we can only say, that in those pictures exhibited by him at Somerset House, we have seen some which were no disgrace to his master; but whether they had previously to their being sent there received any benefit from the imposition of his plastic hand, who moulded all he pleased to touch into life, we know not. However, this we do know, that this disciple must have profited greatly from the capital pictures he has had through his hands as a gentleman speculator; and we also believe he, like a great many others, would have been quite as *well pleased now*, if they had *kept poor George's labours a little longer*.

This disciple, whose person we merely recollect, holds a situation in the Queen's

Mews, and is one of those respectable brushes, which is neither much above or below mediocrity, and whose productions, if they do not reflect much honour upon the teacher, certainly are no disgrace to him. Of another living pupil, being the *last*, though we should hope not *least*, of the aforesaid five, lest any opinion we might hazard about his talents should savour of a paternal bias towards mere human partiality, we shall dismiss with an earnest prayer, being the essence of an old proverb—may he long continue to be an object of *envy*, but never live to receive the *pity* of his cotemporaries through the neglect of his own energies, nor ever forget that beneficent Providence, to whom *alone he is indebted* for whatever *success his labours* have hitherto been *crowned* with, or shall be hereafter.

Having concluded what we meant generally to observe upon the talents of our painter's disciples, we shall take an opportunity of remarking here, that if our poor unhappy friend had received *only a tenth*

part of the sums for which some of his trifling little pictures lately sold, he would certainly have been more comfortable during the last ten months of his life.

We come now to a *subject*, which has amused a considerable portion of the great and little vulgar, who can admire even the most defective productions of our painter, for no other reason than that they really *are* the defects of Morland. Amongst another description of persons, however, we find the same doubts respecting the said subject, which therefore merits, and shall receive our best attention. This momentous subject then is—“Whether the late Mr. G. Morland was, or was not, the mere child of genius.”—Before we enter into the merits of the above question, we beg leave to remind our readers of one fact, which it is hoped we have established in the genuine Memoirs of his life preceding this Appendix, namely, that *at all events he was not the mere creature of industrious or laborious study.*

A gentleman, whose good opinion we are

at all times extremely anxious of retaining, because we know him to be a man of first rate talents in his profession, and that he was also the early encourager of our lamented friend, whose rising fame received every support, and was widely extended over the vast continent through his means. This much-respected friend, from the best and most laudable motive; or, in his own words—"for the encouragement of industry," says, it is an error too generally believed, that Morland was the mere child of genius, "but I never yet witnessed intuitive talent." Now, with all due deference to his superior judgment in matters of art, we beg leave to dissent from that opinion; and we really at present cannot quote a *living instance* more in *point*, than the *person* himself who makes the contrary assertion.

Now if two boys of nearly the same age are placed under the most capable master, to initiate them in the art of painting, who is also an honest man, conscientiously bent to do his duty equally to both; if

one of these lads, however, should through fickleness desert the pursuit the second day, and the other should receive all his master's care and attention for twenty years, without neglecting his teacher an hour in all that time, would such a lad not have afforded sufficient proofs of industry? Supposing that, for as many more years, this assiduous person pursues his studies with equal application, and with all the helps of the best instruction and models that an indulgent parent could procure, what then shall we say, according to our friend's conclusions in favour of industry, what can possibly prevent such a man from being what study, &c. must make him—namely, a first rate artist? Why, we answer, the *want* of the very *principle* which our ingenious artist before mentioned has affected to deny the existence of—namely, *a genius, a natural talent*, which we boldly assert is *intuitive*, from the contrast we are now about to submit to our readers. The other boy or youth, who declined the study and instructions of his teacher, after sixteen years or more, had been consumed in

other pursuits which bore no affinity to the arts, all in a moment burst forth an artist; a month's application, without instruction from any, enables him to outstrip every effort of his once, for a short space indeed, fellow-pupil; and, in a few years, he becomes enabled to rank with the first class of his profession, while the other artist could never attain to any thing like mediocrity.

Now as the foregoing is a tolerably correct statement of a positive fact, and not an hypothetical proposition, our readers will, no doubt, smile when they hear that the genius who has thus succeeded, is the very same that denies the existence of such a principle as genius; in fact, denies, in a manner the existence of his own charming kindred genius in the gifted mind of his amiable daughter! But we entertain too high an opinion of the artist's good sense, to think he seriously believes what he would appear to inculcate; as the late worthy president of the Royal Academy constantly asserted the same doctrine, in several of his

ectures, no doubt with the same laudable motive, to stimulate his students to exert themselves; we shall therefore give him credit for the rectitude of his intentions.

Before we pursue the subject any farther, we must observe, that the former instance of the force of *genius*, or *natural talent*, is but one of a hundred which has fallen within the scope of our own immediate observation. But we prefer leaving to the experience and observation of our readers to supply the numerous instances they have met with in every art or science, which depend upon the exertions of the mind for the attainment of any one of them.

We shall now briefly submit to our readers the definition of some of the greatest masters of human intellect, upon the word *Genius*.

Dryden defines it—"Mental power or faculties; disposition of nature, by which any one is qualified for some particular employment." "A happy genius is the gift

of nature," says the same inspired writer. The learned editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary defines Genius—"A natural inclination; the natural quality or disposition of a thing; wit, &c. a device, a contrivance; a witty man." The word Intuitive, which is certainly a very near relation of Genius at least, the immortal Locke defines—"Seen by the mind immediately, without the intervention of agreement or testimony. The immediate perception of the agreement or disagreement of two ideas; when, by comparing them together in our minds, we see their agreement or disagreement; this, therefore, is called intuitive knowledge." "Intuition," says another great man, "enables us to decide, without deduction of reason, by immediate perception." Although our colossus of literature, as far as we can recollect, gives no definition of his own, of Genius, in his elaborate Dictionary, yet he, and every other great writer, have continually referred to its wonderful operations; indeed the Doctor, in his Life of Savage, pretty strongly enforces the existence and operations of it.

The whole of the preceding observations, and several others which we shall have occasion now and then to state, were never more completely applicable to any painter, than to our eccentric subject. For although his father endeavoured to direct and improve what he always knew his son to have possessed, namely, *a natural intuitive genius*; yet, as our friend acknowledges, when he left his parent, he threw off all the high-finished minutiae of studious detail, and struck out "a broader manner, with unparalleled success." We are ready to admit the obligations George had to study, whilst with his father, with regard to the practical part of his art, commonly called handling, or pencilling, as also the readiness he acquired thereby; but in all the years we have known and observed him, he has been more studious in procuring the means of defraying the useless expences he incurred, than in promoting or acquiring any improvement in his art. For the amazing quickness with which he designed, and made choice of any subject, is a strong proof to us that he decided intuitively.

In fact, the only hesitation we ever saw in him about any subject, was respecting the series of prints which the aforesaid respectable artist employed him to paint, namely, the six pictures called Seduction, or Letitia. This hesitation arose, however, more from a half-formed resolution of never finishing the pictures, in consequence of some judicious alterations suggested by Mr. Smith in a letter, which offended our painter, because the alterations proposed would give him a little more trouble than he chose then, or was in a humour to make. The writer of this was with him nearly the whole of the time, from his beginning the set, until they were finished to the satisfaction of his judicious employer. We shall now take leave for the present of the question, with declaring it as our firm opinion, that no man ever was, or ever will be, enabled, by the mere dint of study, without an *intuitive talent, or genius*, either to become a great sculptor, painter, musician, or poet.

Morland has been called the English Te-

niers ; and by many persons, his works are thought to resemble those of that great painter ; but with all due deference to such we must remark, that in colouring or neatness of pencil there is not the least similarity. Another opinion we are about to hazard, which would, and may perhaps draw down upon us the imputation of temerity, and of course deter us from thus giving it publicity, if it were not for our invincible antipathy to that monster prejudice. This opinion, however, is, that in almost every picture we have yet seen of young Teniers, the figures are generally dwarfs. Their heads and bodies being more like those of giants, than having any resemblance to the slender pigmy thighs and legs upon which they are so unmercifully placed. So that, if that great man took his models from living nature, the Dutch boors and their frows must have been the worst proportioned of the human race. But at all events, we know they are very different now ; nor has any traveller within our memory described them as more defective in personal symmetry than the peasantry of other nations.

Another error is beyond all doubt fairly imputable to the Dutch painter, namely, the brutish situation in which one or more of his figures are always introduced in his pictures. The employment of some of his female figures, also, is equally disgusting and indelicate. From all this censure, our great English painter is clearly and justly exempt; there is nothing in any one of the thousands of pictures and drawings we have seen, that can offend the eye of decency, or create a loathing in the most delicate taste.

Poor Morland has been also compared with Brouwer, another justly celebrated Dutch painter; but this comparison, like the former, leaves us without any proof of the discrimination or judgment of such critics as amuse themselves in making them. Brouwer was a painter of drolls, and humorous subjects, and exhibits more of the genius of our own immortal Hogarth, though vastly inferior to the latter, both in the spirit and moral tendency of his pieces. We must at the same time in candour ac-

knowledge, that the Dutchman was the best painter, although not the most useful.

After all, we are humbly of opinion, that there is a greater similarity between Rosa de Tivoli, as he was called, and our friend Morland, than can easily be found between any two professors of the same art, of different countries and ages; not in merely what relates to their art, but in the most material circumstances of their lives. For we have shewn, clearly as we hope, in a former part of this Sketch of Morland's Life, that he was almost born a painter; that he was also the son of a painter, and instructed by his father; married a beautiful woman, whose charms were insufficient to restrain his extravagance and dissipation. We have shewn the numerous difficulties into which this extravagance had involved him; and, finally, the facility with which his matchless pencil would have procured him the means of supplying all this, if he had been blessed with a little more than common prudence. In all these,

and several other characteristic particulars, Philip Roos was the exact prototype of George Morland. In short, there appears to be no other difference between them, than that their labours appear not to have been in equal estimation, either during their lives or since their death. For Pilkington says, Roos painted so many pictures to supply his wants, that his servant prudently bought them up, and thereby kept up his master's fame and price, and made his own fortune after his master's death. The same excellent biographer then states, as a proof of this painter's superior merit, that "his genuine works are at this day as much admired as they have ever been, and produce very high prices; and they justify one observation, which is, that what is truly excellent will always be truly valuable."

In these particulars our English painter has been rather more fortunate; for we believe he painted a greater number of pictures than any one of his age ever did, and yet their value was by no means lessened,

but continued gradually to increase to the end of his life, as we have amply shewn in our Memoir of it. But what his genuine works have produced at public auctions since his death, exceeds more than twenty times as much as they ever did during his abode amongst the living. Nay, we know of several good copies after him, that have brought double the price the originals from whence they were taken have sold for, even when sold as copies. So that if the learned Pilkington's observation is admitted as a test of his painter's merit, the same may, with strict propriety, be applied to Morland's, namely, "that what is truly excellent will always be truly valuable." But in order to give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves, we shall here, we flatter ourselves, afford them perhaps as much pleasure in comparing the life of Roos with that of our celebrated English artist, as we have received from its perusal, and we should hope appropriate application.

“ This artist was second son of Hendrick

Roos, born at Frankfort, 1655; and, from his infancy, shewed an extraordinary genius for painting. By the excellent instruction which he received from his father, his advancement in the knowledge of the art seemed surprising for his years; and it particularly recommended him to the favour of the Landgrave of Hesse, who became his patron, and presented him with a sum of money, to enable him to go to Rome, where he might improve his promising talents, intending to employ him in his service, whenever he returned to his own country.

“ On his first entrance into Rome, happening to pass by the arch of Titus, he saw a few young artists attentively engaged in sketching the basso-relievos; and, observing that grand monument of antiquity to have a picturesque appearance, he requested a crayon and paper from one of the students, and in half an hour produced a design, finished with incredible correctness and elegance, to the astonishment of them all.

The diligence of Roos at his studies was more remarkable than that of any of his cotemporaries; he laboured incessantly, devoted his whole time to his improvement, and omitted nothing that he thought might perfect him in his profession; by which unremitted practice, he obtained such a readiness of hand, such freedom and command of his pencil, as have distinguished him above all other artists; and, on account of his expeditious manner of painting, as well as the liveliness of his imagination, the Bentvogel society of painters at Rome called him Mercurius. He studied every object after nature—the sites of his landscapes, the cattle, ruins, buildings, figures, rocks, and rivers; and, to enliven his imagination, he chose to live at Tivoli, which furnished him with a lovely variety. It was his custom to keep in his own house several of those animals which he particularly intended for models; and, on account of the number, and the different kinds which he always maintained there, his house was generally called Noah's Ark; however, it answered his intention effect-

tually ; for no painter ever imitated nature with greater truth.

“Though he had married almost beautiful woman, the daughter of Hyacintho Brandi, an eminent historical painter, and although he had been so passionately in love with her as to change even his religion to obtain her ; yet neither beauty nor her amiable qualities could restrain him from a life of extravagance and dissipation, which rendered him continually necessitous. The ability he perceived himself possessed of, in working with such uncommon expedition, induced him to trust too much to the rapidity of his pencil, and impaired his fortune, though it happened not to injure his reputation in respect to his painting.

“It was customary with him to ride from Rome to Tivoli, attended by his servant, whenever his purse was exhausted ; and alighting at the first tavern he saw, he sat down to paint, and in a short time finished a picture, which he sent directly by his servant to be disposed of. - But by this

expedient, too frequently practised, he increased the number of his pictures to such a degree, that the prices they afforded were not any way proportioned to their value. His servant, therefore, who appears to have had much more discretion than his master on that occasion, paid him the highest prices that were offered by others, and reserved the pictures till they became more scarce, and more eagerly sought for, by which conduct he acquired a considerable fortune.

“ Yet though this great master painted such a number of pictures, it is observed, as an evidence of the liveliness of his imagination, that in every one of his compositions there is a variety, either in the scenes, the buildings, the groups of cattle, or the figures, in which respect he proved himself eminently superior to the Bassans, who introduce repeatedly the same objects, and the same figures and cattle, in almost every one of their designs.

“ As an instance of the incredible power of

Róos in execution and invention, it is recorded, that the Imperial Ambassador, Count Martinez, wagered a large sum of money with a Swedish General, that Roos would paint a picture, of three quarters size, while they were playing one game of cards; and in less than half an hour the picture was finished, though it consisted of a landscape, with two or three sheep and goats, and one figure. That wonderful proof of his readiness and genius was amply rewarded by the Ambassador, for he bestowed on the artist one-half of the sum that had been won by his dexterity.

“This master designed his subjects in a grand style, and his design is always correct; his colouring is bold, and full of force, his touch is remarkably free, firm, and spirited; and his scenery is elegantly agreeable. His lights and shadows are distributed with peculiar judgment, his figures and cattle are skilfully grouped, and the hair and wool of his animals have a strong look of nature, and a bold effect, by the broad manner of his penciling; his

skies, back grounds, situations, and distances, shew an elegant choice, and a masterly observation, as well as execution, and in every one of his compositions we see truth and real nature.

“It cannot but be regretted that, with such a genius, he should so often be compelled to paint out of necessity, and rarely to sit down and employ his pencil, except to procure an immediate supply. His expensive manner of living undoubtedly seemed to demand such a readiness of hand to support it; but in those pictures which he handled with the utmost expedition, he paid such an attention to his fame, that he took care to finish them in such a manner, as to render them justly estimable.

“His genuine works are, at this day, as much admired as they have ever been, and produce very high prices; and they justify one observation, which is, that what is truly excellent, will always be truly valuable.”

If we consider our English painter even in but two distinct characters, namely, that of a landscape, and a marine painter, we shall find that in these very different branches of the general art of painting he has hitherto been unrivalled; more especially in his sea and land storms; which evidently proves how attentive and accurate he must have been in his observations of these grand natural effects. In fact, no man was ever more at home in producing a bold and masterly effect of any striking object throughout the whole variegated face of nature. He had the peculiar art of blending, by the sweetest gradations of natural colouring, those otherwise violent oppositions of light and shade, which we sometimes see in the old masters; but our painter, by a happy combination of fascinating tints, softened down every discordant mass into one beautiful system of harmonious colouring.

We well remember the envious remarks of some critical connoisseurs when one of his finest landscapes was exhibited; his style

of colouring was particularly objectionable, and they censured him for deviating thus glaringly from all the rules of art, and the sacred practice of the old, or black school. In short, they concluded that he either did not know the power of contrast, or if he did, that he had wilfully despised it for the vanity of introducing a new system of colouring, contrary to every rule but those of simple nature. Indeed it appeared to us, to be truly mortifying to such Delphian oracles, that after they had pronounced upon the fate of this new system, the infidel public, with their usual ingratitude, manifested their contradictory spirit by the most enthusiastic approbation of what their betters had thus condemned. Nay, we all now must be convinced how incorrigibly vitiated their taste must be, since *sixteen years* has passed over them without any hope of their returning, or retracting their errors. Indeed, all the circumstances which we as faithful biographers have been compelled to relate, serve but to confirm the melancholy fact, that the age of good *old*

picture-quackery, like the sublime Burke's age of chivalry, are alas! both defunct.

But lest we should be accused of that sort of partiality, which has its source in ignorance of the merit of the ancient fathers of the divine art, we shall briefly state what we *wish* throughout all our humble labours to be understood to contend for,—namely, that truth and justice in every possible case, should be rendered impartially, both to the merits of the quick and the dead. That no *childish* veneration for *mere names*, or mere *antiquity*, should bias or impede the operations of common sense or fair reasoning in the discussion or decision of any question. *More* than this, we ask not; and *less* shall never silence or content us. We shall now, in conformity to these sentiments, present our readers with a hasty sketch of the *ages* of painting.

Historians mention only *three ages* in which painting hath arrived to any degree of perfection, except we admit Aristides, the ancient Theban, who flourished three

hundred years before Christ.* The first commenced some years before the reign of Philip, father of Alexander the Great; in this age the painters are said to have arrived at the greatest degree of perfection the art is capable of receiving from the efforts of man. About the middle of this age, the world was honoured with a *Timanthes*, *Phidias*, *Praxiteles*, *Parrhasius*, *Polignotus*, *Apelles* and *Zeuxis*, who were all cotemporaries of Alexander, and to the encouragement he gave the two latter, he is more justly entitled to the pompous epithet of *great*, than to all his splendid butcheries. We had almost forgotten another Grecian painter, *Protogenes*, who was a competitor of *Apelles*, and contended with him for the prize of fame. The former had the misfortune, which is said to be common to most prophets, if not to painters, he was not honoured in his *own country*. But the liberality of his rival, the generous *Apelles*, soon taught them better, by offering *Protogenes* the immense sum of fifty talents

* King Attelus bought one of his pictures at a sum equal to 60,000 crowns!!!

for every one of his pictures. The anecdote of this painter producing the foam at a horse's mouth, by throwing a sponge full of the proper colour at it in a fit of despair, after he had laboured even to weariness in fruitless endeavours to produce the desired effect proves that chance is now and then superior to art.

We are also told that Parrhasius contended with Zeuxis for a prize, when the former exhibited a curtain, which the latter several times desired might be drawn aside; believing it to be a real curtain which concealed the picture, which was to be put in competition with that he had painted of grapes, which deceived the birds. But finding his error, fairly acknowledged himself outdone; as he had only deceived the birds, whereas his rival had deceived even the painter of that very deception. The observation of Apelles, however, to his rival Protogenes, is of more consequence than a hundred trite anecdotes; namely, that the latter was his equal in painting, and would be his superior, *if he knew when to*

leave off. For he was in the general habit of dispiriting his pictures by too much labour. However, one of his pictures, although he is said to have laboured seven years incessantly upon it, must be an exception to the general censure of his rival Apelles, as this was that wonderful production, for the sake of which Demetrius spared Rhodes, merely out of fear of involving it in the destruction of that place, which he could no otherwise take than by burning one side of the town where it was placed; and where he had before the attack seen and admired it so much, as to forego the glory of taking so noble a city for the preservation of this one invaluable picture.*

The *second* age of painting commenced under the reign, and in the age of Augustus; the *third*, commonly called the *revi-*

* The Grecian statuaries and sculptors of most celebrity were Appollonius, Pamphilus, Glycon, and Agasies; Pamphilus and Glycon were painters also, and taught design in the school of Claudius Pulcher, the master of Apelles. Vide Aratin, Vasari, Beldinucci, Algarotti, Berghini, Sandrart, and others.

val of the arts, under the two magnificent Popes, Julius the second, and Leo the tenth. In this age we read of *Peter Perugino*, the master of the divine *Raphael*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Castelfranco*, *Titian's* master *Julio Romano*, *Antonia da Correggio*, *Battista of Parma*, *Girolamo Mazzola*, *Antonia da Pordonone*, *Andrea Del Sarto*, *Perino del Vago*, *Polidoro da Caravaggio*, and that towering genius of Herculean sublimity, *Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, with several others whose names do not at this moment occur. The last but one of whom, is particularly worthy of our attention, not merely because he studied under the divine *Raphael*, but that he, like them all, had the genius of a great painter in him, planted there by our fostering goddess *Nature*, which blossomed forth upon the following remarkable occasion.

Caravaggio arrived young in Rome, a poor mason, and carried the hod, while the Vatican was repairing and painting; but afterwards observing the works of the painters then employed there, he caught

the true enthusiastic spark, which warmed and invigorated that natural genius, which till then had lain dormant. He then, after some successful trials, began to study the art under the great master before mentioned, and soon arrived at that point of perfection, which hath deservedly obtained him a name little inferior to the most celebrated of his cotemporaries throughout the world.

Without presuming too much, it is hoped we may be permitted to add a *fourth age* of painting, which commenced in France, and continued to the end of the reign of Louis the XIVth. justly styled the *grand*, for his munificent encouragement of the arts; but not for his *Quixotic* attempts to make himself monarch of the universe! A project more unjust and chimerical than ever entered the crazy pate of his lunatic precursor, before mentioned. This fortunate epoch in the history of the arts is dignified with the classical and elegant *Poussin*; and if the esteem in which the works of that great painter have ever yet been held, and the prices they always command all over Eu-

rope, as well as the labours of several of his cotemporaries, most of whom were certainly inferior to him; we say, if such artists as these are something inferior to the great masters of antiquity, yet in candour we hope we may be permitted to call their age the *fourth* of painting.

In the middle, or rather towards the decline of this fourth age of the art, the simple walks of rural nature seem to have engrossed the attention and study of most of the painters of eminence, particularly the inimitable Claude Gellie of Lorraine, whose genius the profession of a cook could not restrain, with the exception of Le Brun, and some others of inferior name. Witness the unrivalled productions, in point of curious finishing, of the Dutch and Flemish schools, amongst whom we have also to except those great masters, Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Vanderwerf, &c. who occasionally figured in the historical, or sublime department of the art. The remainder of the painters of this period certainly carried the mechanical part of painting, which is denominated

high-finishing, as far as it could go towards perfection. But with all due deference to the admirers of this polished ware, even the laborious Gerard Dow, Old *Mieris*, and the Chevalier Vanderwerf bestowed more pains upon their pictures than was always consistent with the preservation of that spirit which we admire in Brouwer, Ostade, Teniers, or Rembrandt; to whose names we may fairly add, those of *Woucermans* Berghem, W. Vandewelde junr. the Boths, Ruysdael, Hobbima and Jan Steen, in their various styles. But of Paul Potter, Carl du Jardin, Adrian Vandewelde, Slingeland, Netscher, and others, it were devoutly to be wished, they had not laboured so much upon their otherwise invaluable works, which to say no more, is time ill-spent, and labour worse than in vain.

We are well aware that many persons, and some of these, men of esteemed judgment and refined taste, value the above masters for what we here object to; but with all due respect to such connoisseurs, if they will only take the trouble of com-

paring any picture of the said masters, with those objects in nature which these pictures are allowed to be imitations of, they may be convinced of the justness of our observations. For the flesh of the human figures, in most of these highly-polished gems, bear a nearer kindred resemblance to the *alabaster* figures of our children's dolls, than to any thing invigorated with active muscles, or yielding veins with living blood in them. So in like manner will the cows, horses, and other cattle of the aforesaid laborious landscape painter's be found, upon a similar comparison, to approximate nearer animals clothed in tight silken, or smooth velvet coats, than to cattle formed with muscles, tendons, and adorned with distinct hair, such as that admirable paintress dame Nature, and her faithful copyist G. Morland, hath full as well, and perhaps more beautifully furnished them with.

Having thus once more recurred to the injured name of our justly celebrated English painter, we shall here, for the satisfac-

tion of such of our readers as have never seen our defence of him in one of the public papers; and for their gratification also who have seen, but never knew who was the author; submit the whole of it to their candid perusal.

The following answer to several scurrilous and ill-natured reflections on our friend was inserted in the British Press for Tuesday, January 1st, 1805.

MORLAND THE PAINTER.

To the Editor of the British Press.

SIR,

Under the head of Memoirs of eminent Persons, in one of the Monthly Magazines for December, there is an *article*, called a *Sketch of the late G. Morland*, by an *egotist* who therein confidently asserts, that one part of it, which alludes to the artist's copying Sir Joshua's celebrated picture of *Garrick between tragedy and comedy* was told him by old Morland; for which information he has, in return, abused the memory of the respectable father, and other rela-

tives of that late unhappy and grossly calumniated character, G. Morland. Of the old gentleman, he asserts, "Avarice was his ruling passion, and as that passion was insatiable, he neglected his duty to his son, and gave him no other education than what contributed to feed his avarice." The said writer, like too many *impartial* biographers of the present day, who glean their principal materials from Newspapers, and other periodical sources, without having honesty or gratitude enough to make any acknowledgment, has taken the greatest part of what he calls his "*Sketch of the Life of Morland,*" from the *British Press* and the *Morning Advertiser*. And as usual with such ingenious gleaners, he gives as *his own*, an idle vulgar tale, transcribed *verbatim* from your paper, although the person under whose signature it appeared (S. S.) has only given it there as a mere hearsay anecdote; namely, the disgusting story about Morland being found in a garret at Somers' Town, with his infant, who had been a fortnight dead, in a cradle, and such companions as a jack-ass, pigs, a mouse, and

other nonsense; all which, and some ill-natured observations that accompanied it, should then have been answered, but for a long and painful illness that prevented the writer of this from rendering an act of common justice to individual merit. Now, Sir, as there is not one syllable of truth in the said fabricated anecdote, which this liberal draftsman to the Magazine has blended in his lame sketch, or rather distorted caricature outline of a memoir: nor in several other malicious stories respecting Morland and his garret, which have been foisted upon the public by those, who are as ignorant of him, his family, and connections, as these ingenious collectors of *lives*, who exist by *killing* reputations—We say, as the whole is an ill-natured idle fiction, it is hoped what follows may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Therefore, as an axiom in morals, it may be fairly presumed, that what is not strictly true in the biography of any individual, so far from serving the interests of society, or promoting the morality and happiness of

the rising generation, tends to injure the one, and contaminate the other. If to this consideration be added the cruelty, to say no worse, of degrading the memory of a genius, who was an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country that produced him—it must be admitted, that there are very few apologies, within the whole compass of literary duplicity, sufficient to exonerate the perpetrators from the guilt of such insidious and cold-blooded assassination of talent. Upon this principle, and at the earnest request of the relatives of that late much-admired painter, you are now, Sir, requested to do an act of justice to the memory of departed merit, through the medium of your respectable print, as the attack commenced there, and owes its circulation to that source. What follows, the public and you may depend proceeds from an indubitable spirit of truth; namely, that Mr. G. Morland never was in any such condition at Somers' Town, as described in your paper. Nor did he, for several years after his marriage, contract those degrading habits which have

been falsely ascribed to him at a much earlier period. That a garret, to which he was never reduced to live at the worst of times, so far from serving him for all the purposes of life, if there were any such elevated apartments belonging to his dwelling, could be nothing more than a lumber-room attached to one of the best houses in *Warren Place*, near Mother Black Cap's, on the Kentish Town road, where he lived in a genteel style for some years. That he rented a very elegant house, after he left the former, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, with coach-house and stabling, kept his groom and other servants, was followed by some persons of rank, and associated with men of talents, character, and fortune, many of whom are still alive, and whose names will be given to the public, by their own desire, in corroboration of the foregoing assertions. That far from being always the companion of low characters, and frequenters of the meanest pot-houses, he was well known and respected in most of the best inns and taverns

between this city and Hampstead and Highgate. That in London, until within a short period of his death, he frequented the Garrick's Head, Bow-Street, Covent Garden; Mills's Coffee House, Gerrard Street; and several other places of genteel resort, too numerous for the space which this article, already much longer than at first intended, was meant to occupy in your popular journal. That Morland had no mean share of ready wit, was conversant with some of the best historians, understood music, and played upon several instruments with taste and judgment; and that his education so far from being neglected, is best answered by those who know how readily he conversed upon various subjects, and the sciences. It is also more generally known, that he was one of the best practical chemists, as far as related to his profession, amongst all the artists of the present day.

The whole of the above-stated facts, with several others, and the authority upon which they stand, will be submitted to the

public in a *genuine Memoir* of this very eccentric, and justly celebrated master of the British school of painting, by an intimate acquaintance of more than twenty years, who will

“ Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice:”

therefore, without trespassing any longer at present upon your indulgence, this *sketch* shall be concluded with two lines upon the inimitable Morland.

Spite of detraction, long his envied name
Shall grace the annals of immortal fame.

I remain,

Sir,

With much respect, your's,

A BRITISH AMATEUR.

Portland Street,
Dec. 29, 1804.

Amongst the number of anecdotes related of poor George, the following may be depended upon as one of those we shall give our readers as strictly authentic.

A person of considerable property, who had for some two or three years occasion-

ally supplied our painter with money, without any other interest in view than the pleasure of collecting some of his best pictures of which Morland promised to apprise him whenever he had one of that description nearly finished. This person, like a few others, had somehow or other suffered George to *draw* too fast, not *for him* indeed, but upon him; so that he found himself minus more than a hundred and fifty pounds; and as this sum was rather too much for our painter to work up in a hurry, the recollection of it seemed to be thrown quite into the back-ground of his memory. As soon, however, as this was perceived, the importunities of the monied man became so *boring*, that George was obliged to slip out of town, to get rid of so troublesome a dun. This of course justly exasperated the injured party, and he left no means untried to discover the place of our fugitive painter's retreat; which at last he thought himself lucky enough in ferreting out.

About the dusk of a fine evening in August, the vigilant creditor, with a writ,

and the proper officer to execute it, arrived at ———, and there, like two voracious hawks, pounced upon their prey. But before the business was done, the gentleman thought he would reproach Morland with his ungrateful conduct; and, for that purpose, was shewn into a room where the painter was seated, very easy, never suspecting any harm, smoking his pipe. His surprise at this unexpected visit, however, was soon over; and when he understood upon what errand his friend came, his fertile genius soon dictated the only means now left him of extricating himself from this difficulty.

Assuming, therefore, a cheerful air, he thus addressed the angry creditor—"Come, come, Jemmy Carty—what the devil makes you look so plaguy glum for? Why, now, I suppose you think I brushed to shy you for the little business between us." Here the other exclaimed—"Little, do you call it!" Morland—"A milk-score, between us! I say, Carty, that infamous Jew, whose name is like his hard heart, gallows

Flint—Stone, I mean—it was to escape his clutches I've broom'd this time, believe me. I say, a sweating bill of mine comes due to-morrow—no less than a hundred and forty quid!—true as I'm alive—Ha, ha, ha—I say, how the damnation scaly miser will hang his jib when he finds me off—Ha, ha—Well—But I say, Jemmy Carty (*whispers*), I've got *two kit-cats*, and a three-quarter, nearly finished, belonging to this queer Moses—I'm d—— if you sha'nt take them all to town—Ha, ha—they shall all be your's—There now—if they are not all three finished, *and off*, before this time to-morrow evening, I'll stand a rump and dozen for all present—poz—Now, you stand treat to-night, and let us all be jolly—Come, Carty, no nonsense—come, tip us your mauley—no mallice, here's t'ye."

The hope of possessing three pictures, and four or five large bumpers by this time having taken possession of Carty's head, and his heart feeling something warmer in his old friend's cause, he forthwith deter-

mined to drown all animosity; and Morland's man happening to come in at this critical moment, Carty slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and, in a whisper, asked how many pictures his master had upon the finish? The man, who, according to his own story, smoked the business, answered readily, "Three or four, master, at least—I'll take my davy to three, however." This declaration, and an appointment to meet our artist in his painting-room at seven in the morning, under the forfeiture of a supper and wine for seven friends, at the expence of him who failed in his appointment; in addition to which, George told his friend, that he should see a design for a picture when he came, which would both *puzzle and surprise him*, completely *silenced all grumbling*.

All things being thus amicably adjusted, after Morland had agreed, in a whisper, to pay the night's expence, supper and all, which, although Carty had at first consented to pay, in the hearing of the landlord, began now to sit rather uneasy upon his

stomach. But when this expence was made easy, by the painter's taking it upon him to settle all scores, Carty entered into the spirit of the treat, and they all got, to use poor George's phrase, "gloriously swipecy." During the greatest part of the time these jolly dogs were sacrificing to Bacchus, Klob and the painter's man were very busy, at intervals, preparing for a regular retreat, according to orders from their general; and, before twelve that night, they made such diligent use of their time, as to have removed every thing to the inn, from whence the stage was to set out before six o'clock next morning, and got places secured for our painter and his man for Scotland.

About half past twelve, the company broke up; our painter reeled to his lodgings, to all appearance quite gone, between his servant and his brother; and the, for once, incautious Carty, was assisted up stairs by the landlord of the house where they kept their orgy; while the body-snatcher, who happened to be an old ac-

acquaintance of George, kept snug, although *his old customer didn't tip*. "'Cause why, he knew how to have him at a better lock."

When our painter got home, instead of going to bed, he took a piece of drawing-paper, and, with a pencil, sketched a striking likeness of poor Jemmy Carty, with *the bill* in his hand for their night's entertainment, supper and all included. At the top of the bill stood Carty's name, at full length, and place of abode, debtor to such-a-one, for ale, punch, supper, wine, and tobacco, with four L's for the pounds, and a blank for shillings and pence: this the waiter hinted to the painter at the door, when he was assisting him along, would be about the mark. In the back-ground, he sketched a stage-coach, with his own head out of the window; and, on a label, proceeding from his mouth, the words—"*London, ho!—More kit-cats for dead flats!*" This curious sketch he stuck up with wafers, on the wall, exactly opposite to the door of his painting-room; and just before he set

off, desired the maid to shew a gentleman, who would be there in about an hour, into his room, and, if possible, to detain him there till he returned.

About seven next morning, Carty was up; for the thoughts of losing the kit-cats, and the rump and dozen together, kept him awake for some time, notwithstanding his dose, to which he was not accustomed. With an aching head, and a foreboding heart, he repaired, with his watch in his hand, to our painter's lodgings, which was but a few doors from where he slept, or rather lay. Upon his enquiring for Morland, and hearing, to his great surprise, he had gone out, he began to be alarmed, till the girl, agreeably to her instructions, prevailed upon him to walk up into the painting-room, where she was sure Mr. Morland would soon join him, as he gave her particular orders to keep him till his return. This quieted all his fears, till he arrived in the room; when the first object that struck his wondering optics, was his own tall figure at full length, accompanied with the

curious emblems we have before described.

It is not in words to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the rage, shame, and disappointment that took possession of poor Carty at this moment! Suffice it to say, that the poor girl ran, or rather tumbled down stairs in a fit of terror, screaming out, "The gentleman is mad! the gentleman is mad in master's room—he'll certainly kill his self—oh! oh! somebody tie him!—somebody tie him! for Christ's sake tie him—tie him—the gentleman is mad!" This frantic vociferation from below, however, somewhat appeased the enraged Carty above, and he sought in every corner for the kit-cats, but in vain; they were no where to be found but on the cursed drawing stuck up against the wall. The sight of this caricature once more roused his choler, and hearing somebody coming up stairs, he was resolved to have no witnesses of the farcical part he thus was made to act, by the trick George put upon him. He therefore pulled the drawing from the

wall, and in an instant tore it to pieces. Repairing from this scene of ridicule, to the landlord's where they had spent the night, he summoned the officer who came down to execute the writ upon poor Morland, and related the hardship of being robbed of his money, and was laughed at into the bargain. When Mr. Safecard replied, by the way of comfort to the plaintiff in this sad cause—"What's the odds, master? but he's fix'd you for the reck'ning—He's a queer file as any in England, I know." Here he was interrupted by his employer; who exclaimed—"You know!—Why, how the devil's all-this? Didn't you tell me you *would not know* him, if you were to meet him on the road?"—"Very true, master," cries Safecard, "we never *will know our friends*, upon these here occasions, without our *employers come to tip a little higher*—Do ye *take me*?"—"Yes, yes," replied the angry plaintiff; "I only wished you to *take him*; but I hope the little rip has not taken us both in for all the expences of last night."—"No, no, my master," replied our conscientious officer; "all ex-

pences must be, in these cases, at the suit of the plaintiff; so no tricks upon travellers." Just then, old Boniface entered, and insisting upon the promise the gemman made in his own hearing, and presenting his bill of four pounds sixteen shillings and ten-pence, with poor Carty's name as debtor, and place of abode at the head of it, poor Jemmy made a virtue of necessity, and reluctantly paid, with the best grace he could assume; pocketed the affront, and set off for town. There, however, the story reached an hour before him, and he was obliged to stand the laugh of a few wicked wights, in addition to his other mortifications.

Another anecdote, which proves the readiness of his invention, was related to us by a lady nearly connected with the Morland family by marriage; upon whose authority we give it. During our painter's abode in the rules of the Bench, he was in the habit of meeting frequently, where he spent his evenings, a very discreet, reputable man, turned of fifty at least. This personage

had frequently assumed the office of censor-general to the company; and his manners, added to a very correct demeanor, induced them to submit with a tolerably obedient grace. George, however, used now and then to kick, as he said; and then the old gentleman was always too hard-mouthed for him. This inequality at length produced an open rupture between the two; and one night our painter, finding the voice of the company rather against him, rose up in a seemingly dreadful passion; and appearing as if nearly choked with rage, muttered out at last—"that he knew what would hang the old rascal, notwithstanding all his cant about morality." This assertion, uttered with so much vehemence, very much surprised the company, and seriously alarmed the old man, who called upon George sternly to know what he dared to say against him. The painter answered with a repetition of the offensive words—"I know *what would hang him!*" After a very violent altercation, some of the company, now taking part with Morland, it

was agreed upon all hands, and at the particular request of the old gentleman, that the painter should declare the worst. With great apparent reluctance, George at length got up, and, addressing the company, said — “ I have declared twice, that I *knew* what would *hang* Mr. —, and now gentlemen, since I’m thus called upon, before *you all*, I’ll *expose it*.” He then very deliberately drew from his pocket a piece of lay-cord, and handing it across the table, desired Mr. — to try the *experiment*, and if it failed, that would prove him a liar before the whole company, if he dared but to try! This manual and verbal joke was more than the old man was prepared for; and the whole company, for the first time, laughed (perhaps not very fairly) at his expense.

When George lived at Warren Place, there was a lady who frequently attended his painting levees, for the chance of procuring a cheap picture; and as it was no misnomer to call her *Wheedle*, she was ge-

nerally known there by that name. This insinuating lady, however, was more remarkable for curiosity than ready wit, and if she could succeed in coaxing our painter out of a cheap bargain, she was not over scrupulous about the means by which she attained her end. Amongst a number of other foibles, vanity was not her least; and she could run over the names of twenty of our most elevated personages of both sexes, with surprising volubility, who were in the habit of daily familiar conversation with her.

The most remarkable circumstance relative to this lady's personal attractions, was a very florid complexion, which ill-natured persons attributed to rouge; but her servant, with more probability, always declared her mistress was more indebted to certain strong waters, which have a tendency to *inflame* the complexion of *those* who are *constant* in *nothing* but the *use* of *them*. However this might be, we recollect the said Mrs. Wheedle one day, when

but two of the painter's male friends were present with her, pointing out several improvements which she wished him to make in a very fine landscape intended for her, which was then nearly finished. George, as usual, paid very little attention to this female connoisseur, and began asking indifferent questions of all present. This seemed to wound the vanity of Mrs. Wheedle, and she appealed to his friends, in the following manner, respecting the propriety of the alteration she had pointed out. "Gentlemen," said she, "I have tried to convince this dear positive creature, that if he would only make a little water in the fore-ground, just by where the women are spreading their linen to dry, it would be a vast addition, and contribute very much to the effect; now, I ask you, gentlemen, if my conception be not just?" A half-smothered laugh being all the answer the lady received as yet, she continued—"Pray, my dear Morland, is it not as easy for you to make water, as to make land, or in short any thing else? Answer me, I

say, you wicked, provoking creature—Can you really make water?”—“Yes, madam,” replied George, “every day, thank God.” The laugh was now begun by the painter, and the whole of the party, which being by this time increased to five, by the entrance of Mrs. Morland and her sister, they all joined in the loud titter, till their sides were sore. But Mrs. Wheedle was not to be laughed or fooled out of her opinion, as she said, and therefore resolutely declared, as the picture was for her, and she was ready to pay for it, “that she would sit down, and never quit the painting-room, till Mr. Morland made water.” Here the laugh began again with more intemperance than ever, especially when Mrs. Wheedle took her seat, and George observed, that she might sit there long enough, for whenever he felt himself obliged to do what she wanted him to do there, he would certainly go down stairs. Here the lady smoked the jest, and, being of a very good-natured sociable disposition, joined in the mirth she had thus innocently created,

till the wholesome fat that adorned her comely frame seemed to dance upon her wearied sides and chest.

In a few days after this merry event, the same buxom lady prevailed upon our painter to take her likeness, and after two sittings, he succeeded so well in portraying a half-length resemblance of her, that nobody could possibly mistake. She was in the act of examining this fac-simile of her own darling presence by the glass, when the author and a friend came into the painting-room; and after she had exhausted all her common-place cant of critical vanity, Morland was censured by his friend for not having given Mrs. Wheedle *colour enough*. "Colour enough!" replied the painter; "you must be mistaken; it is impossible to give her more colour, except you think I could make her blush."—"Certainly," replied his friend, "nothing can be more becoming; surely, George; you can make the lady blush."—"There, you're mistaken again," replied our face-

tious painter; “ for by G— I tried, and we all tried, as you ought to know, for more than an hour the other day, without the least success; and I verily believe, Mrs. Wheedle never did so *foolish a thing as to blush in her life.*” The lady received the latter part of the painter’s assertion as a very flattering compliment, and declared Mr. Morland was perfectly right; for she never *saw* or *did any thing* in her life that *could* make her blush.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION

OF SEVERAL OF

MORLAND'S BEST WORKS,

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.



WE shall now proceed, according to our promise, with a brief description of such of our painter's works as are not generally known; and as the latter part of his life was chiefly employed in painting familiar and common subjects, particularly pigs, asses, &c. it has been too hastily concluded by some superficial connoisseurs that his talent was confined to such vulgar objects. That Morland was the first that ever gave any degree of consequence to that bristled animal, which the Jews are said to hold in abhorrence, as unclean, we are ready to admit, as also that no painter we ever knew, or have ever read of, brought his pigs, sheep, or asses to so good a market as he did. Though it must be confessed, in justice to several, who are not painters, and who have no pretensions to any of the *arts*, save the art of getting money, that they have received more for one sow and a litter of pigs in the public market, than ever poor George did for a score of pictures, every one of which was better pork. The same melancholy fact is equally applicable to all his other subjects, *high and low*.

The subject which next engages our attention is of a more elevated character; and as far as the moral it inculcates can operate, is of greater importance to the world than a thousand of what are called his *best* productions. Whoever has been gratified with a view of these series of pictures, above alluded to, will acknowledge, that the man who could paint six such gems, was capable of soaring to the very summit of his profession. That he possessed sufficient energies in his then capacious mind to delineate any historical or moral subject with as much force and truth as he confessedly discharged in all his other productions, we firmly believe; but to the latter of which, his mind, from peculiar circumstances, received a strong bias. The four pictures of the Deserter, is another strong proof of the foregoing observations, and the fine specimen of his capacity in depicting the effects of *youthful extravagance* in the

countenance of a wretched parent, who has entailed misery upon his starving offspring by his wicked conduct, are, we should hope, sufficient refutations of all the aspersions that have been made to depreciate his talents by the envious, or the ignorant.

But, as many of our readers have, probably, never seen either of the six pictures, or the prints engraved from them by Mr. Smith, called *Seduction*, or *Letitia*, we shall here attempt a description of them from recollection; as it is now several years since we saw poor Morland paint them.

The first picture was called the State of Innocence, and exhibits the interior of a farmer's neat and cleanly parlour, in which are seated the father, mother, and two daughters. The father is a fine wholesome looking man, turned of forty, and is employed in reading the Bible to his children, one of whom is a sweet innocent young creature, about sixteen, with all the appearance of ruddy health blended with the utmost natural elegance of form. Her sister appears about six years old, with all the simplicity and pretty rosy bloom and chubbiness of rustic juvenile happiness, seemingly more attentive to watch a fond glance from her mother's eye than to the sacred truths her father reads, which are above her childish comprehension. Her mother, whose beauty, although something on the wane, has something so piously attentive blended with it, as to excite admiration; she is sewing, and her eldest daughter is employed in a similar manner, to shew, that true piety is the best stimulus to every species of laudable industry. All the still life in this little picture is painted with great neatness; and the disposition of the happy group, the perspective of the room, and the sobertone of harmonious colouring of the whole are truly admirable, and may be fairly called the State of Innocence indeed.

The second picture of this interesting series consists of three human figures, a post-chaise, horses, and the farm-house from whence our late beautiful innocent is now with great reluctance making her escape; as she is looking back, with a countenance fully expressive of regret, as if divided between love and duty. Her seducer, who is in military uniform and a very handsome person, seems pulling her along with great anxiety; whilst an arch-looking post-boy is holding open the door of the chaise ready to receive the runaways. Here the painter has availed himself of his knowledge of nature, and the characters are all clothed in their respective habits, according to their stations, and even the chaise and post-horses are designated with the utmost truth of character—the landscape which accompanies the figures is ingeniously kept subordinate, and the whole is coloured with the utmost attention to propriety. This is called, with great justice, the Elopement.

The next, and third in succession, has been generally admired the most, and with great justice too: this, like the first, is an interior, but not of the innocent, the heart-broken parents of her, who is now the temporary mistress of it. The apartment, in which she is preparing for a masquerade is all that art and elegant taste can make it; the gay seducer is sitting upon a rich velvet chair, in a

very graceful attitude, with his hand supporting his face; he is richly and fashionably dressed, according to the mode of that day; and is not merely gazing at his yet beloved idol, but seems devouring her charms with his eager eyes. She appears now in all the ripening beauties that are verging to maturity; each charming bud is fast approaching to the full-blown rose; and the advantages of the most costly dress adds such lustre to her native loveliness, as would fascinate an anchorite. If this enchanting female figure be not a proof that Morland understood what constituted a lovely English Venus, and we defy the world to find even an equal in all respects, then we will boldly assert that beauty is a mere indefinite term, which may be as well applied to some of the clumsy Flemish or Dutch frows of Rubens, as to the enchanting symmetry of a virgin from the pencil of the divine Raphael himself. The title of this picture is Dressing for the Masquerade, what the scene announces.

The fourth picture is entitled the Virtuous Parent, where the feelings of a virtuous couple are happily portrayed; and, for the honour of humanity, their virtue triumphs over the temptation of all-powerful gold. The undone Letitia is here described as paying a visit in the midst of her transitory grandeur and prosperity to the humble scene of her primitive innocence. The father, mother, and her little sister are introduced: the two former, particularly the father, is in a graceful and dignified action of, with one hand, putting away a purse his daughter is offering him, which holds the contaminating wages of iniquity; whilst with the other he is about to hide the anguish of his soul from appearing through the fountains of grief, which seem full of bitter tears, ready to burst forth. The good old dame seems overwhelmed with the burthen of her sorrow: but that peculiar tenderness which would sooner pity than condemn; in short, that maternal softness, which is ever more ready to pardon and sooth an unfortunate child, than to censure or condemn her, is here finely contrasted with the merciful, yet stern reprehension of an insulted father. During this severe mental conflict, the little innocent, unconscious of any harm, is playing with the glittering trinkets, and golden chain of her ruined sister's watch. This admirable little picture, being no more than 12 inches by 15, the size of all the set, in point of expression, always appeared to us as one of his most capital performances.

The fifth picture exhibits a very melancholy reverse to the former; we now behold her reduced to all but the abject state of degradation to which a female of any sentiment can be consigned to. She is here described as necessitated to apply to promiscuous prostitution, for the mere prolongation of a miserable existence. In this traffic of pitiable infamy she is not alone; some unfortunate sisters of the same description are practising all their hackneyed wiles to allure an inexperienced youth, who is looking through the window at them. This scene, though little inferior to any of the others, in point of merit, as far as respects the mechanical part of the art, is nevertheless a subject we cannot dwell upon with any pleasure; because we cannot divert ourselves of the painful idea that

the fairest part of the creation should be thus degraded to so deplorable a state of misery. This piece is called the Tavern Door.

The sixth and last of this moral set of excellent little pictures is called, we believe, the Fair Penitent; and most assuredly she is here portrayed by our judicious painter as penitent, and full of contrition, as any woe-worn countenance that ever was sadly displayed. She is represented as having, through weariness, fallen down, just as she reached her father's door. The remains of her tawdry finery, like the pale remains of her charms, seem alike hastening to decay. Hard then, indeed, must that heart be who could refuse his assistance in raising from the earth such a piteous wreck of female beauty, bowed down by the grievous burthen of her own infirmities and sorrow. The tender parents of this lovely unfortunate are here very properly introduced, as performing this kind office of humanity to their repentant child. Her father, now the hour of resentment is past, or dissolved in the tender emotions of commiseration, for the errors of his own blood, puts forth his parental arm to assist the fainting darling of his declining years! Here the remainder of the picture sinks deep in our mind; and the scene which is, or may be, supposed to ensue, after the penitent is once more received under the maternal roof, and restored to the forgiving embrace of her kindred, is left to the feeling imagination of the merciful.

As the moral and subject of these series of pictures were said to have been borrowed from the admirable Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, and lately, the merit of the hint, if there is any merit in it, has been ascribed to the gentleman for whom the pictures were originally painted, it may be worth while to set this matter in a true point of view. But particularly to give the moral all the support in our power, we shall subjoin to the following observations, a more correct copy of the song, which certainly gave birth to the pictures, than any hitherto published.

Sometime about the year 1786, there appeared an excellent song upon the progress of a Race Horse, which had a surprising run, and from which we believe a series of prints have been engraved. This song of the Race Horse, the author of this work parodied; with what success our readers may determine. This parody, with about sixty other songs, the author then thought of publishing, with the music or tunes to which they were written. But upon enquiry he found the expence of engraving was more than in prudence he could venture to risk. Amongst several others to whom these songs were shewn, Mr. Smith, so often respectfully mentioned, saw the parody in manuscript, and expressed his approbation of it by desiring our old friend Mr. Morgan to ask permission of the author to engrave a set of prints from it. Flattering as this request was, and the terms in which some literary friends spoke of this trifle, the hope of being able to publish it with the rest, induced the author to decline Mr. Smith's obliging proposal. Shortly after, however, it was sung at the *Anacreontic Society*, and published with the music by *Skillem*, the music seller at the corner of St. Martin's

Church-yard and Lane: and by him sold for some time, till the author stopped the sale. To be brief, there were several compilers of songs, who took the same liberty, even after the author had published it with his name; and he had the additional mortification soon after, to hear it bawled about the streets in a more garbled and imperfect state than ever.

THE KEPT MISS; or BEAUTIFUL SALLY.

Tune, the Race Horse.

See the park throng'd with loungers—the nobles all run,
To view the dear angel! her ruin's begun;
Prince, dukes, lords, and bankers are first in her train;
Enraptur'd they ogle, as yet but in vain!
And see the old lecher, with rheum in his eyes,
Scarcely able to crawl—bidding high for the prize!
While rakes, bawds, and panders are hunting her down,
The beautiful Sally's first known to the town.

Each gallant seducer by phrenzy oppress,
Oft dreams by another, the jewel's possess;
Tho' all, the poor victim with ardour pursue,
Yet high rank and bribes gain the first interview!
Fond dreams of ambition her virtue assail,
And her noble deceiver, though perjurd; prevail,—
In splendour now rolling, with chariot and four—
The beautiful Sally no higher can soar.

Grown faithless at length, the rake eloy'd with his mis',
No longer poor Sally's the fountain of bliss;
Whole nights now his angel, in anguish alone,
May curse the frail moment she ne'er can atone!
Her glaring attendants—her splendor all o'er,
She now feels such pang; as she ne'er felt before;
She's no settlement made, and her purse growing less,
The beautiful Sally's a prey to distress.

Perhaps fickle Fortune, by shifting the scene,
May render each pang of her sorrows less keen;
Her first sad reflections, she now seeks to drown,
By flying chill Poverty's withering frown;
Balls, plays, masquades, and all places of sport,
Wherever the ton goes, she'll nightly resort;
When no longer weak Art, Nature's charms can replace,
The beautiful Sally's a wretch in King's Place.

Awhile here she stays, till all feeling is dead,
Grown callous to shame, she now trudges for bread,
Through bitter abuses—cold, hungry, and dry—
The long tedious winter, the streets she must ply!
And if some kind chance throws a crown in her way,
The watchman and tipstaff come in for their pay;
Or else from the round-house to Bridewell she's sent—
Where beautiful Sally may starve and repent.

Now worn with disease she approaches her end!
 Quite helpless she crawls to the Lock, her last friend,
 Where a crowd of pale sisters her fame doth record,
 Till her birth, life, and keepers resound through each ward;
 While drench'd, rubb'd, and tortur'd, all loathsome she lies;
 Polluted and feeble she now scarcely sighs!
 Forgotten ere thirty, she welcomes grim Death—
 The beautiful Sally, thus yields up her breath.

Of the thirty-six capital pictures which composed the Morland Gallery, a descriptive catalogue was published by Mr. Smith, of King Street, Covent Garden, and dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; by whom, and many of the Royal Family, the undertaking was patronized. We shall therefore content ourselves with naming them generally, and confine our remarks to a few of the most capital of them.

The Sailor's Conversation, or Sign of the Martar.—One of the sailors, that destroys the harmony of this characteristic group, the painter has placed with his back in the centre, or eye of the picture, and the head he has given him is more like the head of a monstrous bull-dog than any thing human. Parts of it, however, are in his usual style of excellence, but the perspective is faulty.

The Country Butcher.—This picture may vie with the best specimens of the Dutch school; the horse, bull-dog, and butcher's tray, with the meat in it, are all admirably painted; and the woman, who is handing him the glass, cannot be exceeded.

Dog and Cat fighting—are well designed, and painted with sufficient truth to please those whose delight it is to see animals at deadly variance.

Fighting Dogs.—Our painter has here contrived to make a good picture of a bad subject.

Watering the Cart-horse, and rubbing down the Post-horse—are two pictures of merit; but as they are not out of his ordinary walk, they merit no more of our attention here.

The Farm Yard.—This is of a superior rank to the preceding, and affords a striking proof of our artist's anatomical knowledge, for no animal can be more correctly drawn than the white horse; the man and spaniel are equally good; the colouring rich and glowing; and upon the whole, was very generally and justly admired.

The Farmer's Stable.—The same horse that is in the preceding picture forms one of the most prominent features of this: two goats, admirably painted, and a man bringing in a sack of corn, with a saddle in one corner, a lantern, and other articles of still-life, contribute to give interest to this capital interior.

The Fisherman's Hut.—This picture is a performance worthy of such a master as Morland, and consists of a fisherman surrounded by his family upon his return, at the cottage door, to whom he exposes the success of his little voyage.

Selling Fish.—The Prince of Wales was highly delighted with this beautiful picture when he visited the Exhibition, which is a sufficient proof of his taste, and is honourable to the memory of our great English painter.

Fishermen.—The cloudy sky, and agitated ocean, with the dashing of its spray, were never more faithfully delineated than in this spirited performance, the figures are well drawn and appropriate to the scene.

Smugglers.—None but an artist who has seen and conversed with these daring sons of illegal traffic could have portrayed them with such truth and spirit; they are described by the magic of our painter's pencil as landing their cargo, and there is not the *mere* appearance only of activity, but *labour in reality*.

The Peasants' Repast.—This little picture would be inimitable but for the savage countenance of the old man, who seems to wish every drop the poor lad his son drinks, were his last; the landscape which accompanies it, however, induces us to forget this only defect.

The Alehouse Door.—A group of English figures regaling themselves, which, like true sons of liberty, they seem determined on in spite of all opposition.

Alehouse Kitchen.—Companion to the preceding, it consists of an old man seated at the kitchen fire, telling his tale, and a post-boy leaning over a seat, smoking his pipe, and listening with attention to the old man. This is as fine as the interior of Teniers, and all the still life as neatly pencilled.

The Public-house Door.—Here a traveller stops, till a cobbler, who has a stall just by, mends his boots, while his companion is looking archly at a pretty bar-maid; the whole is well conceived, and was an excellent picture, since re-christened the Sign of the Bell, which hath long appeared to us evidently *cracked* in the general tone.

Labourers' Luncheon.—Boors at their meal, who are so boorish as to regard not the dumb eloquence of a poor dog, who is begging a share in vain; the surrounding scenery is beautiful, and the aerial perspective and distance, which our painter rarely gives, recedes as tenderly as the best of even Claud's.

Stable Amusement.—The companion to the preceding, where two students of ferocity are exciting two poor animals to worry each other. Its merit however as a picture, independent of subject, stands high, and, like every thing else in the hands of such a master, must be interesting.

Sportsmen Refreshing.—Two sportsmen, with their horses and dogs, at the door of a country alehouse, attended by the landlady, a smart wholesome-looking beauty; the spaniel and pointer are painted with great accuracy; the rural scenery which accompanies the figures is beautiful, and the whole bespeaks the touch and knowledge of a great master.

The Rabbit Warren.—This is completely a novel scene, and is treated with great accuracy. The warrener has sent in his ferret to drive the rabbits from their various burrows; and the sagacious dog is watching at the different holes to seize them. The foreground is broken with judgment, and reminds us of the best specimens of Wynants.

Cottage Family.—This is a snow-piece in his best manner, and the children are employed in fetching water in a tea-kettle for breakfast.

Shepherds' Meal—consists of a group of figures at their homely repast, which they appear to relish extremely well; and which the painter must have seen to delineate so faithfully.

The Storm.—We have here a land storm in summer; and what has seldom been attempted by any painter, our's hath here succeeded most happily in describing, we mean a heavy shower of rain, through which a man on a white horse is boldly pushing, although it is in his teeth; while a little girl is hiding herself under her mother's apron. This admirable picture was once, with several others, the joint property of the author and his partner; of the profits attending which, or any other, he has never received one farthing.

The Dram.—A man in a smock-frock has stopped for a glass, at the Black Horse; and the pretty girl, who is pouring the measure into it, seems to give a zest to the poison, the black dog lying down, waiting for his master, seems in no hurry to rise; this is a brilliant effort of our unrivalled painter.

Fishermen going out in the Morning.—This is perhaps one of the happiest productions of even Morland; the figures are correctly drawn, and highly appropriate to the corresponding scenery; the female is sweetly painted; and the beams of the rising sun playing upon the glassy surface of the ocean, the figures, and the nets have an effect which none but an attentive observer of the beauties of nature in her best varied forms can ever portray.

Fishermen Returning.—The companion to the preceding, and nothing inferior in point of general merit. The management of the chiaro-scuro is truly inimitable, the fishermen are busily employed in landing the produce of their industry, and the woman is no way behind them in performing her part. All the still-life and subordinate objects are painted in the neatest manner; the figure in a reclining position is peculiarly happy, and nothing is neglected which could add to the tout ensemble of this admirable picture.

Milkmaid and Cowherd.—Here we have a scene of rustic courtship, in the open air; the cows are touched with great spirit, no way inferior to Cuypp, and the pigs are superior to every other master's; the whole forms a pleasing rural subject, the principal of which is genuine nature.

Peasant and Pigs.—The peasant, his child, and the spaniel dog, are well painted; and every one who sees the pigs will know them to be Morland's.

A Conversation.—The principals in this scene are a boy and his dog; the inferior agents are an ass and a pig; but we are forced to acknowledge that the dog appears by far the most sagacious animal of the whole group.

The Corn Bin.—This has ever been esteemed as one of the best pictures in the Gallery, and indeed it was worthy of great commendation. The natural and sudden turn of the white horse, and the action of his ears upon hearing the corn bin open, is masterly expressed. The other horse exhibits his impatience for a share quite as naturally, though varied; the two men at the bin are true sons of the stable; the perspective of the whole interior, the manger, rack, and other subordinate objects, display a knowledge of the art, equal to any of the best of even this painter's productions.

The Horse Feeder.—We have here a man in a red waistcoat, inviting a timid colt to his corn; great anatomical accuracy is observable in the animal, and the rustic is as remarkable for a chaste outline; the colouring is good, and the whole in perfect harmony.

Feeding the Pigs.—This, though a good picture, is by no means equal to the *Girl and Pigs*, from which the author and his worthy friends, Messrs. Moore, Morgan, and Kirton published a most productive print, and its companion; together with *The Cottagers' Wealth*, and a very inferior companion, painted by an artist of very considerable talents as an engraver. The man harnessing the horse, and leering at the girl, is a natural equivalent for all the other deficiencies.

Return from Market.—looks very like a return to spend the evening at some knowing ale-house in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's. The girls in the cart are rather too brazen for rural nymphs, and their driver savours very much of a Tottenham-Court-Road chicken of the game breed. It is nevertheless admirably coloured, grouped, and much in the style of the mad bull, and jack ass race, so replete with true genius and whim.

Gathering Wood.—This is a simple delineation of genuine nature: it represents the interior of a wood, with figures busily employed there; and the foliage of the trees, richness of fore-ground, keeping, and general effect, are peculiarly happy.

Gathering Fruit.—The little chubby rogues in this beautiful picture are represented very busy in helping themselves to whatever tempts them in the shape of fruit, seemingly regardless about whom the owner may be. It is pencilled with equal neatness to the preceding, its companion, and the colouring cannot be better.

Of the hundreds of pictures which have passed through the hands of our painter's brother, Mr. H. Morland, not more than ten are now in his possession. But of this small number, there are two which merit particular notice here; they are the Thatcher and companion, from which Mr. W. Ward is now engraving two prints, one of which is now finished; and a more beautiful specimen of that

manner of engraving we never yet beheld. As these prints will in a very short time gratify the public taste, and give them a better idea of the pictures than any language can possibly convey, we shall only observe here, that if our painter had never produced any other than this inimitable pair of subjects, their excellence alone in every respect would have completely established his fame; for it is hardly within the compass of probability to expect any thing superior. R. Wedd, Esq. of Gerard Street, is perhaps the only one of poor Morland's intimate friends, that has so many excellent pictures of his inimitable pencil. Of twenty very fine capital pictures in this choice collection, the following are the most attractive. A Straw Yard, in which there is a white horse admirably painted, with the most scrupulous attention to the anatomy. Coming out of a stable, there is a fine country figure wheeling a barrow full of dung very slowly, while he chats with one of his fellow-labourers, who is resting upon his fork; behind him there are two sheep, and in the fore-ground a pig lying down. The natural ease, and simple attitude, of the two men, the glowing harmony of all the warm tints, and the beautiful touches upon the bark of the oak tree, and other subordinate passages, were never excelled even by Morland himself. *Landscape* with a country ale-house, sign of the Red Lion, near Mount Sorrel; in this picture there is a waggon full of slates, drawn by two oxen and a horse; two human figures and a dog occupy the fore-ground; and a man on horseback in the distance, with the gloom of the shower, and the blue mountains are finely managed. This is certainly another charming picture. *A View near the Isle of Wight, turning the Needles,* with a cutter and her prize steering for Portsmouth, where the captain of the cutter brought her in safety. The commissioners of the customs very laudably rewarded him with a present of the prize for his gallantry and address, in obliging a vessel of three times his force to strike, and send her men prisoners on board his little vessel. This he effected by persuading the Frenchmen that his consort was in view; which being a large frigate would certainly run them down if they did not surrender. Upon the beach are several sailors, staring with surprize at the English colours flying above the French, and the little cutter close in with her prize; one of the tars has got a telescope, and is telling the situation of the vessels to his surrounding companions. Another *Sea Piece* next attracts our attention; this is a coming storm, with fishermen, who have just hauled up their boat upon the beach. Two baskets of fish, with some lying about, a cask, and other bits of still-life, are all admirably painted. The gloom occasioned by the rapidly approaching storm, and the mist thrown over the ships in the distance, are efforts of the art, which none but a consummate master of it, and one who had attentively seen what he attempts to represent, could ever have succeeded so well in describing. The next picture is of a very different kind, being a *Shore Piece*, with the portrait of the owner, holding his horse, while he pays a neat smirking landlady for the refreshment he has had. The country ale-house door is open, and a sweet little girl is peeping from one side of it with that childish

bashfulness, which no painter ever gave with more truth: *Landscape*, with figures coming down a woody scene; this is a charming little bit of genuine English nature; the figures are touched with great spirit, and the colouring is rich and glowing. The *Benevolent Sportsman*; this interesting picture exhibits a sportsman giving charity to a little girl, the mother of whom is rather too handsome for either of her companions in the distance; and we might be apt to doubt the sportsman's motive, if his back was not turned upon all that group. So that we think him fairly entitled to the amiable distinction of a *benevolent Sportsman* indeed. *Landscape with a Horse and Cart*, and a man and his wife sheltering from a heavy shower of rain, which is admirably described, and proves that in all the boundless variety of natural scenes which our painter has portrayed, his faithful pencil has scarcely ever been known to fail him. *Landscape with four Shepherds and their Dogs*; this is a very uncommon picture, and appears to be a correct view, taken in some of his country excursions, as we have a beautiful distance, which he was generally too much hurried to attend to. *Sea-beach, with a great number of Fishermen, Sailors, and others*, all busily employed; particularly a man on a brown horse, who is pulling a white one by the halter, with all his strength towards the sea in order to swim them; a Newfoundland dog has set them all the example. This is evidently a view taken upon the spot, somewhere on the Sussex coast, and is beautifully coloured. *Another Sea-beach*; but in this the figures are more laboriously employed than the preceding. There are no less than six fine muscular figures heaving at a capstan, by which exertion they are getting one of the largest fishing vessels up dry upon the sands. The features, dress, and expression of each of these hardy sons of the ocean, are completely different from the rest. In a long-boat just by, there are three other figures, watching the efforts of their brethren, and willing, if need be, to lend an helping hand. The great merit of this picture consists in the strong and varied character of the sailors, some of whom have bared their muscular arms and chest, to be free from the incumbrance of a jacket. *A View of the Needles*; this is a much later production than any of the preceding, and has no less than eleven human figures busily employed, with two or three dogs; there are various kinds of fish lying on the beach, sweetly painted; and the man going a shrimping, with his basket and net upon his shoulder, followed by his dog, are very accurate portraits of what we have seen several times. *Fishermen* paying their boat, is the companion to the preceding; and the sailor stirring the pitch-kettle, which is boiling on a fire kindled upon the beach, and the smoke over the bottom of the boat, proceeding from the operation, is most skilfully managed. The next picture in the collection, is the last we ever saw our painter at work upon, at his brother's, in Dean Street, where he finished it about six months before his death, although it had been begun some years previous to that regretted event. It is a scene at a country ale-house, at the door of which are three figures, one of whom, a sportsman, has a hare in his hand, and is telling

his two auditors the merit of his dogs, in running down poor puss. At a little distance, seated on a circular bench under a widely spreading oak tree, are seated a soldier, his wife, and a child in her lap; two other children, much older, are standing at her knees, seemingly tired, as appears their father; just before them are three dogs belonging to the sportsman; a waggoner in his smock-frock is feeding one of his horses, which is happily foreshortened, and turned a little round to show the other behind him. In the tilted cart sits a woman in a red cloak, a sign-post is placed near the well, and a few cottagers are seen in the distance. The sign is the Queen of Bohemia's Head; and from the well, and other parts of the picture, there is no doubt of its being a view on the road in some part of Sussex. A basket of hay is near the horses, and a sow and two pigs complete this very interesting picture, which exhibits a striking proof of his unrivalled powers, when in the vigour of his mind, and even in his much-lamented decline. There are several other pictures of an inferior class in this collection, and a pair of most curious miniature subjects painted for the lids of two snuff-boxes, which are uncommonly beautiful, especially the interior of a stable, painted in oil, consisting of a white horse saddled for a woman, who is standing talking to the hostler at the stable door; from whence there is seen a landscape; just by the horse, near the manger, is a pig and a dog, and the straw; and several articles of still-life, usually seen in stables, are all admirably painted. The other is in water colours, and is remarkable for a fine oak tree, and beautifully transparent water.

Before we proceed in our description of the rest of Morland's pictures, the following anecdotes may amuse our readers.

While George was at his brother's, the last winter twelvemonth, he was, to use his own expression, "*very shy*," and therefore the greatest care was taken to admit no stranger who was not introduced by a staunch friend. Amongst others, the author introduced his much-esteemed and valuable friend *Mr. J. Langdon* the auctioneer, and he had the pleasure of seeing that highly gifted genius painter for more than an hour. Soon after this, when he had left his brother, we met him and his man reeling along by the Pantheon; and after making strict enquiry after the stranger we had brought to see him paint, the author asked him, "Where are you now George?" "Why, in Oxford Street, Billy," replied our painter with a laugh. "Nay! but where are you to be found, if one should take an old acquaintance to smoke a pipe with you, and spend the evening agreeably as we used to do?" "Ah, Billy!" answered our genius, "I've been *too long lost* to do any thing agreeably now!" "I deny that," answered his friend, "you can still paint, and draw agreeably enough for the *public taste*." "Pshaw," said George, "*taste!* d—n the *public taste*, nothing pleases me so well as the *taste* of gin." The trick he played our worthy friend *Mr. Stokes*, who, like our other worthy friend *Mr. E. Quin*, have the enviable and peculiar felicity of being esteemed by all that are happy enough to be intimate with them, when the former gentleman met our painter some years since at a

tavern near Sheen, where they had spent the day in company with others, and continued till the candles were brought in; our friend Stokes had some time before fallen fast asleep, and then George told the rest of the guests, he would shew them a *fine effect* of candle-light. So saying, he blew out all the candles but the one he took in his left hand, and with the other he contrived, by putting it open before the candle, to throw all the light full upon the face of our sleeping friend. He then roared out fire! as loud as he could bawl; our sleeping friend awoke in the greatest terror he ever experienced in his life. Such was our painter's *effect* of candle-light, and luckily for him he effected a safe retreat.

The Capital and valuable collection of W. Phillips, Esq. of Grosvenor Place, has been long considered by all the connoisseurs who have been favoured with a view of it, to contain more excellent pictures of our painter than any other in the kingdom. We are therefore extremely happy in having it in our power to gratify our readers with a brief description of them. To our worthy and justly respected friend *Mr. Marter*, and the polite and gentlemanly attention of the liberal owner of this fine collection, we are indebted for the most charming mental treat of nearly three hours' view. Of twenty-four excellent well-painted pictures, the following are peculiarly fascinating. *Travellers*, four in number, with their two patient companions of the long-eared tribe, are here resting in a beautifully coloured landscape near a bridge, under which runs some very transparent water. The next subject is a *Shipwreck*, and the crew who have escaped are in the act of climbing the surrounding rocks, save one, who is bewailing the loss of his messmate who lies dead upon the shore, thrown up by the surf. The expressive sorrow depicted in the countenance of the honest tar, who is lamenting over the dead body of his companion, is a proof that Merland knew the value of a *real friend*; and the broken boat, lowering sky, and impetuously dashing billows, were never more faithfully delineated. *A little picture* of goats and their kids, is also extremely fine; and the companion, the *Stable Door*, with an old horse lying down, and the hostler going into the stable, is a masterly performance. *Sun Set*, with a man lying down under a tree, his dog panting for breath with his tongue half out, renders it doubtful, and hard to determine which of the two animals is the most weary. The next is an inimitable little gem, wherein a hunting scene is described, in a manner which none but an eyewitness of the sport could ever have described so truly. The gentleman on a dappled grey horse in the fore-ground, which is as highly finished as any horse of Wouverman's, and more spirited, is followed by his servant; and the remainder of the sportsmen in the distance are tearing away down-hill after the hounds in the finest style imaginable. The trees and brush-wood, the richness and variety of the fore-ground, the keeping, and harmony of colouring which pervades the whole, renders it a complete bijou of inestimable merit. *The Shepherd and his flock*, which are not all sheep, four

being human figures, of the rustic and useful kind. These are listening very attentively to the shepherd's tale; and the useful companion of his indolent life seems to pay as much attention to his master's story as the best of them. The sheep in this landscape are carefully finished, and the water and variety of trees cannot be better. *Landscape* with the front view of a cottage, in the door of which there are two children sitting, and a sweet female figure with a basket on her arm in the fore-ground. These and another figure scouring the floor of a room in one of the wings of the cottage, from the door of which she appears half out, on her knees, are as sprightly touched as any of Teniers, though much smaller in proportion than those we have seen of that great painter. *Shipwrecked Sailors*, one of whom is climbing up a rock to have a last melancholy view of his sinking vessel; the rest of the crew are hastening to follow his example. *A Farm Yard*, with a boy driving a restive cart-horse to the trough, where another, a brown gelding, has got the start of him. Two pigs lying down are the best objects in this picture. *Selling Fish* on the sea-beach, part of the cargo just landed, appear leaping alive; a sailor in a red jacket, and his boy in a blue one, are lifting out more fish from the bottom of the boat. The three figures near the fish on the beach are admirably characteristic of their hardy profession; the basket, lantern, oar, and every subordinate object of still-life are in the very best style of our inimitable painter. This is indeed a *chef d'œuvre*. *A Small Interior*, with a cow and her calf, and a horse feeding at the rack, very fine. *An Interior of a Cottage*, with a woman and her little daughter sitting by the fire, the reflection from which upon all the still-life and floor is very charming. A boy playing with his dog, and a cat sitting quietly by, shew that all the animals in this humble scene are in as much friendship, as our painter has made them in harmony. *A Snow Piece*, with two horses coming to the door of a cottage, and two children looking out of an open window, is a wonderful performance. The perspective of the cottage, and the projection of the part over the door, is most artfully deceptive; and the ruddy little urchins who are speaking to the horses are emblems of health and hardiness. Over the chimney-piece is the portrait of a large Newfoundland dog, whose name was Friend; and if the old adage of "A friend in need is a friend indeed," was ever verified, it was in this instance; for the valuable animal of whom this is almost a living portrait, saved the life of the gentleman, who liberally gave the fisherman that owned him fifty pounds for his dog, that rescued him from a watery grave; nor has his gratitude ceased with his friend's life, as there is now a monument of marble erecting to his memory, upon which will be engraved an appropriate inscription from the elegant pen of Dr. Parr, to hand down to posterity this remarkable event.

Our friend *Mr. J. Carpenter*, of Bond Street, has, among his small but choice collection, a very highly finished picture of *Morland*; in which there is a horse as finely drawn and coloured as ever came

from the easel of *Cuyp*. Every muscle and every part of the anatomy is correctly adhered to; and the group of labourers, who are at their meal, as well as the horse, are perfectly in character with their laborious employment. The furniture of the horse, the harness, and the basket of hay out of which he is feeding, are finished as highly as any part of a miniature picture; and we really think the art of painting can go no farther.

It would be unjust to omit mentioning some very fine pictures, which are no way inferior to those already described; but as several of the best of them are now upon view, previous to their being sold by auction, by one of the most respectable of the profession, *Mr. P. Gore*, and this publication cannot appear in time to render their owner any service, we shall content ourselves with naming a few which are left behind, although we consider them in a fluctuating state. The best of these, are an upright pair of landscapes, one a woody scene with gypsies; an interior, with a man with his coat off looking through a window; a lady in a beautiful landscape, and two fine children playing; their drapery is wonderfully painted, and the landscape in which they are placed is rich and beautiful; one or two more are deserving of the attention of whoever may be disposed to buy at the most liberal prices. The proprietor can also make as good frames for them as any workman in the kingdom; but it must be also at *his own price and leisure*.

Mr. Graves, Brook Street, Holborn, has a few genuine pictures and drawings of our painter's; but the greatest number of drawings, amongst which are some of the finest in the country, his brother, in Dean Street, is now in the possession of. *Mr. Harris*, of Gerard Street, has several very fine; and *Mr. J. Manson*, of the same Street, has some valuable pictures and spirited drawings; in the purchase of which he has always displayed the most generous spirit. *Mr. Whittingham*, of Frith Street, had several of his fine pictures; also *Mr. Chatfield*, and *Mr. Dobree* of Clapton; and *John Graham, Esq.* the latter of whom had about seven, equal to some of Morland's best time, particularly a *Woody Scene*, and a small landscape and figures, in the first lot of the paintings sold at *Mr. Robins's Rooms*, this May. *Sergeant Cockell*, *Mr. Morland* the Banker, *Surgeon Lynn*, *Colonel Thornton*, *Earl of Wigton*, *Mr. Whitting*, *Mr. Skelton*, and *Mr. J. R. Smith*, have each some invaluable productions of our inimitable artist; particularly the latter gentleman, at whose house we lately saw a pair of Fishermen going out at sun-rise, and their Return in the afternoon, which may vie with any of the same subject in the universe. *Mr. Mapter*, *Mr. Porter*, *Mr. Swan*, and several other gentlemen, possess many pictures of merit, and of subjects more interesting than asses, pigs, &c. which were supposed by envy, or ignorance to be his only forte. The writer of this some years since sold *Earl Gower* a little picture of a turnpike-road across a common, with a stage-coach in the distance, and a sweetly-coloured landscape and figures in the fore-ground; all the figures were touched with the greatest spirit, and the loaded vehicle appeared completely in motion.

Ten guineas was the price then, but we are bold enough to assert that it would produce nearer a hundred now, if uninjured by *unskilful cleaning*. Another gem, the sacrifice of which we shall never cease to regret, with about five others, out of near two hundred which have passed through our hands; this was a small picture of two ragged country boys, upon one of the prettiest of the long-eared tribe; in the fore-ground was a man leaning on his spade, with his clothes watched by a handsome spaniel dog; in the distance were seven figures at work in a sand pit; the boys were breaking the bough of a tree; this was truly speaking an *unique*!

A pair of the other five were sheep going over a bridge, and the lofty blue mountain tops in Wales, towering above the clouds; travellers were introduced in the most appropriate manner. The companion was a woman hanging clothes to dry on the pailings, which inclosed a wood, the trees of which were clothed in the most naturally rich foliage we ever saw. This pair of pictures were sold at Tom's coffee-house, in elegant new frames, for less than *thirty-four guineas the two!!!* We are now told *three hundred* would not purchase them. The number of similar sacrifices we have witnessed there, and at other sales, is a sufficient proof, that can be well attested, of the bargains which may be got even in *made-up sales*. For it may be depended upon, and we here aver it as a positive truth, that not one dealer amongst the promiscuous group ever sent a picture to that, or any other sale, to bring it home again with additional expences, incurred by exposing his property at a public market.

To the late Mr. Varley, of the York hotel, we have sold several very fine pictures of Morland's; and also to Mr. Vernon of Liverpool, whose liberality to our painter was exceeded by nothing but his admiration for Morland's productions. In short, no individual gentleman in Europe has ever done more to encourage the modern artists than he has. We remember his going to see our artist at work, and after witnessing the wonders of his magic and rapid pencil for some time, he took from his pocket a valuable gold watch, chain and seals, and gave them to George as a memento of his esteem for such unrivalled powers. Another charming little picture of a waggon going up a hill, and the waggoner watering a poney, we sold to Mr Kirton; but that circumstance we do not regret, as it can never be *called lost*, while a friend can *gain* by it. But we regret most sincerely, that our worthy, and *long-tryed friend*, Mr. Joseph Moore of Dorking, had not some *valuable little gem* at the price we have often been obliged to sell several. Mr. G. Parkes, had some good pictures of our friend, several of which came through the hand, of his brother, who always sold them more reasonably than any other person that ever had them from the painter; and we always preferred giving him a very moderate profit for his trouble, and for the sake of having a choice, than to lose time in following poor George all over the town.

As to those who obtained several of his pictures in the *easy manner*, and upon such *honest terms*, as we have described in his life; we would not have stained our pages with any thing relative to such *wealthy* and *respectable* characters, but for the reward our immortal poet hath said our labours may yet produce.

For———" Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 " And make a moral from the Devil himself."

King Henry V.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.